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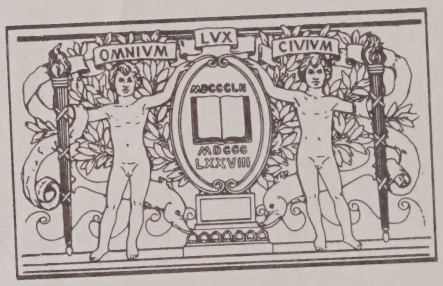

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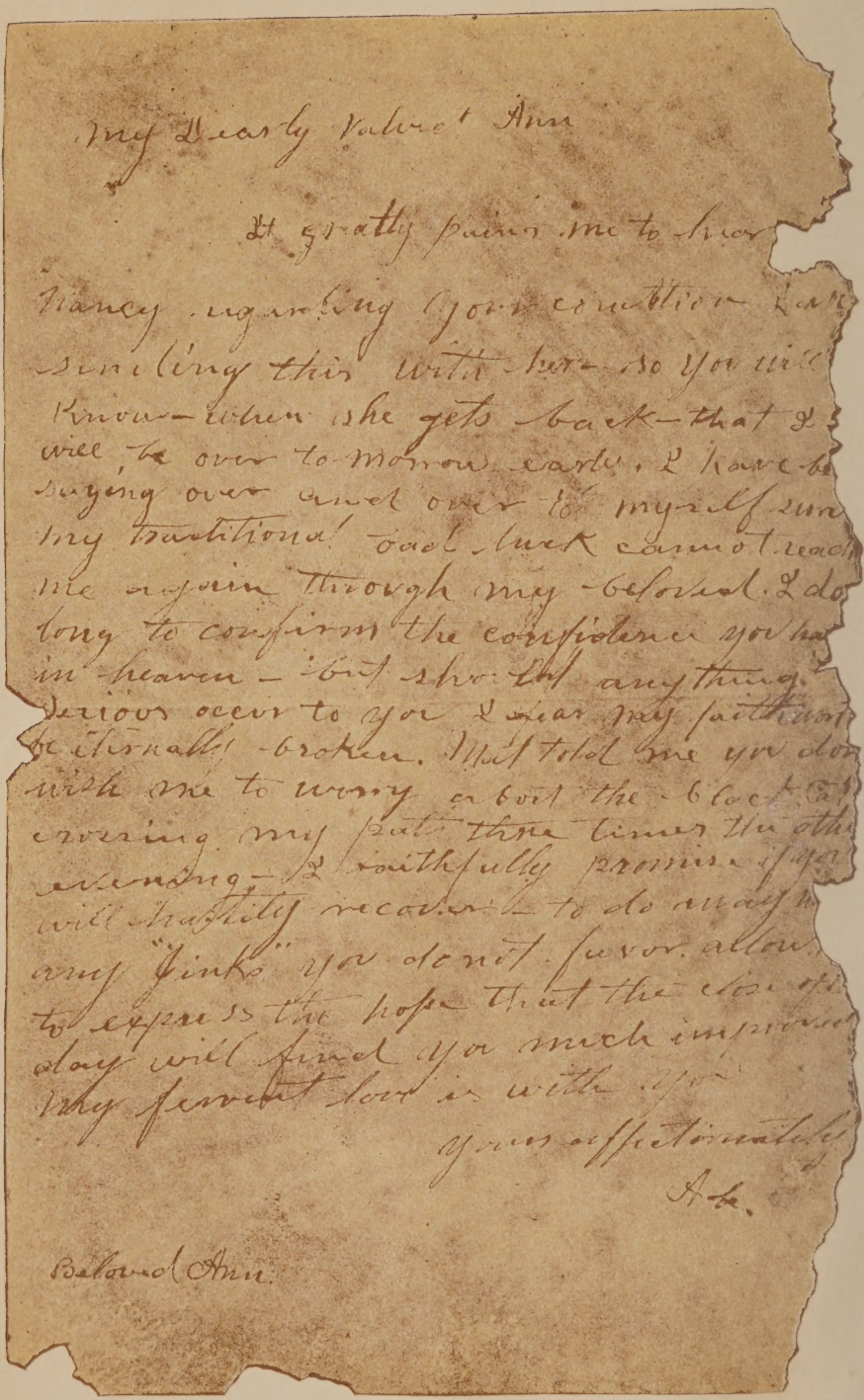

My Dearly Valued Ann

It greatly pains me to hear
Nancy inquiring (your conduct I am
sure) this with her - so you will
know - when she gets back - that I
will be over to morrow early. I have be-
-ing over and over to myself sun-
-dry traditional bad luck cannot reach
me again through my betrothal. I do
long to confirm the confidence you ha
in heaven - but should any thing
serious occur to you I fear my faith will
be eternally broken. Must told me you do
with me to worry about the block ha
evening my pale three times the oth
evening - & faithfully promise if yo
will thankfully receive it to do away
any "Jinks" you do not favor allow
to express the hope that the rise of
day will find you much improved
May fervent love is with you

Yours affectionately

A. Lincoln

Beloved Ann

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO ANN RUTLEDGE
NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, 1835

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1929

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LINCOLN THE LOVER*

THE COURTSHIP

BY WILMA FRANCES MINOR

BEFORE we can enter understandingly into the actual story of the courtship of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge, before we can read in the light of knowledge the letters that passed between them, preserved for us through successive generations and never before known to history, we should acquaint ourselves with the general course of Lincoln's life and his means of employment during the years 1832 and 1833. It is a record in itself containing much of struggle and vicissitude, drama and achievement.

I

Had navigation been established on the Sangamon River when he set up his store at New Salem, James Offutt might have become a very prosperous man. His store and mill, of which Lincoln had active charge, might have earned gratifying profits. But navigation by steamboat was no more than a hope in 1831. It was a hope in which the citizens of Springfield and, of course, New Salem were intensely interested. But it was a hope destined to go glimmering.

Offutt could not even abide the issue of the question. His New Salem project did not thrive. For a town so small, New Salem possessed a disproportionate number of merchants. The trade parceled out among them was meagre, and in less than a year Offutt abandoned his venture. James Rutledge took back the rented mill, and Offutt, in Lincoln's phrase, had 'winked out.'

With Offutt's failure, Lincoln was again without a job. He had lived in New Salem only through the course of a single winter, but this had been time enough for him to become the most popular man in the town. He decided to offer himself as a candidate for the state legislature. Already known as 'Honest Abe,' he possessed in that epithet a political asset not to be despised. His address to the voters of Sangamon County was two thousand words in length. It was not prepared without toil and difficulty, nor without the assistance of such good friends as Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster.

Lincoln's appeal, distributed in the form of a handbill, dealt at length with the navigation of the Sangamon, about which he took a strongly optimistic position. He explained the opportunities he had enjoyed, in his second flatboat

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voyage to New Orleans and in his work at the Rutledge mill, for observing the flow of water in the river, and asserted his belief in the possibility of developing the channel for practical navigation. His other pronouncements were of a general character, not markedly different from the somewhat noncommittal utterances wise candidates have in all times found it politic to make. His concluding paragraph contained these significant words: —

> Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.

Soon after the appearance of Lincoln's handbills in March 1832, the steamer Talisman reached Beardstown on the Illinois River. The inhabitants of Sangamon County were wild with excitement. Some weeks before, a Captain Vincent Bogue of Springfield had announced that he would bring a steamer from Cincinnati to the Sangamon, and demonstrate conclusively the navigability of the stream. Expectation became intense, speeches and subscriptions were plentiful, and when the Talisman actually put in its appearance at Beardstown the county prepared for a carnival of congratulation. Lincoln was, of course, among those who met the boat at Beardstown, and he was chosen to pilot it on its course up the Sangamon. He brought the steamer successfully to its landing place near Springfield, toasts, bouquets of flowers, and festivities marking every stage of the voyage. At Springfield, falling water warned the proprietors that the return journey should not be postponed. At the proud rate of four miles a day, the steamer descended the stream again. Lincoln received forty dollars for his part in the exploit, and nothing could have been better calculated to promote his political fortunes than the acclaim accorded him as pilot.

Almost immediately another circumstance occurred to help his candidacy. A rider with a vehement message from Governor Reynolds brought to New Salem the news that Black Hawk, an Indian chief familiar to the people of Illinois as an enemy of settlers and friend of the British, had gone on the warpath. Lincoln at once volunteered for service, and found himself in company with John Calhoun, Billy Greene, and his friends the Clary's Grove boys. The captaincy of the company was determined by election, the men forming groups about the candidates of their choice. Lincoln was one candidate, William Kirkpatrick the other. This was a man who had once done Lincoln an ill turn, and he was not insensible to the opportunity of getting even. Lincoln was naturally pleased when the great majority of the men gathered about him. But his success would hardly have been possible without the allegiance of Jack Armstrong and the other roisterers of Clary's Grove, who were described by another member of the company as the 'hardest set of men' he had ever seen.

Lincoln's experiences as captain of his often disorderly troop need not be pursued in detail. Norman Hapgood has remarked, 'As Lincoln was not in any engagement of this disgraceful little Indian war, it has little to do with the story of his life.' Suffice it that, after the company disbanded, Lincoln was a second time mustered into service as a volunteer, this time as a private. The officer who enrolled him was Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who thirty years later, as Brigadier General, commanded Fort Sumter. After still a third term of service, Lincoln returned, in July, to New Salem. He

entered at once into active electioneering.

Votes depended more upon personal liking and prowess than upon political principles in the campaign in which Lincoln engaged in 1832. Lincoln himself was a devoted supporter of Clay, while most of his friends in Sangamon County were partisans of Jackson. Yet Lincoln found his preference little to his disadvantage, such was his personal popularity. He went about, like other candidates, making speeches wherever groups of people were gathered together, and again the Clary's Grove boys were his attendants and supporters. It might be said that they fought for their candidate both physically and politically, but the distinction would scarcely be necessary. Lincoln himself expressed his prowess in physical as well as mental terms. It is recorded that during his first speech at Pappsville a fight broke out, and Lincoln perceived that one of his friends was having the worst of it. He jumped wholeheartedly into the fracas, threw his friend's assailant 'ten or twelve feet,' and resumed his harangue. This feat was undoubtedly of as great use to him as any other argument he employed.

Despite his popularity and the circumstances that worked in his favor, Lincoln awoke on the morning of August 7, 1832, to learn that he had been defeated. In the county as a whole he had made a good showing, however, and in the precinct which included New Salem he received a vote so overwhelmingly in the majority as to be almost unanimous.

Lincoln was again at a loss; no means of maintaining himself in the world seemed to be within sight. It was at this juncture that he entered into partnership with William F. Berry. This was the dissolute son of the worthy Reverend John Berry. An idler and a source of grief to his father, he had bought out the interest of James Herndon in the store owned by the Herndon brothers. With Berry for a partner, Rowan Herndon wished to dispose of his share of the business, and Lincoln offered his note for three hundred dollars, thus becoming a merchant in his own right.

Not content with one store, Lincoln and Berry promptly acquired another. Reuben Radford incurred the dislike of the Clary's Grove boys to such an extent that he felt compelled to leave town. He sold his store to Billy Greene, who employed Lincoln to make an inventory of the goods. Lincoln and Berry in turn gave their note to Billy Greene for his goods, and not only did they acquire in this way Reuben Radford's store, but the small business of James Rutledge as well. Their total indebtedness amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars.

Berry was not a satisfactory partner, and Lincoln was not a satisfactory merchant. Whiskey demoralized one, books the other. It was not long before they sold the unprofitable business to the brothers Trent, accepting their note as payment. But the brothers Trent did not prove permanent residents of New Salem. Before their note fell due, they disappeared. To add to Lincoln's embarrassments, Berry died, and the accumulated debts fell heavily upon his shoulders. He bravely assumed the burden, although he was still sending money to pay his creditors after he had gone to Washington as Representative in Congress in 1847.

The following year, in 1833, two jobs fell to Lincoln which improved his circumstances in some degree. He was appointed postmaster of New Salem, despite the fact that he was a Whig and Jackson was in office. More important was another employment which he obtained. Sangamon County was being rapidly settled, and the duties of

the official surveyor were more than one man could comfortably perform. The surveyor at this time was John Calhoun, who had taken part with Lincoln in the Black Hawk War. Calhoun offered to make Lincoln his assistant, and Lincoln eagerly set about acquiring the necessary knowledge. He procured Flint and Gibson's treatise, and Mentor Graham gave him what help he could. Lincoln's feat of application in mastering within some six weeks all the books on surveying which he could secure was little short of prodigious. He labored day and night until his friends protested at his haggardness. Calhoun put him to work at once when Lincoln reported to him after his course of relentless self-training. Besides surveying privately owned tracts of land, Lincoln laid out public roads, and tradition has it that in his first essays he used a grapevine in place of a chain.

An entry in the unpublished memorandum which Sally Calhoun wrote at her father's suggestion in 1848 preserves his impression of Lincoln's feat: —

> Father says when Lincoln first began to study surveying under him he gave him instructions and loaned him some books and that after that (with a little help from Graham Mentor) in only 6 to 8 weeks Lincoln was able to take his lesson in actual demonstration. this proved to my Father that Lincoln was a very apt pupil and retained in his mind everything he studied; and this added to much else which my Father has discovered about his character, makes Father feel assured of a great future for the man, much better educated men listen with attention to Lincoln, whenever he speaks he seems to be much better educated than they.

Such was the course of Lincoln's life, and such were his efforts to advance in the world, in the significant years 1832 and 1833. He piloted the Talisman, stood for election, volunteered for service in the Black Hawk War, gave his notes for part ownership in three New Salem stores, fell heavily in debt, was appointed postmaster, and became John Calhoun's assistant in surveying. These main occupations were diversified by odd jobs when the business of Lincoln and Berry was at low ebb.

II

The romance of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge begins with the story of John McNeil. There are elements of melodrama in the record, and McNeil has frequently been called upon by biographers to furnish the figure of the villain. His true character, however, is not easy to discern behind the mists and traditions of the years.[1]

New Salem as a whole had not flourished as the early settlers had expected. James Rutledge himself felt the business depression; his mill on his hands again, after the failure of Offutt, he needed capital, and decided to sell his farm at Sand Ridge. He found a buyer in John McNeil, a young man who had come to New Salem in 1829 and prospered remarkably as a merchant and landowner. Not the least item in his good fortune appeared to be his engagement to Ann Rutledge.

McNeil already owned the Sand Ridge Farm of the Reverend John Cameron. The papers recording the transfer had been drawn by Lincoln himself, and in asking Lincoln's aid the buyer had admitted an important secret. His name was not McNeil, but McNamar. Uneasy, perhaps, at holding land under an alias, he had made his confession, offering the explanation that when his father had suffered severe financial losses he had left home and assumed another name so that he might

[1] The late Senator Beveridge, in his *Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1858*, takes an entirely favorable view of the character of McNeil. — AUTHOR

make his own fortune unhampered by previous ties. Lincoln had accordingly drawn the deed in the name of McNamar.

Lincoln was not at this time a lawyer, but even before coming to New Salem he had had access to books of law. The late Senator Beveridge tells us that he appeared from time to time in the court of the corpulent New Salem Justice of the Peace, Bowling Green, to plead a case, and he possessed a book of legal forms with the aid of which he wrote out deeds, mortgages, and other instruments for those who needed them, charging no fee.

The papers recording the sale of the Rutledge farm to McNamar were drawn in July 1832. A personal fact of such significance as the identity of one of the town's principal landowners and citizens could hardly escape the Argus-eyed scrutiny of the village. By this time the inhabitants of New Salem knew as a body the secret of McNamar's alias. The deception which had been practised on them gave rise to gossip and disapproval. It would have been unnatural if the village had not from time to time sheltered drifters making use of assumed names to cut a breach with a past which they did not wish to revive. McNamar had not seemed such a drifter; he had appeared upright and honest. But now it began to be whispered that he must have a record. Perhaps he had a wife in New York State, whence he had come. Perhaps he was wanted for some crime. At best he seemed to have taken his dubious course to relieve himself of the responsibility of caring for his parents while he made a fortune for himself. But there was a disposition not to accept his explanation as genuine, and he found himself looked at with suspicion.

In the fall of 1832, McNamar possessed a large amount of valuable property in land in the region of New Salem, his holdings including the farms of both James Rutledge and John Cameron. But his secret had become known, and he stood in some personal disfavor. He declared his intention of returning to New York for his parents, whom he said he would bring back to New Salem with him. At that time could take place his marriage to Ann. Accordingly he sold his half-interest in his store to his partner, Samuel Hill. Trade was a weak reed in New Salem, and not likely to stiffen. Land values, on the other hand, were steadily increasing, so that McNamar's situation when he left the village was by no means unfavorable financially. Whatever may have been his character, he managed his affairs with acumen.

With the departure of McNamar began a period of trial and strain for Ann Rutledge. It seems clear that she honestly loved or believed that she loved him. But the revelation that he had called himself by a name not his own was a shock to her which the suspicions of her friends and neighbors, probably garrulous and highly colored, did not diminish. Her love may well have undergone a change and reached a point at which it would naturally turn from the prosperous McNamar, contaminated, as his character seemed to be, by meanness and deceit, to the impecunious Lincoln, who even in these early years gave evidence of his capacity for tenderness, who won his way with men of all stations by his humor and his fairness, and who impressed his friends with portents of the greatness that was later to be his.

Biographers have hitherto lacked the materials for a full and understanding account of the story of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. But they have agreed about the personal qualities of Ann, her beauty, her natural intelligence, her attractiveness. She was red-haired,

of moderate, well-proportioned figure, and in 1832, when McNamar left New Salem, she was in her twentieth year. Abundant testimony remains of her gentleness and the affection in which she was held by her friends and neighbors. She was the most popular and beautiful girl in New Salem, and before the decline of her father's fortunes she would have occupied somewhat the position of a desirable heiress. These facts may throw additional light on the conduct and character of McNamar, who first courted her, and then gave at least the strong impression of abandoning his claims.

Lincoln had, of course, met Ann Rutledge at his first entrance into New Salem. It was Ann who served the meals at the Rutledge Tavern, and, more than this, she was a pupil at the school of Mentor Graham, which Lincoln was in the habit of visiting. But not until the departure of McNamar was it possible for their acquaintance to ripen into knowledge, and knowledge into love.

There was nothing, however, to prevent Lincoln from having his own feelings from the beginning. He had had little time to give to the girls in his rugged life, and had sometimes given evidence of shyness with women; but on more than one occasion he had proved himself at least normally susceptible. It would have been unnatural if he had been slow to respond to Ann Rutledge, beautiful and popular as New Salem acknowledged her to be. In my Lincoln collection is a letter written by Sally Calhoun, dated from St. Joseph, Missouri, August 20, 1849. This letter gives interesting evidence upon the point. Historians, when they have accepted Lincoln's love of Ann at all, have confined it to the later years of his residence in New Salem. But Sarah Calhoun's letter shows us that, as far as his own impulses were concerned, Lincoln was less patient than history. Lincoln, Sally declares, told her father that when Offutt's flatboat stuck on the Rutledge mill dam on its way to New Orleans he himself 'right there got stuck much harder on Ann.' Calhoun spoke to his daughter also of the shock which Lincoln suffered when he learned of Ann's engagement to McNeil. Nevertheless, Lincoln and McNeil (to give him the name by which New Salem was used to thinking of him) were friends, and McNeil helped him, among other ways, in the drafting of his election handbill.

When McNeil left New Salem, he had given assurance that he would return quickly, with his parents, and at that time claim Ann. Actually it was three years before he made his way back to a New Salem which had not long to survive. Sickness, the death of his father, and the confusion of the family affairs, may well have made it impossible for him to return as soon as he expected. But in the meantime Ann waited patiently for word which did not come. Whatever correspondence may have passed between them flickered and died; its record is at best obscure, and the only certainty seems to be that it stopped. Tradition has pictured Ann as a girl calling regularly at the post office in expectation of a letter she never received. Since Lincoln had been appointed postmaster on May 7, 1833, tradition has also assigned his interest in Ann Rutledge to the circumstance that it was to him she applied for the expected letter. In any case, it was natural that their acquaintance should ripen into intimacy, and that, having discovered their love for each other, they should reach an understanding. It seems clear that Ann was troubled by her promise to McNeil, or McNamar, and that her family regarded a formal release from him as necessary or desirable before

Ann definitely pledged herself to Lincoln. But in the meantime events marched on with their own movement.

So much for the circumstances; let us turn from them to the actual records of the romance as they remain in the words of Lincoln and Ann themselves and in the words of their friends. These precious records which have descended to me — letters which passed between Lincoln and Ann, the diary of Matilda Cameron, a memorandum and letters by Sally Calhoun, and a little group of books owned and annotated by Lincoln — have never before been known or published. They make it possible for us to understand and follow in detail for the first time an episode which has baffled historians and tantalized lovers of the human Lincoln as perhaps scarcely another passage in his life has done.

First let us present Matilda ('Mat') Cameron, Ann's cousin and confidante, to whose irrepressible diary we are richly in debt for a first-hand and unstudied picture of New Salem life and of our two protagonists. Here is the first page of her manuscript; it establishes the fact that in the summer of 1833, if Lincoln and Ann were not openly engaged, they had at least reached an understanding which Ann had confided to her bosom friend.

My diary. Matilda Cameron. July 10 — 1833
NEW SALEM

Samuel Hill feched me this book for a present to keep my diary in. I am so happy coz now that Abe Lincoln and my deerest frend Ann are a ingaged cupel Sam has feched me to literary wonst and to meetin twist. at meetin we both sung out of the New Missouri Harmany Hym book.[1] our church got the first won last boat from Springfield. Sam and me sung won salmtune and in won of the anthems, and he sed my voice was good as Anns. I know better. gess he likes me to say that. Abe and Ann are awful in love he rites her leters. I am to keep them for Ann for Nance got hold of won and shoed Anns mother and she sed it wuz outlandish he outer tend more to bizness insted when John wuz gon. so I will keep everthing in my box James giv me last crismas. my first bow wuz James and *now Sam* Anns wuz first John and now Abe. she wuz 17 when she met John and I wuz 19 when I first met James. Abe told Ann he kep company with 2 girls in gentryville the place he ust to liv but he did not love them and Sam told me he just liked Ann coz she wuz to thin I way twist as much. Sam has religon like me and Ann but Abe sed he red a book wonst that got him to wondrin. I gess Ann will sune fech him into the fold. I like my book fin. Sam is coming to fech me to prayor-meetin to-nite. so good-by diary til we meet agen.

MAT

[1] A copy of the *Missouri Harmony* was preserved by the Rutledge family. — AUTHOR

Books played a part in this courtship, for Lincoln was ambitious, and Ann herself aspired to education. A brother was a student at Illinois College in Jacksonville, and Ann herself later planned to enter the Female Seminary there. An undated letter written by Ann to Lincoln which I have in my collection suggests the studies which they pursued together, and the earnestness with which they set themselves to acquire knowledge.

Tradition might lead us to expect Ann Rutledge to show already a greater degree of education than the letters in my collection reveal. But it would be unsafe to infer from her acknowledged intelligence, or from the instruction she is known to have received, any definite degree of mastery over the three R's. A search has been made for other specimens of her writing than those which are in my possession; but the report of collectors and scholars is that no other example is known to exist. It is enough that Ann was ambitious to learn, that she and Lincoln had this common bond.

My beloved Abe

I am trying to do as you ask me to and praktise . . . you but I gess I am slow . . . if you git me the dictshinery . . . I no I can do both speeking and riting better. I am glad you sed that girls aint suposed to no like boys. but I *will* . . . sum-time I no. cos you need a wife who will be a help to you, not a drag-bak like sum ar. my hart runs over with hapynes when I think yore name. I do not beleave I can find time to rite you a leter every day. stil I no as you say it wood shurely improve my spelling and all that. Newton tole me to rite biger leters and that wood help and I think it doz. I am greatfull for the Spencers copy-book I copy frum that every time I can spair. I dreem of yore . . . words every nite and long for you by day. I mus git super now. all my hart is ever thine.

Ann.

The Newton mentioned by Ann is the schoolmaster, Newton Mentor Graham, who had already given Lincoln much friendly help in his study of grammar, his mastery of the treatise on surveying, and his attacks upon knowledge generally. It was during the New Salem years that Lincoln's attention became concentrated upon the study of law, and it was toward the close of the brief existence of the little town that he took his actual decision to make the law his profession. Before his arrival in New Salem he had already read the *Statutes of Indiana* and had had access occasionally to the books of lawyers such as Judge John Pitcher of Rockport, Indiana. He also knew thoroughly the *Revised Laws of Illinois*, of which he made use in the cases he presented before Bowling Green. While he was keeping store during his partnership with Berry, a fortunate accident befell him. A man migrating to the West asked Lincoln if he would buy an old barrel for which the traveler had no room in his wagon. Lincoln obliged him by paying half a dollar for the barrel; later, rummaging in it by chance, he discovered a set of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. To the study of this he gave himself with his usual intensity, later declaring, 'Never in my life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed.'

The purchase of the barrel has passed into history; but it has not been known to history that, besides the set of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, the barrel contained a little breastpin which Lincoln gave to Ann. The cheap metal coils of this pin remain to-day, preserved among the keepsakes which found their way into Mat Cameron's possession.

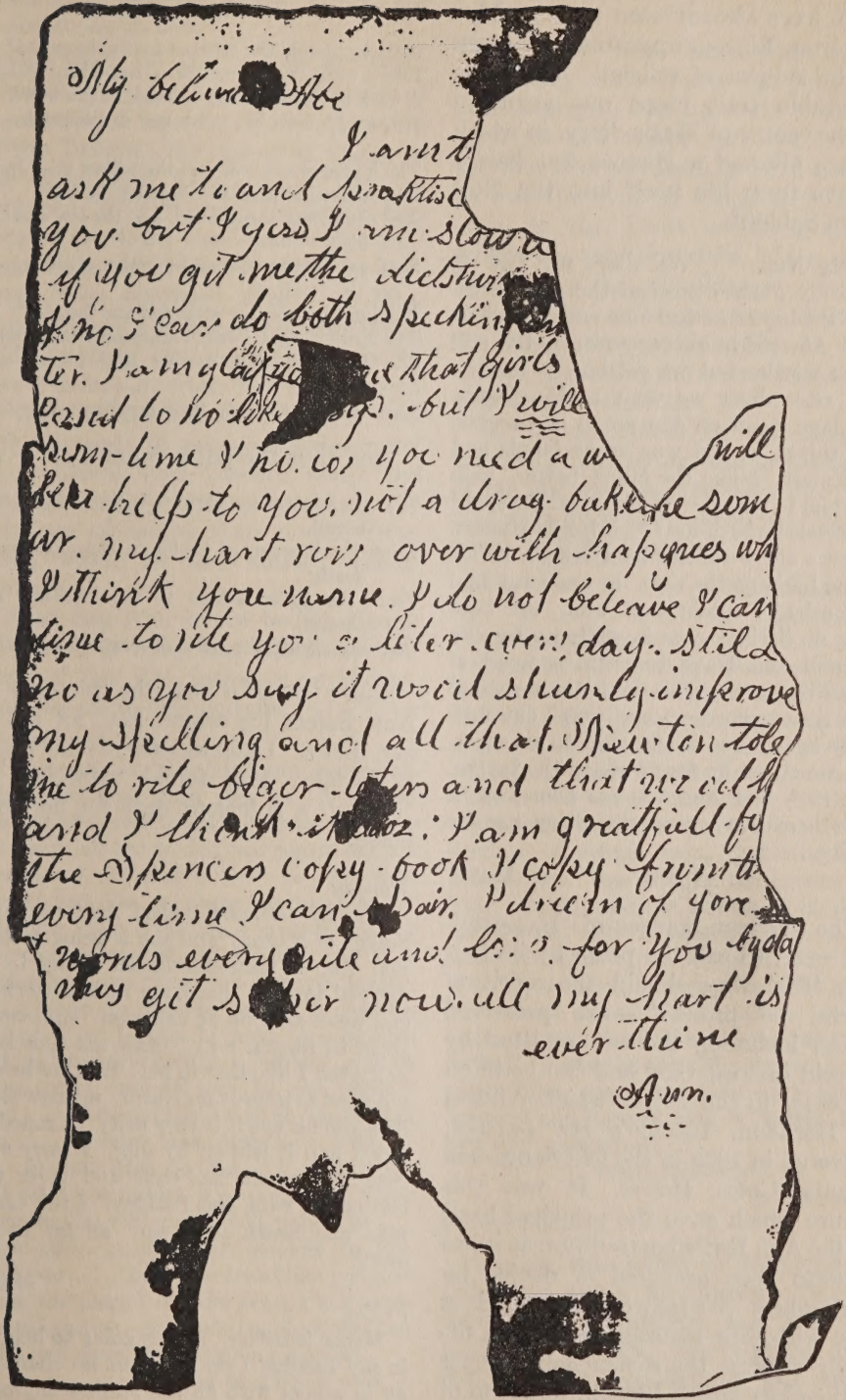
The bane of every courtship is gossip; Lincoln and Ann did not entirely escape the usual fate. In their case it was the amiable but not always responsible Jack Kelso, who, in one of his frequent moments of inebriation, brought about a brief crisis. In my collection is a letter in which we learn of the incident. It calls up an interesting picture of Lincoln's instructor in Burns and Shakespeare being held to strict account by his towering, ominous pupil.

Both Ann Rutledge and Mat Cameron had sisters named Nancy.

My Beloved Ann

Nancy has been telling me regarding the matter Jack was supposed to discuss down at Clarys — but when I severely questioned him he became filled with wrath in his denial. he is so defective in his conduct when he is drinking I was not sure. however no one in Salem would deem it unfavorable that you should keep company with me. I write this and send it by Nancy as the mail came — there is only five letters. if they keep the postage up to 25 cts for each letter poor people cannot avail themselves much therefore this job of mine will pay indifferently. however I am going over to Grahams as he is going to help me in my grammer. so am coming late to supper I am happy to ask you to accompany me later to literary they have planned for you to sing and I am to recite. I could write to you forever but Nance will not wait that long.

With great affection Abe.



LETTER FROM ANN RUTLEDGE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We have already seen that, to Mat Cameron, Lincoln appeared refractory on the subject of religion. The same deplorable trait crops out again in another entry of Mat's diary, in which we are allowed a glimpse but half a remove from life itself into the New Salem Sabbath.

Sunday Nite. Wel diary my Paw (I meen my *Father*) preched the sermon to-day. the boys Abe and Sam cum to fech us girls. Abe sed he ruther down by the mill in the woods. but we got him to meetin. then after diner we went to the woods. Abe layd doun on the groun and recited sum things he sed wuz esops fabuls and shackspeer. I like the fabuls better. Sam likes him to recite — O why shud the spiret of mortale be be proud? — it has 14 stanses. he leves out 2 stanses bout religon he ses has no berin on the case. he ses it tuk him 3 months to subdu that won. the boat being du Satiday cum in while we wuz by the mill and Dave turnham a frend of Abes from gentryville. he is the constibul from ther. cum doun and we all cum bak to the tavern and it wuz time to git super. then we all set up for awhile in the tavern. then Sam and Abe tuk me home, as he bords here now. good-nite diary nomore to-nite.

MAT

The fourteen stanzas of 'Immortality' — or, to call the poem by its first line, 'Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' — are preserved entire, including the two omitted by Lincoln because they had 'no berin on the case,' in the lecture which William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, delivered in 1866 in the Old Sangamon County Court House. It was this lecture which gave the principal basis for the Ann Rutledge tradition as it has hitherto been accepted or denied by biographers. We may content ourselves here with four stanzas, which will fittingly suggest the melancholy temper of the elegy which Lincoln was fond of reciting.

IMMORTALITY

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? —
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved:
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest, —
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

And thus the poem concludes: —

'T is the wink of an eye — 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud: —
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

More cheerful are the pictures of New Salem life which Mat let fall in her diary. Unconscious of the needs of history, Mat found 'Monday' or 'Friday' a sufficient date for her purposes.

Monday

Marthy Calhone teched Ann sum new patern of kroshay and she is going to tech me. Ann is imbrodering her things to git maryed in. she doz lovly neddel work. I can weve as good as eny won. Ann wares shose to meetin now. Maw ses Ann is so upity but I like that in her. Sam ses he doz not nead to improv on Natur. my new sla[illegible] dres gits his eye it is very prity. it raned all day I hop it lets up by nite. I wory over sister Nance she has chils and fever real bad cum 2 week this Satiday. I tuk camomile and broak mine up. all for to-day diary.

MAT

Friday

Nance is better. Ann is going to help me in my spelling I do not have no chanst to go to school with all the borders enymore. I bin cardin all day. the rane has stopt so

I will go to see Sofie Prewitt to-nite. she is abel to set up now.

One day in the spring of 1833, Lincoln was startled by a column of smoke which rose up in the direction of the Tavern. He rushed in alarm to the place, and found that a lean-to attached to the main building had caught fire from the blaze which had been built to furnish lye ash for soft soap. The confused efforts of Mrs. Rutledge and her daughters were doing little to help the situation. Lincoln tore the lean-to from the Tavern wall by main strength, and dragged it to a safe distance. It was an act deserving of gratitude, and Lincoln made the most of the opportunity by asking the privilege of taking Ann to the river bank, where he had noticed violets growing.

Next day Ann wrote to her second self, Mat, a note into which escaped some of the joy, intimate as it was, that she could not contain.

My beloved Mat

I just can not help teling you about yestidy after-noon when Abe and I walked doun to the river to gether vilets. they are not many left but we felt that a good exkuse. though we did find a few. he sed vilets smeled just like my hair. he handels my hair and kises it he sez I wuz borned of flours on acount of my red-hair and that I am danty and have such wonderful color. he taulks to me just like poetry. he gets me to sing hyms to him he joins in sumtimes and his singing is awfull, so off key. but he is so quant and diferent to any body I ever . . . I do not mind how he dose things like . . . I never new such love I am al . . . so now Mat do distr . . . but keep all I send over of his. if you can . . . pleas bring me the wild-goose quilt patern as . . . peace one . . . a lot of comfort to rite what you . . . to a true frend like you and he sez the more I rite the beter I will learn to spell proper. cum over to-nite if you can and I will show you somthing I made.

Your true frend Ann.

P. S. do-not forget what I told you!

III

The year 1834 found Lincoln still struggling ambitiously to advance, still coping as best he could with misfortunes and trials, and yet making his first sure advances toward success. It was the year in which he sold the store to the Trent brothers, and in which the resulting debt laid a heavy burden on his shoulders — 'the national debt,' as he was fond of calling it. It was the year in which he ran a second time for the state legislature, this time successfully.

In the meanwhile he continued his practice of surveying, and at the centre of his life was his love for Ann. Here is a note from my collection which he wrote to John Calhoun.

New Salem
May 9, 1834

Dear Friend John

if you have in your possession or can tell me where you left the Certificate of Survey of Joshua Blackburn's Claim, there seems some controversy between him and Green concerning that North East quarter of Section 40 — you remember? if this is convenient for you — otherwise do not hesitate to refrain from bothering untill your return. the 'Bixbys' are leaving this week for some place in Kansas. I think the move a mistake. I believe a man should make his fight where he has friends, however who comes or who goes I am stationary at present seeing for myself a glowing future *through clouds of red — red hair!* how is that? I grow poetic with the years, but truly John apart from jesting I am the happiest and luckiest man in Salem! I am awaiting your return.

Yours forever —

A. Lincoln

John Calhoun

Lincoln was aided in repaying his debts by many kindnesses. One instance, in particular, has been recorded in history. His creditors were for the most part lenient, but one of them, Peter Van Bergen, brought suit

against him when his note fell due and he was unable to pay. Lincoln would have lost his horse, saddle, and surveying instruments had not James Short, more familiarly known as Uncle Jimmy Short, a farmer at Sand Ridge, bought and restored this essential property to Lincoln. Years later Lincoln was able to return this kindness. As President, he heard that Uncle Jimmy was living in California, and that he had been greatly reduced in circumstances. Lincoln commissioned him an Indian agent.

To Lincoln's own kindness the testimony has been abundant, and there can be no doubt that this influenced the attitude of his creditors toward him. One instance of his humanity, inseparable, as always, from his quaint humor, is preserved for us by Sally Calhoun in her memorandum. As it happens, it concerns a dog, but it will be none the less welcome on this account.

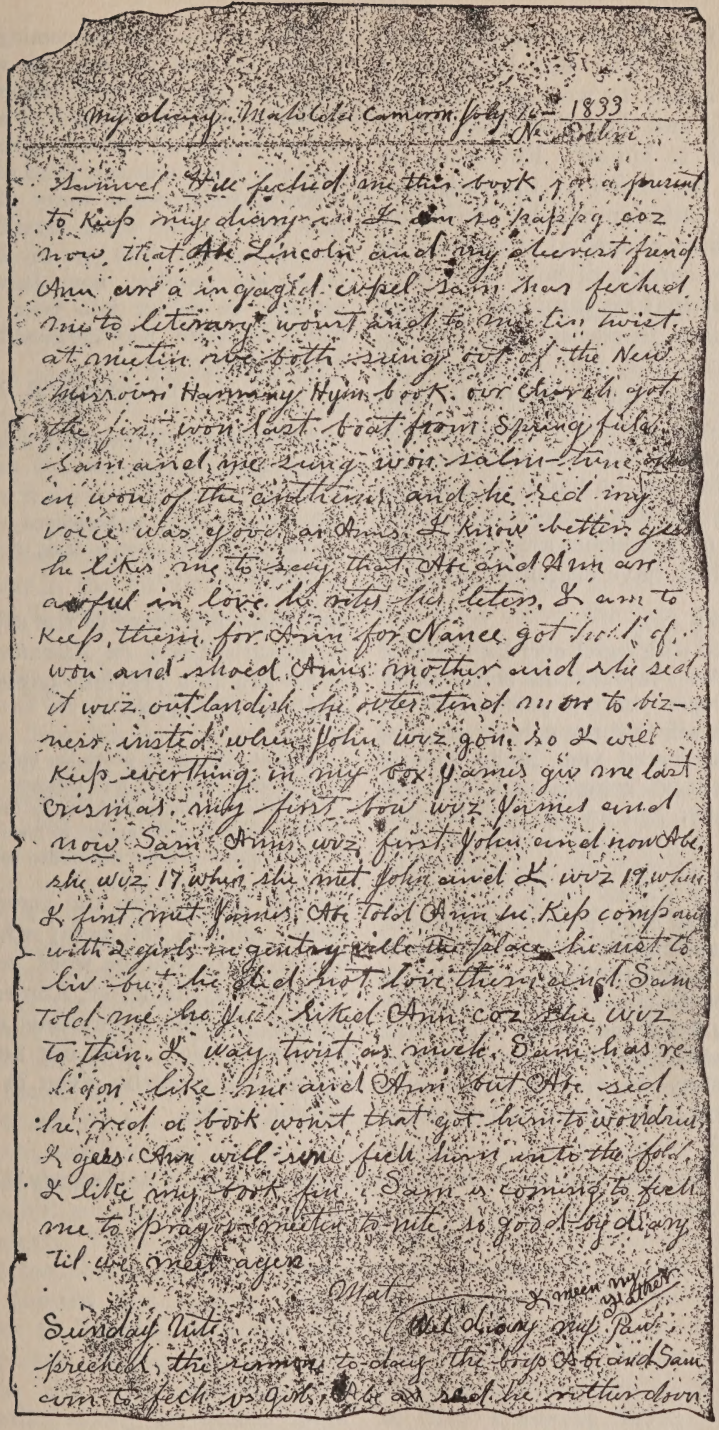
he was allways kind to animals — one time a traveler left a poor sick dog behind in Salem — the dog had many ailments and no hair and sores etc. Jack Armstrong was going to shoot it but Lincoln stopping him said 'he looks just like I often feel so I guess I'll see what can be done between us.' so he took the dog and doctored him up. he named him 'Opportunity' and called him 'Opper' for short. Father cannot remember what became of the dog — only that he followed Lincoln everywhere for a long time.

The year 1834 saw a further decline in the fortunes of New Salem. The difficulties of business were augmented by a scourge of grasshoppers which descended like a cloud upon every green or growing thing. Both James Rutledge and John Cameron found the struggle too great. They moved from the town to what had been the Cameron farm, now owned by McNamar, at Sand Ridge, a few miles to the west. The older children in both families were compelled to 'work out,' and Ann was placed in the friendly home of Uncle Jimmy Short.

Lincoln spent much of the summer in active campaigning. His post as assistant surveyor was of the greatest help to him, as he met men of all stations in all parts of the county, and his figure became a familiar and beloved sight throughout the whole district. He found time to ride to Sand Ridge now and again, however, for visits with Ann. We can picture him jogging toward his delectable goal, his face abstracted in thought, his feet dangling almost in the dust on either side of his horse's belly.

Lincoln's popularity was such at this time that, although he was a Republican and accepted Clay as his political hero, the Democrats of the county offered to make him their candidate. Lincoln, as the late Senator Beveridge tells us, consulted John T. Stuart of Springfield, the leader of the Republicans, and on his advice accepted the proposal. This time he issued no printed appeal, but went about meeting as many people as he could and making his way by his humor, good nature, and willingness to perform a good turn wherever the opportunity occurred.

Lincoln was becoming well known in Springfield for his powers as a speaker as well as for his unmatched skill in stories and jokes. The Clary's Grove boys continued to spread his reputation and champion his cause, but Lincoln was rapidly forming friendships which were to be of service to him in his public life, soon to carry him far beyond the primitive, friendly stage of New Salem. Such a friend was John T. Stuart, who later became Lincoln's first law partner, and who was a first cousin of Mary Todd, whom Lincoln married.



My diary. Matilda Cameron. July 1st 1833
New Salem

Samuel Hill fetched me this book for a journal to keep my diary in. I am so happy coz now that Abe Lincoln and my dearest friend Ann are a engaged. Sabel Sam has fetched me to literary wount and to night twist at auction we both bring out of the New Missouri Harmony Hym book. our Church got the fist won last boat from Spring field. Samuel and Lucy won salm tune and won of the brethren and he red my voice was good, as Ann & know better gess he likes me to say that. Abe and Ann are awful in love. He rites her letters. I am to keep them for Ann for Nancy got mad of won and shocked Anns mother and she said it wuz outlandish. he never tend much to biznes insted when John wuz gon so I will keep everthing in my box. James giv me last Crismas. ribs first bow wuz James and now Sam. Ann wuz first John and now Abe, she wuz 17 when she met John and I wuz 19 when I first met James. Abe told Ann he keep company with 2 girls in century ville the place she met to live but he did not love them and Sam told me he just liked Ann coz she wuz to thin. I may twist as ravel. Sam has religion like me and Ann but Abe said he red a book wount that got him to wondring I guess Ann will rem fech him unto the fold. I like my book fin. Sam is coming to fech me to prayer meeting to nite so good by diary til we meet agen.

Mat

Sunday Nite. Abe Lincoln and Ann Rutledge and I went to meeting this morning and Sabbath School this afternoon. Mr. Berry preached the sermon to-day. The boys Abe and Sam came to fech us girls. Abe and I set on the rostrum down

PORTION OF MATILDA CAMERON'S DIARY
NEW SALEM, 1833

The failure of James Rutledge, and the news that Ann had been forced with her sisters to work out, Lincoln felt keenly and, loverlike, accepted as a reproach to himself. Reviewing his situation, he chafed at the resistance which his ambition and his confidence in his abilities seemed at every hand to meet. Yet aspects of hope were present; he felt that his campaign was this time destined to success. He had his post as surveyor, and his mind was grappling with the study of the law. Out of these mingled feelings of depression, disappointment, hope, and inward confidence, he wrote to Ann the noble letter which appears below, surely one of the most precious among the documents which have descended to me.

My Beloved Ann:

I am filled with regret over the defect of the conduct of a fate that has bourne down so heavily upon you and yours. I try to persuade myself that my unlucky star has not overshaddowed you. Molly Prewitt told me about you going to work for James Shorts family, you are too frail for that hard work. my *treasured one* I should now be standing between you and such trials. O! when will success crown my untiring efforts I sicken at my many failures especially as no more am I lazy in the discharge of my duties. forgive this long-faced letter, as I should now be upholding you in hope for the future, for I but to-day have been greatly assured of my election as member to the *Legislature*. So perhaps our dreams will come true. I am borrowing Jacks horse to ride over to see you this coming Saturday. cutting my foot prevents my walking. I will be at your pleasure to accompany you to the Sand Ridge taffy-pull. I will be glad to hear your good Father's sermon on the Sabbath. I feel unusually lifted with hope of relieving your present worry at an early date and likewise doing myself the best turn of my life. with you my beloved *all things are possible*. now James kindly promises to deliver into your *dear* little hands this letter. may the good Lord speed Saturday afternoon.

affectionately A. Lincoln

At the close of the letter Lincoln has added these verses: —

> Oh Maid! thou art so beauteous
> That yon bright moon is rising, in all haste,
> To gaze on *thee*,

and these first lines of the selection in Kirkham's *Essay on Elocution* which, as we saw in a previous paper, he had endorsed 'To Ann': —

> If that high world which lies beyond
> Our own, surviving love endears;
> If there the cherished heart be found,
> The eye the same, except in tears;
> How welcome those untrodden spheres —

Lincoln has written the verses imperfectly, and at the point where they break off appears the word 'over.'

Receiving this letter, Ann replied by sending Lincoln a precious and intimate possession. But our account of her answer must be given in the succeeding article.

(*The final chapter in the Lincoln series will be 'The Tragedy'*)

THE HERDING DAY

BY ARCHER B. GILFILLAN

I

When the preacher warned his congregation, 'Don't do as I do; do as I say do,' he was merely voicing in another form the sad human experience that there is a vast difference between theory and practice. Nowhere, perhaps, is this contrast more strongly revealed than in the difference between herding as it might be and herding as it is.

In theory, the herder rises with the dawn, cooks his simple but substantial breakfast, does his few housekeeping tasks, and is ready for the day's work. He gently pushes the sheep off the bed ground, — that is, the place where they have slept, — and they move slowly out on to the prairie, keeping well together, grazing steadily toward the place where they will water. The eager and intelligent dog goes this way and that as the herder motions him, working just enough to turn the sheep as desired, but not so fast as to cause them to bunch up. Finally the band arrives at the stream or water hole, drinks there, and lies down for an hour or so, while the herder, a short distance away on a hill, eats his lunch and reads a good story. Then the sheep, one after another, begin to graze again, working toward the wagon, filling themselves to bursting with the rich prairie grasses. Seeing that they are headed in the right direction, the herder walks slowly on before them and, arriving at the wagon, sets about preparing his evening meal. Behind him the sheep come steadily onward, and sometime after sunset graze on to the bed ground and lie down, chewing the cud of fullness and content. Such days do happen, but when one occurs the herder puts a red mark on the calendar and neglects to say his prayers.

What is much more likely to happen is this. Just as the herder, who has overslept, begins to eat his breakfast, the sheep leave the bed ground. Of course he could dog them back to the wagon, but they might leave immediately in the opposite direction. So he takes the other alternative — bolts his breakfast, puts up a hasty lunch, and starts in pursuit. The sheep have only a twenty-minute start, but that is all any bunch of sheep needs. They are almost a mile from the wagon when they are overhauled, with the aid of a long-distance run by the dog. But just as the dog reaches them he forgets which way he was motioned to turn them, and races up the wrong side, throwing them in the opposite direction from that which the herder intended. There is no help for it now, and the herder calls the dog back. The sheep, however, have not yet had their run out, and they start off zestfully in a new direction. They have to be checked again, for there is no point or profit in letting them run all over the country instead of settling down to graze as they ought to do. So the dog is sent again, and once more he checks them in their headlong flight. The sheep are disappointed, but still hopeful, and they step out in a new direction with an

enthusiasm worthy of a much better cause. By this time the herder is wild-eyed, and is rapidly becoming hoarse. Instead of sending the dog, he goes around them himself two or three times, tying them up in a knot and turning them back as they attempt to break this way and that. Finally it dawns on whatever the sheep use for a mind that it is unwise to attempt any more cross-country runs just at present, and so they do the next best thing and settle down to graze, which they might just as well have done in the first place.

The herder makes sure that they are settled, and then goes to the top of the nearest hill with the idea of taking his weight off his feet. Since it is nearly noon, and the sheep seem quiet, he unwraps his hastily prepared and unappetizing lunch and begins to eat. A brisk wind has sprung up, and suddenly over a low rise of ground comes a tumbleweed, or Russian thistle, rolling over and over and making good time. As it reaches the outskirts of the bunch the nearest sheep look up startled, mistake it for the dog, and promptly run toward the centre of the band. Each sheep communicates its fright to the next, and in fifteen seconds they are all in a compact mass. Then, obeying a common impulse, they start out again on their travels, in any direction except toward the wagon.

The herder sees them go, but he is eating his lunch and is tired from a morning of steady walking. He decides to wait till he has finished, but he pays dearly for this indulgence. For, by the time he has wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, the sheep have not only traveled quite a distance, but have split up. Some old sister has recollected that just over the hill is an abandoned field (always grown up to weeds), and she thinks she would like a weed diet for a change. About five hundred others think this is a pretty good idea and trail after her. The rest of the bunch prefer to keep on going in the direction in which they were headed, except three or four lame ones and a couple of old skinnies who elect to remain right where they are.

The herder wearily gets to his feet and starts after the farthest of his three bunches. Just at this critical juncture two horsemen come into sight, ride past in full view of the sheep, and go on toward the ranch. The herder knows to a moral certainty that when they get there they will tell the boss that 'the sheep were split in three bunches and scattered all over hell!' With rage in his heart, and consequently with faulty judgment, the herder sends his dog when still a great distance from the farthest bunch. The dog runs about half the distance, then stops and looks around, ostensibly for further orders, but really because he would rather stand and look back than run any farther ahead. The herder motions him forward, and he runs about half the remaining distance and looks back again. This time when the herder motions him on he drops to the ground and begins to lick one of his forefeet. He does n't really have a cactus in it, but he tries his best to make the herder believe he has. However, he has not quite enough confidence in this time-worn alibi to let the herder come right up to him, for as the latter approaches with blood in his eye the dog gets up and trots on ahead, keeping just out of reach, barking brightly from time to time, trying to centre the herder's attention on the iniquities of the sheep, though knowing all the time that the blasts of lurid language assailing him from the rear are directed solely and pointedly at him. Finally as dog and man, tandem fashion, at last approach the sheep, the dog seeks to redeem himself by a burst of speed and quickly

sends the offending sheep to join the others.

After two hours of leg work that would shame a cub reporter during a street-car strike, the herder finally manages to get his three bunches into one, and he heads them toward the distant wagon, keeping them under close and sullen guard. He arrives at the wagon at dark, with all his chores to do and supper to get before he can take any rest. Considering all the things that can and do happen to a herder in the course of his work, the wonder is not that some of them are supposed to go crazy, but that any of them stay sane.

II

Those of you who know the devastation that may be wrought in a hitherto peaceful and well-ordered household by the arrival of one little nine-pound stranger are asked to stretch your imagination and envisage the arrival of a thousand or fifteen hundred little strangers at one address within a period of twenty days. It sounds improbable, and yet this is what happens every spring on hundreds of sheep ranches throughout the West. It takes place about the time the green grass has become abundant enough to supply the ewes with milk. As might be expected, all other activity on the ranch ceases while lambing is going on. Extra help is hired, extra hours are added to the working day. The days themselves are almost at their longest, and the boss's temper at its shortest. It is at once the hardest and the most interesting part of the sheepman's year.

There are almost as many ways of conducting a lambing as there are sheepmen. Every method, however, is based on one bed-rock, all-important fact — namely, that for several days after its birth a ewe knows her lamb only by smell. She gradually comes to know its voice, but that takes time. Until she does know it, her lamb must not be kept with too many others, because to find her lamb the ewe has to smell every lamb till she comes to her own, and if she has to smell too many she becomes confused, and may not know her own lamb when she comes to it. Worse still, she may become discouraged and stop looking for it, which, naturally, is fatal to the lamb. For the first day or so, therefore, the ewe and her lamb must be members of a comparatively small bunch.

It is in providing for and manipulating these small bunches that the methods of sheepmen differ. Take, however, the simplest of all plans as an illustration. The drop bunch, composed of the ewes that are to lamb, is driven slowly, day by day, along the banks of a stream. The wagon follows, being set in a different spot each night. Every morning the lambs born during the night and their mothers are separated from the rest of the bunch and left behind. Every evening, likewise, the lambs born during the day are cut out and left where the drop bunch was held that day, so that the bunch goes 'clean' to the new bed ground. Each day's drop and each night's drop are left undisturbed for about twenty-four hours. Then a day's drop will be combined with a night's drop and left for another twenty-four hours, when they will be combined with another bunch of the same size and as nearly as possible the same age. A day or two later this combined group will be put with another similarly constituted; and so the building-up process goes on. Meanwhile the ewe is learning to find her lamb in an ever larger bunch, and is getting his voice firmly fixed in her mind. Once she is certain of that, she will find her lamb among two thousand. The building-up process goes on till there are four or five hundred lambs,

and then this bunch is given a special herder and another lamb bunch is started. However, when this second bunch has reached a hundred or two, it is added to the big lamb bunch, and this procedure is followed till all but the few inevitable 'drys' have lambed. These too are finally put with the rest, and lambing is over.

Having taken a look at the general outline of lambing, let us view it at closer quarters, first from the standpoint of the individual ewe. An hour or so before the lamb is born the ewe stops grazing and begins to think exclusively about her lamb. She walks about calling for it, and takes a great interest in other lambs, especially those that are newborn. The curious part of it is that she does n't know whether her lamb has been born or not. She tries to mother the lambs of other ewes, and when some jealous ewe shoulders her away she goes to some other ewe's lamb. But usually as soon as her own lamb is born uncertainty vanishes, and she devotes herself exclusively to him.

When a lamb is born, he is frequently a bright orange color. Is n't this, perhaps, nature's way of ensuring that the ewe will find him? It seems reasonable to suppose so, because this bright color fades to a rusty brown in the course of an hour or two, and by that time the lamb is either mothered-up or doomed.

As the ewe stands above her newborn lamb, she utters a sound that she has not used for a year, a low rumble in the throat, made without opening the mouth. This rumble is used only by a ewe talking to her lamb, or by a buck talking to a ewe, and therefore must denote deep affection. The lamb bleats, the ewe rumbles. Of course, if the lamb is at a distance, or is temporarily mislaid, as he is half the time, the ewe calls for him with a full open-mouthed bleat. Once in a while you will see a ewe in search of her lamb going through all the motions of bleating without uttering a sound. She has been calling her lamb for so long that she has entirely lost the use of her voice. Yet she is still making the attempt to call. After she finds her lamb and rests her vocal chords, her voice comes back.

During the first hour of the lamb's life the ewe pays him closer attention than she ever will again. She licks him, she answers his every bleat with a rumble, she anxiously superintends his first attempts to stand and his first meal. This hour is the most critical period of the lamb's whole life. If he gets to his feet and sucks, he has a good chance; if he does not, he is doomed, barring human aid. Following this time of intense anxiety on the ewe's part, her interest in the lamb steadily declines, until at weaning time it reaches zero. Paralleling this, the lamb's dependence on her decreases in exactly the same ratio. In his first hour of life he is absolutely dependent on her. For many days it is she who must keep track of him; he does not know her from any other ewe. Later he comes to assume half the responsibility for their finding one another. At weaning time the lamb no longer needs his mother, she no longer cares for him.

Up to this point we have been considering lambing as it is when everything goes well. That it does not always do so is a cause of much sorrow and profanity to the boss and the lambing crew. In fact, there are so many things that can and do go wrong that the nerves and tempers of all are tried to the utmost. The commonest trouble is that a ewe refuses to own her lamb. This may result from any of a variety of causes. If, for example, a ewe mothers another lamb before the birth of her own, she may become so attached to the first lamb that she will neglect her own entirely. Cases of this kind are by no means uncommon.

Fortunately the remedy is simple. The ewe and her own lamb are transferred to another bunch, and there she soon forgets about the other lamb and devotes herself to her own.

Then there is the ewe who, while owning her lamb, does not feel like giving up her social duties in order to take care of him — that is, she persists in following the bunch, and, as the lamb cannot keep up the pace at that early age, he is left behind. The remedy for this is to hobble the social gadder, thus making it impossible for her to move at other than a snail's pace, while leaving her free to graze. The lamb easily keeps up with her slow progress, and as soon as the ewe shows evidence of being willing to carry out her family duties she is set at liberty again.

Then there is the old ewe that has no milk. It is a remarkable provision of nature that a ewe in this condition rarely shows any affection for her lamb. She cannot raise him, and she has no interest in him. In this case there is nothing to do but let the ewe go and either kill the lamb or raise it by hand.

But sometimes it is possible to give one ewe's lamb to another ewe. Suppose a ewe who is a good mother and has plenty of milk gives birth to a dead lamb, and the same day a lamb is born to a ewe that has no milk. The practice is to skin the dead lamb and pull this skin over the live lamb, as you would pull on a sweater. This double-skinned lamb is then shut up with the dead lamb's mother. The ewe smells the topmost skin, and very often accepts the lamb as her own. The skin is left on, and by the time it is dried up and useless the ewe has become accustomed to the smell of the foster lamb, and raises him as hers. This does not always work, but where it does it means one lamb saved. Sometimes, in the case of a ewe very anxious for a lamb, it is enough to squirt some of her milk on the head of the lamb to be adopted.

I saw one case of deliberate lamb stealing. A ewe had lost her lamb shortly after it was born; it was from the first not destined to live — a spindling, puny thing. Nevertheless she walked all over the place calling for it. The next time I saw her she was mothering another lamb, whose own mother was also along. When I next saw her, and ever after that, she had the lamb to herself. The best mother had won.

III

'Ten thousand white ones and sixty black ones! Go round 'em, Shep!' This command was supposed to have been given to a certain sheep dog in Montana, and presumably he thereupon rounded up the sheep and counted them. But the poor dog is dead now; brain fever, no doubt. It is strange that when anyone tells a tale of some extraordinary animal, be it dog, horse, or cat, he usually adds as an afterthought, 'He's dead now, poor fellow.'

It is said that in some parts of the West there is a set price for a trained sheep dog — about forty dollars. Such a dog would be one taught to work entirely by motions, to go to the right or left, to stop and lie down, and to return to the herder. If a wind is blowing against the herder, it is impossible for him to make the dog hear at any great distance, but he can direct him by motions as far as the dog can see him. Of course it takes good dog material to make a first-class sheep dog, as well as a good man to train him. However, in our part of the country we use any kind of dog that will turn the sheep, and then do as they do in Kansas, where they do the best they can. Naturally collies predominate, for they seem to take to sheep and herding by instinct.

Instinct, however, will not tell any dog the various things he must not do. A pup always wants to work too fast. When he starts going around a bunch of sheep, he gets so excited and is having such a good time that he forgets to pay attention to the herder, and often goes completely around the bunch, sometimes two or three times. Of course this ties the sheep up in a knot, causes them unnecessary worry and alarm, and delays their grazing. Often, too, the pup will cut off a little bunch of sheep and drive them away from the main band. This makes serious trouble for the herder, who may have to walk half a mile after them, and naturally he makes trouble for the dog. Perhaps the commonest fault a pup has is cutting off a single sheep and trying to run it down, keeping between it and the rest of the bunch. This herding of one sheep instead of fifteen hundred is looked on by the herder with strong disfavor. Gradually, after being punished for one thing and another, the dog learns what he must and must not do and becomes the herder's indispensable ally.

Of course it is just as easy to ruin a dog in the training as it is to spoil a horse or a child. Though without any first-hand knowledge of the last-named process, it is my belief that all three rest on much the same principles. They all call for firmness, for kindness, for genuine affection, and above all for infinite patience.

One of the worst habits a dog can form is rabbit chasing. The bunch may be scattered out peacefully grazing, when the dog scents a rabbit somewhere up the wind. He goes to investigate; the rabbit jumps up, and the chase is on. The rabbit will always go uphill if he can, because, on account of his short front legs, he is a better hill climber than the dog. He may or may not go through the sheep; he has no prejudice against so doing. If he does go through them, followed of course by the dog, it means that they will bunch up, lose valuable grazing time, and perhaps start running. Besides this, the dog will tire himself out and get sore feet by habitual rabbit running, and then when the herder has to call on him for help he is often unable or unwilling to give it.

One dog is all a herder needs, but the dog seems to enjoy life more if he has a companion. He eats better, and he has an opportunity to play and romp. But if a herder has more than two dogs, he might as well go somewhere and get a job as pound master, where he will get paid for taking care of dogs. If he has three dogs, one or two of them will be misbehaving in some way all the time, and the herder will find that he is taking care of dogs instead of sheep. It is the application of the old saying, 'One boy's a boy, two boys half a boy, three boys no boy.' Then there is the serious problem of feeding them. A herder can always scrape up enough for one dog, but three dogs will eat twice as much as the herder himself.

A dog is the one thing of which sheep are afraid. They move merely enough to keep out of a herder's way, and they care nothing about a horse, in case the herder happens to be riding. Many a sheep's leg has been broken by a horse stepping on it. But a dog is a horse of another color. The sheep have the same respect for him that a small boy has for a policeman, and about the same liking. They can tell a strange dog as far as they can see him. They are always curious about a new dog, and when one is around you can see every sheep on the edge of the bunch sizing him up. They come as close to him as they dare, to investigate. But they move for him when he is on business.

There is, however, a great difference

in the way sheep react to different dogs after they know them. From a fast-working dog they run in terror, while for a slow dog, usually an old one, they move with corresponding leisure. The ideal dog is one that works slowly but steadily, looking back frequently for further directions from the herder.

There is no doubt that a dog, especially a young one, enjoys herding, for any dog likes to chase something that will run. There are, however, only two motives that will keep a dog working — namely, love of the work and liking for the herder. Fear of the herder will not influence him, because while he is working he is out of the herder's reach; and a dog that is abused will quit the herder altogether and go to the ranch.

While the dog is the herder's ever-present companion, there are two occasions on which he sticketh closer than a brother. If the herder is climbing a slippery bank and taking each step with extreme care, the dog invariably senses this as a good opportunity to demonstrate the affection that has been piling up within him. He gets in front of the herder, about on a level with the latter's face, and unless he is warned off he will put his paws on the herder's shoulders and roll him to the bottom. And if the herder happens to be crossing new and thin ice where an additional pound or two may cause him to break through and give him wet feet for the rest of the day, the faithful dog will stick close at his heels and no amount of low-voiced cursing can drive him away.

Considering the indispensable help that a dog renders a herder, it is not strange that between the two there exists an unusually close bond. Certainly it is a feeling that could not be comprehended by the proprietor of some three-and-a-half-pound mixture of long hair and bad temper masquerading under the name of dog; for the affection existing between a herder and his dog rests on the solid basis of mutual respect. Moreover, the dog is the herder's sole companion during most of the time, because the sheep cannot by any stretch of the imagination be termed good company. They are too intent on their own affairs. The dog, however, stays by his side during the day, and sleeps in the wagon at night; and when the herder is without his dog for a day or so he misses this companionship quite as much as he does the dog's aid.

One evening when I came to my wagon, I found on the table a note from a neighboring herder, asking me to come over to his wagon, about half a mile away. I went over immediately, and found that both of his dogs had died that afternoon from picking up poison baits put out for coyotes. The herder had not known the location of the poison. He was about half a mile from the wagon when the dogs were taken sick, and he started for the wagon immediately to do what he could for them. He carried the pup in his arms, and when he arrived he gave both dogs salt and water as an emetic, followed by warm lard as an antidote. But he could not save them. The young dog, having less resistance, died first. Then the herder had to go out after his sheep, as it was getting dark. The old dog, in spite of all the herder could do, started out with him. The herder was a middle-aged man, and hard-boiled at that, but his face was working as he told me how the old dog insisted on struggling after him through the deep snow, how he would fall down in convulsions, then rise and drag himself on again, until that final convulsion from which he did not rise. As the herder finished he went to the door of his wagon and

looked out at the falling snow. 'Well,' he said, 'the snow will cover them, and they will rest forever.' I knew what he felt, because two of my own dogs were sleeping that same sleep, fallen soldiers in the grim and unrelenting war against the killers of the sheep.

IV

When I began to herd, the boss said to me, 'Herding is what you make it.' In that brief statement he put the whole lure of herding. In other words, it leaves a man free to live his own life. It may seem strange at first sight to speak of freedom in connection with an occupation that ties the worker to his job seven days in the week and cuts him off more or less from his fellow man. But it so happens that the same conditions that enslave the herder's body are the very ones that free his mind. They prevent the herder's feet from taking him more than a mile or two in any one direction, but they leave his mind free to roam that other world which knows no bounds save those of time and space.

If a farm hand gives his boss an honest day's work, he is likely to be tired at night and fit only for bed. The same is doubtless true in numberless other lines of work. But such an ending to the day is an exception for the herder. Occasionally he may come back to the wagon in the evening so tired that he can scarcely drag one foot after the other, but this is distinctly the exception. Usually he will be as fresh at night as he was in the morning. He will have had ample opportunity to read during the day, and he can look forward to an uninterrupted evening of reading, writing, solitaire, or whatever he wishes.

Like most country dwellers, I subscribe to a number of magazines — fifteen at the present time. I also have a library of about five hundred volumes, to which I am constantly adding. So I am abundantly supplied with reading matter. For purely personal reasons, I am deeply interested in a certain figure in English literature — Samuel Pepys. I have borrowed from the university library and have bought many a volume concerning him and his times, and I expect to buy and borrow many more. If for any reason my interest in him should wane, there are a hundred other bypaths that beckon. The heritage is inexhaustible; it is only a question of choice.

There was formerly a community dedicated to the principles of plain living and high thinking. Almost any herder might have applied for charter membership there. As to the plainness of his living there can be scarcely any argument. It is true that when the boss or the sheep misbehave the thinking of the herder is apt to be decidedly low, not to say coarse. But no one can stand the rarefied atmosphere of Everest's peak, and even those who attempt its upper slopes are obliged to carry their oxygen with them. The herder has at least the privilege and opportunity of climbing as high as he is able.

The herder's life is a free one in still other ways. He is cut off from many of the benefits of civilization, but he is also free from many of its shackles. He can boast of freedom from the insistent telephone, from the mammoth and time-wasting daily papers, from the evening-destroying movies, and from the thousand and one petty distractions of city life that take a man's time and sap his strength without adding proportionately to his happiness, until he becomes the passive recipient of whatever impact the next moment may bring.

The West is proverbially freer than the East, its people a little more unconventional, a little more hospitable,

a little more open-hearted. They are a little more apt to say what they mean and to mean what they say. When a Westerner makes a remark, you do not have to go through a system of mental calisthenics to decide just what he means by it. The apparent meaning is likely to be the real one. All these traits are apt to be still further intensified in a frontier section of the West, and it is only in a frontier country that sheep can be run profitably in large bands. Land at two hundred and fifty dollars an acre may be all right for the raising of corn, but land at two dollars and fifty cents an acre is a better bet for the raising of sheep.

As to the great open spaces that you hear so much about, we have them — at least, if you mean by that a great open space between neighbors. During vacation a few years ago, while on a Lake boat I met a man from Buffalo, New York. I said to him: 'Every time you mention Buffalo, you make me homesick. That is the name of my home town — Buffalo, South Dakota.' 'How big is it?' he asked. 'A hundred and twenty-five.' 'A hundred and twenty-five thousand?' 'No, a hundred and twenty-five people.' He could n't quite grasp that. And yet Buffalo, South Dakota, is the largest town in a county sixty miles long by fifty wide; and of the other three towns only one approaches it in magnitude. Any old-fashioned family would have a bigger population than either of the two remaining towns.

Owing to the altitude, the air here is so clear that hills which are miles away stand out against the sky with knife-like clearness. People who come here from the East or from the lowlands of the West are invariably fooled as to distances. They have always associated clearness with nearness, and sometimes they learn the difference to their sorrow. An old-timer told me how, when he first came here, he tried out a new rifle on the slopes of Bear Butte and was much disappointed at not seeing the dust fly from it. He learned later that the butte was many miles away. They tell a story of a stranger who set out to walk to a certain butte before breakfast. He walked a mile or two, and then met a native who told him that the butte was still several miles away, so he decided to return. They went by a slightly different route, and came to a small stream, a mere trickle across the sand. As the native stopped to water his horse, he was amazed to see the stranger busily stripping off his clothes. 'What are you going to do?' he asked. 'I'm going to swim this river,' was the dogged response. 'Swim it!' ejaculated the native. 'Why, you can step across it!' 'Well, I don't know,' was the cautious answer; 'distances are deceiving in this country, and I'm not taking any chances.'

Six miles from the ranch buildings, and at the eastern edge of the range over which I herd, rise the white cliffs of the Slim Buttes, a high range of hills rising abruptly from the surrounding plain. Halfway to the top is a small bench, upon which is a spring capable of watering hundreds of cattle. This bench is the site of an old ranch called The Moonshine, a ranch that goes back to the old days of free grass and big outfits. As you stand on a hill above where the log ranch house lay, you find yourself in a natural amphitheatre. Behind you the rock-strewn earth rises almost sheer to the plateau, two hundred feet above you. To the north a great white limestone wall thrusts out into space, its rough sides forming many a niche for an eagle's nest, and its jagged top their favored resting place. To the south a grass-covered, pine-clad shoulder reaches out like another protecting arm, with a giant

pine crowning a knoll at its very tip, and below it a sheer upthrust of limestone wall is pierced by a roughly shaped window. Almost at your feet, nestling among the rough hummocks of the bench, is the Moonshine Lake, a bright jewel in a waterless landscape.

As your eyes go farther afield, you note that from the bench the land drops away another hundred feet or so to the plain beneath. Twenty miles to the northwest you see the large rolling outlines of the Cave Hills, while thirty miles west are the white-cliffed, pine-clad summits of the Short Pine Hills. Beyond them, a mere blue line, are the Long Pine Hills of Montana. As your eye follows the horizon south, it pauses at the Crow Buttes, where the Crow and Sioux Indians once fought a bloody battle, and at the twin peaks, Castle Rock and Square Top, rising in solitary state above many a flat and weary mile of gumbo. And just beyond them you see on the horizon what looks like a row of rounded blue hummocks. These are the Black Hills, one hundred miles from where you are standing.

One day last fall I procured a substitute herder and made a quick trip to Bellefourche, just north of the Hills. Our return journey was begun about dusk. The roads across the gumbo, forty miles wide, are always at this season as smooth as pavement. Until we reached the edge of the gumbo, houses were not infrequent, but from then on it was as if we were a comet rushing through a desolate void. The great car took the hills like a frightened rabbit, crashed across bridges and hurtled over the flats, forever chasing the spot of light that fled before it. Once in a while a pin prick of light would reveal the site of some lonely ranch house or sheep wagon. Then mile after mile of darkness, with only the steady droning roar of our engine to tie us to reality. Seventy-five miles of federal highway with never a town or a post office! The great open spaces.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

I

THE ministry of the Protestant churches offers to-day a more diversified opportunity than it ever has offered before. Roman Catholicism always has been careful to put to use among its clergy a wide variety of talents. Taking any devoted and promising youth discoverable within its circle, Roman Catholicism has not only trained him, but has eagerly watched the development in him of special gifts. A remarkable comprehensiveness has characterized the Roman clergy in finding place for many types of ability, so that mystics and administrators, preachers and statesmen, financial experts, scholars, and skilled confessors of souls have all found scope for their several specialties.

The Protestant ministry has been commonly associated with a more narrowly defined function. Two forms of service, pastoral visitation and

preaching, have occupied the centre of attention. To be sure, the clergyman in a Protestant parish has been supposed to exercise a wide variety of gifts, often extending the gamut from being janitor to being censor of public morals, and including among his many attempted functions money raising, religious education, expert recreational service, civic leadership, and organizational administration. Nevertheless, this diversity of endeavor has been centred in the minister's chief business: being a preacher and a pastor.

In particular, the Protestant minister has been expected to preach. Here the contrast with Roman Catholicism is marked and significant. Only a few priests of the Roman church are supposed primarily to be preachers. The centre of Roman worship is the sacrament of the Mass; the centre of Protestant worship is the sermon. This difference has historical explanations into the theory of which we need not enter, but into the practical consequences of which any youth considering the ministry runs headlong. The call to be a Protestant clergyman has always been primarily a call to preach.

A decisive change in this regard is observable to-day. For one thing, the universal tendency to specialization has inevitably invaded the churches. No one man can be a scholarly theologian, an effective preacher, an expert in religious education, a practical administrator, and a skilled confessor of souls. In spite of their historical bent, the Protestant churches are bound increasingly to select young men with a view to particular gifts and to train them in the exercise of their specialties.

Furthermore, the pressure of our centralized population is slowly but surely forcing us to fewer but larger churches, with more diversified functions and with staffs of clergymen representing more varied abilities. This is marked in cities where means of rapid communication have broken down old parish lines and outmoded small local congregations. What with subways, buses, and automobiles, it is frequently easier to go five miles to church than it used to be to go five blocks, and in consequence the inevitable tendency is to combine local congregations into ever more centralized churches, and then to staff these larger churches with a diversified ministry.

While this tendency may be marked in the cities, it is, if anything, more significant in rural districts, where already community churches can be seen, displacing or combining sectarian congregations, and so making possible, instead of a half-dozen poor preachers, one or two good ones, with additional ministers whose function lies in various forms of communal service and religious education.

To be sure, there is plenty of resistance to this movement, but time and tide are with it and it cannot be stopped. Dr. Carroll estimates that last year there was an increase in the number of church members of 573,723 and a decrease in the number of churches of 1470, which, if it is correct, is a hopeful sign. Within the next few years we may expect, I think, an acceleration of this tendency, with fewer and larger churches doing a much more diversified business, and with forms of ministry other than preaching taking an increasingly important place in the régime.

What part the radio will play in this programme no one can foresee, but it seems destined to perform a real function. Nothing can ultimately displace the living voice or make a sermon from a stranger at a distance an adequate surrogate for the address of a friend at home, but that an increasing amount of the church's preaching will be done over the air is certain, and already such preaching is being at least occasionally

received, not simply by individuals in their families, but by congregations in their churches.

The upshot of all this is seen in our theological seminaries, where one commonly finds students, both men and women, preparing for the ministry of the churches with no idea of preaching. That is not their specialty. They are headed for religious education, child guidance, psychiatry applied to character building, recreational directorships, service for special groups such as students, pastoral oversight, religious journalism, teaching in the colleges, and various forms of organizational work from the financial superintendence of individual congregations to expert service in interdenominational coöperation.

It is true that in these fields the churches at present are not prepared to absorb and use the abilities that young men and women sometimes present to them. Nevertheless, the situation is developing and the prospect is hopeful. Many youths who feel neither the ability nor the wish to preach are going, as they supremely desire to go, into the service of their generation's spiritual life. They will be ministers of religion and servants of the church. The result will be a far richer and more varied leadership for the forces of organized faith, and a far more satisfying career for many young men and women who, not commercially minded, desire above all else to make a contribution to religion.

This does not mean that the preacher's function will either disappear or be essentially diminished. It does mean, however, that it will cease to monopolize the attention of the church and that, more and more, preachers will be picked for their special skill. Protestantism has relied too much on preaching and has indulged in too large a quantity of it. Many of our churches have had reality pretty well washed out of them by the constant deluge of hastily prepared talk. From the minister's point of view the resultant strain has often been intolerable and the consequences upon his own life disastrous. Nothing, I think, can stop the movement toward fewer preachers, delivering fewer sermons in larger churches, with the radio at the disposal of at least the pick of them.

This prospect ought to exert a powerful influence on many youths who are considering the ministry. Some who do not want to preach at all will be saved from the obsession that they must preach if they are to be ministers of organized religion. Others, who do wish to preach and to preach well, will be saved from the terrifying prospect of endless Sundays each with two scrappily thrown-together discourses appended to an immeasurable quantity of midweek religious talk.

Under this new régime which youths now entering the ministry should help to inaugurate, where fewer and better sermons are the rule, the preacher will once more come into his own. Indeed, the gist of the appeal to young men and women to-day on behalf of the ministry lies, here as elsewhere, not in asking them to serve the ecclesiastical *status quo*, but in summoning them to change it. No one has any business to go into the ministry who is satisfied with the churches as they are. We have too many complacent ministers now. We need more who are unwilling merely to sustain the routine of religious performance as the ordinary church has developed it, but who, for all that, believe in organized religion, in public worship, and in the possibilities of preaching.

II

A youth choosing the Christian ministry to-day, and planning primarily to be a preacher, should aim

first at recovering the accent of reality in the pulpit. The parson used to be what the name implies, the leading person in the community. Preëminent in education and information, backed by the authority of his vocation from God, he held a unique and dominant position. To-day the minister is not preëminent in either education or information, and his opinions on any subject are accorded no more respect than in themselves they are worth. People look for light to books and magazines, to lectures and the drama, and the pulpit obviously faces a competition never before experienced. This fact is sometimes taken by churchmen as a discomfiting symptom, and is commonly proclaimed by the church's enemies as a sure prelude to the minister's downfall.

As a matter of fact, it is the best thing that ever happened to preaching. It forces the wise preacher to quit his reliance on ecclesiastical authority, to cut out cant, bombast, hokum, or whatever else represents the cheap substitution of wordiness for genuineness, and to make of his sermons a forthright endeavor to deal in a real way with the real problems of real people.

To be sure, plenty of preaching shows small indication of such beneficent consequence, and that is a major reason why, in many cases, church attendance dwindles. That also is a happy augury. People will no longer go as a matter of form where reality is not to be found as a matter of fact, and, while the immediate effect is troublesome to the churches, the ultimate outcome will be salutary.

What the young man or woman headed for the pulpit should remember is that preaching can fulfill an indispensable function in the community. The preacher can tackle the real questions which the people are asking about right and wrong, God, the soul, and immortality. He can face honestly the problems which perplex them in their loves and hates, prejudices, troubles, successes, and failures, both individual and social; he can meet their inward needs as genuinely as the grocer feeds or the physician heals their bodies.

Thus to cut through the conventionalities of homiletical tradition, to break away from slavish subjection to formal textual exegesis, and to make of the sermon a contribution to the thinking of the people about their spiritual problems calls for more than a standardized mind. In appealing for this type of ministry, therefore, one would insist that we do not need more preachers, but better ones. A preacher, even in his youth, gifted with some clear convictions about the meaning of personal and social life at their best can approach in a straightforward fashion the questions which people are asking, the problems they are facing, the experiences that perplex them in private life or social situations. He can speak out his honest thought with no pretense that he knows more than he does know, meeting fairly the objections that may be raised and endeavoring always to help the people to think and live their own way through. He can with intelligent, tolerant, and constructive intent genuinely make the most of his best for the sake of others, and bring to bear on real life the light and power of religion as Christ has revealed its meaning. If he does this he will find an eager following. He may even become to many what one layman recently called his minister — 'our animated conscience.'

III

The youth headed for the pulpit should also rightly appraise his immense opportunity as a director of

public worship. The Protestant minister, in particular, should take account of the limitations to which overemphasis on the sermon has subjected the evangelical churches. The Roman Catholic goes to church to worship, and the centre of that worship is a sacrament. Now, the value of a sacramental symbol as a centre of worship lies in part in its inclusiveness: all sorts of people, from the very ignorant to the very learned, can get something out of it. The philosopher and the longshoreman may kneel together at the Mass and each extract from the performance what each brings the capacity to see and feel. But, while philosophers and longshoremen may thus be included in the benefits of a symbolic act, they rarely can be seen together listening to a sermon. A sermon is selective; it appeals to a certain mental stratum; it automatically excludes from its range of interest other types of mind than the kind from which it comes. This is one reason why Protestant churches in America, centring their worship in a sermon, have so largely become class organizations — religious clubs appealing to a narrowly selected group of ideas and traditions.

So long as patriotism is expressed by saluting the flag, everybody can indulge in that symbolic act and each can find in it his own meaning. If, however, patriotism's expression should be thought of as listening to discourses on the Constitution, that would eliminate wide ranges of the nation's population, whoever was engaged as the expositor.

I do not mean that preaching can be or should be minimized, but alongside the sermon the present renaissance of beauty in worship should be recognized as one of the chief concerns of the ministry. There are three main avenues to fellowship with God: goodness, truth, and beauty. Protestantism has been strong on the first two. Goodness — the ethical stress of evangelical Christianity has been untiring, and, while at times belated in its forms and perversely directed in its tendencies, its zeal and determination can be counted on. Truth — the doctrinal interest of the Protestant churches has been tremendous, and, while often blinded by fanaticism and ignorance, the evangelical interest in religious truth is ineradicable. Beauty, however, has had no such place in the Protestant tradition. Yet for multitudes beauty is the major roadway to fellowship with God.

To recover this lost accent in our churches, to make religion not simply moral and intelligent, but beautiful, an affair of joy and festival as well as of goodness and truth, is crucially important, and the man in the pulpit can further this movement and direct it.

To many youths public worship has largely lost serious meaning, simply because the actual worship of the churches has been so abominably conducted. Our public prayers would often be blasphemous if they were not ridiculous instead, and the ugliness of much of our church architecture is carried out with appalling consistency in the corresponding ugliness in the conduct of the service. Public worship, however, can be and sometimes is exhilarating, exalting, cleansing, and ennobling. It does actual business in human souls. It causes people who have been looking down to look up. It reorients life, redirects energy, freshens ideals, restores equilibrium, and liberates spiritual resources.

A minister may well recall each Sunday the words of ex-President Eliot of Harvard, who, speaking of the days when Phillips Brooks led the worship in Harvard chapel, said, 'Prayer is the greatest achievement of the human soul.'

IV

Again, the preacher should magnify his opportunity for intellectual leadership. The present distaste of university communities for conventional religion, the common abstention of students from religious practices, the familiar professions of agnosticism to be heard on the campuses, and the still more common confessions of utter bewilderment, are often written up as disconcerting and dangerous symptoms of a wayward age. As a matter of fact, they constitute a great opportunity to the minister.

If he is alive to the situation he will quit his reliance on creedal authority, and, instead of standing outside the turmoil and confusion of this generation's endeavor to find an intelligible religion, he will get inside. There is little in the situation that can be called unprecedented. This generation, like others before it, but in accentuated fashion, is facing a new world-view. The cosmos in which we live, with its size, its evolutionary process, its law-abiding uniformity, both physical and psychological, its unity of structure, making incredible the old discriminations between natural and supernatural — such major matters, with many attendant factors, have outmoded our old formulations of religion and have forced us to revise and enlarge our conception of God.

Like all important matters, the consequent bewilderment can be taken hold of by one of two handles. It can be approached as a disaster or tackled as an opportunity. The intelligent and adventurous minister will certainly see in the religious questions being asked and the religious problems being faced by earnest minds to-day, not a catastrophe, but a chance for leadership and an open door to a more credible faith. This generation is not irreligious; it is intensely concerned with religion; but it will not, in its intelligent areas, be content with creedal conventionality. It cannot patiently harbor a modern world-view on one side and on the other a formulation of religion which contradicts it.

The present rebellion against religion is, therefore, in a deep sense a confession of concern for religion. The outstanding need is light and leadership. Give us more first-class brains in our pulpits — nothing can take the place of that!

Instead of using the well-dug channels of commercial life as river beds for their lives, let high-grade men set themselves, as many of them are initially minded to set themselves, to the task of honest and constructive thinking on religion. If one type of church will not have them, let them shake the dust of it from their feet and turn to another. There are free churches where no ecclesiastical overlordship spoils the autonomy of local congregations, and even in more highly articulated denominations there is much more liberty than is usually supposed. Certainly there is as much freedom as the average editorial writer, college professor, lawyer, or politician enjoys, and often much more. Freedom to express one's self in all these fields is commonly a matter of the individual himself, his strength of character, his courage, his ability of mind, his personal quality of wisdom and fair play. If some churches are closed to intelligent thought, the argument is not that they must be left as hopeless, but that they must be opened.

One way or another, the man who has something to say will be heard. And the crying need, which constitutes one of the most challenging calls to the ministry, is for first-rate minds to help clarify and reconstruct the thinking of the churches.

V

No youth should enter the ministry to-day without a clear intent to help harness religious dynamic for the solving of our social problems. The opportunity is very great. Say what evil one may about the churches, they are still the reservoirs of moral enthusiasm and serious ethical interest to a degree not true of any other institution. These enormous resources of spiritual power often lie dormant or, when aroused, are misdirected, but they are there. Few matters of such moment face American civilization as the unleashing of this power and its sensible and effective guidance to some good purpose.

While, therefore, many high-minded youths of the new generation should and will go in for the engineering side of philanthropy, economic reform, politics, and internationalism, others must deal with the question of spiritual dynamics. In the churches, with their faith, their ideals of the Kingdom of Righteousness, their millions of well-intentioned and morally earnest people, lie resources of power without the impulsion of which no great cause can be brought to victory in this country.

Here, again, the great need is leadership. The mass of our church members are neither bad-spirited nor willfully reactionary on social questions, but they are often uninstructed. They have done too little thinking on the major problems of our economic and international life; they have not seen clearly the relationship between these problems and the religious ideals which they profess; they have never had the social implications of Christianity made concretely real to them in terms of their attitudes toward militarism, war, racial prejudice, and economic injustice.

If they only knew it, preachers have it in their power to work so salutary a change in the whole social ethic of America that the consequences would run out to the ends of the earth. But no third-rate preachers can do this. The opportunity calls for high-grade men. The pulpit supremely needs teachers. And in no realm is patient, constructive, kindly, courageous teaching more needed than in the application of the Christian ethic to our social, economic, and international affairs.

Altogether, the pulpit is one of the most crucial points in the whole line of civilization's advance. That the churches are in a very unsatisfactory condition this paper has taken for granted. They cannot and they should not stay as they are. But, so far from taking that as an excuse for the white feather, a clear-eyed churchman must surely see it as a critical problem and a challenging opportunity. We cannot permanently evade the problem of the church. Some kind of church or other there is bound to be. If we allow the churches to be dominated by ignorance, bigotry, sectarianism, and a perverted ethic, our entire American society will suffer irreparable loss. Such churches will even put laws on our statute books denying freedom of scientific teaching, and in countless ways will hamper freedom, discourage idealism, drive spiritually-minded men into atheism, make religion a byword among the intelligent, and cripple the most hopeful movements of philanthropy and social advance.

To build at the centre of American life the right kind of churches, homes of the best spiritual life of our communities, and power houses for human service, is a task without the fulfillment of which American life can never develop its possibilities. And the man who must lead in this reconstruction of organized religion is the preacher.

THE OLD BAND

The Story of a Kansas Town

BY SUSAN D. ALFORD

'You ask me, dear father, if we intend to remain in Kansas, with all its dangers and hardships. I answer most emphatically "Yes!" Many families in these dark days are leaving, and you cannot imagine how it discourages those who remain, and how our enemies exult. I never felt a duty more plainly pointed out than that every lover of Freedom should remain at his post. *We will never leave until Kansas becomes a Free State.*'

These words I found in a letter, yellowed by time, that my mother had written from Lawrence, Kansas, to her father in Vermont. It recalled to my mind the years of my childhood in the 1850's and 1860's — the years in Kansas when it was the storm centre between proslavery and antislavery forces, a conflict between opposing factions which resulted in the Civil War. Since these dark years in the pioneer history of Kansas resulted in matters of nation-wide importance, it may be worth while to record, even with the unskilled pen of age, some of the memories of my childhood and of events related to me by my father.

I

It seems almost unbelievable to-day that, within the memory of those still living, human beings were bought and sold like cattle by kindly Christian people; moreover, in this land of freedom, that it was done with the full sanction and approval of our democratic government. It was decreed by an act of Congress in 1820 that this institution of slavery should not extend west of the State of Missouri. When, in direct violation of this promise, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of the year 1854 opened Kansas territory to the blight of human slavery, we can hardly visualize the frenzied excitement in both the Northern and the Southern states. If Kansas became a slave state, what might not be the result in the territories to the west, even to the Pacific Ocean? Slave labor was becoming a burden, especially to the housewife of the Southern states, and, unless it could be perpetuated in the new territories, slave property might soon lose its value.

The inevitable contest between proslavery and antislavery forces began in Kansas. Lawrence stood as a barrier to the extension of slavery. The hated little town was so encompassed by a host of enemies that an Unseen Hand must have guided its destinies, or it would never have survived. Running through the dark background of gathering storm clouds like a thread of silver is woven the story of the Old Band.

It was the first musical organization in the territory of Kansas. Perhaps its worn band instruments were as useful as weapons of warfare in winning

Kansas for freedom. It furnished patriotic music in military camps, joyous strains for weddings, and solemn notes of comfort for the bereaved. It played its part in devout religious gatherings and also in stormy political meetings.

My father was a charter member of the band. He went to Kansas in one of the first parties sent out under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society. This organization was formed in Boston for the purpose of assisting free-state immigration into the new territories of the West. It obtained favorable rates on railroad and steamboat lines, built boarding houses and sawmills, schoolhouses and churches, for the use of the emigrants when they arrived at their destination. This generous assistance had much to do with the results in Kansas.

At the same time, Blue Lodges were forming in the Southern states, not for encouraging emigration, or the results might have been different, but for arming and equipping companies of men to prevent free-state settlers from entering Kansas and to drive out those who had already arrived there. With the Federal Government in sympathy with the extension of slavery, they were confident of success. Scenes of violence were a natural consequence.

There was a large crowd in the Boston railroad station when the Emigrant Aid party of free-state men started for Kansas in August 1854. My father, his brother, two cousins, and one other, who had played together in the village band of White River, Vermont, for some years, were in the outgoing Kansas party. They carried their band instruments in their hands. Whittier had written some verses for the occasion, which were distributed on large cards through the crowd. The five band instruments took up the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.' The train pulled out while the voices in the depot and those of the Kansas party were still singing.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

We cross the prairie as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells. . . .

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

As far west as St. Louis, where the railroad terminated and the steamboat journey began, Whittier's 'Kansas Emigrants' was called for. It was the song of the hour.

Its popularity, however, suddenly ceased when the Kansas party went on board the steamboat. There were tiresome days when the music of the band helped to relieve the monotony. Profane and abusive threats against the Yankees who were going to Kansas were often heard. But as the sweet strains of 'Annie Laurie,' 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' and kindred selections floated out over the turbid waters of the Missouri, all voices were hushed.

After the boat reached Kansas City, there were many delays in purchasing

teams and equipment. Every obstacle was placed in the way of the Kansas party, and exorbitant prices were demanded. Kansas City at this time had less than five hundred population. It was the rallying point for plainsmen, for adventurers drifting back from the California gold fields or from the Mexican War. All the lawless elements of the frontier were gathered there. The surrounding woods and thickets, which extended three miles to the Kansas River, made good hiding places for the border ruffians of the 1850's — a menace to friend and foe. The people of Missouri were about equally divided on the question of slavery, but although there were many high-class families along the Missouri border with the fine culture and traditions of the Old South, the proslavery element was the dominant one.

II

It was a beautiful day when the Emigrant Aid party left Kansas City. Their first view of the new territory which they hoped to call their home, 'fair as a garden of the Lord,' filled them with emotions that could only be expressed by music. Walking two by two beside their loaded teams, the band led them across the Kansas border with martial tread to the beat of patriotic airs, ending as they crossed the Shawnee Mission grounds with Whittier's 'Kansas Emigrants.' It was a peaceful-looking company, — even so were its Pilgrim forefathers, — but as terrible as an 'army with banners' in winning Kansas for a free state.

Dr. Robinson, the leader of the party, had already chosen its destination. When he went overland with Frémont's party, in 1849, to the gold fields of California, they had camped on Mount Oread. Looking off on the beautiful valleys of the Kaw and the Wakarusa, he had registered a vow that he would sometime bring out a colony from New England to this favored spot.

Three days after the party had made camp on Mount Oread, having been joined by arrivals from the Mid-West, a Town Company was organized. Sitting on rocks and logs, they made plans for a future town which they named Lawrence, in honor of Amos A. Lawrence of Boston, one of the most liberal supporters of the Emigrant Aid movement.

It had been a wild night of wind and storm. The campers had held on to their tents by main force to keep them from blowing away. But the morning sun shone down upon them through the rain-washed air, serene and bright — a symbol, perhaps, of the history of the future town. Never did the virgin landscape stretched out beneath them look so beautiful, I have been told, as on that morning of early September. A wide expanse of billowing grass and flowers, unmarred by human habitation, sparkled in the sunshine. They could not foresee that over the hills to the east, beyond the wooded streams, would soon come hordes of lawless men with hatred in their hearts. Even while the Town Company was making plans for schools, churches, and colleges in the future town, the Blue Lodges were plotting for its destruction.

The needs of the present, however, cut short all these plans for the future. Winter's cold would soon be upon them, and shelters must be provided. Very little lumber could get across the border, and there were no sawmills in the territory. So, with axe and saw, every man set to work to hew out his own habitation. There were trees to be felled, sawed into short lengths, and split into shakes, before houses could be built.

When my father's shake house, with

its leather hinges and wooden latches, was finished, it became a musical centre. Every pleasant evening there were concerts within and audiences without. The music consisted chiefly of hymns and Sunday School tunes, the crowd outside joining in the singing. In spite of labor-filled days, the charter members of the band had been constantly watching new arrivals for recruits, with such success that all parts were now taken and the band meeting for regular practice.

Even before the shake houses were finished, the community life had begun, in the hay tents furnished by the Emigrant Aid Company. They were made by nailing uprights together in the form of an inverted V. Cross pieces fastened them together, and grass was thatched to this support by wire. Commercial enterprises had their beginning in these hay tents. There was a boarding tent which was used on Sundays for church services, the congregation sitting on the boarders' trunks and bags, the pulpit an up-ended box. A reception to the new governor of the territory was held in this tent, a squash, smuggled over the border, furnishing pies for the occasion.

The shake house was a step in advance of the hay tent. Now that the filing papers on his homestead had been approved and a temporary shelter provided, my father felt that the time he had so eagerly anticipated had arrived, when he could go back to Vermont for his family.

One of my first memories is of waiting on a day of early spring for my father's return from Kansas. The dinner was in the warming oven. We had heard the whistle of his train; he might come at any moment. My father has said that it was the happiest moment of his life, after his months of absence, when he saw his children running out to meet him, with their mother not far behind. He hardly seemed like our father, for he had gone away with a smooth face and had come back bearded and bronzed by Kansas sun and wind.

How full of enthusiasm he was for the rich soil and the sunny climate of Kansas and for the fair acres of his homestead! How determined that this new homeland should not fall under the blight of human slavery! My mother was in full sympathy with this enthusiasm and determination. Even if she had not been, a good wife of that period never questioned her husband's decisions.

She did not weaken when she said good-bye to her father and mother, — whom she was never to see again, — to her brothers and sister, relatives and friends; but I know now, from these yellowed letters before me, what a rending it was to tear herself away from them. Vermont people at this time did not often travel. Even well-to-do people lived and died without going outside the community in which they were born. A trip to Boston was the event of a lifetime. Kansas seemed as far away then as the uttermost part of the earth does to-day.

All went well until the railway's end at St. Louis. The Missouri River was low, and our boat was continually running aground on sandbars and snags. It was, indeed, as often aground as afloat. Every night it was tied up to the river bank, for it was not safe to travel after dark. Days lengthened into weeks before the steamboat's journey was finished. The supply of milk and drinking water gave out, and my baby brother became seriously ill. There were loud-voiced Southern men on the boat who had been boasting of the bloody end that was coming to the poor white trash who were entering Kansas. When they saw the sick baby their voices grew gentle and sympathetic.

They stood aside with bared heads as the sad little procession, bearing the lifeless body of my baby brother, passed from the boat.

My poor mother had no time to give way to her sorrow. We had been exposed to the measles on the boat and had barely reached our destination when the disease developed. Our little shake house was very crowded, but she could not refuse when another mother from the boat, with a child sick with measles, came begging to be taken in. The chill winds of early spring searched out all the cracks and crevices of the sick room, and retarded recovery. Children's minds, however, do not retain scenes of sadness as they do those of joy. The row of white beds crowding our little shack, with my young mother anxiously bending over them, are a dim memory, but the first Fourth of July picnic, in which the band had an important part, stands out clearly in my mind as a red-letter day. The free-state pioneers eagerly welcomed this first festive occasion in Kansas. Even my invalid brother, who had not entirely recovered from the effects of measles, was allowed to attend.

III

It was a picturesque scene, as Mrs. Robinson described it. 'Ox wagons coming in from the country were decked with flowers and vines. There were many in the crowd whose dress and bearing showed that they were recently from the East. Brushing elbows with them were women in calico dresses and flat sunbonnets. Men with the sombrero and buckskin clothing of the plains were there, while scattered through the crowd were Indians in their gay blankets, who had come by special invitation.'

First on the programme was a speech of welcome from a dignified old Delaware chief. 'I am glad,' he said, 'that our white brothers do not come with a hatchet or sounds of war, but with the sweet fruits of peace and civilization. The Indian, too, loves freedom. The tree of liberty has been watered by many an Indian with his blood.'

There was also an address by Dr. Robinson, in which, for the first time, he outlined his policy. It was, in brief, to avoid all conflict with United States authority, but, on the other hand, to make a stubborn resistance to the lawless bands of ruffians who were endeavoring to drive the free-state men from the territory. The first would have been difficult without Robinson's cool judgment; the second even more so without 'General' Lane's skilled leadership of the citizens' militia, and the fiery courage which struck terror to his foes.

A critical test of Robinson's peace policy came late in this same year. Lawrence was threatened by a horde of border ruffians who had boasted that they would destroy the hated Yankee settlement. Urgent appeals were sent out to the militiamen of the surrounding country. It was bitterly cold. Relays of men, throwing up embankments, were taking turns by fifties, night and day, changing shifts frequently on account of the intense cold. The weather, however, proved to be a good friend. It was so severe that the undisciplined mob from the border, without tents or equipment, broke ranks and returned home without striking a blow.

It was in response to Robinson's call of desperate need from Lawrence that Thomas Barbour, in spite of the entreaties of his young wife, came in from his home on the Wakarusa to the assistance of the threatened town. As he was returning home, when danger was past, he was shot from the

roadside by a man high in authority in the ranks of the border ruffians.

This tragic incident, immortalized by Whittier in his 'Burial of Barbour,' roused the free-state men to a perfect frenzy. Robinson's peace policy was much less popular than Lane's militant methods. It was hard to restrain the free-state men from some act of violence that would have brought them into conflict with the United States troops. There had been previous outrages of this same kind, and many more were to follow, all intended to drive the free-state men from the territory, or into antagonism with the Federal Government.

In order to give vent to the popular indignation, and also to honor the memory of a brave man, Dr. Robinson decided to have a military funeral. People came in from the country by scores. There was a long procession winding over Mount Oread to the cemetery, preceded by the Old Band and the Barbour Guards. There were few dry eyes in the marching column as the sad notes of the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' mingled with the sobs of the young widow.

It was a hard, unpaid service that the militiamen rendered for the protection of Lawrence, especially for those from the country. Often for weeks at a time they were obliged to leave their families, and in summer their growing crops, to do guard duty in town. Many of these farmers in the East had been clerks, bookkeepers, or schoolteachers, and had left everything at the 'call of Kansas.' They were struggling, with pitifully small resources of money and experience, to develop their prairie farms, yet in the poorest homes one would often find the *Atlantic Monthly* or some late book.

When these men from the country were called into Lawrence for militia service, the rough, hard work of the farms fell upon the women and children. They had to feed and water the stock, and in summer hide it in hollow squares cut out in the cornfields. They were in constant fear, also, of marauding bands of ruffians, inflamed by liquor, who were traveling over the country, pillaging the farms and striking terror to the lonely homesteads.

When the militiamen from these farms realized the hardships their families were enduring in these neglected homes, when the weather was cold and wet, when they were weak from insufficient food, — often there was no flour in Lawrence for weeks at a time, — they would grow restless and discontented. Even the magic of Lane's wonderful personality could not always hold them. Then he would send out and gather in the Old Band for a rousing military drill, which would give fresh courage to the disheartened men. It was on one such occasion that Lane said to his militia company, 'Boys, we *must* whip these infernal scoundrels, but it is hard to do it on a diet of green corn, for that is all we have to eat.'

The food question was indeed a serious one. It was seldom that any supplies could be smuggled across the closely watched border, and we were often without flour. I remember what a luxury it was when a kind neighbor sent each of us children a flour biscuit. My father drove nail holes through a sheet of tin which he fastened to the side of the barn, and on this primitive contrivance he grated unripe ears of corn to use as a substitute for flour. My brother and I hunted eagerly in their season for patches of wild strawberries. We scoured the woods for wild plums, grapes, and papaws. Sometimes Mother made us a pie of wild sorrel, which we thought quite a treat. My father brought in prairie chickens and rabbits, sometimes a wild turkey. Occasionally some man would brave

the dangers of hostile Indians and bring back a load of buffalo meat from the Western plains. So we existed through that first year.

There was not only the anxiety for sufficient food, but also that caused by frequent alarms. Often my father would come in from his work and say, 'The flag is flying on Blue Mound. I shall have to leave you to-night.' A sentinel was kept constantly on Blue Mound, four miles southeast of Lawrence, to watch for the approach of the enemy and give warning. More than once a threatened invasion was turned back when it was found that the town was on guard. The border men had built rude forts on three sides of Lawrence, which furnished headquarters for these invading bands.

How lonely the house seemed after Father had taken his gun and gone away for the night of guard duty! Mother would dress us in our warmest clothing and place us on the bed with instructions to make haste through the window into a near-by cornfield if the house was attacked. Sometimes I would be aroused in the night by a distant shout, or the hoofbeats of a horse galloping on the highway, and would find my gentle little mother sitting awake and watchful by my bedside, often in the attitude of prayer.

In the long watches of these nights did she not have thoughts of the peaceful little house on a Vermont hillside? Did she not dream of the sweet spring water at the back door, and of the path through the fragrant orchard along which her children ran to Grandfather's house? The arms from which her baby had gone were empty. Her oldest boy was a hopeless invalid from the effect of a cold taken when he had the measles. Her own health was failing and her husband's life in constant danger. Often men were called to the door at nightfall and murdered on their own doorsteps, or shot from the side of the road as young Barbour had been. Why not leave it all, as many were doing, and return to Vermont? Such was the anxious question of parents, relatives, and friends. This yellowed letter before me is the answer my mother gave them: 'I never felt a duty more plainly pointed out than that every lover of Freedom should remain at his post. *We will never leave until Kansas becomes a Free State.*'

It was that 'darkest hour' in 1856 when this letter was written, and the 'dawn' was not yet visible. Never had the soft breezes and the warm sunshine been more eagerly welcomed than in the spring of that year. The winter had been one of bitterest cold, and in the loosely built houses, heated only with green wood, there had been much suffering. However, the intense cold had protected us from our enemies, but with the return of spring they were ready for new activities.

Sheriff Jones (of detested memory) had been busily working among the Blue Lodges through the winter. It was openly declared across the border that Lawrence *must* be destroyed, and the rebels (so called) imprisoned. Under one of the bogus laws enacted by the mobs that swarmed across the Kansas border on election days, it was made a criminal offense even to *speak* against the institution of slavery. Sheriff Jones did not find it difficult under the law to discover that our most prominent men were subject to arrest. Grown bolder, he led a mob of ruffians into Lawrence, and in the name of 'law and order' destroyed the Free State Hotel, Dr. Robinson's house, the newspaper plant, and other property.

Such outrages could not fail to arouse the whole country. Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit, Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune*, and a young lawyer in Illinois named

Abraham Lincoln were among those who proclaimed in burning words the 'wrongs of Kansas.' The better class of Southern newspapers also denounced these outrages against the free-soilers. Instead of aiding their cause, they helped to defeat it.

My mother's letter was written only a few weeks after the burning of the Free State Hotel. It had been a social centre for the entire community. The services of the band were often called for to assist in some festivity there. The pioneers of Lawrence were young; few had reached middle life. Many of them had filled important places in social circles of the East. It takes the young with red blood in their veins to be pioneers. The ties of friendship, moreover, were closely knit by the hardships and dangers of the times.

It needed the brave spirit of my young mother in 1856 to give strength and courage to her husband. His sodland crops were almost a failure. He was weakened by ague chills — there was illness in almost every home. His heart was torn by anxiety for his dearly loved family, and his usual cheery smile was not often in evidence. There was one occasion, however, when Father seemed like his old gracious self. It was when the Old Band met at the farmhouse for its weekly practice. During the week they might be farmers, mechanics, or business men; the week's toll of loss and hardship might have been heavy; but on this one night they were only band boys. They called each other by their boyhood names, and their only anxiety was to play their musical scores with such correct time and expression as to meet with the approval of their leader, who was a trained Boston musician. If the weather permitted, they always gave an outdoor concert to an unseen audience before separating. The people of the farms for miles around would come to their doors. Forgotten would be the tough sod, the protracted drouth, forgotten the green wood, the hard water, the latest ague chill. Even the constant menace of the border ruffians would be forgotten while they listened to the music of the Old Band.

At one such band meeting in 1857 there was an especially hopeful spirit. They had been asked to furnish music at the reception of a new governor. It was said that he had come bearing an olive branch of peace in his hand. The administration at Washington had become alarmed for the effect of the Kansas situation on politics. The new governor came with the promise of equal justice and security of life and property. New hope sprang up, immigration increased, many fine families came over the border from Missouri, saying that they wanted to live in a 'white man's country.' It seemed that the days of warfare had ended. Alas, they had only just begun! The fire started on the Kansas prairie soon spread over the entire country.

IV

It was not until January of 1861 that Kansas obtained what it had been striving for — admission to the Union under a free-state constitution. When the Southern Senators arose in a body and left their seats in Congress, the first business taken up by those who remained was the admission of Kansas as a free state to the (dismembered) Union. Lawrence was now a highway of marching men. Over half the able-bodied men of the state had enlisted in the Union army. They had everything at stake on the result of the war. The Old Band was often called on to furnish music for the patriotic occasions. Their instruments were literally worn out in the public service.

Dr. Robinson, now governor, was

the first to recognize this fact. He headed a subscription paper with a generous sum, in an appeal for new silver instruments. Grateful for the generous response, the band organized a series of weekly open-air concerts. The first one with the new instruments was given from a stand near the river on August 20, 1863. It was the high-water mark in the history of the Old Band. Never had they played more harmoniously or with better expression. The streets were as light as day and filled with a happy crowd. They applauded each number and frequently called for an encore. Could any scene be more peaceful and secure! Yet there mingled with the crowd some of Quantrell's guerrilla spies, probably Quantrell himself.

At early daybreak the next morning Quantrell's guerrillas, three hundred strong, came upon the sleeping town. It was totally unprepared. There was no railroad or telegraph at this time. Every messenger sent to warn of Quantrell's approach met with disaster. By some blunder the guns of the militia were stored in blockhouses at the intersection of the streets. The town was without defense. Quantrell's orders were 'Kill every man and burn every house.' The guerrillas — magnificent horsemen — rode at breakneck speed through the streets, a revolver in each hand, shooting every man in sight.

A few had a trace of humanity. One young fellow sprang to the assistance of a frail lady whom a guerrilla had ordered to draw water for his horse. 'I would n't have come if I had known there was to be murder,' he told her. One would not burn a house because there was a sick lady in it, another because the flowers in the yard were so beautiful. Quantrell himself set a guard over a small hotel where he had stayed when living in Lawrence in disguise. The comely daughter of the proprietor had cared for him when he was ill, and the house was not molested. With but few exceptions, however, the guerrillas were like fiends in their brutalities. Three members of the Old Band were killed, one of them with unspeakable cruelty. My father, with quick wit, disappeared into a field of growing corn when almost face to face with the guerrillas.

Quantrell's orders to kill every man and burn every house were being literally carried out when a sentinel on Mount Oread gave warning of the approach of United States troops. As it was, over one hundred and fifty were killed out of a population of less than two thousand. The raid was only one expression of hatred for the Yankee town that had stood as a barrier to the extension of slavery.

A little over a year later there came the alarming report that General Price had broken through the cordon of troops on the Missouri border, and was marching toward Lawrence to finish its destruction. Every able-bodied man enrolled in the militia; doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers, all sorts and conditions of men, marched with the militia to the border. With them went the Old Band. After two weeks of anxiety there came a terrifying report. There had been a battle, it was said; many of the militia were killed and Price's army was marching on Lawrence.

We hurried into town and found the streets filled with panic-stricken crowds — the streets along which were still standing skeletons of burned buildings, grim reminders of Quantrell's raid. As we came in, there sounded the tread of marching feet on the bridge north of town. Was it Price coming to finish the destruction of the defenseless town? Would the horrors of Quantrell's raid, of recent memory, be repeated? We saw

a gleam of silver midway of the bridge; a band struck up a rollicking tune popular in war time — 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again.' Familiar faces began to appear. It was indeed our militia coming home again. There had been a battle, though the militia were not in it, and Price had fallen back into Missouri. Thus ended the period of war and bloodshed in the history of Lawrence. Henceforth the music of the Old Band was heard only on peaceful occasions.

It was a special satisfaction to them when they were called on in June of 1867 to assist in the exercises of the first commencement of Kansas University. This first building of the University, in which they were held, was made possible by the gifts of generous cities to stricken raid victims, and by the benefaction of Amos A. Lawrence of Boston to his name-child — '*provided* that Kansas become a free state.'

Ex-Governor Robinson and other members of the Town Company of 1854 were present at this first commencement. They had labored unceasingly for the founding of an institution of this kind. Even this infant University — a child of the Civil War — gave them great satisfaction. Its first class, indeed, was graduated on the very spot where the Town Company had met in 1854 and made the first plans for founding an institution for higher education. How welcome to us — its first students — were the opportunities for peaceful study, after the terrors of war's alarms and dream-haunted visions of murder and burning homes.

The scattered members of the Old Band were called together once more by Dr. Robinson to furnish music for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival in Lawrence of that New England party which started out from the Boston railroad station singing Whittier's 'Kansas Emigrants.' The members of the band were now past middle life, wrinkles and gray hair were much in evidence, but they could still play the old-time tunes with much of the old-time spirit. Whittier had hoped to be present for this occasion, but his health proved to be too feeble. In his letter of regret to my father are these words: 'No one of the sisterhood of States has such a record as Kansas. So full of peril and adventure, of fortitude, self-sacrifice, and heroic devotion to Freedom!' In the words of the motto on the Kansas state seal: AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.

FLIPPER

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

LOOKING north from that point of land which is known in Scotland as the East Neuk of Fife, one sees a succession of low promontories terminating small bays whose shores are strewn with rugged and massive boulders piled so closely together that in a distance of ten miles there are scarcely five hundred yards of level sand. The ebbing tide reveals a multitude of dangerous reefs lying, at various angles to the shore, in a series which continues to St. Andrews and beyond. Here in former years was a graveyard of ships. Even to-day, with the Carr lightship lying off the Firth of Forth and the powerful lantern of the Bell Rock Lighthouse flashing twelve miles to the northward, the sailing vessel that is driven in this direction by an easterly gale finds herself in desperate straits. There is a lifeboat station on the East Neuk, and one at St. Andrews, ten miles distant, but when the North Sea, under the hammer of the tempest, charges down upon this coast, man's supremest efforts are of little avail.

Traveling along the winding path which crosses the edge of the moorland skirting the shore, one comes after a distance of three or four miles upon a battered and decayed harbor. The pier of this disconsolate haven runs straight out from the shore on a sunken ledge of rock. The breakwater on the north side, where the heaviest seas strike, runs parallel with the pier for forty yards, then curves round and stops in a line with the end of the pier, leaving a space of twenty feet for the passage of small craft, an entrance which is now used only by two or three fishing boats, the sole marine wealth of the village of Royburn. Running out from the shore in a line with the pier is an open channel thirty feet wide with a sandy bottom clear of rocks, which the boats use in their passage to and from the harbor. The breakwater, composed of massive stones in the outer courses and filled in with smaller pieces, was constructed in the belief that it would be strong enough to resist the weight of the sea in the strongest gales. One winter proved the error of the builders, for the immense stones were lifted bodily and hurled into the harbor during a north-easterly gale that blew for four days in succession.

In a rude shelter on the common land near this harbor three men loafed one rainy day in late March, listening with serious Scots faces to an impossible yarn being spun by an old sea dog curiously named Flipper. In his youth this man, returning from his first deep-sea voyage, had accosted an acquaintance and demanded a 'shake of his flipper.' Although most of the villagers had heard the expression before, since many of them had followed the sea, the name of Flipper had clung to him ever since. No doubt he could have made it vastly unpleasant for those who addressed him thus, being at that time a powerful man and an implacable fighter. But

he was absent so many months of the year on his voyages, and felt the joy of home-coming so keenly, that he made no serious effort to check the use of the nickname, preferring to suffer it during the few weeks of his infrequent stays in his native village. As time passed he became used to it, and accepted it as naturally as if he had received it at his christening.

As he stood in the middle of the sandy floor of the shelter telling his miraculous tale, his frame gave evidence of a muscular youth. A big man, gaunt and heavy-boned, with eagle nose, thick wiry eyebrows, and steel-blue eyes that even through the dimness of old age gleamed fiercely as he lashed his imagination forward. Not that the story he told contained any elements of ferocity. He always spoke thus, standing still a moment, then taking a short jerky step to either side, waving his hands, slapping his knee, and swearing for pure joy when a new lie entered his head. For pure artistry of falsehood, reckless and triumphant, his like had never been seen in all that countryside. Morose and pessimistic in his moments of imaginative leisure, despising women with all the force of his mind, caring little for anything or anybody, he went sourly on his way until the creative faculty possessed him. Then he changed absolutely. He chuckled with delight, his eyes sparkled and gleamed, his old legs capered about the floor, he waved his arms and wagged his bushy eyebrows up and down, until his whole appearance was transformed.

'Yes,' he was saying, 'I made a voyage in an old Norwegian bark in '75, from Cardiff to San Francisco wi' coal. She had been built to carry timber, an' her bows were as square as the side o' a hoose. The Captain was a Scotsman by the name o' MacBray, an' one o' the best men I ever sailed wi', except that he was a wee bit short in the temper. He couldna stand contradiction, an' I dinna blame him for that. A skipper should hev his own way aboard his own ship. She was an old tub, an' dirty — I never saw sich barnacles as there were on the Ulmena's bottom, as big as your heid. Well, we got doon off the River Plate an' lay there becalmed for days. Then the glass went doon clear oot o' sight, an' we made ready for a pampero. That was a gorgeous blow. My George, how that wind yelled in the riggin', like five thousand bagpipes close up against your ear. I was standin' in the waist on the lee side o' the main hatch when the squall struck her.' Here he paused, thrust out his right hand, palm upward, and smote into it with his left, then swore ecstatically and glared at his audience, who smoked soberly but expectantly.

'That wind,' he continued, 'lifted me right off the deck an' up, my George, till I thought I'd hit the main yard. But before I got that length it jist seemed to let go, an' I went doon like a stone ower the side. Then, thinks I, my sailin''s done, but I struck oot swimmin' for the surface, an' what d'ye think happened? My hand rapped against something. A rock, thinks I, but there couldna be a rock in the middle o' that sea. I jist grabbed hold o' it an' pulled my head above the water; then I saw it was a barnacle as big as a bucket. There were dozens o' them, so I climbed on to the rail an' dropped to the deck. The mate thought I was a ghost an' so did the men, but I never heeded them. I went below an' changed my clothes an' the skipper gied me a stiff glass o' grog. That made me feel a' right, an' I was none the worse o' the drookin'.

'But the queerest thing happened when we got doon off the Horn. One night the man on lookout reported

ice on the starboard bow. The skipper wouldna shorten sail because he wanted to take advantage o' the fair wind, so we jist kept on wi' all sail set. I turned in aboot two bells in the first watch, an' was jist droppin' off to sleep when I heard a most rampageous roar frae the fo'c'sle head. Then I heard the man on lookout jump clear ower the rail to the main deck, an' the watches turned oot pell-mell an' came racin' aft. Jist then I stuck my head oot the door to see what was wrong, an' my breath stopped in my throat. No more than fifty feet ahead o' us lay an iceberg as high as Arthur's Seat. My George, what a sight that was! The Skipper was howlin' like a maniac, but everybody was ower-excited to pay ony attention to him. Then she struck, head on, wi' every stitch on her. Thinks I, this is the last, all jokin' aside. But I was wrong. Something happened then that surprised me so much I didna speak a word for twenty days. All hands thought I was struck dumb.'

The faces of his audience relaxed, and a faint gleam shone for a moment in their eyes.

'What d'ye think?' queried Flipper. 'There must a been a groove or a canyon in that iceberg jist aboot the level o' the water, for the ship slid right up on to it on an even keel, then doon the other side, an' plunged into the water like a duck. An' sich a squeakin' an' rumblin' an' scratchin' you never heard in a' your born days. It's a wonder that didna take the sticks oot o' her, but she was a strong-built old barky an' she didna so much as spring a leak. I went into the waist after a while an' sounded her, me bein' the carpenter, but there wasna two inches o' water in her hold. Well, when we got to San Francisco she was dry-docked to have her bottom cleaned, an' I'm tellin' ye the God's truth, she was as clean as a new-minted penny. There wasna one barnacle on her, nothin' but a wee scratch here an' there to show that she had traveled ower an iceberg.'

The three fishermen sat silent for a minute; then Davie Macleod took the pipe out of his mouth and spat on the sandy floor.

'Ye were gey chummy wi' the skipper that trip, Flipper,' he commented.

'I was,' replied Flipper sourly. His animation was gone, and his interest had come to an end with the story.

'That time he gied ye the nip, he didna gie ye the whole bottle, did he?'

A sigh of laughter from the other two fishermen made itself barely audible. Flipper scowled. 'I told ye jist what happened. The iceberg looked as big as Arthur's Seat, but wi' a good big drink in me it would a been liker Ben Nevis.'

They all laughed at this, and Flipper joined in after his fashion. He was incapable of hearty laughter, but he opened his mouth in a terrifying grin and gave a few convulsive gasps.

II

That evening there was to be a sort of Spring Festival in a large empty barn which had been swept and arranged for the occasion. All the villagers were going — the mothers and daughters for an hour or two, as long as the men behaved themselves. A generous quantity of whiskey and beer had been bought, and the two Murrays, ably seconded by Howky Wallace, the village sot, and other choice spirits, soon made it evident that they intended to have a 'rip-snorting' time.

Davie Macleod and Flipper entered the barn together, and were hailed by the men gathered round a large keg supported on a kind of trestle.

Another keg lay handy, and a number of bottles reposed in baskets round about. Dancing was to be enjoyed till eleven or thereabouts, then supper would be served till midnight. There might be dancing after that, provided the bravest girls could find partners sober enough.

The evening started with vigor and enthusiasm. Tam Macgregor, a young blacksmith, struck up a lively tune on his concertina, and couples formed immediately for a schottische. They were good dancers, those open-air young men and women, enthusiastic and indefatigable. Into their scanty lives came few pleasures of any sort, and a dance was to them the highest enjoyment and the principal social ceremony. Flipper, standing among the men, but drinking warily according to his custom, watched the high-spirited motion on the floor. The barn shook rhythmically. He noticed with sour amusement the pistonlike popping up and down of the performers' heads, due to their style of dancing. A young woman who has worked in the fields all day might be expected to feel tired at night, yet these seemed to have risen fully restored from the lap of rest, so vigorous was their motion, so insatiable their hunger for dancing. Red-cheeked, robust, full-breasted, and straight-backed, they whirled and hopped about with a totally unconscious freedom of limb that was healthy if not always graceful. Flipper gazed upon them with sardonic contempt, then turned away and took another glass of whiskey, entering into a conversation with Howky Wallace, whose masterly libations had not had much effect on him so far. He expressed the opinion that they were going to have one of the heaviest gales within the memory of living men. 'Listen till it aboon the noise o' the dancin',' he exclaimed. 'There'll be a monstrous sea runnin' the noo, an' it'll be something horrific before mornin'. But it'll no bother us. Oor boats are a' high an' dry, an' the lave can look efter theirsels. Here's luck, Flipper.'

Flipper took another small drink and listened while Howky rambled on about a ship that had once been driven on the rocks and smashed to atoms. He was interested at first, but soon wandered off on his own reflections. As the door opened to permit the departure of a woman, he heard the deep roar of the gathering storm.

The dancers now sat down at the table a dozen or so at a time, and ate the supper which was served by quick-moving girls. Flipper noticed that all the quieter sort of women had departed; only the young, hard-working girls remained, most of whom were drinking beer. It was hot, dancing. He sat down among the last and ate a fair quantity. The young blacksmith, who had done himself well in both solid and liquid refreshments, returned to his corner and started to play a reel. Twelve o'clock was struck by Sandy Murray, who used for this purpose an empty bottle against an empty keg. Everybody shouted and had another drink, the concertina began its snorting melody, and couples stood up for the reel. Flipper drank a little whiskey neat.

'That's the way to take it, Flipper,' cried Sandy, trying to be witty. 'They say that whiskey kills everything in water, but I'm tellin' ye that water kills everything in whiskey. The elixir o' life!' he shouted, holding up a half-filled tumbler and waving it about. The men drank, and the girls were served with beer. Sandy started to vent his foolish shout again, but the sound died in his throat and he stiffened to attention as Flipper's powerful voice struck the hubbub of the room into silence.

'My George!' he cried. 'Talk aboot the Elixir o' Life! I made a voyage in '79 to the Kuanza River on the west coast of Africa. There was nothin' at the mouth o' the river but a trader's station wi' a cluster o' huts roond it, an' the district was rotten wi' fever. The captain took it, the mate took it, an' in a few days all hands had it more or less. That was a bad time. The niggers worked the cargo, o' course, but they knew nothin' about the steam winches — an' there we were, a' half-dead wi' the fever an' no cargo goin' oot or comin' in. One day the trader came aboard. He had jist got back to the station from a trip upriver, an' even wi' my head full o' fever I could see he was fair loaded up wi' something he wanted to tell. So I got him into my room, jist aboot dead as I was, an' says I, "What's goin' on upcountry?"

'He looked at me for a full minute before he said a word, then he leaned ower an' whispered in my ear, "I've jist come from a town where the people are a thousand years old."

'"All o' them?" says I. "No," says he. "Jist some o' them. They've got a rulin' class there that know how to make a real, genuwine Elixir o' Life."

'"Are they niggers?" says I.

'"No," says he. "They're the color o' yellow ivory. You've seen plenty o' it on this coast. They take a drop o' this elixir once a week, an' they never grow any older. Jist imagine what that secret would be worth in London an' Paris an' New York. I'm goin' after a bottle o' it the first chance I get."

'"I'll go wi' ye," says I. "Right," says he.

'As soon as the unloadin' was finished, I got leave from the skipper an' we started up the river, the trader an' me. Hot! I never felt sich heat before or since. The sweat poured oot o' us so fast we had to keep a nigger balin' the boat oot a' the time. But we got to the town at last, — Slatongo, I think it was called, — an' sure enough I found oot that some o' the people, the bosses o' the place, had learned the secret o' everlastin' life. They spoke every language under the sun, knew them all hundreds o' years ago, an' kept track o' the changes by readin' books from the ootside. I tried to coax one old chap that took a fancy to me to give me a bottle o' the Elixir, but he refused even to let me see it. My George! That put me in a fine state, travelin' a' the way up that stinkin' river an' not gettin' even a sight o' the stuff I'd come for.' He paused, leaning slightly forward, thrust his right hand out, palm up, and smote into it with his left. The girls, seated on the benches along the walls, listened without much interest. The men, standing about with glasses and beer mugs in their hands, were all tipsy and jovial and ready for any story or any joke. Howky Wallace, at last dead to the world, sat on an overturned basket, his arms lying heavily across an upright keg, his head resting upon them.

'I made up my mind,' continued Flipper slowly and impressively, 'to see that stuff an' get a bottle o' it or a jar, or whatever they kept it in, if I had to risk my life to do it. I got up one night when everybody was asleep, an' went barefoot into the room where the old chap slept. A candle was burnin' on a little table, an' beside it was a golden jar all carved an' wrought wi' beautiful figgers. "My George," thinks I, "this is the real stuff noo!" I tiptoed ower to the table, holdin' my breath, an' grabbed the jar. Then I made to turn away an' get back to my own room, but when I saw the glitter an' color o' the Elixir I couldna move a step — jist stood there lookin'

at it. Talk about beautiful colors!' He ceased talking, and into his eyes flashed the gleam of imaginative fury. His shaggy eyebrows went up and down, he glanced with sudden ferocity from face to face and hopped from side to side, now on one leg, now on the other.

'What do you think that stuff was like?' He seemed to await an answer, his eyes gleaming, his imagination gripped and thrilled by some gigantic lie that shrieked for utterance. Howky Wallace stirred in his sleep, raised his head for a moment, turned it, and laid it down on the other side.

'What do you think that stuff was like?' repeated Flipper. The men were waiting, almost sobered, trying to imagine something Gargantuan. Howky, unnoticed, jerked up his head and opened bloodshot eyes, and in the awed silence that followed Flipper's question his husky tenor voice raked the room with the single word: —

'Beer!'

It was a mere cry of thirst, but it smote upon the assembly with uncontrollable effect. Davie Macleod, gripping his jaws together to prevent laughter, succeeded only in venting a succession of groaning grunts. Sandy Murray exploded after a moment of repression into a loud and vacant 'Haw! Haw! Haw!' The girls, with their hands before their faces, were shaking in quieter mirth. The merriment, at first uncertain and repressed, gradually swelled into full chorus as the crowd, encouraged by increasing example, broke into inextinguishable laughter. The expression on Howky's face was excruciating. He had awakened from deep sleep and, goaded by frantic thirst, had asked for beer, and his request had been met by such a storm of laughter as he had never heard in all his life before. He blinked about him in a mixed state of thirst and bewilderment, and only after some moments encountered the burning gaze of Flipper. His thirst died away. He had never seen such insane fury in the eyes and face of any man as he saw then.

For some few minutes Flipper had been at the zenith of his glory. With a well-constructed yarn on the tip of his tongue and a conceived climax which even he felt to be a masterpiece, he had suddenly been balked of his triumph by the senseless interruption of a sot. Not only had his story been nipped at its most dramatic point, but he had been made the butt of the drunken laughter of fishermen, farm hands, and field women. He had been the centre of a ring of roaring mouths opened wide in scorn of himself. His fierce piratical heart raced convulsively in response to his first impulse to leap among them, smashing and battering those besotted, contorted visages, and hurl the blinking Howky out of the window. But he stood quite still, his only action a look malevolent and nakedly murderous directed against the slave of thirst.

Turning amid the expiring laughter, he strode sombrely to the door and swung it open. The hard shrill wail of the wind came to the ears of the inmates as he turned for a moment and glanced at their gleeful faces, then the storm and the night and himself were erased by the closing door.

III

The barn was one of a quadrangle of farm buildings with doors and windows on the inside, and only the roar of the storm came to this sheltered spot. The wind passed overhead, leaving the enclosure calm. In the sudden change from the lighted room to the pitch-blackness of a moonless, cloudy night, Flipper was conscious of

a strange sensation of loneliness. He could feel it encompassing him on all sides like the actual presence of the darkness, and stood still a few paces from the closed door, contemplating this novel emotion, but he soon recovered his normal scorn of everything and stepped out toward the gate of the quadrangle. Before he reached it there came to his ears from seaward, dominating yet subdued by the crashing roar of the wind, a single mournful note of sound, the boom of a minute gun fired by a ship in distress. He stopped with a jerk, his sympathy aroused by one of the few things that could touch him, threw off the weight of his recent humiliation, and strode back to the barn, where the entertainment went merrily on. Flinging open the door, he stood framed against the darkness, a gaunt, compelling figure with hard face and burning eyes. Music and motion stopped at the sight of him. He half turned, incorrigibly dramatic, and pointed through the open door in the direction of the shore.

'The minute gun!' he cried. 'There's a ship drivin' on the rocks.'

On the heel of his words came the single detonation from the sea, faint and imploring. A moment of tense immobility followed, when partly sobered men and startled women looked with consternation into one another's eyes. For the second time that night Howky Wallace changed the scene with monosyllabic utterance. 'Christ!' he cried.

The springs of action seemed to have been loosed by the calling of that name. They charged through the door and rushed toward the sea.

Flipper strode forth into the tempest ahead of the crowd, with no definite thought in his mind except to get down to the shore. The northeast wind, roaring up from the sea, buffeted him with almost personal vindictiveness. He lowered his head, buttoned his coat to the chin, and advanced steadily against it. The struggle pleased his mood of bitterness and eased the memory of his supreme humiliation. His blood warmed as his muscles moved in vigorous action, and a dull rage glowed within him, no longer directed against Howky Wallace, but impersonal and elemental. His habits of sarcasm and irony, of caustic contempt and disbelief, united to feed this slow flame of anger. He splashed along the muddy road recklessly, the solid wind hammering against him, battering the loose ends of his coat against his legs, and at times making it difficult to breathe, so great was its pressure.

He had come down to this, to be the butt of village clods and their females. He, who had once been able to put the fear of God into all but the very best of fighting men, was now a joke in the eyes of peasants. His vast experience, gained in forty years of wandering over all the seas in every manner of ship, was as nothing in the minds of these untraveled villagers. He had been mocked by boorish laughter.

Even as he remembered this he felt the impact of a thought that had never troubled him before. Was it not his own fault? Did he not know perfectly well that he was an impossible liar, buried beyond excavation beneath the ruined structures of his own imagination? Strange that he had never looked in this particular corner of his mind until to-night. If he would make a damn fool of himself, how could he expect people to respect him or avoid laughing at him? Was this really the first time they had felt contempt for him?

He halted and turned at right angles, made his way gropingly to the wall,

felt his way along it for some distance until he reached a projection that sheltered him from the wind, and stood close against it, at peace from the storm without, but wrecked within. An old man without honor. His own flesh and blood had despised and deserted him, and now he lived alone, with none to care for his comfort at home and men withholding respect abroad.

This mood of despondency, unparalleled in his experience, endured for no more than a minute or two. The need for bracing himself was imperative, and he dismissed all regrets, setting his mind on finding a means of regaining the respect and esteem of his fellow men. He pondered desperately on this problem. What could he do?

Perhaps it was the answer to his question flashing in a red tongue of flame from the white cauldron of the sea. A dull shock of sound beat through the storm, a voice of fear and hope. Flipper raised his head and stared at the frenzied expanse of foam inshore. His powerful, misguided brain and his hard, strong heart could have recognized most forms of woe without the slightest impulse to help. But he was a tried seaman of great experience, and throughout his life he had possessed one instinct which could move him to unselfish and heroic effort. That instinct had leaped to life at the sound of the minute gun. Like all sailors he hated and feared the cruelty of the sea and its treachery, and the knowledge that some poor devil was in its clutches aroused in him a genuine desire to save. Gripping the wall, he raised his eyes above the level of the top and waited for the next flash. It came straight in the teeth of the wind, not more than a mile away, and its dull reverberation followed mournfully.

'My George!' said Flipper into the night. 'She's lost. She'll be on the rocks before daylight.'

It was then three o'clock, less than two hours from daylight. His mind worked swiftly. If the St. Andrews or the Crail lifeboat could reach her before she struck, there was hope for the crew. If not — he tried to reach something that had been working in his subconscious mind but had not yet appeared on the surface, a shadow or a radiance due to some thought that was still below the threshold of his consciousness. If not — would it be possible to wipe away the scorn that clung to his name? He did not see what he could do, but he felt unreasonably hopeful. That shadow, or radiance, must come from a plan that had formed somewhere in his mind; he felt vaguely that here was his opportunity, what he had asked for. A sudden spurt of energy sent him up the road at speed. The wind behind him drove him along, and to prevent himself from stumbling he leaned heavily backward. Halfway between the shore and Field Lane he heard a dim murmur of voices, and a moment later ran into a crowd of men and girls struggling seaward.

'Hullo!' someone called. The voice sounded like Davie Macleod's.

'Hullo!' answered Flipper. 'She's nearly on the rocks. She'll be ashore before daylight.'

'Tam Macgregor's away to rouse up the postmaster and telegraph to Crail and St. Andrews for the lifeboats.' The words came queerly to Flipper through the roar of the storm. He could see a score or more of dim dark figures with pale patches for faces. They moved restlessly, swayed about, appearing and disappearing in dreamlike disorder. Some of them passed on toward the beach. Two remained with Flipper — Davie Macleod and Sandy Murray.

'There's another flash,' said one of the voices.

The report this time came a little sooner after the spurt of flame, and was a trifle more distinct. She was rapidly drifting nearer to the rocks.

'We may as weel wait for Macgregor,' shouted Davie. 'He'll be along soon.'

The others agreed in silence, and the three men stood in a dark, featureless group in the middle of the road, facing the storm, fascinated by the lurid flashes of the minute gun on the desperate ship. They did not hear the approach of Macgregor, and were unaware of his nearness until he ran into them.

'Hullo!' he cried. 'Whae's this?' Without waiting an answer he informed them that the Crail lifeboat was rescuing the crew of a brig driving ashore at the East Neuk. They hoped to take off the crew before she reached the rocks, otherwise their trip would be useless and they would have to depend on the rocket apparatus. They would send aid to the vessel off Royburn as soon as possible. The St. Andrews lifeboat was busy with a steamer that appeared to have broken her shaft in the heavy seas, and could not get away before daybreak at the very soonest.

'That'll be too late,' declared Flipper. 'This ship will be on the rocks before then. The rocket apparatus is the only hope noo. Could they no send that along?'

'They canna. They may want it at baith places,' replied Macgregor.

'Aye,' said Flipper. Without another word he turned from the group and set out for home, walking with assured step and resolute mien. The flashes of the minute gun had at last lighted up the shadow in his mind, had shown him that the ship would strike somewhere near the mouth of the channel, and he saw with perfect clearness what he had to do.

On reaching his cottage, he lighted a lamp and sat down, not because he felt tired, but for the purpose of arranging certain details in his mind. Glancing at the clock, he saw it was five after four. The dawn would be here in less than an hour. When he had formed his plan clearly he rose and began rummaging in a room which he used as a store, and brought forth a coil of fine Manila rope, a large ball of fine hempen cord, very strong, and a coil of heavy rope, all these the spoils of various voyages. The heavy rope he slung across his shoulders and carried to the beach, a laborious task against the wind. Just above the beach was a stone tower twelve feet high, which once upon a time had been used as a beacon. The end of the heavy rope he secured to a thick iron bar that rose from the centre of the tower. Returning to the cottage, he stripped naked and drew on a pair of strong, tight swimming trunks, then resumed his trousers, coat, and overcoat and set off toward the shore again with the ball of cord and the coil of fine rope. As he shut the door after putting out the lamp, he stood for a moment in grim contemplation of the task he had set himself and the effect it would probably have on the villagers.

'I'll show them, damn their souls!' he cursed into the thinning darkness. A fierce joy surged within him, and he strode vigorously down the road.

IV

When he reached the shore it was near five o'clock, and the sky was covered with flying scud, low down and dark gray. The doomed vessel almost as he arrived smashed down on the outmost reef with a crash of rending wood and iron. The next heavy sea

lifted her and carried her inshore fifty feet, dropping her fair across the mouth of the channel. She was a brig of about five hundred tons; her mainmast was snapped off just above the deck, but her foremast still stood. Her crew were clustered in the rigging, and Flipper thought he saw a woman crouching in the top, a man leaning over her in an attitude of protection — probably the skipper and his wife. Flipper ran off a hundred and fifty yards of the fine line as Davie Macleod, Sandy Murray, and others approached to see what he was doing.

'What are ye efter, Flipper?' shouted Davie.

Flipper made no answer, but put a clove hitch in the middle of the fine rope and made it fast to the free end of the heavy rope. He then secured the end of the cord to one end of the fine rope, and in the other end of the cord made a large loop, after which he threw off his clothes and stood revealed, a massive, powerful figure in spite of his age, with heavy muscles and tremendous bones. All the people on the shore gathered about him, wondering what act of derring-do he was about to attempt. Glancing toward the shattered brig, Flipper thought he observed a movement in the top. The skipper was looking through a pair of glasses and talking to the woman.

Flipper stepped through the loop in the twine, brought it over his head, and drew it taut round body and neck. His purpose was then apparent.

'My God, Flipper! There's nae possibility o' swimmin' oot yonder. The surf'll throw ye back on the beach like a chip.'

Flipper walked over to Davie. 'We'll see aboot that!' he roared. 'There's a heavy undertow, and there's no rocks between her and the pier.' He turned and walked briskly toward the pier, which was swept by heavy sprays and occasional solid water. Reaching the landward end, he went cautiously along it to the middle and paused, waiting for a quiet spell. The light was now broad, and his every movement could be seen both from the shore and from the brig. Davie stood motionless, aware of an immense admiration and pity for Flipper. The thing was hardly possible, he believed, but he had looked into Flipper's heart and read there what nobody else but Howky Wallace had seen — the shock of humiliation and the resolve to wipe it from the memory of Royburn.

Before starting for the pier, Flipper had formed his plan of action. He would dive from the end and trust to his own strength and the powerful undertow to get him to the brig. A cluster of anxious faces was turned toward him from the foretop and rigging of the brig. Would he ever reach them? Would he get to them before the mast snapped out of her under the hammering of the sea and flung them to death among the jagged reefs? They held on, and hoped that he would.

There came a few moments of comparative quiet on the pier, and Flipper went along it with a rush and dived off the end into the backwash of a receding breaker. This carried him past the end of the breakwater into the channel, with its sandy bottom. He dug into it with hooked fingers and swiftly moving arms, drawing himself seaward until he was unable to hold his breath any longer. He was just about to spring to the surface for air when the trough of a wave exposed his head and he drew breath. The following sea buried him twenty feet under, and he crawled forward another dozen yards before the need for breath again became imperative. Drawing his feet under him, he sprang upward from

the sand, his head appearing for an instant above the swirling foam to the eager eyes of the brig's crew. Striking out with all his force to prevent himself from being carried to the rocks on the crest of a wave, he dived again as soon as he got a breath, going from crest to trough and down under with almost the swiftness of a seal. Again he dragged himself across the surface of the sand, and again rose and dived. He did not heed the aching of his splendid muscles or the hammering of his mighty heart. He was then simply an instrument for moving through stormy water in a certain direction. His humiliation was gone, and would never trouble him again. The cry of dismay from the villagers as he started for the pier had wiped it out of existence. Consciousness left him for seconds at a time. He felt a blow here and a scratch there from stones and shells in the sand, and was desperately short of breath. He was once dashed against a reef at the edge of the channel, but without breaking any bones; and he was always aware that he must keep on the sandy bottom. He rose again to the surface for breath, in deeper water now, and saw the brig almost within reach. She was in sight for only a moment, but he carried the picture of her down to the sand with him — the captain supporting his wife in the top, the men hanging desperately in the rigging with terrible faces and staring eyes.

He began to feel immensely tired, with a drowsy weariness that was not wholly unpleasant. He began to wonder what he was doing, but he did not cease to drag himself over the sand, and the strong undertow helped him incalculably. Struggling at last to the surface, tortured for breath, he came up on the crest of a wave that simply laid him along the rail of the brig and withdrew. Rising to his feet with his last remaining strength, he locked both arms around the rigging and held on, breathing convulsively.

Every sea broke clear over the brig, and there was no safety near her rail. One of the men came down the rigging, followed at intervals by two others. The lowest man put his hand under Flipper's shoulder and tried to help him up the ratlines, but Flipper took the cord off his neck and handed it to the seaman with a tired wave of his hand toward the top. The man took the cord and handed it to the one above him, who passed it up. In the eyes of all the men was a look of immense respect and gratitude, but the woman kneeling in the top grasped the stays of the topmast rigging and gazed at him with tears running down her face.

His glance traveled back along the way he had come, and he wondered dully how he had done it. The people on the shore were waving their arms and hats and cheering him from their hearts, a cheer that might have done him good had he heard it. His last feeling was a vast pleasure that he had done what he set out to do, and this joy of accomplishment brought a rare smile to his face. Looking to windward as a minute rift appeared in the eastern sky, he was blinded by a beam of the newly risen sun. 'Hell!' he exclaimed, turning his head away. Two of the crew were now making their way down to help him up the rigging. A feeling of utter exhaustion bent his massive shoulders forward, and his head sank against a ratline. As the two men stooped down to put one hand each under his shoulders a monstrous sea, striking the weather side, leaped clear across the deck and carried Flipper away. The two men above him barely saved themselves. The woman in the top buried her face against her husband and moaned.

The crew hauled in the cord and got

the fine rope, then the heavy rope, the end of which they rove through a bosun's chair before making it fast to the mast. The light line was hitched to the bosun's chair as a drag rope, the captain's wife was placed in the chair, and the pressure of the wind drove her ashore while the men on the beach hauled in the slack of the drag-line. Within half an hour every man had been taken off in safety.

The captain came last, according to the etiquette of the sea. He took Davie Macleod's hand, the weariness of his face lighted by a glow of admiration. 'That was the greatest thing I ever saw,' he declared. 'There, God made a man.'

LIFE, ART, AND PEACE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

In the opinion of the theologians of the Middle Ages the conduct of life had been reduced to the status of an exact science. The end to be achieved — salvation of the soul — was definitely fixed, and the general principles to be followed were clearly understood. They accepted the laws of God in a fashion exactly parallel to that in which the contemporary scientist accepts the laws of Nature, and they no more doubted certain fundamental principles like the Forgiveness of Sins than one of these modern scientists doubts the principle of the Conservation of Energy. Hence they could proceed as he does to devise and to describe the means by which these principles could be taken advantage of in order to secure a desired end.

They sometimes spoke of these central dogmas as 'mysteries,' but they were mysterious only in the sense that electricity is mysterious, for though they might, like electricity, contain intimate secrets and spring from ultimate causes which no man could understand, yet one knew that they would operate in a certain way and that they could be counted upon to do so. No man knows whence the wind cometh or whither it bloweth, but that, said an American skeptic, makes very little difference, since we know exactly how it behaves when it gets here, and his rationalistic hard-headedness was not unlike the theological hard-headedness of certain learned doctors who rebuked the prying curiosity of those who proposed too many whys and wherefores when they should be taking practical advantage of the laws which God had instituted and revealed in order that a knowledge of their unchanging *modus operandi* might be used.

Grace could be piped, like oil, from its copious fountainhead; the current flowing out from God could be conducted from priest to priest on to the ultimate consumer, just as electricity is conducted through electrically connected wires; and holy water could be used to destroy evil spirits both as surely and, in one sense, as unmysteriously as carbolic acid kills germs. Woe to him, but to him only, who

was ignorant of the laws of God or who perversely refused to live in accordance with the rules of spiritual health!

Disease could be cured, and disease could also, in considerable measure, be prevented. There were desperate surgical operations performed, when the sinner far gone in sin made a deathbed confession and was saved for eternal life by having his spiritual cancers cut away; there were stern but healthful regimens imposed, when incipient damnation was arrested by a course of systematic penance; and there were, besides, rules for rational living by which health might be maintained. The conduct of life was a science, or perhaps it would be better to say that it was, for the layman at least, a technique. Theologians, like scientists, might investigate to extend the knowledge of the laws according to which the universe worked, but the ordinary man accepted what he was told and used their knowledge by employing their inventions and applying whatever he knew to the solution of his individual problem. There were great scientific monographs for the learned, no more understandable to the common man of the Middle Ages than the writings of Michelson or Clerk Maxwell are understandable to the common man of to-day, but there were also popular 'outlines' to instruct or amuse him and practical little handbooks enabling him to care for his soul, as a modern man regulates his own diet when he finds himself getting too fat, or keeps his radio set functioning at its highest efficiency.

In those days, then, men approached the problem of ordering their inward lives in the same practical spirit in which we approach that of ordering our material conditions. There were, in a word, rules to live by, and, theoretically at least, the conduct of life never involved questions any more fundamental than those concerned with the practical application of known principles to specific situations. On certain occasions one appealed to the Virgin, on others to Saint Christopher or Saint Anthony; one consulted a priest and, following his advice, one prayed or one fasted. Nor does, indeed, this view of the 'good life' necessarily disappear as long as a legalistic religion, like that which the disciples of Christ erected upon the Hebraic foundation, continues to exist, and one may find it very clearly expressed, for example, in a little allegory written by the poet Cowper, who may be taken as a representative of Protestantism in its most completely logical form.

God, says Cowper, is the hospitable master of a magnificent mansion which he has erected for the entertainment of guests. There is one road which leads directly to it, that road is plainly marked, and it is surely not the Master's fault if some travelers refuse to take it or if they stop to argue either that some other road will do just as well or that he ought to have made it accessible from various directions. To lead the good life, to make existence a success, one needs nothing except the wit to read the plain sign and the common sense to choose the road thus plainly marked.

But the ability to accept a plan of life so delightfully simple depends both upon a complete confidence in the dogmas of some given religion and upon the fact that the aim of existence is fixed for us by such a religion — that we know, in a word, why we are here and to what purpose we ought to devote our lives. As soon as one begins to doubt the validity of the laws of God considered as the fundamental principles of a science which happens to be called theology, or as soon as one begins to raise a question as to the

purpose of life, then the problem of conducting that life ceases to be merely a problem of technique and begins to involve certain ultimate questions concerning the end which we wish to reach or concerning what may properly be called success in life.

In practice such questions actually arise as soon as any given religion begins to become a formal instead of a living system of beliefs, as soon as a people, while continuing to agree as a matter of form that the purpose of life is preparation for eternity, begins nevertheless to seek purely temporal ends. And this means, of course, that the questions actually existed for a great many people even during those ages called ages of faith, and that they were of primary importance to most people in the time, let us say, of the poet Cowper, since most people, then as now, *acted* as though there were ends to be achieved in this life however much they might profess a formal belief in the Christian doctrine which teaches them that it is meaningless except as a preparation for eternity. Yet the questions become more and more acute and the efforts to solve them more and more conscious as people cease more and more even to pretend to believe that they live primarily 'to save their souls.' Even the formal assumption that the conduct of life is the subject of an established science from whose general principles practical rules for the successful regulation of everyday acts may be logically deduced becomes impossible, since we no longer agree that we know just in what the success we hope to obtain would consist.

Hence arise a multiplication of philosophies and the formulation of innumerable definitions of 'the good life' which range all the way from that implied in Nietzsche's 'Live dangerously' to that implied in various catchwords like the characteristically American nebulosity 'service,' and whose very multiplicity reveals how far mankind has drifted from the possibility of formulating any generally acceptable rationalization to impose upon those vital impulses which lead it to live, and how far it is, therefore, from the possibility of regarding life as a science. A few years ago, however, someone let fall the phrase, 'Life is an Art.' It was given a wide circulation in Havelock Ellis's essay, *The Dance of Life*, and among members of the intellectual class it sprang into an immediate popularity which revealed not only how much that class felt the need of defining some attitude from which the subject of the conduct of life could be approached, but also — since science and art are the two members of a conventional dualism — how completely it had abandoned any belief in the possibility that life could have any purpose fixed in the ultimate nature of things as the result of which its fruitful employment might be made the subject of a science.

Now the aims of art have never been clearly defined. The ends which individual works of art attempt to achieve are, in appearance at least, diverse, and the means which it employs seem almost infinitely variable. Hence it is that to say that life is an art and to use that term 'art' in contradistinction to science seems to provide a greater latitude in the choice of both its aims and its methods than could possibly be permitted by a moralist or a theologian who regarded it as a science, and it may very well be that this vagueness which, in spite of all the volumes which have been written on the subject of æsthetics, still surrounds the word 'art' may constitute the chief reason for the widespread use of the phrase by people unable to formulate for themselves any definition of the purpose of life as clear and as simple as that offered by either a

Roman Catholic theologian or a logical Protestant.

And yet, whatever its ultimate meaning may be, and whether or not it can be shown to have any precise signification, the popularity of this saying that 'Life is an Art' implies something which cannot but be important for the understanding of the modern temper, since only a modern could formulate the phrase. It is to the effort to seek out that meaning and to discover what are the limitations of life considered as material for the creation of a work of art that the present section of this essay will be devoted. What is art, and how may its principles be applied to the conduct of life?

II

In one sense the aim of the scientist and the aim of the artist are the same, since both are in pursuit of what they call truth; but the difference between them may be said to consist in this, that while for science there is only one Truth, for the artist there are many. The scientist, that is to say, is in search of truths which owe their name to the fact that they correspond to something in the world outside himself, while the artist is in search of those which need to be true only in the sense that they seem true to him and that they hold good within the artificial universe which is enclosed within the frame of the work of art he is creating.

The scientist must submit to the judgment of others not merely the conclusions which he reaches, but also the premises with which he began and the methods which he uses in developing his work from them, but the artist, within very wide limits at least, is allowed to choose whatever premises he likes, and, as a result, it is by no means necessary that all good artists should agree to anything like the same extent that all good scientists must agree. In recognition of this fact literary critics never tire of asserting as a fundamental principle of criticism that in discussing a work of art we must concern ourselves exclusively with the question, 'How far did the artist succeed in doing what he set out to do or in saying what he set out to say?' and never with the question of whether we consider his purpose useless or pernicious. To do so would be, they say, to introduce moral or other extraneous question into the realm of æsthetics, and from this we may conclude that, if life is an art, then an analogous principle must be accepted as the basis of all efforts to criticize it.

The first effect of a determination to regard life as an art instead of as a science would, then, seem necessarily to be to grant to the individual a much greater latitude than the theologian would allow him in choosing the purpose to which he wishes to devote his life, and would lead us to judge of his success, not by considering the end which he proposes, but merely by the extent to which he is successful in his effort to achieve that end. It would be to assume (as the modern man feels almost compelled to assume) that life has no purpose fixed by a power outside of life (as distinguished from such purpose as the individual may be able to choose or believe in for himself), and hence to assume also that there is no more any such thing as *the* good life than there is any such thing as *the* good work of art, although, of course, there may be various good lives just as there are various good works of art.

When considered from such a point of view the treatises on morality upon which the theologian lays so much stress would seem to bear about the same relation to the art of life as treatises on rhetoric bear to the art of letters, and to be scarcely more useful. Both are based upon the assumption

that the subject with which they deal is a science governed by certain fixed laws and aiming at fixed ends, and both assume also that the methods of one successful practitioner of either life or letters may be formulated for the imitation of those who aspire to a similar success. But the good writer does not usually learn much from such textbooks. He generally discovers that he is able by their aid to produce nothing but frigid rhetorical exercises and that he must create his own original style if he is to achieve any real success. This is the natural result of the fact that literature is an art instead of a science, that it depends, that is to say, too much upon the individual personality to be reducible to a teachable technique, and it serves to explain by analogy why moral treatises offer so little aid to the individual in search of a good life. The principles there laid down may possibly be those which a certain man followed in achieving a certain kind of success in a certain kind of life, but they may be as useless to another man as the rhetorical analysis of a classical writer's sentence structure is to another writer. Rhetoric takes no real account of the art in literature, and morality takes no account of the art in life.

Perhaps, however, the exact thought here meant can more easily be made clear by means of an example taken from the creative work of a man who did, at least at certain times, attempt to regard life as an art, and for that purpose a passage may be chosen from one of the novels of Henry James. Those who have read *The American* will remember that toward the end of that work the hero turns into a little church to meditate upon the wrongs which have been inflicted upon him, and that though at first he considers the possibility of revenge, of retaliating upon those who have injured him, yet after a little he repudiates the idea because, says James, he came to realize that 'revenge was not his game.'

Now the thing to be noticed here is the fact that this typical though early Jamesian hero did not conclude that revenge was 'wrong,' that an obligation to eschew it was imposed upon him from without, or that there was any science of life from whose principles the folly of revenge could be deduced, but only that such revenge 'was not his game.' He had, in other words, adopted a certain style of living and acting exactly as an artist adopts a certain style for the execution of a work of art, and he realized that an act of revenge was inappropriate to that style exactly as an artist might realize that a certain incident or observation or shape was not appropriate to the particular work in hand. He did not, be it further observed, say that revenge was not, or ought not to be, anybody's 'game,' for, by implication at least, he recognized the fact that other artists working in other styles might, on the other hand, find it the only appropriate thing — that Benvenuto Cellini, for example, would fail if he refused to take a revenge just as surely as the hero here under discussion would fail if he consented to do so, since revenge was as distinctly a part of Benvenuto's game as it was distinctly not a part of his.

To him life was, in other words, an art, and in art all styles are good provided that they are consistent and harmonious within themselves. There is the 'style' of Benvenuto Cellini and there is the 'style' of Saint Francis of Assisi, both of whom led successful lives because each of them lived in accordance with the law of his being. The science of morals endeavors to divide men into the good and the bad by determining whether or not their purposes and their deeds accord with certain fixed principles and rules established

outside themselves, but æsthetics can only pretend to judge them in accordance with their failure or success in developing themselves according to their self-chosen style. It cannot recognize the existence of good or bad men, but only of successful or unsuccessful artists. Life has its heroes and its villains, its soubrettes and its ingénues, and all rôles may be acted well.

Thus, though the popularity of the saying that life is an art is subsequent to the career of Henry James as a novelist, he had, nevertheless, so fallen into the habit of thinking of it as such that one may find in his work very convenient illustrations of the first and most immediate effects of such an attitude. The puritanism which he inherited and which determined so many of his most fundamental instincts was sufficient to guarantee him against the possibility of following this line of thought out to its logical nihilistic conclusion, and there were kinds of lives as well as of art which — happily perhaps — he had not sufficient catholicity of taste to appreciate, but, having outgrown the 'scientific morality' of his puritan ancestors, he was endeavoring to replace it with an æsthetic attitude which would give him that basis for making distinctions which is necessary not only for the novelist, but also for every man who makes an effort to live humanly in the natural universe.

He was, however, careful never to treat in his novels any except decorous people, people who, however emancipated they might think themselves from moral principles, did nevertheless always conduct themselves in such a way as to keep within the limits of a certain propriety. He never chose to describe any of those terrifying 'artists' who, like the great criminals, the great conquerors, or even like Benvenuto himself, live quite 'successfully' because quite consistently in accordance with the style which they have chosen, and he did not do so because he realized, consciously or unconsciously, that those moral instincts which were still strong within him would not permit him to give an æsthetic justification to any manner of life which violated too strongly the moral principles which survived in him in a form still capable of producing very intense repugnances.

James, then, considered that life is an art, but he never dared to test his theory outside the walls of a drawing-room, and though this timid compromise, this constant hesitation between a thoroughgoing æstheticism and an attenuated puritan morality, served the purpose of a novelist who confined his attention to a very quiet scene, it is difficult to see how the philosopher who proposes to consider existence as a whole from an æsthetic standpoint can avoid a far bolder application of æsthetic principles.

Considered as artistic creations, Hamlet and Othello are no greater and therefore no better than Macbeth or Iago. In the tragedy villain and hero are equal, and if the meaning of existence is an artistic meaning, then the same is true in life also. The life led by the great monster is as truly the good life as that led by the great saint. Man has the liberty of choosing what James called the 'game' he will play (that is, the style to be adopted in that work of art which is his life), and the liberty of choice cannot be limited anywhere by any except æsthetic considerations without introducing the idea of morality, which, if it is intellectually justifiable at one point, is intellectually justifiable at others. Life being an art and not a science, we may become either Cellini or Saint Francis, but if that is true we may also become Napoleon or the Marquis de Sade. Both of the latter played rôles in that

tragedy or comedy or farce called 'the history of the world,' both played well enough to be remembered as classical examples of how 'their game' might be successfully played, and hence both were greater artists than the thousands whom morality would judge far more favorably.

In the graphic arts shadows are no less important than high lights, and in the literary arts villains are no less important than heroes. We do not praise one and blame the other, we do not say that it is better to be a spot of sun than the shadow of a tree, and in the world where life is an art Good and Evil are only the names of high light and shadow. Nor is such thoroughgoing æstheticism anything at all new in the world, since it was indeed exactly the philosophy formulated by certain Gnostic sects whose creed was the result of the operation of the subtle intellect of the classical world upon the naïvely vital religion of the Christians, and to whom we may turn in order to find what are the ultimate logical conclusions to be drawn from the proposition that life is an art.

III

These Gnostics had set out upon the perilous enterprise called thinking with the avowed purpose of solving the problem of evil. They had accepted the proposition which all men, led by their wish, naturally accept, — the proposition, that is to say, that God is good, — and they felt the need to reconcile it with the evil and suffering which they saw everywhere around them. Since this evil was copious and omnipresent, it must, they thought, serve some useful purpose and be, that is to say, not really evil, but merely a different kind of good. They were not blessed with that naïveté which permitted the ordinary Christian to reconcile the omnipotent benevolence of God with the existence of a Devil, since they were logical enough to see that a God who permitted the existence of such an evil power would have to be either not all benevolent or not all powerful, but they did, nevertheless, devise an explanation quite worthy of the artistic subtlety of the Greek mind.

The Good, they said, is, like everything else, an Idea, and the various virtues — Benevolence, Justice, Purity, and what not — can exist only as Ideas perceived or entertained by the mind. But the mind, it must be remembered, cannot realize the existence of anything unless its opposite exists also. We should, for example, have no word for and therefore no Idea of Light if we did not know what Darkness is, and similarly the Idea of Purity could not exist without the Idea of Impurity, by means of which it is defined. In a world where everybody was always and equally just or kind, neither Justice nor Kindness would exist in the mind, and hence evils of all kind are permitted in order that their corresponding goods may exist. The cruel man, for instance, is not only tolerated but encouraged, because his cruelty serves no less than the kindness of another to make real the Idea of Kindness in that consciousness where alone the realest reality can exist.

This solution of the problem of evil was not only extremely subtle but based upon quite artistic principles, since it not only regarded human character from the standpoint of those who would require of a man only that he play his rôle, villainous or heroic, in a manner suitable to the part he had undertaken, but also viewed the whole universe as a species of drama into which God had introduced evil and suffering in exactly the same way in which a playwright introduces them into his play — for the purpose, that is

to say, of contrast. Seen from such an angle, God becomes an impressario-playwright and man an actor, or, to change the metaphor, the universe is a great painting in which those shadows called evil are no less important or admirable than those high lights called good.

But however consistent this point of view may be, it led the Gnostics to the consideration of certain paradoxical propositions which they, with resolute logic, hastened to embrace. If the evil man is no less necessary than the good, why should we withhold from him our admiration and approval any more than we withhold our applause from that artist (often the most distinguished of the company) who enacts the villain in the play? Abel was good, but so was Cain, and if, grown bold, we approach now the central mystery of our religion, what of Christ and of Judas? Without Judas there would have been no Crucifixion, and without the Crucifixion there would have been no Salvation. Jesus the Saviour had need of the traitor without whom he would have been powerless to save, and hence we owe our redemption no less to Judas than to him. Christ, to be sure, said that it would have been better for Judas had he never been born, and so be it. But it would surely not have been better for us. Let us, then, canonize Saint Judas, putting him whose soul was damned in order that we might be saved at least as high as that other Saviour whose happier fate it was to pass from the Cross to eternal glory. And so they did.

The logic is admirable. It is doubtless, however, hardly necessary to add that these intellectual paradoxes led to examples of conduct which might be easily justified by Gnostic theology, but which were not only highly scandalous in the eyes of less 'artistic' sects, but actually destructive of social order, which was replaced by anarchy. The Gnostics knew how to think very subtly indeed, and they furnished more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* to the orthodox Fathers, who responded to them at length, but they did not know how to live in a world where many things work better in social practice than logic does.

It is rather difficult to carry on trade with a man who may be planning to revivify your Idea of Justice by cheating you unmercifully, and rather difficult successfully to bring up a family when the father illustrates benevolence indirectly by beating the children or when the mother sets out to secure a clearer Idea of Purity by prostituting all of her daughters. And so it is that the Gnostics faded out of history by a process which seems never to have been chronicled, but which it is not difficult to imagine, leaving the world to those people who did not think life an art, who had supreme confidence in a 'science' of morality which was often fantastically arbitrary and completely indefensible from any intellectual standpoint, but which did, nevertheless, by virtue of the mere fact that it was generally accepted, give a stability to a society in which at least man-the-animal could live and perpetuate his species.

This brand of Gnosticism was not, then, a very practical philosophy of life, and yet it is to it or to something very much like it that one must turn if one would discover the full implication of the saying that life is an art, since one finds in Henry James, for example, only a timid and very restricted effort to apply the principle, and since the majority of those who have turned hopefully to the examination of the saying have done so merely because they saw in it the possibility of something which would replace discarded moral codes by a workable philosophy of

life, allowing a slightly greater latitude for the differing needs of the various individuals whose first need, now that authority has failed, must be to discover what, for them, would be either the good life or, at least, *a* good life.

Yet it is not to be supposed that no moderns have followed out to the end the implications of this æsthetic attitude. One might, for example, cite the case of Ernest Renan, whose profound knowledge of early Christian thought no doubt influenced his own thinking and who once delivered himself of the following opinion: 'The universe,' he said, 'is a spectacle which the Good God gives for his own amusement. Let us contribute to the purpose of the great stage-manager by making it as vivid and as varied as possible.' Surely this saying implies a full appreciation of all the latitudes which the determination to regard life as an art permits, and the injunction with which it concludes conceals under the mildness of irony a moral nihilism which obliterates every possible distinction between the 'best' and the 'worst' man that history has ever known. Yet Renan himself, like Henry James, was a mild man. Thanks to his early training, he retained to the end a sort of sentimental piety, and he was compelled to confess that his own life had been more blamelessly studious than he would advise his disciples to make theirs. He did not live by the philosophy which he professed, — indeed it is doubtful if any man *could* live by it, — and it is to one of his countrymen that one must turn if one would find a still more consistent example of the theory that life is an art.

Anatole France has not only professed to regard life from an exclusively æsthetic point of view, but came nearer than most of those who would believe that they believe with him to living it according to the principles which he proclaimed. In his works one may find a somewhat softened and idealized picture of his character and opinions, and in the two memoirs composed by his maliciously observant secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson, one may find revealed aspects of both which France himself would hardly have cared to see set down. Brousson had a genius for remembering the most telltale gestures as well as the most self-revelatory remarks, and he records one utterance of his master which says more in fewer words than even Renan was able to say in his two accomplished sentences.

It seems the conversation had turned (as in France's company it nearly always did) to the subject of the cult of Aphrodite Pandemos. Some anecdotes were told concerning the practices of those whose tastes ran in the direction usually called 'against nature,' and some remarks were made concerning both the horror with which many regarded such practices and the ferocity with which the law of many lands punishes those who have been found guilty of them. But France, as usual, professed a very tolerant attitude. One must gratify whatever tastes one has and seek whatever happiness one may be able to find. 'Chacun,' he concluded with a shrug of his shoulders, 'fait son salut comme il peut.'

Chacun fait son salut comme il peut. No phrase of English translation can be quite so neat. 'Every man seeks his salvation as he may' is awkward, but it expresses in clumsy fashion the idea, and when taken in connection with the context it will give some idea both of the comprehensive liberty there granted and of that sweeping refusal to make moral distinctions which is implied in the masterfully malicious adroitness with which the single word *salut* is made to include any desire which a man may have from Augustine's thirst for God on down to the last perverse

whim which has taken possession of the *débauché* whose desires are, no doubt, just as imperious and as little to be questioned as are those of anyone else.

Nothing could illustrate a more complete achievement of that inclusive tolerance which has been one of the principal ends proposed to itself by the modern spirit, and nothing, perhaps, could be more reasonable. 'There are,' said Havelock Ellis in a very penetrating phrase, 'no hard facts except the facts of emotion.' We feel what we feel and we want what we want with a directness which permits of no possible skepticism. We may doubt the conclusions of our logic, the premises of our philosophy, and even the evidence of our eyes, but we cannot doubt these emotions and these desires, since they are for us the only ultimate realities in the sense that they are the only things with which we are in immediate contact. And if this be true, what folly it is either to refuse to be guided by the only things of which we have any real knowledge or to pretend to reprobate others who do the same. Life is not a science, but rather an art to be lived by each person in accordance with the rules of his own being. Nature has no ends consonant with or comprehensible to the desires of man which would make it possible for him to accord himself to her, and there is nothing outside of Nature except man himself. To one placed far enough away in space and time, to the One whom we may imagine to be so placed, the universe is a thrilling spectacle. Let us do what we can to make it as vivid and as varied as possible. *Chacun fait son salut comme il peut.*

And yet, logical as that may seem, it will not work. The individual man may profess to believe that he finds such a creed satisfactory and he may possibly live out a life by it, but no society organized upon such principles could possibly last. Nature would not tolerate a humanism so complete and would wipe out the animals who dared try to exist upon principles so completely antithetical to those necessary for animal survival. Perhaps man cannot believe anything except that, but he cannot believe it and live, although almost any false science of life will serve to give that regularity necessary to the maintenance of human society. Moral codes which were not only utterly unreasonable, but which included among their details prescriptions in themselves as inimical to survival as periodic human sacrifices upon a large scale, have given a stability which served to perpetuate human society, but æsthetic principles will not do, because, though the human mind may be made to work in accordance with them, external nature will not, and the ultimate dilemma may be stated thus: The proposition that life is a science is intellectually indefensible; the proposition that life is an art is pragmatically impossible.

IV

In the world which he describes the artist is God. Not only does he create the characters who move across his pages and control the various destinies accorded them, but he establishes as well the psychological laws according to which the souls of his creatures operate, and makes over even Nature herself when it is necessary to do so in order that his mimic world may seem what he wants it to be. According to the style which he has adopted, he may or he may not take care to make it seem that the universe with which he as an artist is concerned appears identical or nearly identical with that in which his readers live, but whether he seeks to produce an illusion of actuality or whether he leaves it clearly apparent

that he is describing things, not as they are, but merely as they might be, the fact remains that he is master of the scene to an extent impossible outside of art.

It has often been pointed out that the novel with a thesis is, in spite of the great popularity which the genre has achieved, completely worthless so far as its avowed purpose is concerned, since a thesis cannot be proved by means of examples which its defender is at liberty to invent, but deductions far more important than this may be drawn from the omnipotence of the artist so far as his work of art is concerned, and it is indeed just the fact that this omnipotence, necessary to the artist, is possible for him *as an artist* but impossible for him *as a man* which reduces the statement that life is an art to mere nonsense when the attempt is made to consider it as more than a pretty phrase. The artist creates the world in which his imagination functions, but the world in which he lives is created for him and he cannot make life the material of an art because he lacks that complete control over both outward events and their inward reverberations which would be necessary to enable him to do so. Many of the most beautiful and satisfactory universes imagined in art bear very little relation to any part of the actual universe, even though the characters who move through them have historical names, and it would be easy to show how impossible the artistic success which they achieve in their imaginary world would have been in the real one.

Consider, for example, the universe of Racine, characterized through its whole extent by a certain orderly sort of grandeur which just barely escapes the pomposity of the French court, and which accords so well with the neat couplets in which he chronicled both the deeds of the mortals who inhabited it and the reflections of the punctilious gods who judged them according to the principles laid down in some celestial Book of Etiquette. Racine's characters devote their lives to the pursuit of one fiction called Glory, and they are guided or restrained by another fiction called Honor. Neither of these fictions corresponds either to anything in the natural universe or, at least very exactly, to any imaginary thing which ever controlled the lives of any real people. Glory is something won in vague wars between the monarchs of shadowy kingdoms, in the course of which none of those inglorious slaughters and devastations which accompany all real wars take place, and Honor is some rhetorical something which has nothing whatever to do with that Christian conception with which it is nevertheless in many of the plays equated, or with that complex of conventions mingled with desires for safety and power which are sometimes given that name by people who read enough literature to wish to impose upon themselves a form belonging properly to art.

And yet in that universe in which the action of Racine's tragedies takes place these fictions are real, because he has the power to hypothesize for them the same sort of reality which feelings have for real men. He has created the laws of a psychology by virtue of which his characters act in a certain way. He has been able to annihilate facts which, like the horrors of war, might dim the glory of those heroes of his who so wantonly embark upon it; and he has even been able to make his powers extend to the gods themselves, who judge as he wants them to judge and interpose to set things right when he wishes them to do so. Thanks to these powers his world is neat and satisfactory and simple, and his characters

live good lives more successfully than any lived in this more complicated world of nature.

To achieve all this, to create a world in which we enter gladly and which we find indeed preferable in many respects to the one in which we live, Racine needed only to be self-consistent, to make his characters act always in accord with the laws of *his* psychology no matter how much they might violate those of real human character, and to make things turn out as they would in *his* universe no matter how different this might be from the way in which they would turn out in the world of nature. But the man who, enamored of Racine's world and convinced that life is an art, should determine to live like one of these characters would soon discover that he lacked the necessary power to transform our universe into that of Racine. His wars would not be bloodless, the other characters would not play up to his rôle as they should, and the gods would not intervene when necessary to redress those balances which Nature is never very careful to keep even. Indeed we may add that it was exactly this that the king who ruled in Racine's age, together with the various heroes, knights, and lovely ladies who composed his court, did try to do; or rather, of course, if we wish to be more literal, that Racine's world was the world toward which this court was striving, and that the difference between the greatness of Racine's tragedies and the littleness of French history is exactly the measure of the difference between the success that can be achieved in art and the failure which is inevitable in life. Bajazet is a satisfactory tragic hero; Louis XIV is not.

We classify works of art into different genres, calling them tragedies or comedies or farces according to the kind of self-contained perfection which they achieve, and in art, though in art alone, it is possible to achieve the requisite purity of style. Tragedy takes place in an imaginary world where everything — language and manners as well as events and emotions — is consonant with that idea of human dignity upon which tragedy depends. Comedy takes place in an entirely different world where the mind is always superior to the emotions and where, in a word, what we call the Comic Spirit holds exactly the same *exclusive* sway as the Tragic Spirit holds in tragedy; while farce takes place in still a third world, and each of the other genres has, in similar fashion, its own realm. One touch of comedy would destroy any tragedy (unless, of course, as in the case with Shakespeare, the comic scenes were kept insulated from instead of integrated with the others) and one touch of tragedy would destroy any comedy, because that inward harmony, that perfect accord of one part with another, which makes possible the satisfying perfection of a work of art, is dependent upon the fact that the whole is organized upon one logical and consistent scheme. But these separate, self-contained, and self-justifying worlds exist only in the imagination of man, who created them out of his own desire for harmony rather than as the result of any observation of the real world, which is not a tragic or a comic, but rather a natural world — one, that is to say, in which events take place in accordance with laws which have no relation to that human sense of fitness so agreeably exemplified in the worlds of his imagination.

Thus what in art we call tragedy and comedy and farce do not represent life as it was ever lived by any group of people, but only the various forms toward which various people or various societies have endeavored unsuccessfully to aspire. Louis XIV tried to

live as though he were the hero of one of Racine's tragedies, Sir Philip Sydney tried to live as though he were the hero of one of those half-pastoral, half-heroic prose romances of which he gave the world an example, Byron as though he were his own Childe Harold, and all the members of the society of King Charles the Second's day tried to live as though they were characters in one of Congreve's comedies. In each case one may easily divine what style these various people were seeking to achieve, just as one has no difficulty in recognizing the fact that the American self-made man tries to act as though life were an Alger book or the average Italian as though it were an opera; but in no single one of the cases could the rôle be sustained or the catastrophe be made suitable to the work of art upon which the life was modeled. Tragedy may exist in the pages of Racine and comedy may exist in the pages of Congreve, but neither can exist except upon premises invented by the author for the purpose of constructing a world far more regular and simple than the real one.

Turn first to a comedy like *Love for Love* or *The Way of the World*, and turn then to some history or memoir dealing with the actual society out of which these two works of art were born. There can, to begin with, be no question concerning the fact that the principal assumptions upon which Congreve proceeded in the writing of his plays are exactly the same as those upon which his contemporaries endeavored to proceed in the living of their lives. To the one as to the other the pursuit of love was the chief business of existence, and love, as the grave Bishop Burnet said in attempting to describe the particular nature of King Charles's gallant proclivities, 'had no seraphic part.' Life was a game; the idea of morality, sexual or other, was abolished; and the Ten Commandments of which Charles was said to take no account were discarded in favor of the ten thousand which he was said never to break. Wit, address, and savoir-faire came to be the qualities by which the success of a man was judged, and the meaning of any event was sought in the examples of these qualities which were revealed in the course of it, just as the meaning of an event would, by a puritan, be sought in the moral principles to be deduced therefrom or, by a sentimentalist, in the various tender feelings to which it gave rise.

Proceeding upon these assumptions, Congreve wrote what are perhaps the most perfect comedies which universal literature affords. Not only do they glitter with wit, but, and this is the thing which makes them supremely great, they present the image of a world which is balanced, harmonious, and perfect. His heroes achieve completely the style which they are seeking to achieve, they play the rôles which they have chosen with flawless skill, and they conduct the action to a conclusion perfectly in accord with that scheme of justice which is not, to be sure, the scheme of justice imagined by Shakespeare any more than it is that imagined by Saint Augustine, but which is, nevertheless, quite as consistent as either. Every character gets the reward or the punishment due to his wit and address or to his lack of both, and each, that is to say, lives in a universe which functions perfectly according to those ideas of what is right and proper naturally deducible from the premises of comedy.

If they be considered purely as works of art, it would be folly to say that these comedies are any less admirable than the tragedies of Shakespeare, since they achieve their purpose quite as completely; and if life is an art there is no reason why men may not

just as reasonably decide to live according to the model of Congreve as according to the model of Shakespeare. And yet, if one turns now to the histories or the memoirs which deal with the careers of those who did attempt so to live, one will not find there any corresponding perfection. None of Congreve's characters is dead, like Lord Rochester, at thirty, and none dies, like Villiers, 'in the worst inn's worst room.' Tragedy, melodrama, and that merely frowzy sort of actuality which cannot be likened to any art form, do not intrude upon his scene to spoil it completely, as they did upon the scene where Charles's courtiers were doing their best to play their comic rôles as artistically as possible.

Nor can it be said that the fault lay with these comedians. The Rochesters and the Sedleys and the Gramonts were endowed with a wit and an impudence hardly inferior to that of a Valentine or a Mirabell, and if they failed they did so because there was no milieu where they could play their rôles with real success. Congreve had created his world out of various fictions, and it was only in such a world that such characters could really live. Since wit was their sole attribute, he had imagined a world where wit alone would count, and he had abstracted from it whatever was capable of disturbing the particular sort of harmony which wit can create. Since they were to play with love as one plays a game, without seeking either sensual pleasure or exalted emotions, he gave to them neither hearts which could suffer nor bodies which could be soiled; and, thanks to their freedom from the possibility of either emotional complications or physical ills, they could flutter like immortal butterflies from intrigue to intrigue — pure intelligences forever fresh, and forever gay. But it is only in art and never in life that the world can be thus reconstructed. Nature gave to the Rochesters and the Sedleys corruptible bodies and even, in certain measure, suffering hearts without asking whether or not they would like to have them, and thus they lacked that omnipotence which alone would make it possible to consider life as an art.

Every good statue is marked by a certain air of repose; every fine picture exists in a state of stable equilibrium brought about by the balance of its masses; and every great work of literature conveys to the reader a certain sense that a peace of some sort reigns within the domain which it describes. No matter how tumultuous some of the events or how far the individual characters with which it is concerned may be from any repose, yet the whole *is* a whole rather than a collection of fragments, and does so balance tumult against tumult as to create an order out of disorder and give to the reader that sense of repose which enables him to recognize it as a work of art as distinguished either from any merely literal chronicle of life or from life itself. Some God, it says, is in some Heaven, even if he be only that creative and omnipotent imagination of the author who has brought order out of chaos and given meaning to the meaningless.

Hence it is that we speak of the Peace of Art and that we take refuge in it from the disorder of nature and of life. We turn to it because, even though it be tragic, it does nevertheless provide balm for the sufferings which it describes and images a world made after a pattern we can understand and accept. And no wonder then that we should like to believe that life itself could be made an art, that we might give to our own existences that roundness achieved by a character in a drama or that we might somehow impose upon the

events taking place around us an order like that assumed by the events which compose any work of art, be it tragedy or comedy or farce. But if it is indeed this kind of peace which we seek, then it is evident that to proceed upon principles deduced from the false analogy between life and art is to court a failure more calamitous even than that of the average man, since those who lived in that fashion — the Louis's, the Byrons, and the Rochesters — are the very ones who failed most conspicuously to achieve that peace which Saint Augustine on the other hand found in an entirely different manner when he submitted himself completely to the imaginary will of a nonexistent God. The peace of art is dependent upon order, but the theory that life is an art leads in practice to anarchy.

Art does, in fine, furnish a means by which life may be contemplated, but not a means by which it may be lived. We may survey the history of the world or the events of our past life as an artist surveys his materials. We may make dramas, tragic or farcical, of our memories, and we may to a certain extent arrange them into patterns, — noting a striking contrast here, a telling irony there, and a flame of passion somewhere else, — even if we cannot compose the whole into a picture as rounded and as perfect as that which constitutes a real work of art for the simple reason that the most imaginative historian can never quite equal the effects of a great novelist. But art ceases where action begins, and its principles cannot afford us that guide to conduct which is the thing which we, our wills paralyzed by our intellects, most need.

Already we have gone further in the direction in which it would lead us than we can safely go. Mind, which has flourished more and more vigorously as animal vitality declined, has reasoned away one by one all those fixed points with reference to which life could be organized, and, having first obliterated the faiths toward which man could appeal, has turned triumphantly to ask them for what purpose they can live in the world of bare nature or why they should want to do so. And at bottom æsthetics has no answer to these questions, though it may, on the contrary, serve to further that process as the result of which any answer becomes more and more nearly impossible, since it is in reality far more a negation than an affirmation. One can understand very easily the things which it denies, — that, for example, life has any inherent purpose or that moral laws, imposed upon man from without, exist, — but such denials have already been too effectively made by science and anthropology and logic to require any further reiteration or support. And if one turns to ask what affirmations it brings by way of compensation, one discovers that they are either so vague as to be useless or based upon analogies so obviously false that they collapse when submitted to logical examination. At the very best it affords no more than another solvent, another critical instrument by means of which the various sciences of life men used to live may be proved to be false. If we embrace it we may discover a new way of meditating and perhaps even a new way of despairing, but we know no better than we knew before what we ought to do.

HORTUS SICCUS

Tenuous, brittle, enigmatic things,
These dim spoils of a long-spent summer lie;
They have doffed their crowns, they have furled their painted wings,
They have laid their glory by.

Each has her little epitaph writ clear,
Like some long-dead and purbeck-coffined dame,
To mark her kinship and her life's last year,
And tell her Latin name.

Not to the earth that gave them life they fell,
There to be folded in their cradle-clay;
No wind bereft their stems of bud and bell,
No throbbing raindrops gray.

Here each must wear the mask that was her face,
Long since despoiled of all its pearl and rose;
And none may win in any hidden place
Oblivion's dark repose.

They are and are not. Even ghosts may pass
In moonlight through a garden changed and chill,
And see the shadows fret the silver grass,
But these lie blind and still.

Between the eternal leaves of some great book
The dreams of our dead summers may be set,
Lifeless and colorless, yet with a look
Of phantom beauty yet.

Then Fate must keep that company forlorn,
In prisoning pages neatly classified,
For she alone knows whence each dream was born,
And in what wise it died.

Dorothy Margaret Stuart

CAMELS AND CAMEL PULLERS

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

I

When camels come in from the long journey they are always much worn down, and are seldom fit to start again until they have been rested on good pasture for at least two months. There is only one period in which they can really recuperate. This is in June and July, when they shed their hair. It is always held by Mongols, and usually by Chinese, that when a camel has cast his hair — which he does so completely that he is bald all over for a time — he is weak and unfit for work. This is not quite true. No Delilah ever ruined a caravan owner by pulling all the hair out of his camels. It is true, however, that a camel is then obnoxious to chills, and must be treated carefully when hot at the end of a march. It is also true that a camel kept in work over the summer will not grow a good coat, and will be less fit for work in the winter; but caravans do travel in the summer when freights are unusually high.

The seasons when caravans are dispatched from Kuei-hua in the greatest number are in February, when there is time for them to reach the West before the grazing season, and in August, just after the grazing. A caravan sent out in August, when the camels are at their very best, can sometimes make the round trip before the next grazing season. They reach Ku Ch'eng-tze in the winter; the weaker camels are left to keep alive as best they can on the winter grazing, and the stronger camels, after being fortified for a few weeks by a grain diet, are sent back to Kuei-hua, a very high percentage of them carrying grain for feed. It is, however, much more common for a caravan to start in August, make the journey in anything from three to eight months, wait for the grazing season, and start back again the following August, so that the owner in Kuei-hua cannot settle his profits and losses for about a year and a half. The best venture of all is that starting in the spring, grazing the camels at the other end, and returning in the autumn of the same year.

On the summer pastures the camel men look for the warmest hollows as well as the richest grass, dose their camels with salt, and water them daily, instead of restricting the amount of water given, as is done on a journey. This makes them feel the heat more and shed their hair more quickly. After getting rid of the hair, they begin to put on flesh rapidly; their humps get fat and firm, and by the time the weather begins to turn, in August, there is a close thick new coat which grows closer and thicker and longer as the winter sets in. Only during this period do camels naturally get in first-class condition; indeed, they get so fat that before being taken on a journey they are often tied up and starved for a week or more, as a preliminary 'hardening.'

This happy eating for between two and three months will practically carry a camel through the rest of the year. Mongol-owned camels, which are lightly and irregularly worked, do not graze eagerly after the grass dries in the

autumn, and, though they feed for only two or three hours a day, remain in splendid condition. Indeed, December is the rutting season. The colder the weather, the more rampageous the bull camels become. They are then very dangerous, eating nothing at all, impatient to roam in search of a harem, and showing fight toward anyone, whether man or camel, who interferes with them. Only an experienced man can handle a bull camel in the rutting season, and that gently, for if struck he is likely to become savage, turning on the herder with teeth and hoofs, throwing him and kneeling or trampling on him. If a bull camel attacks a man it is hard to beat him off, as he is insensible to pain or fear. Bull camels are therefore rarely put to caravan work; if they are, at the approach of the rutting season they are starved and crushed with heavy loads to keep them in subjection.

The calves are carried for thirteen months, being dropped in the following January. A cow in calf is fit for work up to the very day she casts the calf. After that she becomes thin and weak if she suckles the calf, which remains with her about a year and a half. She calves only about once in three years.

The hard marches and poor feeding in the Khara Gobi, followed of necessity by a big drink at the first well, cause miscarriages among the cow camels in calf. Yet even so the camel will be delayed only a few moments before resuming the march, still carrying her full load. Kuei-hua men, indeed, unless they are near the end of a journey or at pasture between journeys, will rarely try to save even a normally born calf. With a calf at suck the camel would become too thin for work, but if the calf is abandoned at once she will remain as fit as ever. Only she must never be allowed to see the calf, or she will moan and pine for it. If she never sees it the poor brute thinks she has suffered only one more mischance of 'the business of the Gobi,' to use that phrase of the caravan men which stands for so much suffering callously seen or stoically borne.

It was during our crossing of the Gobi that all the camels were reviewed for sore hoof pads. The gravel surface of the Four Dry Stages had done more damage than any rocky going; for, being tired by the long marches and made lazy by the level trail, the camels would not lift their feet properly, as they do when they are among stones, but dragged them at every step, causing blood blisters and fevered pads. The treatment is to keep the camels at least one day without water. (Cold water is said to make horses lame, as well as inducing blisters in men and camels, and caravan men will rarely drink anything but hot tea, especially just before or after the march.) They are then set on the road long enough to start the circulation working well through their hoof pads. After this the sore pads are attacked with a small flat lancet. The blisters are not opened and drained from the surface, but the lancet is thrust in at the side of the pad to a depth of two or three inches, the object being not to deal with the immediate blister, for fear of making the pad tender, but to ease and cool the whole foot by bloodletting. Water blisters are let alone, only blood blisters being held serious. The result is blood all over the trail, as the camels stamp wildly, squirting blood each time. When a camel has a pad that hurts him he does not go tenderly on it, as any other animal would, but stamps impatiently on it every few steps, with disastrous effects if he has picked up a nail or a thorn. Sometimes the fore hoofs, never the hind, are bled from a vein in the joint just above the hoof.

Another type of doctoring I have witnessed — the famous operation, to

wit, of cobbling a camel's hoof. A tiny but deep hole had eaten into the pad after a badly healed blister, and grit, working into it, was setting up an irritation. The camel was made to squat in the loading position, in which the forelegs are doubled up with most of the weight of the fore part of the body over them. A rope was then lashed round the neck and one of the forelegs, making it quite impossible for the camel to get up or even struggle with its forelegs. The hind legs are also gathered well under the camel in the lying or squatting position; but another rope was made fast just above the near hind hoof, the one to be treated, and two men, hauling mightily and swearing not a little, got the leg stretched straight out behind — a thing which looked as if it would lame the beast, but possible with a universally jointed and almost indestructible brute like a camel. A good strong man kept a steady strain on the rope, holding the leg stretched out while the *hsien sheng* of the House of Chou, a toothless old devil with a face like a hymn-singing Roundhead and a profound command of worse language than ever came out of Flanders, did the cobbling, being well skilled in these matters. First he picked the hole clean with a sailmaker's needle such as is used for sewing tents and felts, and then he clouted the pad with a piece of hide stripped from a dead camel a day or two before (which was not against any tabu or law of the craft), sewing it with camel's-hair twine into the edges of the pad, where it is most callous. When the job was done all holds were cast off, and the camel stood up, a bit sore in the temper because, having had a miscarriage a few days before, she was in no mood for chiropody. By the time the stitching of the rawhide clout had worn through, her pad was healed.

A more northerly road, presenting an alternative to the Four Dry Stages, is said to pass through the chief country of the wild camels. I was told this by several caravan masters, and one young Mohammedan camel puller told me that he had seen one which was shot by a Turki caravan master. It was of a grayish color, of about the same height as an ordinary caravan camel, but slender in build and with very small humps.

Wild camels are also found nearer the Edsin Gol. I was told that a Mongol, the year before, had caught a very young one, but when I passed it had already escaped to the desert again. They say that on the Two Dry Stages the wild camels sometimes come out of the hills to look at the caravan herds at pasture, but that they seldom come at all near, and are shy and almost impossible to shoot. There are men who say that, even when caught extremely young, these wild camels can never be tamed; but a Hami man told me he had known an Edsin Gol Mongol who used one for riding, and that the wild camel is considered a very fast and a most distinguished mount for a Mongol who fancies himself. Reliable information about wild camels collected by modern travelers remains incomplete, but there seems to be a general agreement that they can be tamed for riding, though never for carrying loads; and everybody who has been told that they can be ridden has been told fantastic tales of the distances they can cover. It seems to be evident that it is a rare and startling thing even for a Mongol to catch and tame one.

The idle weeks of the 'herding camp,' as it is called, are the best for the men as well as for the camels. The men are given leave in turn to go to their homes; even in camp extra men are taken on to help with the herding, and the regular men do only one day's herding and one night on watch, followed by from five to seven days 'easy.' During this time

they are busy with the curious pastime of knitting. The trade in camel's wool or hair, as it is indifferently called, is new, and has been developed entirely by the encouragement of foreign merchants. Younghusband in 1887 observed that the trade was just beginning. A picul of camel's hair was then worth about taels 5 in Tientsin. It is now worth as much as taels 70 for a picul of 133 pounds. Before the foreign demand, the hair shed by camels used to be left to blow about the desert, sometimes rolling into huge balls. A camel sheds on the average about six pounds of hair, with another pound and a half or two pounds of coarser, less valuable hair from the mane and the bunches of hair above the knees, on the forelegs.

Knitting is a newer thing still. The caravan men say that they learned it from White Russian soldiers deported from Chinese Turkestan. Some hundreds of these men were sent down to the coast, divided into small parties traveling with different caravans, and their way of knitting and crocheting socks was eagerly learned by the camel men. All of the hair from the camel herd belongs, of course, prescriptively to the owner, but in fact he loses a great deal of this because it has become a perquisite of the men to use as much as they like for making socks for themselves. They never steal the hair to sell in town, but they make a lot of extra things on the quiet, which they sell. Long scarves knitted or crocheted by camel men were all the fashion among the richer Chinese at Kuei-hua when I was there. When we first started, many of the camels had not finished shedding, and it was an amazing thing to see men knitting on the march; if they ran out of yarn they would reach back to the first camel of the file they were leading, pluck a handful of hair from the neck, and roll it in their palms into the beginning of a length of yarn; a weight was attached to this and given a twist to start it spinning, and the man went on feeding wool into the thread until he had spun enough yarn to continue his knitting.

II

A mob of dogs accompanies each caravan, and I noticed an outstanding brute in the train of one expedition, which they told me was a stray. A dog is often lost from his own caravan, either because he has stopped too long by a dead camel to feed or because he is footsore. If he can fight his way among the dogs of the next caravan that passes, he is taken on the strength; if not, he starves. This fellow, though he had won to the feeding basket with his teeth, was not yet on friendly terms with the pack. He was only two or three years old, by the whiteness and sharpness of his teeth, stood as high as a Saint Bernard, and was black in color with white forefeet and a splash of white on his chest. The most usual coloring is black, with tan points and tan spots over the eyes. When I fed him from my hand, he at once moved over to my tent, and the caravan men, seeing that 'my heart loved him,' said I might keep him. That very night he savaged a man who came to my tent, and the man, snatching up the stave of a camel pack, laid open his foreleg to the bone with a blow that would have broken the leg of any weaker dog.

I called him Suji, after the name of the camp. I learned afterward that *suji* is the Mongol word for the pelvis of a sheep, and that the camp came by its name because the shape of the little hollow where the well lay was like the shape of the bone. There was something fitting in the name for my dog, too, since he had been given to me and the suji bone is a piece of honor

which the Mongols offer to their guests. To have called a dog after the name of the place where I got him was, however, thought very comical by the men of every caravan with which I fell in company along the road. Everything goes by convention among simple people, and they have a conventional list of dog names of their own. Tiger, Lion, Black Ox, Red Ox, and Bastard are among their favorites, while the bitches are most often called by flower names, like Chinese girls. Suji was always called Leng-t'ou by one of the caravans with which I traveled later. A *leng-t'ou* is the kind of obstinate man who, if you tell him that a piece of iron is hot, will at once touch it to see if it really is; or who, if told that it is time to go softly and peacefully, will at once fight. They called him this because he broke the first rule of all dogs, that where a dog feeds, there he is on guard. Suji would take food heartily from any man, but he would savage the same man if he came to my tent; and, though he pirated his food wherever food could be found, he returned always to guard my tent.

Caravan dogs enter the calling even younger than caravan men, for they are often born in camp. December and January pups are the best. When they are newly born the mother is allowed a place in the tent, but often the puppies are exposed for several hours in the snow, to kill off the weak ones. On the march, each puppy is carried in the breast of a man's coat, from which he is taken for his mother to give him a quick lunch during the short halts. When he gets a little stronger, he and the rest of his family are hung in a nose bag from a camel's load, and when they can run about they get their training from the other dogs of the pack.

The chief use of the dogs is to watch the camp at night. The place of the two men on watch is at the door of the tent, and the place of the dogs at the back, on the blind side. On the march they run always in advance. The man leading the first file of camels is the chief cook, whose voice they know because he has charge of their feeding, and as the caravan starts he calls them together with a long, lilting cry — *Lai, lai-lai-lai-lai-i-i!* They sometimes fight short battles when they meet the dogs of a caravan bound the other way, but more often each pack hangs together and goes warily by the other with hackles up. Even when two caravans are traveling in company it is a long time before the men can visit each others' tents without being attacked, for the dogs are slow to acknowledge anyone whose food they do not eat. Dogs belong nominally to the caravan owner, but because they help the men on night watch it is the men who cherish them and regard them as their own. If anything goes wrong with them it is the men who make trouble, and it is the men who steal good-looking puppies from other caravans.

'Small places for quarrelsome dogs,' the Chinese say, 'and big places for quarrelsome men.' This is because the Chinese villager, with no knowledge of any world bigger than his few fields, or any civilization beyond the village temple, the village pawnshop, and the village teashop, is easily taken aback and put upon by yamen runners, underling officials, or any stranger who can bluster and swagger. His dog, used to few people and kept to guard the house, is more valiant than he. This is not the way in cities, where men must of necessity hold their own against all kinds of roguery and learn to evade every sort of imposition; the dog in a Chinese city becomes a cur, wanted by no one and kicked by everyone, whose principal business with men is the avoidance of their wrath.

The very best kinds of caravan dogs

are said to come from the small Chinese border villages near Kalgan; big in bone, used to very hot summers and rigorous winters, and savage to the heart. Those mountains are never free from petty banditry, and the dogs, because they are the best defense of the villagers, are carefully tended and fed, so that they stand out from the general race of Mongol dogs to which they belong. Men who have been down toward Kalgan are proud if they can boast a dog stolen from one of these villages — for even the best of dogs is rarely bought or sold.

Above even these fine brutes, apart from all competition, is rated the strain of Ta Sheng K'uei. Because a herd of ponies belonging to Ta Sheng K'uei had gone by a day or two before Suji fought his way into the caravan from which I took him, and because of his build and size and style, all the caravan men I met put him down for a Ta Sheng K'uei dog. Now the firm of Ta Sheng K'uei has been established in Kuei-hua for more than two hundred years; it has a history that would stand well beside that of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its dogs have a unique breeding.

The firm never worked for others at the mere carrying of freight; it traded on its own, buying produce in Mongolia and carrying it back to Kuei-hua on its own camels. It had posts at all the important places, like Urga, Uliassutai, and Kobdo; it controlled ranches and bought live stock as well as raw produce, and its interests were so wide that it directed the affairs of Mongol princes and was the business agent of great lamaseries. Its caravan leaders were the picked men of their craft, its camels and dogs and ponies the best on the road, its agents the best business men, with the highest prestige. Only when the Chinese rule in Outer Mongolia was replaced by Russian influence was the weakness of its position made apparent. Its credits were secured on tribal lands and princely revenues, and many rich Mongols were deeply in its debt. When, under Soviet tutelage, the Mongols followed up their revolt from Chinese rule with a policy of hostility to Chinese traders, all these debts and obligations were canceled. The result was disastrous to the Chinese, and Ta Sheng K'uei at the present time, like all the firms in the group of great houses once dominating the Mongolian trade, has only a remnant of its former wealth.

In the old days, before there was a telegraph in Mongolia, the dogs of Ta Sheng K'uei were trained to carry messages. Each dog had a home station; he would be taken out with a caravan, but as soon as released he would run back to his home. In this way Ta Sheng K'uei kept in touch with the buying and selling markets as no other firm could do. Traveling from one district to another, the caravans sent back word of prices and supplies, tied to a dog's collar. The dog would run amazing distances, without stopping except to drink a little water or eat the flesh of a dead camel. When he reached his home station, the message would be relayed on to the head office at Kuei-hua. To keep up such a service Ta Sheng K'uei had to breed dogs in far greater numbers and of better strength and intelligence than any other firm or caravan company, and to cover the extra expense it adopted a practice that must be unique in the history of trade. It kept a special 'dog account' in its books, to which was credited 10 per cent of the profit on every deal in which the dogs were engaged, and the money was spent in maintaining the number and improving the quality. When the telegraph made the service obsolete, the old strain was preserved in its caravan dogs.

Ta Sheng K'uei is also said to have had a regular mounted courier service

in the buying season, apart from the more erratic use of the dogs. The couriers rode ponies carefully trained into lean, hard condition — since a pony taken, as the Mongols take him, straight from the herd, with a big 'grass belly' on him and no grain in it, is good only for one long stage. Each man had two ponies, which he rode turn about, the led pony carrying a little dried bread for the man, a little grain for the ponies, and a little water when necessary. The man rode until he could no longer keep awake, then hobbled his ponies and slept for a few hours. The traveling gait was a trot. For comfort and show the Chinese, even more than the Mongol, Kazak, and Turki, prefers an ambler, but when it comes to endurance and steady going he admits that the trotting pony holds up better.

Now it takes about two months for a caravan from Kuei-hua, going stage by stage, as the Chinese say, — that is, without long halts, — to reach Uliassutai, so the distance may be anywhere between six and nine hundred miles. As I heard the yarn, the courier, with only two mounts to change about, made it in six days. I think I should call this a legend. It is hardly kind, after sitting as a guest by the tent fire in the 'ungirt hour,' when men tell stories, to go back and note them down in one's diary as liars; but a legend this is, without doubt. I think it likely that over long desert stretches men rode something in this way; but once into the pasture lands of Outer Mongolia, the message would be more swiftly carried on by Mongols on relays of fresh ponies. However that may be, the Mongol pony, who is at his best on a long ride, can do gallant things. Were I an emperor, of the kind they used to have, I should summon the English Arab Horse Society to hold one of its endurance trials over the same course, with Mongol ponies in the running.

III

Immediately the men wake, before dawn, when the camels must be started off to pasture, it is the duty of the first cook to make tea. Brick tea, unlike any other China tea, ought to be stewed to get all the juices out of it. The Chinese say that the virtues of this tea are that it is 'warming,' and that therefore it can be drunk in harmony with meat. It is made of mid-Yangtze leaf, and the inferior kinds include tea dust, twigs, and the refuse of the warehouses pressed into bricks at Hankow. The Southern teas, more delicate in aroma, are 'cooling' and upset Chinese stomachs if taken before meat, causing diarrhœa. The barbarian foreigner never seems to have heard of this, much less to have noticed it for himself. In the morning, then, the camel pullers drink a few bowls of tea. Then they take a few more bowls, mixing in their parched cereals, which are the *tsamba* of Tibetan travelers, though the grains used vary according to the region; after which they send down a few more bowls of clear tea.

About noon the second cook comes on duty and prepares the one really distending meal of the day, that made with white flour. At this meal each camel puller eats the equivalent of at least a pound of dry flour. The colder the weather, the faster they eat, bringing out a profuse sweat as their stomachs strain at the task. Thereafter they make more tea for themselves, one canister after another. At last the caravan master, seated on his felt at the head of the tent, knocks out his pipe and says in a chatty way, 'Let us drink tea.' This, by convention, is the order to break camp. All the men take up the long howling cry, 'Dri-i-i-ink te-e-e-e-e-ea!' The hsien sheng has already been out to turn the camel herd toward camp; each man rushes out,

collects his own camels, and leads them to their places, where they kneel between the loads. The weaker camels are then given their ration of dried peas in a nose bag, while the men, as fast as they can work, sling on the loads. They get so hot at this that even in the coldest weather they often strip to the waist; for with each half load a man has to swing about a hundred and seventy pounds on to his knee and steady it there against the side of the camel, while he slips a peg through the loops that hold it to the other half load on the off side, where his partner is working.

Caravan men will grouse and quarrel over all the little things that go wrong, but it seems to be a point of honor with them to take lightly the loss of a camel. Were they to show how gravely the loss affected them, some vague power would jealously do a hurt to all their camels. It brings bad luck to talk about that kind of bad luck.

Part of our herd on one occasion stampeded for a few hundred yards, in the silly way that camels do. Scrambling across a dry watercourse, one of them either stumbled or was jostled off its feet and came down, breaking a leg. It was one of our two very best camels, a cow. I went with my camel man to look at her. The near foreleg had been broken so badly just below the shoulder that the bone stuck out of the flesh. There was nothing to be done. The man laughed, turning his back. 'She was good value for no money,' he said; 'the bandits gave her to me and I have worked her for six or seven years.'

Mongolia-going caravan men never slaughter a camel dying of injury or starvation. They seem to think that taking the life of the animal prevents it from being saved by a possible miracle. To kill it might make its troubled soul follow the other camels of the caravan, bringing them ill luck. The Chinese are capable of a callousness toward suffering that seems terrible to many Westerners. The truth is that they have the deep aversion of the East from the deliberate taking of life, which has become perverted until they would rather see an animal under torture than take the burden of its soul on themselves. Unless excited, they even prefer to use roundabout words for 'dying' and 'killing.' 'Our camels suffer for us all their lives,' a man said to me. 'Is it not enough? If we did a violent thing at the end, would not the guilt be on our bodies?'

Now almost all camel pullers are wild, if they are not bad. It is a favorite saying in their own mouths that there are no good camel pullers. They will fight at a look or a word, and they make it a matter of pride to do no service, even for a tip, for any 'passenger' traveling with the caravans. They say they are servants to camels, not to men. They cheat and harry any man who is not strong enough to stand up for himself, but they will do no outright stealing except of food. Men who have had a turn at the bandit life are not uncommon among them, but they are all forthright rogues. Indeed, I always found that the worse a man's character, the better I got on with him. The most lawless men liked the idea of a young foreigner with no experience traveling alone among them. They took me in at once as a fellow adventurer, and a man could not have had better friends.

All of these men had a tan as dark as old wood, and wrinkles about the eyes from peering through wind and dust, the glare of the sun, the dark nights, and the smoke of fires in the tent. Yet some of them had the dull faces of men bound all their lives to plod in front of a string of camels, while others, the sort of men to become, after their hard apprenticeship, masters of caravans and owners of camels, had strong, resolute, enterprising faces, and sometimes

heroically modeled skulls. Among no other class of men have I seen so many heads of such magnificent contour. For one thing, their life of exposure wears down the flesh of head and face, showing up the bony formation, and the effect is heightened by the way they shave their heads. Some shave the whole head, others only the forehead, leaving either one long queue or, more often, two pigtails at the back.

The queue is supposed to have been a mark of the Manchu conquest, and has at different times been proscribed under the Republic. When the 'Christian Army' occupied the Northwest it started a campaign against queues. Many of the caravan men had been captured and had their pigtails cut off by the official 'executioner,' who patrolled the streets of Kuei-hua with an armed guard. They always grew them again. The peculiar fashion of wearing, not the formal queue, but two short pigtails reaching to the shoulder, — a fashion which prevails from Kalgan through the Northwest and has survived so much persecution, — seems to me to have nothing to do with the Manchus. It may be much older, a relic of some different racial inheritance.

IV

The men who lead camels through the *Hou-shan*, the Country Behind the Mountains, never call themselves anything but *la lo-t'o-ti*, which is to say, 'camel pullers.' They speak of much of the routine of their lives in terms not of men, but of camels. '*Chin-t'ien ta-ta-ti la* (To-day we pull big and big),' they say, when there is a long march ahead. They are first of all men of a common experience, for they are bound together by the training of a great and hard school. Often they come of families that have been for generations in the caravan trade. Always, even if their families are well-to-do, they serve an exacting apprenticeship. Because no man can make money out of caravans unless he understands camels, they learn to know their camels on the march and in camp, herding and drinking and resting, by day and by night, full-humped and quarrelsome, or worn-out and staggering after scores of days on the road. They learn to know how a camel is standing up under his burden by loading and unloading thirty-six camels a day in all weathers. A camel is the most foolish of all the beasts that do tasks for men, and, because there is no good doctoring known for him when he is sick, they must learn how to keep him well; how to find the best grazing, how much water to allow when he is road-weary, and how little when he is fat and likely to sweat. They learn where to park the camels, lying huddled in close rows so that they get all the shelter possible through midwinter nights when the wind is driving the snow, how to bleed blistered hoof pads, how to clean festered pack sores and pad them to take off the weight of the load.

When they have mastered their trade they can tell a camel with good solid flesh on him from one that has been fattened up to get him sold, just by plucking out a few hairs and looking at the roots. They know how to coax a few more marches out of beasts that have worked beyond their strength, when there is no grazing and the ration of feed is running out; when to make the pace fast and when slow, and when a short march in the morning and another at night are better than one long stage.

While they master all these things, they have also to become versed in the personal mysteries of their craft and the jealously guarded privileges of the camel puller, with all the laws of the road, the tent, and the camp. Each thing in their knowledge must be got

by experience, because the strictest of all the unwritten laws is that no man may expect help or advice from another. What he cannot learn by doing himself, he must find out by watching others. There is no mercy.

Each man is in charge of a file of camels called a *lien*. The full number of a lien is eighteen camels; nor can any man be asked to look after more. If he does not speak of his work as pulling camels, the phrase he uses is *ting lien-tze;* and *ting* means more or less to hold down, or stop, or be equal to, as we speak of holding down a job. Every camel has his own place in the file, and on the march is always in that place, carrying the same load; unless, after consideration, a change is made, for some camels when they are tired go better at the tail of the file than up in front. Two lien make a *pa*, and in camp these two lien lie either side by side or end-on. The two men, working on either side of the camels as they lie in a row between their packs, help each other to off-load and on-load. Except for this partnership, they have nothing to do with each other, for in camp when one of them is on duty herding camels or standing watch the other must by custom be off duty.

The Chinese of all trades are fond of their jargon, their *hang-hua*, or talk of the craft. Camel pullers never talk of the exact number of camels a man owns. It is always a lien and a half, or two pa, or the nearest equivalent. Nor do they speak of 'losing' a camel when it dies or is abandoned on the march; it is always 'thrown away.' In the same way they have their own phrases for the journeys they make. The outward road to Mongolia or Chinese Turkestan is always 'up,' while the homeward journey is 'down.' On the road up a man must walk the whole distance (unless he rides a camel of his own), no matter how footsore or sick he may be, even if he is leading several unladen camels. The only test of sickness is the inability to eat. If a man cannot eat, he is put on a camel and tied there if necessary, until either he can eat or he dies. On the other hand, when the caravan is going down, the employer is bound to let each man ride a camel, even if the camels are heavily loaded or weak from exposure and hunger.

Once a veteran said the last word: 'I put all my money into land in the newly opened Country Behind the Hills, and my nephew farms it for me. My old woman is there, so two years ago, when they had the troubles on the Great Road and my legs hurt, I thought I would finish with it all — defile its mother! I thought I would sleep on a warm kang and gossip with the neighbors and maybe smoke a little opium, and not work hard any more. But I am not far from the road in my place, and after a while in the day and the night when I heard the bells of the lien-tze go by, *ting-lang, tang-lang*, there was a pain in my heart — *hsin-li nan-kuo.* So I said, "Dogs defile it! I will go back on the Gobi one more time and pull camels."'

These were the men who made me free of their tents and their talk, and whom I remember with a peculiar and intimate warmth. They are men of all nations, who feel the fascination of a life unequally divided between months of hardship and short days of riot and spending; but in the end it is the hardship that holds them. The Chinese, taking them as they come, are not like this. They frankly detest hard work. A large belly among them is an honorable thing, because it means that the owner of it does not swink for his living. I never met a Chinese outside of the caravans who was what we should call sentimental about his work. Camel pullers alone have a different spirit, a queer spirit.

SOCRATES UP TO DATE

A Dialogue Regarding Time

BY IRVIN H. MYERS

SOCRATES. What time is it, Crito?

CRITO. Seven twenty-three.

S. Somewhat later than I had thought. But, Crito, just what does 'Seven twenty-three' mean?

C. Why, it means seven hours and twenty-three minutes after noon.

S. Please do not think me fastidious; but just what are hours and minutes?

C. They are units of time, of course. A second is the smallest unit of time; sixty of these seconds make a minute, and sixty minutes make an hour. But you know this as well as I.

S. Very true; but what is this that you call 'time'?

C. Well, it is hard to say just what it is, but I have a sensation of events having transpired in the past, of events taking place now, — our conversation, for instance, — and of events we anticipate will occur in the future.

S. May we be sure that time is an actuality, a positive thing?

C. Why, certainly. Nothing could be more apparent. It is as real as our existence. If time were obliterated, our existence would go with it. We recall many things which took place in the past, we know what is going on now, and we live in hope and anticipation of the future, not only referring to our earthly existence, but to a future life after death.

S. So it seems, but I am wondering. We speak of time as being past, future, and present. We say the future precedes the present and the past follows it — or is it the other way, the past precedes the present? If we conceive of time as something passing by us and bringing along with it our experiences, then the future must be ahead and therefore precede the present. But if we think of ourselves as passing along through time, we should pass the past first, the present next, and the future last. No; that cannot be, for the past would not be past until we had experienced the event it relates to, and this experience would always have to be in the present; and it is certain we could never pass the future. It would seem to be more convenient in thought to think of time passing by us, which would place the future at the head though somewhere behind us, so to speak, thereby making the event to which the time relates successively future as it is coming, present as it is being experienced, and past after experienced. What do you consider the present to be?

C. Socrates, you are laying a foundation with which to trip me, as usual; but, with all your reason and analysis, we surely must depend on our consciousness in such matters. Our conversation is of the present; you and I are talking together *now;* in short, now is the present.

S. That we may understand each other: Your utterance of the last word 'present' — would it be proper to say

that that event is now one of the past?

C. Strictly speaking, of course, that utterance is a past event, as is the last word that is leaving my lips at each instant; but I conceive of the present in a more general practical sense.

S. If we would be scientific we must be exact, or 'strict,' as you say. If you depend on a 'general' conception, where will you draw the line?

C. That, of course, presents a difficulty. Where would you draw the line?

S. When we attempt to note in consciousness where the future leaves off and the past begins, we are lost in confusion. We seem unable to come to any certain conclusion as to how long the present endures; closely analyzed, it seems to be a dividing line only, and one that has no breadth; the instant we experience anything it is of the past; is that not true?

C. It seems that way. Proceed.

S. Crito, would you say that the future, filled with events that have not occurred as yet, has a positive existence now? Or that an event that took place, say, a thousand years ago has as such a positive existence now?

C. No; I suppose not.

S. If the future and the past are positive, absolute facts or entities, then the present is squeezed out of existence. But without a present we can have no existence, since we certainly live neither in the past nor in the future. But, as you said, there must be a present. Therefore all is present. What say you?

C. Socrates, my head is in a whirl, and I cannot answer you logically; but surely there is a future, a present, a past.

S. Let us pursue another course and compare results. What do we know about time? You said we are conscious of it. Do you mean that we intellectually feel its existence? If so, our feelings are very unreliable, as I will show you. Suppose throughout the *same* hour Phædo is engaged in something exceedingly interesting to him, such as a game of chess, and Lysis is waiting anxiously for some delayed event. If they have no other means of marking time than their respective feelings, would the hour be long or short to Phædo?

C. Undoubtedly it would be short.

S. Would it be long or short to Lysis?

C. Long.

S. It would be long to one and short to the other? How could that be?

C. Well, of course, the actual time would be the same; the difference you have brought out would be a difference merely in the feelings and sensations of the two under the different conditions of mind. I will have to concede that our sensations regarding time are not always reliable.

S. Then, from the standpoint of sensation, either there is no such thing as time as an absolute entity independent of human existence, or it varies with different individuals, an acceptance of which latter proposition makes it a nonentity.

C. I cannot accept or refute your conclusions on the spur of the moment; but go on — your analysis is interesting.

S. What do we mean by 'the same hour'? What is an hour? You have just said it is a unit of time. How can we measure or conceive of it, since the senses are so unreliable? You will answer that it is the time required for the minute hand of a clock to make one revolution of the dial. But if with my finger I move the minute hand once around the dial, does that make an hour?

C. Of course not; no one would claim such a thing.

S. The speed of the movement of the minute hand must be uniform and consistent with some standard to which

all clocks conform. What we call time, then, according to this line of reasoning, appears to be merely a phenomenon of motion, or involves some relationship to it. We measure it in terms of motion and extension; that is, a material object, the minute hand, has moved at a given uniform rate of speed a given distance. This method of measurement and that of feeling are the only ones we know of. Motion is not time any more than time is motion; neither is extension (space) time, nor time extension. And how can it be a combination of two essentially different things, motion and extension? If we say, then, that time as we commonly think of it has no existence as an entity independent of human experience, because motion and extension are not combinable to create a third distinct thing, have we not arrived at our first conclusion, that there is no time, except that all is present?

C. Have it your own way as matter of logic. I hold to my first conclusion as to time.

S. Though taking different courses or paths of research, you will admit that we end at the same point?

C. Yes, logically.

S. Your difficulty is that, so firmly founded is the thought in us that time is a distinct entity, and that it has three parts, past, present, and future, which are separable from each other, it is impossible to accept the logically derived conclusions. Acceptance of this conclusion, however, does not in the slightest degree require a change in the condition of things or a belief in such a change.

C. Pardon my interruption, but if your conclusion is true, doing away with time as you propose to do would establish in man a fountain of perennial youth, since no one would ever grow old. If there be no time, all being present, how are we to account for old age, or do you deny the existence of such a condition as old age?

S. I do not deny the condition at all. Old age is readily accounted for and in a way consistent with my proposition, if you stop to think what it is. Old age is a phenomenon of *change* — just that and nothing else. When we observe wrinkles in a person's face, we say, 'Old age.' If a person of twenty from some unnatural cause has gray hair, a wrinkled face, and a halting step, judging appearance only, we say, 'Old age.' If a garment becomes faded, we say, 'Old age.' But looking at a recently mounted diamond in a jeweler's show case, though it may have been worn by the Queen of Sheba, would you think, 'Old age'? Did you ever hear of an *old* diamond, or a second-hand one, being offered for sale? No; it would be new because it would reveal no evidence of change.

C. I had never thought of it in that light. Nevertheless, the diamond — or any diamond, for that matter — would be old.

S. Let me try to make my proposition clearer by elaborating on the thought of a series or order. We have been taught to arrange the letters of our alphabet in a series beginning with *A* and ending with *Z*. Repeating the alphabet, it is a fact that when we have said *Z* we have already said *A*. Which is the older, *A* or *Z?* The letter *A* was repeated before the letter *Z*, but it is on that account no older than *Z*. The letter *A* simply appeared *in the order of conscious repetition* of the letters in advance of *Z*. Now to apply the illustration: Under normal conditions a smooth face, dark hair, and elastic step appear in advance of a wrinkled face, gray hair, and unsteady step in the same individual. We do not know why, but they do. Buying our fabrics at the store, the brightly colored state of the fabric appeared first, and its

faded condition afterward; but to the manufacturer who saw the fabric before it was dyed, what was the equivalent of the faded state appeared first, and to him the brightly colored state followed, thus making the bright colors an indication of age, at least to that extent. Were it natural to be born gray-haired and wrinkled, and later at the close of one's earthly career to acquire a smooth skin and dark hair, then what we now deem evidence of youth would be evidence of old age, and vice versa. Here it becomes quite plain that time or age is only a matter of the *direction* of the process of *change*.

Language throws considerable light on the proposition. Observe the use of the word 'long' in such expressions as 'ere long,' 'before long,' 'not long,' 'a long while,' and so forth. The word 'long' primarily means a matter of distance — that is, *extension*. Again, note such expressions as 'time passes swiftly' or 'slowly,' 'time flies' or 'drags,' and so forth. These are all terms of *motion*. Can you describe any feature of time concretely in other than terms of extension or motion?

C. Well, we say, 'He had a hard time,' or 'We had a good time' — but these expressions do not relate to time itself, but rather to a prolonged event or occasion. No, I can think of no other form of expression descriptive of time; but are these not mere figures of speech?

S. Consider the subject practically, then. Traveling from Chicago to New York via Detroit, if there were no delay whatever at Detroit, you would find by the time-tables and clocks used by the citizens of Windsor that you had been an hour and some minutes getting to Windsor, though the train had been moving at a very high rate of speed and the distance is but a few miles. Comparing your watch with Windsor clocks, you would find it an hour slow. Remaining east of Detroit all the rest of your life, that hour would always be lost and you would always be an hour older than you would have been had you remained in Chicago, because your birthday would always come an hour sooner. The basic reason for this anomalous situation is the physical fact that your body had been moving faster than the earth had revolved, and to make up the difference your time indicator (watch) has to be advanced to the extent of one revolution of the minute hand for each fifteen degrees of longitude traversed.

If you were aboard ship on the Pacific Ocean, passing east near the equator, and touched at a port on the Fiji Islands, and were to go to the Samoan Islands by airplane in three hours, leaving on Saturday at noon, on alighting you would find by the calendars and clocks of the latter islands that it was Sunday, three o'clock P.M. The reason for this is that, in passing around the earth from west to east, a *day* of time instead of an hour is lost, because the traveler makes one more revolution than the earth does. It is not necessary that the particular traveler should have circumnavigated the globe, but there has to be a place fixed where this discrepancy of time between what the clock indicates and the physical fact of the earth's revolution can be corrected.

C. True enough as far as you go, and these facts give plausibility to your argument, but the actual fact of time remains constant. Explain to me how a week or a month could be lost.

S. Weeks and months represent merely numerical propositions, a sum of days or a fraction of a year. By circumnavigating the earth seven times traveling east, you would have lost a week, and thirty or thirty-one times would lose you a month. Suppose there existed a planet similar to our earth

and equally habitable by human beings, and that, traveling in an orbit just inside the earth's, it circumscribed the sun in half the time the earth does, but revolved on its axis twice as fast, so that it revolved 365 times during that time, and that its axis was similarly inclined to the plane of its orbit, thereby producing the corresponding seasons of the year. With such a condition existing, suppose on January 1, 1928, our time, I embarked on this other planet, and I found its inhabitants keeping time as we do, the clock's hour hand making two revolutions with each revolution of the planet on its axis, producing a day and a night. If I kept my watch going just as it did on earth and it kept perfect time, and I marked a calendar according to the movement of my watch, then on July 1, 1928, I should be at the same point on the orbit as when I made the change, and it would be midwinter again on this other planet, its spring, summer, autumn, and the first month of winter having passed over my head. The inhabitants surrounding me would be six months older than I according to their reckoning of time, for with them it would be January 1, 1929. Suppose I adopted their time, then when this planet had traversed the orbit again it would be January 1, 1930, their time; and if I had some instant means of communicating with my friends on earth, which would then be at the same point on the orbit, my communication would be dated January 1, 1930, and their answer January 1, 1929. Would this not be the case?

C. Socrates, you make me dizzy with your suppositions, but I suppose such would be the case.

S. Bear with me for one other supposition. Suppose this other planet to which I had transferred revolved but once on its axis during the year, and I was living on the side facing the sun. Then during its two traversings of the orbit, at the end of which it would meet earth at the point where I had left it, no time would have passed at all for me if I had calculated time in accordance with daylight; and on returning to earth it would be to me January 1, 1928, would it not?

C. Yes, I suppose so. But if a difference of one year could be discerned precisely by the appearance of the face as the perennial rings in the growth of a tree can be numbered, you would in fact and in appearance be exactly one year older.

S. Crito, I see you are incorrigible and a slave to the conventions of thought under which you live, and will not take the impersonal objective attitude in such discussions. If, as you say, one's age could be discerned to exactness by the appearance of the face, it would be a matter of the *change* in the appearance, just as I said at the outset. And this change, O Crito, would be the result of the molecular or chemical changes or transformations going on in the structure and functionings of the body. If those changes were twice as fast on this other planet while it was revolving 365 times in its year, thus being in keeping with its physical motion and changes, I should in the first instance, in conformity with your test, have been a year older than a friend born the same day I was, but who remained on earth. And if there were no molecular changes in my body in the case where it was daylight during the two encirclings of the sun, I should be a year younger than my friend. If these molecular changes of the body took place twice as fast on earth as they do, then, other things being equal, we should be old and decrepit at forty instead of eighty years of age.

Thus it becomes apparent, to me at least, that time considered in hours, days, weeks, months, years, is found to

be wholly based on the mechanical fact of the rotation of the earth upon its axis and around the sun. Or, if considered in that inexact indefinite way as we do in contemplation of the age of things and persons based on appearance, time is wholly an effect of molecular (chemical) motion or activity, its degree, extent, or speed in any particular case being measured by the deterioration or disintegration (aging) that has taken place as compared with a newly produced object.

Time, then, is a nonentity so far as the external objective impersonal world and universe is concerned; a thousand years is as a day, or a day as a thousand years; considered in the light of sense testimony, time is purely subjective or relative. Therefore, O Crito, there is no such thing as time. We live in the eternal now.

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

I

THE New York playgoer, in general, does not have to leave Manhattan to enjoy the best of the world's theatre. Instead, it comes to him, along with a hundred thousand commodities, from the four corners of the earth, and he has only to take a taxi or a subway to annihilate geography and make the latest play of London, Paris, Berlin, or Budapest his own. Though there may be a German stove in the corner instead of a gilded radiator, though the leading lady may be called Jacqueline or Hedda instead of Mary or Jane, and the characters may be quaffing schnapps instead of gin, or dancing the fandango instead of the Charleston, all the 'ja wohls,' 'mon Dieus,' and 'nichevos' in the world cannot prevent him from entering into the spirit of the play or production, if it has any, and identifying himself with it. In other words, even the most foreign of foreign plays or companies is hardly ever an absolute alien that refuses to be naturalized in terms of emotions which the New Yorker can share and understand. Beneath all externals of dialogue, costuming, or *mise en scène*, he knows there are certain fundamental verities in characterization or plotting which conquer the sympathies or interest of theatregoers the world over; it is for these that he looks, and by these that all national frontiers are destroyed and the theatre established as a universal art.

There is one kind of theatre, however, that is beyond the reach of local taxis, that could never quite survive transplanting, and that must be seen in its native setting to be understood — in short, that strangely chaotic, hysterical, naïve, and crudely vital theatre which has invaded and conquered the playhouses of Moscow and Leningrad during the first eleven years of Soviet rule in Russia. Here is a very special kind of theatre that knows no parallel in the world to-day. It is, of course, the theatre of the Revolution, belonging to the proletarians, nurtured by the proteculls, and indigenous to the emotions

and the moment in Moscow. In these respects, as in many others, it is unique even among its many distinguished Russian predecessors. The Moscow Art Theatre, in which bourgeois realism rose to unequaled heights of perfection; the Musical Studio, with its tingling stylizations of *Lysistrata* and *Carmencita;* the Habima, in which the religious ecstasy of a Hebrew company gave a strange and stirring quality to its performances; and Balieff, with the rippling gayety of his *Chauve-Souris* that was so reminiscent of the old régime, have crossed the Atlantic and been understood. But the vivid propagandist theatre of the Revolution needs the shadows of the Kremlin and the flaming banners of Moscow's Comintern, or Leningrad's bleeding memories of October, before its voice can roar with the thunder of complete authority.

The productions of the new theatre of Communist Russia, which are recorded in the State Bakhrushin Theatre Museum and which are actually to be seen in Moscow at Meyerhold's Theatre, the Theatre of the Revolution, the Satiric Theatre, the playhouses in the parks, the workingmen's clubs, and which have even forced their way in a modified form on to the stages of the Moscow Art Theatre, the Musical Studio, and Tairov's Kamerny Theatre, are phenomena, isolated in aim and method from all other productions the contemporary theatre offers. All of them bear in some degree the stamp of Vsevolod Meyerhold's personality, for he is the 'Citizens' Artist' who plays in the revolutionary theatre the rôle Stanislavsky played in the realistic theatre. As a daring and violent innovator, and a tireless agitator, he has led his compatriots in dedicating the revolutionary theatre to the masses in those dirty, milling streets of Red Russia. It is so much a part of them, and they are so much a part of it, that it is almost impossible to tell where the drama of the streets leaves off and the drama of the playhouses begins.

It is the drama of the streets, however, and particularly of the streets of Moscow, which is an essential background to the shrill turbulence of the Soviet theatres. It is Moscow, mouldering, Asiatic, and mud-splashed, with its glittering star-spangled onion domes, the blues and reds and faded yellows of its old buildings, and the dull gray masses or fresh white horizontal planes of the recent structures of the machine age, that is the scenery which is always present in the minds of the men and women who meet in the playhouses to look at the bare brick walls of the stages which scowl at them from behind the zigzag outlines of Constructivist settings. It is Moscow, awakened from a slumbering past, half conscious of an uncomfortable present, and dreamily idealizing a difficult future, that is the heart and head of all that is happening throughout the vast stretches of the U. S. S. R. — a city quivering with a mysterious and exciting vitality that somehow surges upward through all its dreary ugliness, stern, relentless, and triumphant.

II

For melodramatic contrasts Moscow is without an equal. The most flagrant of these is, of course, the ever-present paradox of a crumbling, malodorous Oriental capital, at least two hundred years behind the rest of the world when judged by all the usual tokens of enlightenment, boldly striking out to realize a Marxian utopia by methods no other nation would dare to try even if it wanted to. Other contrasts are to be found at every step — in the Royal Riding School, now used as a public garage; in the famous inscription, 'Religion is an opiate for the people,' which looks down on the little Iberian chapel,

ignored by the peasants, who continue to prostrate themselves before its ancient icon; and even in the coronation square of the Kremlin itself, which now resounds to the lusty choruses of passing squads of a Citizens' Army. These are but a few physical symbols, and minor ones at that, of the silent conflict the new Moscow is daily waging with its past. Even a revolution has not been able to readjust the solid stones of architecture to the needs of a new and totally different government. Accordingly, the Revolution seems still to be fought in the streets, waged now with a melancholy irony instead of shrapnel, between the old buildings and the new purposes they serve and the new people they house.

That it is a new people is affirmed by every minute spent in the streets, the stores, the hotels, restaurants, trams, and stations — a new people in command, as new to Moscow as they are to the rest of the world. It is when this drab proletarian army is seen, and then alone, that the propagandist theatre which feeds it becomes explicable. Surely Moscow affords no greater shock to the foreigner than his initial impact with its citizenry. For the first time the wholesale social change, and the sacrifices, following in the wake of the Revolution, of all those minor manifestations of comfort and luxury which we take for granted without ever stopping to consider how much they contribute to the dignity of everyday life, are made brutally clear. These men and women, though assembled from all corners of the Union, present, when first seen, fewer contrasts than the people of any other metropolis. In fact, in a city that is alive with every shading of variety, they alone are robbed of it. The color of individuality seems to have faded from them. The men, with their gray blouses and black boots and trousers, and the women, with their shawls and shapeless calicoes, fuse into a mighty, unified host of workers, almost as strictly uniformed as soldiers, and apparently as forced as they are to submerge their personalities beneath the clothing that is common to them all. It is only after several days of being one of them, when the eye is adjusted and the mind relaxed and the heart quickened to an imminent sense of something terrible and great in the air, that the foreigner is able to see the individuals hidden in the mobs.

They are the army of the downtrodden, now in command. To-day Moscow is their city, Russia their country, and the world their dream. They swarm over the city's full length, penetrate the chandeliered dining rooms of the best hotels, sit in the imperial boxes at the theatre, inhabit the houses of the fallen bourgeoisie, and spend their vacations in the rest camps made from the estates of the old nobility. If they are not equally rich, they are all equally poor. Their sad past has given most of them the patience and the courage to put up with the discomforts brought on by the Revolution, and enabled them to consider the present only an unavoidable period of transition and experiment. More backward than the laborers of any other country, held down through long centuries of serfdom and illiteracy, accustomed to few conveniences and no comforts, these new people have been able to bring but few of the requisites of living to their new liberty. They are a simple, grim, robust, and slightly bewildered horde, whose men are without vanity and whose women are without coquetry. They crowd the markets, the Soviet stores, and every inch of ancient Moscow, and their strong, bronzed peasant bodies gleam naked in the summer's sun on the bathing beaches by the brown water of the city's canals. The elegancies and

refinements which the former ruling classes demanded and enjoyed have slipped into oblivion. With the triumph of this particular proletariat style and beauty in a thousand minor forms, individual taste and all the by-products of sophistication have, temporarily at least, been blotted out.

For the most part, however, these new people seem happy and contented. Having once realized that the Revolution did not mean the end of all work, they are slowly waking to the new privileges within their reach. They have gone back to their daily jobs with a new sense of the importance of their labors. They haggle in the markets, wait patiently for the clerks in stores and banks alike to do their sums on the wooden balls of Chinese counting boards, and push forward good-naturedly in their crowded but efficient street cars. Their jawbones rotate with an almost American tempo as they chew sunflower seeds and spit out the shells wherever they happen to be. They can be seen clustering in front of the innumerable little booths on the sidewalks, or standing knee-deep in the forest of uncut grass which fringes the streets. Often they bounce over the cobblestones of the tortuous thoroughfares in their springless wagons — dead drunk, with their eyes glazed and their legs seeming to walk on air as they dangle over the sides. The luckier and more impetuous ones loll back on the filthy seats of droshkies that have not been cleaned since the war, their legs sprawled over the potato sacks they are carrying, or their arms clutched tightly around big-horn gramophones of a prehistoric vintage. Sometimes brutally unpleasant sights lurk around the corners. For Russians do not seem to want to hide their poverty or keep their diseases indoors in the manner of other people. They fight their way into the streets to die, and may at times be seen falling face downward in the slimy puddles, to shake convulsively with hemorrhages. Then, too, as they feel no shame because of poverty, their streets are cluttered with the festering beggars of the East. Occasionally, fierce, wild-eyed groups of those orphaned children of the Revolution, who take advantage of the summer's sun to roam about the country, are to be met with in Moscow, living in any improvised shelter that the sticks and stones of the streets may provide.

But on the whole the citizens of Moscow seem kindly, good-natured, and orderly, and are controlled by fewer policemen than the people of any other city of its size. The woeful overcrowding of their living quarters, which the sudden increase of Moscow's population has demanded, is not the terrible hardship it would be to a people less accustomed to being overcrowded. Though as many as eight families may be quartered in a single flat, cooking on little coal-oil stoves in a common hallway, and carrying their foodstuffs back to their rooms after each meal for fear of theft, the people know that they are living where they could not have lived before, and hope that, as soon as the sorely harassed government can afford it, new buildings will be built to take care of them. Even if they are suffering, they feel their suffering is in a good cause. For, when all is said and done, is not Karl Marx in his heaven and all right with the world? And, in any event, their government has not deprived them of vodka, and they can seek a welcome forgetfulness in the rationed quota they are allowed each day.

What their life lacks in those incidentals that are imperative to our happiness is apparently small cause of complaint to them. They do not miss what they have never had, nor are they far enough along in education or prosperity to have been fully tested

by their dearth of comforts. Even their lack of liberty under the iron dictatorship of the new régime must seem to the toilers of Moscow an advance on what is in the background of their experience. It is, at any rate, a government that proudly proclaims it is of and for the working classes, and shows its good intentions in a thousand ways. Its rigid supervision, which to the world at large may seem only another form of Fascist coercion, cannot surprise a people who have been brought up on the old secret service, and to whom *lettres de cachet*, mysterious executions, and Siberia have been familiar as far back as they can remember. This government speaks as the people's organ, faces cruelly difficult times, and has the perpetual alibi of continuing what is virtually a period of martial law until it is strong enough to encourage or tolerate an opposition.

III

The real victims of the new régime have, of course, been wiped out by death or exile or forced into a voiceless retirement. Those who remain and crowd the streets of Moscow cannot have suffered by the adoption of Communism. Having for so long been property themselves, they were peculiarly susceptible to the idea of eradicating everything for which it stood. Even its perquisites have come to symbolize for them all the vices of the bourgeoisie and capitalism. This new citizenry, ignored and despised by the old government, has suddenly found itself courted by the new one, and taught to believe, in theory at least, that it is itself the government. And it is in that other side of the picture, the side which deals not with the people but with what is being done to them, that the second explanation of the revolutionary theatre lies.

No authorities could have been quicker to utilize every means at their command to win support and keep their constituents enflamed than the Soviets. They have watched and edited the public press with a jealous, all-seeing eye. They have sent out special exhibition trains to teach the peasants, opened a Museum of the Revolution in every major city, and a Red Corner or a Lenin Room in almost every public building. Under them has been sponsored and organized a network of clubs and unions, which are an informal and invaluable means of instructing the people as well as feeling their pulse. Inspired by what amounts to genius, they have left the worst relics of Tsarism — the ugliest statues and the most hideously furnished palaces — intact as a visual plea against the bad taste of kings. In many of Moscow's largest squares they have set up radios to bark out the news of the day to illiterates in the voice and phrases of the government. They have suppressed all forms of opposition, and watched the frontiers for dangerous literature which might mislead their people. Nor have they forgotten the youth of the country, because they are wise enough to see that the real test of Sovietism will come with the next generation and prosperity. Accordingly they have organized the children as militantly as Mussolini has in Italy, and taken every precaution to train them in the new order. By fostering a particularly telling form of the poster art, and instigating innumerable pageants to celebrate the triumphs of October, they have, in short, fed the people on every conceivable form of propaganda ever since the fall of Kerensky's provisional government. It was inevitable that a government which is in advance of every other government in its scientific mastery of the art of propaganda should sooner or later realize the importance of the motion pictures and the stage as instruments of propaganda. That the Soviet Union

perceived their extraordinary value from the beginning is both a credit to its perspicacity and an explanation of what the last eleven years have meant to the Russian theatre.

Faced, first of all, with the tantamount problem of winning the public, then of unifying and controlling it, and finally of keeping it stirred to a constant pitch of dedication and excitement, the government has found the theatre a meeting place ideally suited to its needs. Here was a forum where all the usual rigmarole of a political meeting — the facts, statistics, and appeals to the reason of a backward people — could be dispensed with, a rostrum from which the authorities could reach out with the utmost directness and touch the emotions of their voters.

The government knew, as all theatre people know, that an audience does not meet to exercise its logic, to heckle or interrupt. It assembles not to tell but to be told, not to debate but to hear a story. The more unsophisticated it is as an audience, the more it wants its thinking done for it, and the more it craves its villains painted in bold, broad, unmistakable strokes. It is not concerned with whether the cards are stacked or not. In fact, when they are stacked against a common enemy, — whether Punch in the *guignols* of the Parisian boulevards or the 'Huns' in an American war play, — the audience enjoys itself all the more, because it then feels that its secret emotions of cruelty and hatred not only can be released, but are being publicly condoned and justified. If an audience is at all times at the mercy of its theatre, asking only to be amused or moved or interested, it is in any time of public upheaval particularly easy prey. When the bands are playing, the flags waving, and common foes are introduced upon the stage, and playwrights and managers turn the theatres into but ill-disguised recruiting stations, then an audience is receptivity itself.

In Russia there has been, and is, so much drama being acted outside of the playhouses, and drama in which the public plays a prominent and heroic part, that the audience is half conquered from the theatre point of view even before it enters the auditorium. Particularly in Moscow and Leningrad, where the spirit of revolt fermented into decisive action, audiences bring an emotion to the plays they are given which is already strong enough to put flesh and blood upon the skeleton of any drama they may be asked to see. Their theatre is not a world apart, where they can forget themselves. They have not as yet been granted any productions devised purely for the recreation of tired revolutionists. During the eleven years of the Soviet régime they have been asked to remember themselves and hate their enemies, to be aware of this present which is theirs and prepared for the future to which it may lead. Such, in fact, is their momentary fervor that the merest mention of Lenin's name by a captured American soldier in such a play as *The Armored Car* can arouse an audience to a pitch of enthusiasm that a big scene, built up to by a whole act of steady preparation, could not equal in the theatres of other countries. Hence it is that the foreigner, unless he has some personal inkling of what these last eleven years have meant to the workers of Russia, and has actually seen them in the grip of their new ideas and fresh surroundings, is often both puzzled and unmoved by what is obviously most affecting in their productions. The emotions of the Soviets are fired not half so much by the technique of their dramatists as by the preparation of their politics. For theirs is a uniquely local and topical theatre, which belongs to and exists for the new people

of the new Russia. Without them it would fall on deaf ears, for they are its only consideration. As a result, it is the details of their daily life, the events of proletarian history which they have shaped, the wickedness of those who have oppressed them or who are now opposing them, that are the incessant subjects of their plays.

IV

The Soviet Government, and the more radical theatre agitators, have not stopped here. Nor have their instructions ended with the strains of the *Internationale* or with splashing the old régime with mud. They have had positive theories to spread and new ideals to preach. And these are linked up heart and soul with the focusing of the new order and the character of the new theatre. Holding the individual in but slight esteem, and trying to persuade him that the 'mass soul' should be substituted for religions which hope to save the individual soul, the authorities have devoted their stages to spreading the doctrines of the 'superpersonal' and the idea of 'collective man.' Even Meyerhold, the greatest of the modern Russian theatrical insurgents, is quoted by Herr Fülöp-Miller as saying that the purpose of the stage is to organize the mass collectively, and that the principles of the propagandist theatre are 'in entire conformity with those of Marxism, because they try to emphasize the elements which make prominent what is common to all men, the *unindividual*.' With such an ideal, it is not strange that phrases like 'little rickety ego,' 'worthless soul junk,' and 'cracking the old nuts of psychological riddles' should be freely used against the realistic theatre to which we, and the world at large, are accustomed. Nor is it odd that, in the place of our dramas which revolve around the particularized love of one Jack for his Jill, and which are acted in one drawing-room or kitchen, a new type of play should evolve, set in a new manner.

Certainly it is not odd when the social background of this propagandist theatre is remembered. And it seems almost inescapable when that background is coupled with the managerial problems faced by the insurgent directors. Theirs has been a task which not only involved persuasion, but which also had to find means of persuasion that would appeal to their new public. Their public was, to a large extent, as new to the theatre as it was unaccustomed to holding the reins of power. Since the Soviet authorities were inciting the people to a deep detestation of everything for which the bourgeoisie had stood, all the bourgeois interiors that had been an integral part of the old realistic theatres were denied them. The old methods could only arouse either a sentimental or a jealous curiosity concerning the comforts of the old régime. Moreover, on those who had not lived in bourgeois interiors, the labor of reproducing them meticulously in the theatre would have been wasted, as their details would have lost their claims to recognition and hence to realism. This new public had the same right that the old public had exercised, of seeing their plays set in a setting which had its roots in their everyday experience.

Accordingly, as a final burning of all bridges that might possibly connect the present with the past, and as a bold glorification of the machines of the industrial age which was at hand, the so-called Constructivist settings of the revolutionary theatre came into being. They had, as things most generally do have that are the product of necessity, both logic and meaning behind them. The Constructivists waged a rebellious war on beauty, as the Western theatre

understands it, and dedicated themselves to the gaunt ribs and bare platforms of functionalism. On their stages at any rate, as they could not possibly hope to do with the old buildings of Moscow and Leningrad, the Soviets were able to raise structures which caught the spirit of the present and the mood of labor. Instead of aiming to use the stage as a camera by which elaborate interiors could be photographed and 'the fourth wall' removed for the delectation of this public that knew nothing about the other three walls, the radical designers sought the laths and beams and whirring wheels of the machinery which was the ideal of the new proletarian State. Looking westward to New York, as the supreme achievement of mechanization, they found in the red steel ribs of its unfinished skyscrapers a basis for the physical aspect of their workingmen's theatre. Paint and canvas and all the pretty knickknacks of realism were relegated to the dustbin, and the decorative was left 'to the secessionists and the Vienna and Munich restaurants.' The cry of the industrial present, which was to prove to the workingman the dignity of being one of many, working at machines for the good of all, was for the sternly practical. The ornamental was despised for its past, and hated as the flowering of a decadent and acquisitive idleness. In its place, the crude, sweaty tools and outlines of the factories were reared upon the propagandist stages, symbolizing the present, and encouraging backward Russia to take its place among the industrial nations of the earth.

With their levels and platforms, elevators and whirling circles within circles, and their vehement avoidance of reality, these new settings — whether they were Constructivist in the most literal meaning of the word, or whether they were influenced only by its spirit — quite naturally revolutionized all the arts of the theatre they served. The old conception of the representational theatre was banished as a relic of the past, or permitted to continue, as in the case of the Moscow Art Theatre, out of reverence and love, in an eddy apart from, and generally untouched by, the mad current of reform. In its place a new ideal was introduced, the ideal of the 'theatre theatrical.' By that Meyerhold and his disciples meant simply a theatre which was proud to confess at all times and in all ways that it was a theatre, which never devoted itself to being a slavish imitation of life, and which withheld no secrets from its audiences. When the Russian radicals broke with realism and put their theories into practice, instead of turning to the wagon, sinking, or revolving stages of the Germans, or any of the other contraptions devised to create illusion, they cleared their stages of machines, because the new Constructivist settings were in themselves machines which had the additional merit of functioning in full view of the spectators. Nor did the revolutionists, when their theatre was performing such a definite social service, seek the abstract forms of beauty sought by the Expressionists of post-war Europe and America. Though the new directors shared with the Expressionists the conviction that realism had had its day, they had a different substitute in mind, intended for a different audience. As proletarians these *régisseurs* wanted to share their back stages collectively with their proletarian audiences.

Accordingly, Meyerhold and his followers came to regard the front curtain of their theatres as a symbol of the old-fashioned 'peep show' theatre, and allowed their audiences to take their seats facing a stage already set in the image of their own factory life. Nor did they allow the curtain to be lowered between the acts, or make any such concessions

to a habit of the past that was foreign to their present purpose. If there were changes of scene to make, the directors sent their sceneshifters on in overalls to rearrange the setting and show that workingmen were assisting in the performance. And, as directors of a propagandist theatre that worshiped all that was practical, they left the brick walls of the back stage bare and undecorated behind their settings as a final tribute to functionalism. Believing as they did, and do, in the glorification of the practical, they were proud to grant the naked bricks of the back stage a dignity which the realistic theatre had consistently denied them.

On such a stage and in such a theatre, it was inevitable that the actor should have to make violent readjustments. Certainly a theatre dedicated to the 'unindividual' must have cost the old-time performers untold difficulties, to say nothing of humiliations. In the theatre the world over, the actor, whether he is encouraged to believe it or not, considers his task the supreme expression of his individuality. His justification is a more than logical one, because he, of all artists, has only himself and his own body to use as his medium of expression. In the Soviet theatre he was asked to forget almost everything he knew and lived by and try to become merely a member of the masses, acting very often in overalls. His ears, not to mention his pride, must have been considerably stunned by such a phrase as that of Meyerhold's in which the actor was told that he was no longer a star, acting for his own aggrandizement, but 'an instrument for social manifestoes.' Furthermore, he was informed that to survive he must feel himself a vital part of the new society and the new stage. If he was accustomed to the easy-chairs and ash trays of the old methods, Constructivism must have come as an unwelcome innovation. Its perilous levels not only violated all the old rules of 'centre stage' and controlling a scene, but demanded an entirely new style of acting. Often he was told that to catch the new rhythms he must forget himself and become an acrobat among acrobats. He, too, must serve the machines and perfect himself in the dynamic movements that are known in Russia as 'biomechanics.' The cultivation of his body was what he owed to society, and the subjugation of his individuality was what he owed to the stage. He could no longer indulge even in the pleasant details of veraciously observed character acting, in which Russian actors had always excelled with particular distinction. For the dizzy structure behind him, he must find a new, broad, unreal, exaggerated, posteresque enlargement adapted to it. He must excel at 'grotesques,' caricature, horseplay, and violent, stirring movement, and, as a member of the masses, devote himself to serving them.

V

As a theatre without a precedent, its form has been restricted by none of those inhibitions which are commonly known as conventions. Its playwrights, as well as its directors, have felt free, in blazing a trail, to choose any materials or combinations of materials so long as they have their proper effect upon a proletarian audience. The playwrights, like the actors, found their profession reoriented. Everything they remembered in the dramatic practice of their own or other literatures they were asked to forget. Speaking to a new audience, they had to aim at an untried and different denominator of the intellect as well as of the emotion. Their chambermaids and butlers, and all the hoary devices they had relied on to oil the genteel drama of the past, were proscribed. In a world where everyone was of one class, where titles were done

away with and officials hailed waiters as comrades, there was no longer any justification for presenting on the stage menials who had nothing better to do than to talk conveniently about their master's business. That favorite pastime of 'bourgeois' playwrights, of using a microscope to study the sufferings of small and great souls, was also listed as the supercargo of the past. 'Soul junk' and 'rickety ego' hurt the dramatists' inherited subject matter as much as it wounded the actors' pride, because, with the glorification of the 'unindividual,' the playwrights were suddenly forced to forget particularized characters for bluntly outlined types. All their painfully learned tricks of creating illusion, their 'cover scenes,' delayed climaxes, and the rest, were swept aside with one decisive gesture by the lightning tempo and physical differences of the new methods. What must have been most difficult of all, however, was that these propagandist playwrights found they could no longer flirt with the theories of futility which had been the mainstay of Russian dramatists for several generations. In the place of the 'Russian soul,' the unhappy Annas and Fedyas whose despairing inertia had sent them slowly to a suicide's grave, they were asked to put the 'mass soul' of victorious workers and sing the joys of collective man. Their audiences were not any more concerned with refinements inside the theatre than outside, and did not want their problems or their emotions obscured by any of the ambushes so sacred to gentility. They wanted them raw and tingling, outspoken and obvious.

Outside of the playhouses, the workingman found that his old religion and all of its glamorous superstitions were being discouraged. He was being told that the faith in which he had been reared was his enemy, an opiate for his mind and a foe to the government of which he was a part. He had even seen several of his most holy cathedrals closed as houses of God and reopened as people's museums. He could observe, too, in the hundreds of churches the government did not close, the empty frames from which sacred icons that contained stones or metals of any value had been taken by the authorities as a means of saving Soviet Russia in the darkest hours of its public credit. Though he knew his government stood in theory for religious toleration, he was given to understand that an age of reason was at hand. He was encouraged — as an act of reason — to worship the machines, which would bring him immediate well-being, rather than the holy images, which could offer him no practical benefits. But whether the churches or the machines were to be an outlet for his ecstasy and superstition had but little to do with the fact that he was both superstitious and ecstatic by temperament. No legislative act could rob him of that part of his being he had known as his 'soul.' No one was more aware of this than the authorities, or more aware that a people trained to being onlookers at processions of a visual splendor the modern world has rarely equaled could not suddenly be deprived of their ceremonies and their ritual and remain contented. With uncanny wisdom, the authorities did not try to change the spirit of the worker's heart, but to divert it into a new outlet. They opened the doors to the playhouses at the lowest possible cost that a generous official subsidy would permit, and allowed the workingman to carry into the theatre something of the fervor he had brought to his churches. They designed the new productions to satisfy this among other needs, and in Karl Marx and Lenin they provided him with the real gods of the moment of emancipation, even though by doing so they seemed to contradict their

theory of the 'unindividual.' In short, in an age that was turbulently alive to the excitements of liberty, they gave the people a theatre that was, in its last analysis, only a High Mass sung to the spirit of revolution.

To satisfy this new need, the playwrights sought constantly to keep the fervor of victory alive and achieve an ecstasy worthy of a paradise that was being realized on earth for the first time. They forgot style and all the usual embellishments of language, and took the heart of the common people as their target. In words as simple and unornamented as Lenin's own, they reached out for the new public before them, employing catchwords of the moment to excellent advantage, and drumming in their points by effective repetition. The themes of their plays became journalistic and topical. They wrote government editorials in the form of headlines and told them with the relentless visualization of the tabloids. Where they were afraid a point might pass unnoticed, they set up a silver screen above their stages and ran ringing shibboleths upon it to accompany the action. The present was, quite naturally, their province, the present of the proletariat, as *The Wheels Are Turning*, *Mandate*, *Soufflé*, and any number of their dramas prove. They were, however, also allowed to make excursions into the past, but they looked backward only to fortify and justify the present. If they revived a classic, such as in *The Inspector General*, in their most revolutionary theatres, they felt at liberty to alter its text and meaning to suit their aims. To them history was, and is, a mine rich in the ores of Tsarist villainies or glorious with the misfortunes of early revolutionists, as is indicated by *1881*, *The Decembrists*, and *The Plot of the Empress* (the last Tsarina, of course, and Rasputin).

When not concerned with history, or Soviet uprisings, or the wonders of Communism, or the need of sports, the playwrights have been permitted to graze elsewhere to find illustrations of the downtrodden whom Soviet Russia may save. American and English capitalists were villains ready-made to fit their needs, and they were introduced upon the stage as drooling fools whose hearts were as black as the records of their past, as *D. E.* (*The Destruction of Europe*) and *Roar China* testify. Even in the old Imperial Opera House in Moscow, now owned and operated by the State, the voice of the Soviet raises itself above the clamor of the orchestra, and a new opera, like *The Red Poppy*, shows a Russian crew come to the defense of some oppressed coolies and ends with the waving of the red flag. And often, too, when the playwrights invite the proletarians to wander from their local problems, they show them the proletarians of other countries shaking off the shackles of capitalistic bondage. The hope of a world uprising of the masses is kept steadily before them, because the radical directors have realized with Lenin that 'one must have something to dream of.'

Outside of the regular propagandist theatres, such as Meyerhold's or the Theatre of the Revolution, the work of flag waving and propagandizing goes on with the same insistency. Though Tairov and Stanislavsky may hold back from its most violent forms of expression, its methods spill over into a thousand different outlets. Especially in the workingmen's clubs and unions, which operate even in farthest Siberia, the theatre is the servant of the new State. In the Blue Blouse performances of the clubs it takes the pleasant form of amateur vaudeville, and includes sports numbers, timely songs, playlets, humorous speeches, and unavoidable jingles at the expense of Chamberlain — who, by the way, is not only a favorite

joke of the Russians, but is also the symbol of European capitalism, shot at in the shooting galleries and burned in effigy in the streets. Or propaganda lifts its head in the thin disguise of *Living Newspapers,* those pointed charades that the government has found so effective in relaying to illiterate groups its own version of the day's news.

VI

It is slight wonder, therefore, that this propagandist theatre should be linked inseparably with the present in Russia, and particularly with all that Moscow stands for as its capital. By its own intention it is not an artist's theatre, and admits no art that exists by and of itself. Its directors have willfully snatched the theatre out of the hazy limbo of the impractical and the purely entertaining, and forced it into the harness of public service. They have made a 'house organ' of it, and as such it can no more make a serious claim to being art, in our sense of the word or in its usual æsthetic implication, than can a government pamphlet on horse breeding. It is to the theatre, as we understand it, what a Chautauqua is to Shakespeare, what sky writing is to poetry, or what a poster is to a painting. Like the poster, it does not pretend that its beauty is its reason for being. Speaking to the majority, it proscribes all the subtleties that might appeal to the minority. Accordingly it puts a ban on genius and a premium on ingenuity. It is the paradise of the opportunist, of the man who is one step ahead of the streets to-day and two steps behind the theatre of next month. It has no time to think of posterity, and hardly enough time to keep up with the present. It is the loud speaker of the masses, and is therefore bound to be more conscious of its public than any New York manager has ever been of his box office. It produces what the government wants the people to want in such a way that they are forced to want it.

Crude, infantile, noisy, obstreperous, cheap, confused, and formless as it is, it has, however, a thrilling quality of life that has made it magnificently successful in being what it set out to be — a propagandist theatre. Already rumors are abroad in Moscow that the proletarians are weary of propaganda and tired of having to consider the waving of a red flag the highest emotional climax a drama can reach. The fact that they were not tired of its shouting and any number of its rasping puerilities nine years ago shows how shrewd this propagandist theatre has been in its attack, and how much it was needed both by the government and by the people. It indicates, too, how skillful the radical producers have been in changing their needles each time so as not to wear out the same old record they have been forced to play over and over again.

Even to its leaders, however, this theatre has not seemed a final form. They know just how precariously topical it is, and how close it is to the need that has mothered it. But to them, imbued as they are with strident and irrepressible social theories, this new theatre does not seem the prostitution of a great art that it does to us. They are proud of their success in prostituting an art which they have made their own. Certainly, when one measures them by their intentions, or judges them by some of the liberating experiments in technique they have stumbled on to, one must admit that they have reason to be proud. Because, both as a herald and as an echo to the sufferings and hopes of a sorely tried and yet ecstatic Russia, this propagandist theatre has performed a superb function as the first step toward the true people's theatre which will some day take its place.

'CUNJUR'

Part Two

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BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

As the days wore on, Lila grew to dread all contact with Aunt Runa. The old woman's black moods had so lengthened that they now almost merged into one continuous state of ominous gloom. From deep silences she would thrust incisive, tripping questions at the girl. Bedtime, with its tongue lashings and dark warnings, had become a fearsome nightly trial. A fresh lie must always be ready. She was afraid, of course; but, somehow, she forgot the fear of the night in the next day's sun — and Charlie.

Runa herself came to ignore the man. In spite of his frequent sarcastic inferences, despite his repeated sly interference with her work, she contained herself in silence. Only on the recurrent days when he came to the table out of humor would she notice him. Then she would stare imperturbably at his peevish face. Occasionally she would smile, as if satisfied. More than once Charlie caught her sphinxlike gaze. His beady eyes would counter hers boldly for a moment, then flicker down the table.

Charlie took quite casually his growing prestige with the negroes. Even before going to 'college' he had been able to sway uneducated negroes darker than himself. The blacker they were, the easier to handle — particularly women. Runa was the first black one to flout him. The thought of that old nigger bucking him, the realization of his inability to look her eye to eye, goaded him almost beyond endurance. Futilely he squirmed, and cursed himself for a weak fool. In the intervals between the harassing things that trickled in upon him methodically, he would make bold, determined resolutions. But each time when about regaining his poise some new thing would creep stealthily up on him to destroy his aplomb and set his nerves jangling again. More and more difficult did it become to hide his irritation.

And the things grew more repulsive. Two rusty black feathers, tied in a cross with a bit of red fibre root, seemed a harmless enough thing to find under one's pillow; but on raising it closer to his face he was struck almost breathless with the rank smell of old carrion. 'Gawd! What kind o' feathers . . . ?'

Then again, digging into his tobacco pouch one night, he felt something crisp and scratchy. Fishing it out, he saw a tiny, mummied gray hand! Nasty little thing! Charlie wondered. . . . Suddenly he gasped: 'Toad foot!' His hands flew open like springs. The pouch and the little hand dropped to the floor. Long he stood staring at the thing, futilely shaking his fingers, his face like yellow putty. Presently he wiped his brow on his shirt sleeve, and swept both pouch and little hand on to the papers in the fireplace. He struck a match to the papers and

watched. The smell of burning tobacco arose. Then a strangely sickening, mouldy odor drifted about him — faint, but as permeating as ether. He felt it seeping through him. Unexpectedly the pouch began to sizzle and spit little blue sparks. 'What de devil!' he murmured, stepping back, with a warding hand in front of him. Suddenly he turned and left the room.

The next day Charlie strode in to dinner with a glitter in his black eyes, his thin lips compressed. 'I'm givin' warnin' ag'in,' he gritted, his eyes flashing to Aunt Runa. 'If I catch any creepin' nigger in my room, may Gawd strike me dead if I don' kill 'em.'

Runa looked at him meditatively, as he peevishly stabbed at his food; then she smiled grimly around the table at the other darkies. Each pair of eyes in turn dropped to their plates. No one spoke.

II

The first cutting of red-top clover had been cured, and the wagons with their big slatted scow bodies had emptied their last mellow load into the great barns. Neal's and Joseph's bare ankles bore honorable scars of the dewberry briers and stubble of the near fields through which they had trudged to the barn behind the tall loaded wagons, to ride back in the empties.

The long interminable rows of corn had been 'laid by,' and the single ploughs lined in a row beneath the pole shed till next summer.

Aunt Runa had in silent melancholy put her seasonable duties behind her. The new pullets had been turned out, the young turkeys brought safely through. Week by week the lines of jars on the storeroom shelves had lengthened and fattened. Each white-scrubbed board, with its layer of yellow sliced apples or red cherries, had dried its allotted time under the midsummer sun. From cherry bounce to brandied peaches, Runa had fulfilled her quota, and could go easy till the little wine grapes assumed their dark purple coats — ready for the press.

Through the long July drought, when the sun set day after day in a pitiless ball of fire, on into the late days of a rainless August, when the wells ran dry and the dusty corn leaves drooped on their seared stalks, Charlie battled with himself. Through the hot, breathless nights, when the cattle kept him awake with their plaintive lowing, he fought against the thoughts that seemed eating at his brain. Things! Things! Always coming suddenly, unexpectedly! He found them everywhere — even in his food. In spite of his efforts at self-control, and his reiteration of the little formula, ''T ain' nothin'! 'T ain' nothin' but 'at old devil tryin' skeer me,' he grew more nervous and irritable. From a mere pecking, the things had grown to hammer him without let-up. And they seemed more ominous, too.

Where at first he would have stepped over the seven little cones of gray powder on his doorsill with a curt oath, he instead carefully swept them into a can, and stealthily scrubbed the sill with kerosene before crossing it.

But the abhorrent things in his clothing, in his bed, touching his bare flesh unexpectedly — oh, Gawd! They were the worst. They seemed to tear and pull at his nerves like a dog at a young sheep. He cursed himself, but his mumbled string of oaths would die out in a low whimper. Sometimes he slept in his chair, a restless, moaning sleep that left him weary and broken in the morning. He was less himself — full of lassitude and odd creepings of the flesh. Malaria, perhaps.

New habits had grown on him, too. He turned over his pillow at bedtime and tapped his shoes bottom-up in the

morning. Before he thrust his hand into a pocket, into any shadowy recess, he would hesitate, as if weighing the consequences. To Jenny's consternation she found, on going to make up his room, a copious sprinkling of salt about the corners. Leaving it untouched, she ran to tell the cook.

Charlie's periods of ill humor, which at first had barely peeped through his friendly suavity, had come obviously to the surface. He was frequently cross even with Lila. The negroes had grown to recognize these cycles as something definite, something to be watched. Besides, a homemade ring on his finger — a ring fashioned from a horseshoe nail — drew sly, quickened glances from them. They wondered! Was it a nail from the *white mare-mule?* When Runa saw the ring she smiled almost cheerfully.

With the exception of her periodical days of brightening, — the days when Charlie was 'low,' — Runa's deep silences were seldom broken during the passing weeks. Mrs. Prescott sometimes wondered if she were n't growing dotty; but her work was done as dexterously and methodically as ever.

Neal, too, had grown fitfully moody. Never had Mammy had so long a spell; never had she seemed less to want him around. He gave up trying to break through her shell, and lapsed into his own long silences. His mother's thoughts turned to malaria, typhoid, the whole category of ills, but the Doctor laughed her out of them.

III

Before grape picking, the negroes were fully alive to the fact that Charlie's depressions were surely followed by a brightening in An' Runa. Once when he detected flecks of gray dust on his bread, and viciously stamped it under foot, Runa actually chuckled. Under their critical, almost contemptuous eyes, he dashed from the room in a cursing fury.

Yes, Charlie's bad days were Aunt Runa's good ones.

And, with his increasing testiness, Charlie seemed consumed with desire to hurt Runa; to belittle her, to goad her into controversy with his insinuations affecting her pride and self-respect. It looked as if his days were spent thinking up aggravating things to say, and ways to set back her work. She, however, appeared to take none of these things to herself. She seemed oblivious of it all — even dull. The other negroes were perplexed, but Lila grew more ill at ease in the presence of Runa and Charlie. To her frowns and headshakings Charlie paid no attention.

One morning Lila gave him a signal in passing. He followed her to an empty room. Her face was ashen, her trim figure drooped.

Fearsomely, as if pulled between desires, she began: 'Cha'lie, you jes' gotta stop buckin' An' Runa. You gotta make friends.'

'What!' he flared. 'With 'at old hell-cat!'

'You gotta!' she whimpered, clutching his arm. 'You gotta! Cha'lie, you don' know, you don' know . . .'

He threw off her hand, his eyes flashing: 'You crazy? I great mind slap yo' mouth.'

And, thrusting her roughly away, he started for the door.

Lila sprang, and threw her arms around him from behind. 'Listen — please!' she panted.

Whirling, his eyes met the stark fear bursting from her own. He paused.

'Fo' my sake, Cha'lie. . . . Ef you don't — ef you don't — Oh, Jesus! Gawd above!'

'I believe you *are* crazy,' he began.

But the girl's hands shut down so tightly on his arms that he winced. With a sob, as if using a fearful last resort, she suddenly whispered: 'I see 'er . . . bu'nin' grave dus' . . . over you las' night.'

'Dam' you!' he snarled, and, spinning her away, slammed from the room.

IV

Neal heard the news just before supper. Sobbing, vowing vengeance, he went to tell his mother. Somebody had killed good old 'Lisha, and hung his mutilated body on Mammy's gate — right where she would see it. He would catch them — put them in the penitentiary — hang them, the dirty cowards!

Comforting him as best she could, Mrs. Prescott promised that Mammy should have the pick of the new kittens; and he could go after supper to sit with her and comfort her.

Arriving out of breath at the little gate, Neal ran his hand through the slats and muffled the cowbells. He must go softly; this was no time for a noisy entrance. At the steps he paused, rigid. Mammy's voice had suddenly broken into that half-wailing, fearsome dirge, ''Rection Day.' It sent shivers through him and brought a lump in his throat. It was so portentous; so full of pending grief and irrevocable parting. His little fists clenched, his teeth steadied his lip. Softly the old voice quavered: —

> 'Preacher in de val-ley a-preachin',
> An' de moon drips awa-a-y into blood,
> When de rocks begin to me-lt,
> An' de riv-ers t' burn,
> Sin-nah-h, wha' . . . will yo' turn?'

'Mammy-y!' His voice quavered, too.

'Dat you, son? Wait a minute. I'll make a light.'

She sat in her low split-bottom rocker at one side of the fireplace, filled with cedar boughs.

Kissing her cheek, he knelt beside her, holding her arm about his neck. He grew tearful as he tried to console her for 'Lisha's death. 'You've had a lot of spirit trouble, too, this summer, have n't you, Mammy? Are the black sheep still following you?' he asked, stroking her hand against his face.

'Turble bad, son, turble bad. So black and sech a flock er 'em,' she moaned, 'all 'bout me, wo'kin' like maggits in a ol' ham. Maybe dey tote me 'way fo' long — dey so stronglike.' The boy's hand clutched hers tightly, his eyes became misty. 'Seem like my . . . strengt' leavin' . . . and my deep sight weak'nin'. . . . I feared I slidin' . . . down . . . down . . .'

'Oh, Mammy,' the child whimpered, 'don't talk that way!' And suddenly his clutch grew tighter and the little head went down in her lap. 'Don't talk — like that. . . . You 're just as strong as ever. . . .'

'Hardly — hardly,' she whispered, shaking her head. 'One dese mornin', when you wake up, I'll be gone.'

'Don't, oh, don't, Mammy!' he cried, struggling to his feet; and, hysterically clutching her in his arms, he sobbed on her old bosom.

Gently she drew him on to her lap, and with a 'Sh-h-h, baby, sh-h-h!' she folded his little body in her arms and began to rock gently, patting his shoulder in rhythm with her rocking. 'You 'member,' she began divertingly, 'how I use' to rock you, an' sing?' His head nodded against her bosom; his muffled voice came up, 'Sing now, Mammy.'

Folding him tighter, she bowed her cheek on his head, her rocking became regular, her pats measured. Softly, with a slight quaver, rose her soothing voice: —

'Gwine a-ride on de milk-white ho'ses,
By an' by, li'l child'en,
Gwine a-ride on de milk-white ho'ses,
By an' by-y-y.
Gwine a-clim' dat golden ladd-er,
Dat leads right up to heav-en,
An' a-walk dem golden stre-ets,
By an' by-y-y.'

When Lila came, Mammy's tired form was still rocking. Neal was asleep. Mammy made Lila walk home with him.

V

Snooping, watching, became an obsession with Charlie. But his spying and his timorous hunts through shelves and drawers, his systematic shaking of garments, were fruitless. Just when he was feeling hopeful that he had been granted a respite, — possibly forgotten, — he would suddenly be startled to the very quick. He was lashed from fury to despair. Whiskey — hot raw whiskey — was a solace. But even this was suddenly denied him. On raising the hidden bottle to his mouth one night, he felt something like a little chip touch his lip. He held the bottle to the light. A small lizard, grotesquely stiff, swirled slowly in the liquor. An illness swept over him. With the pains of his retching, he thought he could feel faint creepings and gnawings in his stomach — like something nipping at his insides.

By threshing time Charlie was a sick man. Bad dreams and night sweats and agues troubled him. His food tasted queer — like the horrid smell that had come from the burning tobacco pouch. And the creepings and gnawings in his stomach continued. This symptom worried him more than all the rest.

He complained of everything. His smiling repartee, his piquant tales of trade-school life, were a thing of the past. His shell of savoir-faire seemed to have broken, to let out a disturbing, unpleasant personality that wore badly with the negroes. Hunh! Dat Cha'lie was sure gittin' worrisome an' tetchy. Slam a door, or knock a pan, and he would jump an' cuss. Look like when he did laugh he sorta strained at it. He oughta git Doctor to gi'e him some pills an' tonic.

Charlie thought so, too, for he asked Doctor Prescott to prescribe for him.

Runa did n't carry quite the former air of stress about her; she appeared to have relaxed somewhat, as one does after the crux of a highly tensed situation. She looked at Charlie less often, less intently. He seldom even glanced toward her.

The moon turned to its wane, and Charlie grew worse. He talked aloud to himself, and, although he knew that was a bad sign, he could n't stop it. He would curse and then pray — plunging from one to the other. Gawd! If they would only let up! If he could but look forward to a month — a week — of peace! But the dam' things kept hammering — like the beat of a rubber mallet on his brain. And he found himself waiting — waiting for the next blow. The spring had left his stride; his small eyes turned yellow, like old Runa's, and they had now a strange look to them. 'Jes' like he all time 'spectin' somep'n tur'ble to happen — to hese'f,' ventured the cook, in a hushed voice, to the others about the table. 'Hit sho' is skeery. Look like somep'n — wo'kin' on 'im,' she continued. But no one spoke; no one looked at the other. Shivering, she whispered, 'I feel like somep'n — gwine happen. Jesus — ' Her whisper died. Suddenly she began collecting the plates with an unusual clatter.

Yes, Charlie was bad off. They all knew it. He dodged Runa, and avoided even Lila. And Lila was grievin', too, — love-grievin', — they could see it. Charlie must have lost his taste for her. They would watch closer.

But Runa did n't avoid Charlie any more. It seemed to him she sought him out — followed him. Without warning she would pop out on him; unexpectedly she would be standing beside him — smiling her dour, inscrutable smile.

After a particularly trying day of almost hiding from her, he went to bed early; not that he expected to sleep, but to be alone. Somehow he needed to be alone these days. His bare foot touched something! He sprang from the bed, shaking as in a chill. Tremblingly he lifted the folded sheet. There, lifelike, squatted a yellow-gray toad. Gawd! Stealthily clutching a shoe by the toe, he struck. The stuffed toad exploded and a fine dust rose in the air. It seemed to penetrate his vitals. Nostrils, lungs, even his very heart seemed choked with an acrid burning.

He staggered to the cook's door adjoining, and frantically hammered. 'Help! Help!' he gasped. 'Can' see! . . . Can' breathe! . . . She killin' me! She killin' me!' as he fell across her bed.

'Who killin' you?' she asked excitedly.

'Water!' he begged. 'Water!'

Between moans, he drank great gulps.

The cook sat watching him, a mingling of awe and intense curiosity in her face. When his low moans lessened, she asked curiously: —

'Why n't you go on to yo' room now?'

'No! No! Le' me stay here — on a quilt — in de corner. I 'fraid . . . I git sick ag'in. . . .'

She gave him a strange, critical look, almost of contempt, but nevertheless humored him; and Charlie lay on the floor, staring up into the black dark, till day broke.

The day was one of little work for Charlie. He sat in his room, trying to think, trying to plan. Then he wandered vacantly about the stables, and finally out into the orchard, where he sat against an apple tree listening to the busy sounds of wheat threshing. But the interminable moan of the big thresher drifted down upon him depressingly. Droning, droning monotonously, then shrieking out as in agony when it crunched into the heavy bundles of grain. 'Like a sick somebody moanin' an' hollerin',' he mumbled, fidgeting. And the never-ceasing chant of the driver boys, urging the twelve big mules round, and round, and round, worried him. Their eternal 'Gi' up! Gi' up! Gi' up-up-up-up!' throbbed in his ears, pecked at his nerves. Cursing the boys, the thresher, everything, he raged back to his room and shut himself between its hot walls.

He was tired, sick of Kennon Hills and its people. He had often thought of leaving; had been on the point of quitting before. But now, as always, his pride, the white blood in him, revolted against acknowledging, even to himself, that he was being — well, sort of driven away . . . by an old . . . But to-day he could n't think. He was sick — that was it! Too sick to think! He would n't try. Wait till to-morrow — when he felt better, and could plan — scheme. He had always been able to scheme — out of anything.

Stealing back from the kitchen late that night, Charlie tiptoed into his room and stealthily closed the door. From under his shirt he took out a flour sifter, and tilted it face-out against the door. He wondered why he had n't thought of this charm of his old grandmother's before. Maybe sifters did catch — things. Sitting on the bed, he took a nutmeg from his pocket and, after looking at it for a moment, began stitching a piece of dark cloth about it. Then to the cover he sewed the loop of a string. Opening his shirt, he tied the

ends around his neck. He remembered several old people wearing nutmeg trick breakers. With a weary sigh of hopefulness, he stretched out and presently slept.

Charlie felt better, more at peace, after his good night's sleep. He was elated, almost happy with the idea that Grandma was right. Perhaps the old folks did know. . . .

In place of a surly grunt he gave Lila an almost genial greeting. The girl's eyes quickened. Searchingly, hopefully, she gazed at him. Throughout the morning she made opportunities to be near him, to watch him appraisingly. Later she cornered him. 'I gotta talk wid you to-night, Cha'lie,' she began earnestly. 'Dere's a heap I 'bleeged to tell you — a heap you gotta know. My min' can' res'!'

Sensing something disagreeable, he peevishly demurred; but at length he nodded reluctantly. 'A' right — under de same tree.'

VI

Lila was very late. Aunt Runa had been fidgeting and mumbling for some time. Suddenly, with a look of stark resolve, she removed her slippers and stockings and glided out of the door.

Silently as an Indian she stole down the lane, pausing, listening. Voices in the orchard! She crept along the shadow of the fence. Lila's voice! And a man's! That pizen yaller nigger. . . .

Lila's earnest tones were interrupted by a voice quivering with rage: 'I great min' kill you — you hussy!'

With a sharp cry, the girl sprang up. 'An' Runa!' she gasped, and shrank back against Charlie.

'Come here to me!' Runa's pitiless voice commanded. Lila started; hesitated. 'You hear me?' and the incisive words seemed to penetrate the girl like a knife. Moaning softly, her head bowed, she dragged her feet slowly toward the old woman. The man hesitantly followed, as one dazed.

Runa's old frame tautened. Like a flash she lunged — and struck. One, two, three open-handed blows against the girl's face! Lila screamed. It was hopeless to struggle. A steely claw clutched tight in her hair. Fast, fast, like strokes of a snake, came the blows. 'You would — would you? You slut — wid a — yaller snake . . .'

'He'p, Cha'lie! He'p!' the girl beseeched frantically.

Berserk, with smouldering hate bursting forth with the flame of resentment, the yellow negro sprang. Viciously he swung against Aunt Runa's face. Her old knees sagged; slowly the old body toppled and lay still — almost hidden in the pea vines and Jimson weeds.

VII

Mammy was very sick, Neal heard at breakfast. She had fallen in the night and seriously hurt her head. And Mammy was so old — one scarcely knew . . . No, he must n't go up now. Mother would send her a nice tray later. No, they could n't tell just how ill she was. Mother would let him know at dinner. Neal could n't eat; struggle as he would, great straining sobs would break out and choke him. Mrs. Prescott rose and, putting her arm about him, led him from the room.

Leaning against the dining-room wall, apathetic, Charlie had tried to make his mind take in the conversation. Stupidly his brain felt for the elusive thoughts. Suddenly a look of satisfied cunning came over his drawn face. His brain began to function — brokenly. She had n't told on him! . . . Maybe she would die? . . . Lila would never tell! . . . He could stay on at Kennon Hills, with Lila, and rule the roost again! Gawd knew he wished

she would die. But if she should n't! He caught his breath. His eyes grew round and glassy. Had n't he struck her? Gawd, yes, he had actually hit her — hard. Pity he had n't used a rock! . . . But he had n't. . . . And if . . . when . . . she came back? Jesus, the Saviour! He had a great mind to run. He struggled against the thought, fought it. But the idea drove him out of the room, into the pantry, undecided, confused. Pressing both hands against his forehead, he sank on to the low bench, his head bowed almost to the worn boards. Presently he gave a deep, quivering sigh, and, straightening, let his hands fall loosely. The inherent pride of the 'high yellow' had conquered. He would wait — take a chance.

Neal was sitting on the back porch, dejectedly stroking Budger's head. It was quiet there, where he could be alone with his thoughts. His shocking grief at the possibility of Mammy's dying had worn itself down with its very intensity. And with emotional exhaustion had come youthful optimism. Mammy was n't the kind to give under to a little old fall. She had survived a mule's kick, the black mare's throwing her against a tree — oh, lots of things! Besides, Mammy's mind — her second sight — would bring her through. . . .

The twelve-o'clock bell struck. Neal looked up. Suddenly he started. Then, with a cry of 'Look! There 's Mammy! Mammy!' he tumbled the startled puppy aside and dashed across the yard.

Weaving down the lane, bracing herself with a stick, tottered Aunt Runa.

When Neal helped her up the steps she was nearly exhausted. He shouted for his mother, Elizabeth, the cook — everybody. Run quick! Here was Mammy! His was a hysterical frenzy of joy.

With the family solicitously gathered around her, Neal fanning her, the cook bringing ice water, and Jenny a stool for her feet, Aunt Runa lay back motionless, a look of pride, a smile of triumph on her ashen face.

Charlie had missed it all. He was sleeping exhaustedly in his room.

Presently the cook helped her down to the cellar room, where she could drink her coffee in peace. Neal hurried to find cake, jelly, rolls, crackers — anything he could lay hands on.

Mammy's return was indeed a triumphal one. Nor was her departure less; for the Doctor, coming back from a call, scolded her from her chair, and with Jenny on one side, the cook on the other, and Neal walking backward in the van, he ordered her to his shiny buggy and helped her to the cushioned seat.

As the procession emerged from the area-way, Charlie came out of his door, and stopped, frozen. With a sucking of breath, he sprang inside, slammed the door — and locked it.

Charlie came late to dinner. He had an ill, hunted look. Abstractedly he reached into the cupboard for his bottle of tonic. His fingers touched a bottle — but it did n't feel familiar. . . . Deliberately he drew forth the strange bottle. It was pale green, of queer shape, and . . . Hesitating, but spurred by some inner urge, he moved slowly across the room to a better light. Tense eyes followed the bottle as Charlie raised it. 'Who put this —' he began to snarl. But a muffled cry broke in: 'Look! Jesus — dey 'live!'

Charlie started. His hand trembled, his eyes bulged. The coppery mass in the pale green bottle was alive, squirming! Fascinated, like one hypnotized, he stared. A small red lizard, with little bunches of hair tied to its forefeet, swam sinuously up from the bottom, as if to greet Charlie.

'Christ!' he choked, and, with only the instinct to get rid of the thing, flung it hysterically against the wall. It crashed, and with the crash came a woman's scream. Conjure bottle — broken! As if by magic Charlie was alone.

Shaking, his yellow face like a dead man's, he swayed. Catching the table, he staggered through the door, out into the yard. Not a soul was in sight. In a half run he reached his room.

VIII

Charlie gave notice that night. He was too sick to work. Thought he'd better go to the City. He would like to take his things in the spring wagon when it went to town to-morrow. He asked that the servants not be told till he was gone. Save him a lot of questions.

The man was undoubtedly ill. Doctor Prescott was more puzzled than ever. He ordered him to bed. The wagon would n't leave till after dinner to-morrow.

Aunt Runa tottered down in the late forenoon next day, and insisted on mending some of Neal's clothes. She felt lots better, she protested.

Shortly before servants' dinner time she came into the kitchen, to rest and talk, she said. The cook was grumbling about Miss Betty's ordering her to boil eggs for 'dat Cha'lie.' Placing the food on a tray, she asked An' Runa please to take it downstairs for her, while she brought the other things.

When Charlie came in, he answered their perfunctory greetings and sly inquisitive looks with a mumbled word and a vacant, dazed smile around the table. Runa's inflexible stare caught his eyes, and held them. Their vacant look was slowly crowded out by one of dreadful fear. Suddenly a strange light of desperation shot from them. Runa looked away.

Charlie ate his eggs half-heartedly, in silence. Suddenly he sprang up and started for the door, but before he could reach it he vomited. One brought a glass of water, another a towel; even Aunt Runa joined the solicitous group about him. Charlie was led to a chair.

Jenny's voice startled them: 'Jesus Gawd! Look!' Shrinking back, with abject horror in her eyes, she pointed to the splotch on the floor.

Charlie looked up weakly at the awe-struck negroes gathered behind the rigid, pointing girl.

'Gawdamighty!' breathed the cook. Throwing her apron over her head, she stumbled for the door — the others in sheer panic crowding her through.

Runa stood calmly looking down with a contemplative smile at something obscurely wriggling. 'Hit's a lizard, ain't it?' she said in a tone of casual interest, not shifting her gaze.

At the word 'lizard,' Charlie struggled to his feet. Slowly, fearsomely, he advanced, his eyes fixed on the spot. Abruptly he stiffened. For a full minute he stared as one hypnotized. But, as if drawn by some power beyond him, his glazed eyes slowly lifted to meet the old woman's mockingly triumphant ones.

Suddenly his face blazed with a maniacal glare. His teeth snapped shut, the lips drawn back like a vicious dog's. With the snarl of a mad beast he sprang back, his finger pointing rigidly at Runa. ''T ain' so! 'T ain' so!' he screamed — and leaped for the door.

The spring wagon left for town without Charlie. No, no one knew where he was, nor anything about him. Doctor Prescott was puzzled — and worried. When questioned, Neal smiled half-pityingly into his father's face, but denied all knowledge of 'that sneakin' yellow nigger.'

IX

The domestic machinery of Kennon Hills had gone to pieces. From garden to chambers there was little done; and that little as if by absent-minded, furtive idiots, thought the mistress. Even Neal bore a mysterious air of silent preoccupation. Mammy had taken to her bed. She felt po'ly — kinda tired out. If the Doctor did n't mind, she'd rest a few days.

At dusk the third evening after Charlie's disappearance, Neal came in from a drive to the river farm with his father. Moses, the stableboy, was not waiting in his accustomed place by the steps; nor was there any response to the Doctor's impatient calls. Neal hitched the horse to the rack, and followed his father indoors. There was no light on the first floor. The Doctor spluttered as he started upstairs. Confound the lazy niggers! Son must run to stir them out — this minute!

Drifting through the half-dark rooms, Neal was struck with an unnatural stillness pervading the house. Not a nigger in sight! That was funny! He shivered. With a strained look of expectancy, he tiptoed on to the porch and paused, silent, listening.

Faintly out of the dusk came the low murmur of voices, from the lane, behind the smokehouse. For a moment the boy stood tense; then he crept softly down the steps, and across the yard. Cautiously he looked around the corner.

A group of silent, shadowy figures stood about an old darky who held a mule by the bridle. The old man's low voice continued dramatically: —

'. . . an' dey see by de light er de lantun dat 't was *him* de possum dogs had treed . . . dar, in de middle er de Big Slash. He fit 'em like a wil'cat; but las' dey got 'im down . . . an' tied 'im . . . wid dey galluses. . . .'

A stifled sob broke from a girl's throat. Vague feet shuffled softly; dim forms moved, swayed gently; and a long indrawn breath quivered — and died. Then a woman's awed voice trembled in supplication: —

'Jesus, de Saviour . . . have mercy, Lord!'

A low 'Amen!' came in responsive chorus.

Neal's very flesh seemed to creep from his back. He crowded hard against the wall, and held his breath.

'An' so,' the old negro's voice dropped almost to a whisper, 'Doc'r Wright an' de Sheriff took 'im down, dis mornin' . . . to de 'sylum.'

(*The End*)

AN EXPERIMENT IN FAITH

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE

BY LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

'WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?'
'I'm going to the Annex, sir,' she said.

'What are you going for, my pretty maid?'
'I'm going to be cultured, sir,' she said.

'What will you study, my pretty maid?'
'Chinese and quaternions, sir,' she said.

'Whom will you marry, my pretty maid?'
'Cultured girls don't marry, sir,' she said.

'The Annex' which this poem celebrates was an institution wherein certain courses of study in Harvard College were repeated by Harvard teachers for qualified girls and women. Its full title was 'The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women by Professors and Other Instructors of Harvard College,' but it needed, as Beatrice said to Don Pedro, 'another for working-days': hence 'the Annex.' The *Harvard University Catalogue*, announcing a prize open alike to Harvard boys and Annex girls, maintained its dignity by calling the girls 'students pursuing courses of instruction in Cambridge under the direction of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women.' Expanded and recast in 1893–94, the Annex became Radcliffe College, the women's Harvard. In June 1929 it will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

Now — when collegiate instruction of women is an indubitable fact — we forget that fifty years ago it was still regarded by the world in general as an innovating theory. Now — with it as with the suffrage — the question is no longer 'Shall they have it?' but 'What do they do with it?' For they not only have it; they have it all over. They have it with men and without them; in sequestered places and in metropolitan centres; in state institutions and in privately conducted institutions; in men's studies taught by men, or by men and women, or by women only, and in such feminine accomplishments as kindergarten and cooking. Fifty years ago, when it was still looked at askance as an eccentric novelty, a handful of people in Cambridge thought the time ripe for a bold experiment. With financial resources glaringly insignificant, with no assurance of support for more than a single year, they undertook, by private arrangement with certain Harvard teachers, to make available for women certain Harvard courses of instruction. They could offer few courses and no degree; they could pay their teachers little; they had no buildings, scarcely any books, no recognizable expectations. They appeared to be laying a foundation in a swamp, or even in a quicksand; but they were upheld by the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. In fifty years, gradually, steadily, miraculously, with no convulsion of Nature, the quicksand has hardened into a rock.

An Athenian orator boasts that his nation differs from others in the purity

of its origin, since it is autochthonous, sprung from the very soil. Radcliffe was born of no man's or woman's ambition and wealth, but rather of something in the air, in the spirit of the time and of the region whence came our oldest university.

An air castle the Annex must have seemed to the conservatism in which the region abounds. Whose air castle has been a matter of dispute. The late Agnes Irwin, first Dean of Radcliffe College, declared that she had known at least eight founders. I have always believed that the dreamers of the dream which waked the people of Cambridge were Arthur Gilman and Stella Scott Gilman, his wife. Arthur Gilman was not a Harvard man till years after, when he received from Harvard an honorary degree of A.M. as 'purveyor of sound education to girls and women.' He was the proprietor of a school for girls, a man of literary interests, doing literary work, living in Harvard society, with ample opportunity for observation of the University in its relation to the public.

The unconscious stimulus of the Gilmans' dream was a normal, vigorous, and capable girl who, a year before the Annex was founded, had appeared in Cambridge and had surprised three Harvard professors into accepting her as a private pupil. Almost before they knew it Professors Goodwin, Child, and J. B. Greenough had agreed to teach her in Greek, English, and Latin, respectively. She surprised them again by her scholarship. She knew what she wanted, deserved it, got it, and used it well (in later life she was Professor Abby Leach of Vassar College).

Why should not these three gentlemen, and others, teach women by repeating for them selected courses hitherto offered in Harvard College only? Thus women would gain some small share of the University's resources, without a revolution in its principles and charter.

Clearly such extension demanded, in both courtesy and policy, the good will and the spiritual support of President Eliot. Without these the Annex could not have come into being; without their constancy it would soon have come to an end. President Eliot disappointed, and possibly enraged, those women who demanded admission to Harvard as a right, and who, rather than compromise, would bombard; he did not please them when he said that, though women had shown in scholarship their ability to do what men could do, we did 'not yet know at what sacrifice'; but, from the very first, he was a rock of dependence in the strength and the integrity of his good will. He was not the founder of the new institution — not the founder, but the foundation.

Nor could the Annex have existed without the cordial help of teachers willing, for small pay, to duplicate parts of their college work, nor without the active approval of people whose names and personal quality meant much in Cambridge — Mrs. Louis Agassiz, for example, and Miss Alice Longfellow. At a time when the collegiate instruction of women was unfashionable, these women, who had not known it themselves and who might be regarded as evidence that it is not needed, threw into the scale with it their energy, their culture, and their unquestioned social position. They opened their houses to the eagerly studious girls, giving time and strength to the problems which the new venture constantly presented, embodying the spirit which animated it, stirred by the triumphant optimism of pioneers.

Pioneers they were, in spite of all that America had already done for the education of women: they were breaking new ground with new implements.

Pioneers, also, in their lack of money. Except Tuskegee, which opened in a specially cleaned henhouse,[1] Radcliffe is the best illustration that I know of the relatively small part played by physical equipment in an institution of learning. In the little upper room of a little private house, a silver-tongued philosopher, 'glorious old Palmer' (as William James has called him), held his classes spellbound. A great teacher 'makes one little room an everywhere.'

For obvious reasons nearly all the original students were 'Specials.' Yet, though the Annex had no right to give degrees, and could promise only certificates that certain courses completed in it were equivalent to corresponding courses in Harvard University, though its offering of courses was closely limited, though it could see its way for one year only, the opening of that year brought three students who in due time did work which in quantity and quality met the requirements of a Harvard A.B. and which years afterward, when Radcliffe was established, gave them the degree from Radcliffe.

Thus with no manifest material foundation, living from hand to mouth (chiefly on faith, with a few tuition fees thrown in), the Annex struggled along till, like a squatter, it achieved a sort of title by merely existing where it was. Some persons have complained that repetition of a course saps a professor's strength without promoting his intellectual growth. Others have answered that few professors can support their families on their salaries; that few can earn extra money more readily than by the use of material already prepared; that the change of sex in the audience offsets to some extent the monotony of repetition, and that, even if all this were not true, Harvard has offered as an inducement to more than one man of small means whom it wished to employ for itself the probability of piecing out those means by teaching at Radcliffe.

In the early days of the Annex, Arthur Gilman was, to most persons, the whole visible administration. When the Annex was formally organized as Radcliffe College, Agnes Irwin, head of a school for girls in Philadelphia, became Dean. Miss Irwin was an accomplished and brilliant woman, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. Miss Mary Coes (Annex 1887) was Secretary; Mrs. Louis Agassiz was President; Henry Lee Higginson was Treasurer; Professor William E. Byerly, whose long and unselfish service can never be overestimated, was Chairman of the Academic Board, which prepared, from year to year, the list of available Harvard courses. This Board served as a warrant to the Harvard Faculty that the work of every student recommended by Radcliffe for a degree met the requirements for the corresponding degree at Harvard; that Radcliffe was genuinely a Harvard for women. The only member of the Board who was not in the Harvard faculty also was the Dean. Even she did not vote on proposals affecting degrees; the right to vote for degrees at Radcliffe was contingent on the right to vote for degrees at Harvard. Recommendations for degrees at Radcliffe were sent for approval to the governing boards of Harvard; the diplomas signed by the President of Radcliffe were countersigned by the President of Harvard, who testified to the equivalence of Radcliffe and Harvard degrees.

Coeducation, except in graduate courses, was avoided by common consent; nor was it permitted in all graduate courses. Now and then a specially

[1] 'Boss!' said the old negro whom Booker Washington asked to clean it. 'Boss! Clean out a henhouse in de daytime!'

qualified woman was admitted to a small advanced course for both graduates and undergraduates which was given at Harvard and not at Radcliffe. On one or two occasions, greatly to the amusement of the Harvard faculty, a Harvard student has asked permission to take at Radcliffe a Harvard course not offered at Harvard in the year in which he needed it. The general feeling of both institutions is strongly opposed to undergraduate coeducation.

The main question for the public interest in a college is not 'How is it organized?' but 'What does it accomplish?' Accomplishment depends, in great part, on stability — certainly on enough stability to ensure existence and large intellectual opportunity. Here was an institution which secured its teachers year by year, dependent, so to speak, on their annual good will and subject to the sudden loss of those who were constrained to reduce their work. How could such an institution ensure the stability which brings endowment or even the stability which brings students who look ahead?

The answer is not so much how it could as that it did. Though unable to offer regularly some courses which it would gladly give, though unable to secure always for a course the same Harvard teacher who gave the course at Harvard, Radcliffe has steadily maintained a high average in the number of excellent courses offered and a high percentage of the strongest Harvard teachers. Slowly and surely it has developed in Harvard a moral responsibility, first for its continued existence, then for its scope and success. Beginning with next to nothing in money, having, a score of years ago, something like seventeen thousand dollars a year as its only unrestricted income outside of tuition fees, it has built up, in the accurately informed public, a confidence which has brought it bequests from persons not previously known to be its friends. It counts twice as many students as it once thought it could get or need; it has its chapter in Phi Beta Kappa; it has a college life independent, but by no means isolated; it has graduate students from many states and many nations; it has an excellent working library of its own and certain privileges in the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library of Harvard, one of the great libraries of the world. Last but not least, it is steadily moving toward a solid relation to Harvard, wherein it will share with Harvard the payment of a professor's salary and the right to a proportionate part of his time. Its logical future makes it one of the great schools in Harvard University, of which even now it is, in fact if not in lawful name, an important part. All that seems wanting is a dowry large enough to maintain a full share in the costly teaching which Harvard maintains for itself.

My excuse for writing about this college and this college only is my certainty that the experiment which resulted in it and the function which it has achieved are not popularly understood and are peculiarly its own. Individuality is as important in colleges as in persons; in colleges for girls as in girls themselves. Though educational standards are necessary, what is called the standardizing of education means usually a leveling mediocrity and a deadening mistake. Girls who want coeducation, girls who want either the seclusion of the forest or the confusion of a great city, girls who want commercial training or domestic science, will find excellent institutions by which their wants are met. Even a beautiful and spacious campus — more is the pity — Radcliffe lacks. No reasonable being will deny that much which Radcliffe lacks is desirable,

though not equally desirable to all girls. This college justifies itself by offering to women the intellectual food which Harvard offers to men, by offering it in such a community as Cambridge, near Boston but not of it, and in a relation to the social life of the community more natural than that of the isolated college; not undertaking everything, but undertaking one great thing and doing it well.

Witness to its work is borne not merely by its own bachelors of arts, but by the graduate students whom I have already mentioned briefly. Though the college has as yet no dormitory for graduate students except two or three small buildings which were once private houses, the instruction and the Harvard Library bring every year two or three hundred of these students, some of whom are brilliant women working for the degree of Ph.D. There are few better illustrations of the truth that a university is not buildings but teachers. The educational ideal expressed in the shopworn quotation about Mark Hopkins and the student at opposite ends of a log is impracticable; for, as President Eliot once said, there are not Mark Hopkinses enough to go round; but there is nothing impracticable in the ideal of bringing every student who has genuine promise within range of great teachers.

'By their fruits ye shall know them.' For eighteen out of twenty successive years I attended the Commencement Dinner of the Radcliffe Alumnæ Association. I doubt whether there is anywhere a finer group of women. Some, like Olive Hazlitt, have distinguished themselves as scholars; some, like Sarah Wambaugh and Fannie Fern Andrews, as workers for the public good, whether in humanitarian causes near home or in international relations. What strikes a veteran observer is the growth of hundreds whom he first saw as crude freshmen into the accomplished women whom he sees now. What they got in college is so much greater than they knew it to be that it keeps growing with them and they with it. The result is a group of women who, with full appreciation of the lighter joys in life, keep what makes itself felt wherever they are and leavens the community in which they live — the best gift of a college to woman or to man, a constancy of earnestness.

Said Sir Walter Mildmay to the Queen: 'I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.'

NIGHT

Night falls on the lone
  Sahara, and spark by spark
Arabs I have not known
  Light fires in the dark.

Of the specks of ash in the smoke,
  Which atom knows
From what fire it awoke,
  Or whither it goes?

In the wilds of Space, in the dark,
  Spiral nebulæ
Twirl spark upon spark,
  Whereof one are we.

Who can say for what task
  They arose, or whither they slip?
And all the Spirits I ask
  Stand finger on lip.

Lord Dunsany

THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES REPLY

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

I

About a year ago the *Atlantic* published an article signed by the heads of seven of the leading colleges for women in which an attempt was made to summarize the achievements of these institutions and to show that they deserve more liberal treatment than they have received in the apportionment of gifts and bequests for educational purposes. The argument was that they had already paid large dividends on a very small capital and had earned the right to larger resources. Last October, Professor Munro of Harvard published in the same magazine an article with the deadly title, 'Are Our Colleges Playing Poor?' If his affirmative answer to this question is valid, the ground is cut from under the appeal of the women's colleges.

Mr. Munro begins by citing Professor Ripley's articles on the financial methods of certain types of corporations, and, suggesting that big business might retort with a *tu quoque* to the universities, he proceeds to supply the material. But there is an important difference between the method of the professor of economics and that of the professor of government. Mr. Ripley was fearless and specific, naming names and supplying exact facts and figures, so that, whether one accepted his conclusions and remedies or no, one was in no doubt as to what and whom he was talking about. Mr. Munro, on the contrary, is vague and general. No institution is named, and hence the charges and insinuations are spattered over all of us. One might suppose that, since Mr. Munro has been long a member of the faculty of Harvard, he has that university particularly in mind, were it not that to anyone who knows the personnel of the government of Harvard the idea that many of his charges should be meant to apply to them is unthinkable. In any case, Harvard and the men's colleges can be trusted to look after themselves. We of the women's colleges feel that after our statement of last year it is imperative that it be made clear that of us, at least, these things are not true.

II

It seems best to deal briefly with Mr. Munro's points in order. The first charge is that colleges, in order to make a showing of poverty when they beg for funds, hide their assets. As an instance he cites the case of the entry in the investment list of 'a certain American university' of nearly 16,000 shares of General Electric common at a dollar, although they are worth more than $2,000,000. Mr. Munro must know that on a number of occasions General Electric has declared stock dividends, and at least once has split its shares in four. The obvious interpretation of the fact he cites is that when the block of stock he mentions came on the university books it represented no cash outlay. Investments must appear on the books in one of three ways — at par, at market, or at cost. Par seldom

represents actual present value, and the General Electric common has no par value; market fluctuates day by day; so that most institutions carry their investments at a book value representing their cost, or, if they were gifts, at their market value on the date of their acquisition. If they appreciate later and pay dividends that show a high yield in relation to the book value, that is the legitimate reward of wise investment, and not 'an artificially inflated return on investments.' Many, if not most, institutions show also once a year the market values of their holdings, but these figures have no permanent statistical value. The case is similar with his other instances. United Fruit stock has been split and has no par value, and Electric Bond and Share common shares were distributed without cost to holders of General Electric, and so went on the books at a nominal figure.

In this connection it is incidentally charged that alumni publications are financed from the college treasury in order 'not merely to sell the college to the alumni and the public, but to keep it sold,' and that the cost is 'hidden' under the head of publicity. Such a proceeding may or may not be justifiable, but it is not followed by the seven colleges for women, whose alumnæ periodicals are paid for by the alumnæ. It is charged that college investments are not sufficiently diversified and that in some 'from two thirds to three fourths of their entire endowment' is invested in real-estate mortgages. The college with whose finances I am most intimately acquainted has less than one per cent of its funds in mortgages, and none of the others of the group has more than ten per cent.

The following sentences contain a more serious implication. 'If you keep the personnel of this committee [i.e., on investments] in mind when you glance through the list of college investments, you will discern the possible explanation of a good many things, including the retention of some holdings which are obviously speculative or otherwise not suitable for such a list. If they were held by a bank, they would promptly come under the examiner's censorship.' From time to time a college receives as a gift a security which it never would have bought, but which, by the terms of the gift, it is not permitted to sell within a given time. Such items might produce the impression described by Mr. Munro. But he does not have such in mind, for he suggests that the investments in question are due to the personal financial affiliations of the investment committee. Our experience is that these financial advisers lean backward in their anxiety to avoid any possibility of personal advantage as a result of their dealing with college funds. College trustees may have many failings, but it rarely if ever happens that they sacrifice the interests of the institution they serve.

III

'It is a rare college,' Mr. Munro says, 'whose operating balance does not stand in the red at the end of the fiscal year, to be sure; but this does not necessarily mean an excess of current expenditures over current income.' Let me say first that even an apparent deficit is not so general as he supposes. Smith College, for instance, was founded in 1871 and has never shown a deficit on its operating account. Furthermore, this fact, so far from weakening its appeal to men of financial experience, has always elicited approval of the policy of cutting one's coat according to the cloth. But Mr. Munro's main point here is that a deficit is not a

real deficit if the college has unspent income. A college has an endowment limited, let us say, to the development of a museum. Objects for that museum are obtainable only occasionally, and in the interval the income accrues. Meantime, the general expenditures exceed the general income and the annual balance shows a deficit which is only too real. If the college has, as Mr. Munro says, too little leeway in the spending of restricted income, it is its misfortune, not its fault; and loyalty to the terms of a gift can hardly be called 'playing poor.' 'To charge against unrestricted income various expenses which could have been defrayed out of gifts for designated purposes' is a practice unknown to these women's colleges. To charge against current income items that are really capital outlays is a practice which may well occur, because the differentiation between operating and capital expenditure is often extremely difficult. In financing a college library, for example, we have a recurrent annual outlay for books. The books become a more or less permanent asset, and might be charged against capital. But usually there is no capital fund available for the purpose, and, since the books must be bought annually and paid for out of current income, one can understand why some institutions charge them against current income. There is no need to assume that this is done to produce a misleading impression of poverty.

But Mr. Munro insists that all such bookkeeping conventions are due to the desire of avoiding a surplus, since a surplus is an invitation to raid the treasury. 'Just announce that *any* college has money unappropriated, and within a few hours the president can count upon finding most of the faculty in his waiting room.' One can only say that such is not one's own experience. The present writer has shown a surplus every year for eleven years, and can recall no instance of a request for an increase of salary or appropriation based upon that surplus. I served for many years on the same faculty as Mr. Munro, and sometimes the balance was on the right side, yet I can recall no such stampede to University Hall.

IV

'College alumni are the Class B stockholders of the academic organization; they put their good money into the enterprise and are left without voting power.' Where? I sit on a board of trustees with seven men and seven women, and all the women are alumnæ with full voting power. Though the numbers vary, the essential fact is the same in all seven colleges. The institution is rare in which the alumni are not represented on the board of control. The form of organization with a board of overseers separate from the corporation, as at Harvard, is rare.

Mr. Munro's picture of the procedure by which the college budget is framed seems to me a flight of imagination. Where has he seen it? Once more, one can only state specifically against his general accusation that to the colleges for which I am speaking his description does not apply.

The charges that the colleges do not make allowances for depreciation or accumulate surpluses for sabbatical leaves would seem to indicate that they are playing rich, not playing poor. In most colleges, if the usual business allowance for depreciation were made annually, most of their buildings would by this time stand on the books at the nominal dollar to which Mr. Munro objects so vigorously in the case of stock dividends. My own experience is that the repairs and improvements made annually on the college buildings

have made them worth considerably more than their original cost, so that writing off for supposed obsolescence would only still further misrepresent the value of the equipment. It is hardly necessary here to point out that many of the reasons for writing off for depreciation which are valid for business organizations do not apply to colleges. As for a reserve for sabbatical absences, if the apportionment of funds for instruction is regularly made with the need for adequate substitutes in view, there is no need for an earmarked reserve.

I pass over with a mere plea of not guilty, for the group I represent, the insinuation as to the prostituting of honorary degrees. The accusation that courses have been extravagantly multiplied is one that bears, if at all, on the faculties rather than on the administration or trustees. The idea that the colleges 'have too many courses because each feels that it must go its neighbors one better' is quite new to me. For thirty years I have sat on the faculties of such representative institutions as Harvard, Columbia, Bryn Mawr, and Smith, and I have never heard the practice of another institution cited as a ground for adding or retaining a course. Once I heard it urged as a reason for dropping one.

V

That there has been a large increase of nonteaching personnel is undoubtedly true. This has been due to three causes: first, the desirability of taking much mechanical and statistical routine off the shoulders of the faculty in order to free them for their proper functions of teaching, study, and research; secondly, because one of the most important of recent advances in education is the realization of the importance of treating students as individuals, and to do this demands more personnel. The hierarchy of deans to which Mr. Munro scornfully refers is in fact a highly useful body of men and women who are working faithfully and intelligently to get away from the curse of mass education. That the deans are the president's 'Yes-men' seems too ridiculous a charge to answer. Certainly the present writer has found no 'Yes-women' among them. 'The teacher,' Mr. Munro says, 'who wants to teach, to study, and to write is compelled to divert his time and attention to the chore of compiling records,' and so forth. If this is so, how is the teacher to be helped if we cut in half, as he proposes, the clerical staff which now attends to the major part of record keeping and the like? No one disputes Mr. Munro's truism that the effectiveness of a college ultimately depends on the quality of its teachers; the job of the administration is to find the qualified teacher and as far as possible see that he is free to do his appointed work. The third reason for the increase of the clerical force is the advance in the adoption of improved business methods, especially in the treasurer's department, an advance which accounts for the improvement in recent years which our critic commends.

I regret that in this examination of Professor Munro's statements it has been necessary to refer so often to my personal experience. This has been so because the only way to refute a general negative is to produce a specific affirmative, and vice versa. It is unfortunate that we of the academic world should thus wrangle in public, but it would be still more unfortunate if there should be permitted to go uncontradicted a series of statements and implications misinterpreting current college financial methods, involving the reputation of busy men who

give much disinterested service on the financial committees of our boards, and leading the public in general and our benefactors in particular to believe that the funds of the colleges are not handled with 'accuracy, frankness, and fidelity.'

If there are institutions known to Mr. Munro that are betraying their trust, let him by all means bring them to book. But out of a tender solicitude for such sinners I submit that it is not fair to besmirch a whole class, and to shake public confidence in the candor and business ability of the majority of those who handle the finances of our institutions of learning.

A BRIEF REJOINDER

NOTHING could have been further from my intent than to 'bespatter' the colleges, as President Neilson terms it, or to imply any 'betrayal of trust,' or to 'shake public confidence' in them. Public confidence is more likely to be impaired by the suppression of criticism than by the free expression of it. I plainly asserted my conviction that our colleges 'are giving a high measure of service in return for the generous benefactions which they have received,' and that their trustees are 'men of the highest ideals and probity.' Far be it from me to desire any slackening in the flow of resources for higher education.

But when Mr. Neilson intimates that holdings of common stock can properly be listed as of no value whenever they happen to have 'no par value' I take straight issue with the proposition that public confidence in the candor of college finance can be strengthened in that way. To say, moreover, that some colleges in the East have less than ten per cent of their funds invested in mortgages is no answer to my assertion that many other colleges in the West have a far larger percentage thus invested. As to budgets and deficits, one of the best-known college treasurers in the United States has assured me that my description exactly coincides with his own experience of many years. Another outstanding educational administrator writes, 'I find it hard to believe that your experience was not gained on this campus, so faithful is the drawing, even to details.' I can multiply this testimony many times over.

If my criticisms of college methods seem to be unjust, the way to meet them is not by imputing sinister motives, or by flat contradictions based on a single educator's limited observation, or by an effulgence of Caledonian acerbity. When attention is called to the fact that many colleges have self-perpetuating trustees, and that most colleges have too many courses, it is disingenuous to evade the main issues as has been done in this instance. If Mr. Neilson believes that our colleges do not have too many administrative understrappers of the reëcho type, let him ask the American Association of University Professors. And if he really believes that honorary degrees are never inspired by a lively hope of largesse I fear that his worldly sophistication leaves something to be desired.

—WILLIAM B. MUNRO

PEACE ON EARTH—AND THE U. S. A.

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

I

Politics are often explained by geography. To understand certain existing differences between Europe and America, we need only look at a map. The nations of North America are few in number. Their populations are relatively sparse and they possess vast natural resources. In consequence, their inhabitants feel no great need for expansion. They lack powerful armies simply because they do not need them. If the United States bordered on a large overpopulated country, instead of having Canada and Mexico for neighbors, its outlook on military problems would certainly be altered.

In Europe, however, the situation is different. On our side of the Atlantic many nations are crowded into a small piece of territory, and frontiers devoid of natural character separate one thickly settled country from another. Our standard of living is lower, and our lack of resources makes expansion necessary. The inequality of the various European nations tempts the stronger countries to oppress the weaker and compels the latter to guarantee themselves against invasion. Thus the Continent of Europe is at least committed to anxiety, if not to war, and the problem of security dominates all our political life.

The peace treaties of 1919 did not essentially lessen these dangers. To be sure, they put an end to the war and made another war impossible for a certain length of time. History teaches us that Europe is smitten about once a century with a great convulsion. We have witnessed the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, the wars of Louis XIV at the dawn of the eighteenth, Napoleon's struggles at the beginning of the nineteenth, and the World War at the beginning of the twentieth. Between these outbursts local conflicts occurred, but general weariness and exhaustion of economic resources have not permitted nations to entertain vast ambitions or to indulge in slaughter on a grand scale.

It would be chimerical to hope that the new frontiers established by the peace treaties can definitely ensure European stability. It was a good thing to eliminate most of the injustices that apparently caused the World War, but new injustices have been created and their effect will make itself increasingly felt in international relations.

The truth is that the principle of nationality on which peace was made cannot be rigorously applied in Europe. The populations of certain regions are so ethnically mixed that it is impossible to lay down definite frontiers dividing people of one nationality from people of another. The negotiators of the peace treaties cannot be reproached with having failed to establish just frontiers, because the very idea of justice is incompatible in Europe with the idea of a frontier.

And here is something perhaps more serious still. Victory was gained by a coalition of nations, aided by the United States. The significance of this

fact is that no one of the victorious nations is strong enough to dominate Europe by itself and to establish peace. This makes it possible for weak nations to enjoy a condition of real independence, and it explains why so many small States wanted the Allies to beat Germany, since Germany would have established a powerful hegemony over the Continent. On the other hand, however, the strongest European State now finds itself in the ranks of the vanquished, while the other camp, which supports the present condition of affairs, is entirely made up of the weaker nations.

Peace is a problem of security, and security is a subjective element. As a general thing it is not imperialism that causes war, but fear. It would be easy to prove that Napoleon waged most of his wars — and all of his later wars — not to subdue new nations, but to assure the security of those he had already subjugated. The same thing is even more true of modern Europe. Those big armies which are often held responsible for war are not due to ambition, but to fear. Thus it is that all great political alliances are concluded with a view to security. They may afterward be transformed into instruments of aggression, but at first they possess a merely defensive character. As one group gains more adherents the other side is automatically provoked to make new alliances of a similar character. Even a war of aggression may really be preventive. Fear of a Russian attack explains why the German Government has unceasingly claimed that this aggressive war they fought was really a war of defense. For peace to be assured, nations must be made to feel certain that they will not be attacked, and for the past ten years this has been the goal toward which all governments have labored. Their efforts can be divided into these categories: first, the efforts conducted within the League of Nations; second, the efforts of various European governments conducted outside the League of Nations; and third, the efforts of the government of the United States.

II

Everyone knows the mechanism that the League of Nations employs to bring about security. Countries belonging to the League have agreed in advance to recognize that the League Council is authorized to declare whether a war is one of aggression or of defense. In this way they are themselves deprived of passing judgment, having given an exterior body the right to pass on this point beyond appeal. When the Council unanimously agrees that a State is guilty of aggression, the sanctions of the League of Nations are unleashed against it. When, on the other hand, the Council is unable to pass unanimous judgment, the war becomes legal. In any case the League Covenant has made war more difficult by creating delays and imposing a peaceful method of procedure to which every State must submit or be qualified at once as the aggressor.

If this system is applied, war is a practical impossibility, for there is no country in Europe — and probably no country in the world — sufficiently independent economically and financially to be able to wage or even risk a war against the rest of the world. America presents the only difficulty. Since the United States is not subject to the League Covenant, it would unfortunately be possible for its government not to agree with the League Council as to which country was the aggressor, and the nation subjected to the sanctions of the League might thus be able to gain efficient aid from the New York money market and from

American industry. Thus if a nation were declared the aggressor and the League were compelled to bring its sanctions to bear, there would be grave danger of a conflict between the League of Nations and America.

Everybody knows that an efficacious blockade can only be applied by sea. In the last analysis, therefore, it would be incumbent upon the British fleet to blockade any country condemned by the League of Nations. As long as the United States would collaborate, this task would be easy enough, but the moment that there is any possibility that the League of Nations would be standing on one side of the fence with the United States even morally standing on the other, the British fleet would be facing a difficult and perilous task.

The United States and England have different conceptions of maritime neutrality, and it was to defend her conception of neutrality that America went to war in 1812 as well as in 1917. The spectre of a war between the two great Anglo-Saxon naval powers thus emerges once more, and it is this factor that has been influencing British policy toward the League during the last few years.

To sum up: No one can foresee how Article XVI of the Covenant would be carried out in case of some aggressive act. Its chief value is preventive. If the United States belonged to the League it might well be that the preventive effect of Article XVI would be so great as definitely to prevent all war, but in the absence of the United States an aggressive act remains theoretically possible.

III

For this reason nations have been led to attempt various methods of securing greater security outside the League Covenant. The first of these methods consists of making alliances. This category includes the Little Entente and a series of treaties between France and the new countries of Central and Eastern Europe. In principle these treaties are not hostile to the League of Nations; their one purpose has been to reënforce the guaranties of the League. The States that gained by the war have merely acted on the maxim that two precautions are better than one, although it hardly applies when the two precautions are contradictory.

What will happen in actual practice? Recent history teaches us that solemn alliances are often broken when they do not express popular feeling. Italy, Greece, and Rumania proved this during the last war. Will a nation break its word as a member of the League in order to help an aggressive State, and will it remain faithful to a treaty that the Covenant has already declared illegal? Since this is improbable, to say the least, the very statesmen who have made alliances are aware of the weakness of these treaties and have not hesitated to return to the bosom of the League.

As for armies, they offer but a false security. The only real security lies in the strongest army, and even then such an army may tempt a nation to ruin, as was the case with Germany in 1914. Moreover, armies are expensive, and in the present state of economic and financial exhaustion not many European countries can afford them.

Article VIII of the Covenant has made disarmament the first duty of the League, and ever since the first sessions of the Assembly this question has played a rôle of prime importance. Successive commissions have studied it from both a technical and a political point of view, and have all agreed that disarmament is impossible in Europe unless security be established first.

In 1922 this point was affirmed in Resolution XIV of the Assembly and was elaborated by Lord Cecil and M. de Jouvenel, the French representative. In executing this resolution, the 1923 Assembly adopted the treaty of mutual assistance, which the British Government promptly rejected. The weakness of this treaty was that it defined the duty of mutual assistance among League members, but provided no mechanism for the peaceful adjustment of any conflicts that might arise. It is futile to hope that in the Europe of to-morrow harmony will be so complete that no point of difference between nations will ever emerge. If war is forbidden purely and simply, and if no method of peaceful procedure for adjusting international litigation is created, aggressor States will not have been disarmed, but States that would act in good faith will have been.

Taking advantage of favorable political circumstances, the Assembly was able to make a new step in the same direction in 1924 when it framed the Geneva Protocol, which England again rejected as she did the treaty for mutual assistance, though for different reasons. If we go to the bottom of the matter we cannot fail to recognize that the principal reason for British opposition was the fact that the United States did not belong to the League. Quite naturally England was not disposed to lay herself open to fresh international complications and to increase the risks she might run in case sanctions against an aggressive nation should have to be enforced. There is no doubt that the British Government would not sign the League Covenant to-day. It has no intention of resigning, but it can hardly be asked to go beyond a strict interpretation of its obligations under the Covenant as long as it is not sure that these obligations may some day set it up against the American navy. This explains why Sir Austen Chamberlain, immediately after the Geneva Protocol was rejected, took the initiative in creating a system of security on the European Continent, in which Great Britain participated. The Locarno Pact does not differ essentially from the Protocol. It, too, contains full assurances of mutual nonaggression, a system of compulsory arbitration, and an implicit promise to disarm; but it applies only to certain Continental States, and the risks that it involves can be calculated closely. Furthermore, there is so little chance that the Locarno Treaties will engender difficulties between England and America that the English Government felt able to run this small risk. These treaties have affected European politics profoundly, but they have remained impotent in the domain of disarmament.

Since Germany herself is virtually disarmed, she presents no problem. The chief sources of anxiety are Bolshevist Russia, Italy and Jugoslavia, and the Balkans. All these matters are untouched by the Locarno agreements, which have really made disarmament all the more urgent because they have stimulated the impatience and hopes of other countries. They brought Germany into the League of Nations and thus permitted her voice to be heard. The League has had to set to work once more, and still finds itself confronted by the same problem of security.

The Committee on Arbitration and Security has attempted to adapt the Locarno Pact to other nations, but as long as the British Government remains opposed to any universal agreement the League can only establish model treaties whose adoption and practical application are entirely dependent on the good pleasure of the various nations. Clearly the science of international law has in this way made an appreciable advance, but not

national security, for these treaties can only be accepted by States already living in a condition of mutual confidence, whereas they would only be useful between States that distrusted each other.

If we analyze the naval difficulties between England, France, and the United States, we promptly discover that England looks upon herself as the only eventual executor of League sanctions. To accomplish her task she needs powerful resources. The British people quite sincerely believe that the one purpose of their fleet is to bring an aggressive nation to reason, and they do not understand that other countries equally peaceful may oppose them in this task. It is clear where the logical flaw lies. The world at large is not sure that the British fleet will never execute any national designs, but the English themselves are sure, and this difference — like all the others — arises from the fact that all members of the League are not equally obligated by the conditions of the Covenant.

IV

From this brief historical survey, it is clear that peace is a whole. No lasting peace can exist on earth without a feeling of security; and security demands an effective means of regulating international conflicts as well as an appreciable reduction of armaments. Every attempt to solve one of these questions without the other has failed. They must be treated together, as they were in the Geneva Protocol. This method, however, always encounters the opposition of Great Britain because of her fear of the United States, which only goes to prove that peace is also a whole from the territorial point of view. It interests the entire world.

The people of the United States have understood this fact. Although their geographic situation assures complete security, their economic interests — to say nothing of their moral preoccupations — are so vast that America cannot fail to be interested in the maintenance of peace throughout the world. Beginning in 1921, the American Government tried to take a decisive step in the direction of naval disarmament. Although the results of the naval conference at Washington are satisfying in many respects, they have not made an essential contribution to world peace. Why is this? First of all, because peace does not depend on armaments, as we often believe. Armaments are merely a symptom. If we desire to reduce them without making sure that peace can be maintained in some other way, we are grasping the wrong end of the stick. In the second place, there is no danger of a breach of peace between Great Britain and the United States; the place to work for peace is between countries which are divided by real conflicts. And, last of all, the categories of ships limited at Washington did not represent the type of boat that interests most admiralties nowadays.

This fact became clear in 1927, when a new effort was made in the same direction. It then appeared impossible to apply the same rules to cruisers as to ships of the line, and for a very simple reason. Battleships are essentially offensive instruments, while cruisers are necessary for defense; in other words, for the security of maritime nations. And in this way the United States was once more led back to the great question that has been haunting Europe for ten years.

The international position of the United States is dominated by two factors — on the one hand, by the desire of the American people to remain free from European entanglements, and, on the other hand, by the impossibility of remaining politically isolated

because of all the economic and financial interests that bind the United States to the rest of the world. Just after the war the first of these preoccupations came to the fore. The American Senate's rejection of the Versailles Treaty was the symptom of an irresistible current of opinion that favored returning to the traditional position of political isolation. Years have now passed. The United States has been obliged to invest larger and larger sums abroad. It is no longer a debtor nation, and its industries have sought out new markets in other continents. Trade no longer follows the flag; the flag follows trade. And all the hesitations of American diplomacy during the last ten years, all its attempts to mingle in world politics, are explained by the fact that the country has not yet definitely chosen between these two attitudes, although the American people prefer an isolation that economic circumstances render impossible.

An effort to reconcile these two currents occurred in 1926, when the attempt was made to bring America into the World Court, but the conditions under which she was willing to join would have made her membership futile and might well have weakened the Court itself instead of strengthening it. Something else had to be found.

Article XVI of the Covenant was the determining factor in steering the American people away from the League of Nations. At no price whatever will the American people place themselves in the position where they may sometime be forced to apply sanctions against some European State without being able to come to such a decision of their own free will. This fear, however, is groundless to a certain extent, since Europe does not desire the United States to participate actively in any sanctions that the League Council may order. Such action is not necessary. By uniting against an aggressor, the nations of Europe will always be strong enough to bring that nation to reason without the help of the United States. But, if peace is to be maintained, Europe must know definitely in advance that an aggressive State cannot count on the moral, economic, or financial aid of the United States.

It was this idea that gave birth to the suggestion several American citizens advanced to M. Briand and that brought about his first proposition to outlaw war. The United States Government declared itself sympathetic to the scheme, provided that it could be expressed constitutionally and provided that it would not be opposed by the Senate. Hence the Kellogg Pact, which possesses two great advantages. Its absolute legal condemnation of war profoundly transforms the traditions of international law, for war in the past was always legal in the eyes of jurists. Now, however, nations have renounced in the most categorical fashion what they had previously considered as one of the essential attributes of their sovereignty.

In the second place, although the Kellogg Pact does not lay down any positive obligation in case of war, it places any aggressor in such a moral position toward the United States and toward the signers of the Kellogg Pact that it would be extremely difficult for the American people to give positive aid to an aggressor State. And this fact, as we have seen, would discourage any aggression in Europe and renders a new war almost impossible.

The influence of the Kellogg Pact in the domain of security has been considerable, and it may be equally important in the domain of disarmament. Whatever the present differences between the United States, France, and Great Britain may be on the subject of naval disarmament, it is impossible

that these difficulties should not be surmounted as soon as some general agreement has been reached as to the policy they would pursue toward any aggressor. Naval disarmament was very difficult as long as the British and American fleets might find themselves in conflict, but it becomes a simple matter as soon as it is certain that they will not oppose each other in case of some active aggression.

V

Developments in the last fifteen years prove that peace is not a mere theory. The current discussions of the subject are due to the fact that the new economic structure of the world has made peace necessary. Nations could afford the luxury of war as long as they were not economically interdependent and as long as it was possible to limit the theatre of war and its destructive effects. Now, however, it is clearly proved not only that wars spread automatically, but that they also tend to bring all the belligerents to a state of complete ruin.

Moral evolution has followed practical evolution in this field, but, as so often happens, the attitudes of different countries do not change at the same rate of speed. In 1914 moral evolution was much further advanced in Western Europe than with Germany and her allies, and this was one of the profound causes of the last war. Whereas the democratic Powers of the West looked upon war as a veritable crime, the men who took the responsibility for it still considered it a normal means of exerting political pressure.

Defeat possesses an educational value impossible to overestimate, and to-day all countries seem to have achieved this degree of moral evolution. Our attitude toward war is totally different from what it was a century, or even fifty years ago. War then seemed to be a misfortune, but not a crime. Statesmen tried to avoid it, but they did not feel dishonored if they had to make it. To-day the statesman who will assume responsibility for declaring a war, and will admit it, can be sure that his memory will be abominated.

Changing moral ideas underlie all human progress. It would be futile to make treaties outlawing war if these treaties were in advance of public opinion, but the truth is that the agreements now concluded gain their strength from the fact that they harmonize with opinion. Even so, morals are not enough. They are subject to sudden collapses, and laws must be established to maintain them. The twofold mechanism created by the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact is based on morals and strengthens them.

Economic and financial ties are bringing all nations closer and closer together. Internationalized markets have bound the world in a network of common interests so closely woven that war, which was easy and natural in the past, becomes more and more a physical impossibility. It is this fact more than the texts of peace treaties and the security of nations which makes us believe in the duration of peace. Only skeptical or ignorant people can believe that what has been always will be. The history of the world is a history of continued progress.

THE ENGLISH PRAYER BOOK TO-DAY

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

I

ACCORDING to a famous metaphor, the Senate of the United States is the saucer into which the hot brew of the House of Representatives is poured to cool. In the English system the ideal function of the House of Lords is similarly conceived to be that it shall serve as a moderating influence on the precipitancy of the House of Commons. We have lately had a striking instance of the reversal of this process. A bill approved by the Lords has been thrown out by the more conservative Commons as involving too radical a departure from the established practice of nearly three centuries. The measure giving the necessary Parliamentary sanction to the Revised Prayer Book passed the Lords on December 14, 1927, by 241 votes to 88, but was rejected by the Commons on December 15 by 238 to 205. In the belief that this result was due to 'certain avoidable misunderstandings as to the character of the proposals,' the House of Bishops undertook a further revision, for the purpose of making 'such changes, and such changes only,' as might 'tend to remove misapprehensions and to make clearer and more explicit' the 'intentions and limitations' of the new book. The measure, as thus amended, was presented to the House of Commons on June 13, 1928, and after two days' debate was rejected by 266 to 220.

The history of the 'Prayer Book Measure' presents some points of unusual interest to the student of politics. During both debates in the Commons, the party whips enjoyed a vacation. Members were left perfectly free to speak and vote as they felt inclined. The Government assumed no responsibility in the matter. While the Prime Minister supported the bill, the Home Secretary led the opposition, and, of the other members of the Cabinet, some went into the 'Aye' lobby and some into the 'No.' The Liberal and Labor parties similarly left their followers untrammeled. It is significant that the speaking on both these occasions reached a much higher level than in any other debate of the session. There was a vitality about it that is commonly lacking at Westminster. One began to wonder whether the general dullness of the proceedings of Parliament may not be largely due to the curb that is normally set upon the tongues of individual members by the obligations of party allegiance.

The debates have raised a further question closely affecting the principles of representative government. In each division the Revised Prayer Book would have been carried but for the votes of non-Anglicans, — 'promiscuous non-Anglicans,' Mr. J. L. Garvin calls them, to emphasize the fact that they are members of various churches or of none at all, — and much rhetorical play has been made of the vote cast for the Noes by Mr. Saklatvala, a Parsee who sits for a London constituency. Mr. Garvin roundly declares that these men, while technically qualified to vote, had no moral right to decide an issue

relating to a church to which they did not themselves belong. The same contention has been put forward by Lord Birkenhead and the Bishop of Durham, as well as by many writers in the newspaper press. A few Free Church M. P.'s, including at least one former Cabinet Minister, deliberately abstained from speech or vote, excusing themselves on the ground that they were not themselves members of the Church of England.

Such an attitude surely indicates a surprising misconception of the functions and obligations of a Parliamentary representative. Either the Prayer Book Measure is a legitimate subject for the consideration of Parliament or it is not. If it is not, then neither Anglicans nor non-Anglicans have any justification for dealing with it in the House. But if it is, every member, whatever his faith or no-faith, has not only the right but the duty of voting upon it. He is elected in order to contribute his share to the settlement of all questions that come before the Legislature, and he is not entitled to shirk that responsibility by picking and choosing between them, thus practically disfranchising his constituency as regards those which he evades. The fact that he will not himself be personally affected by the result of a division is an insufficient ground for abstention. He is not to be excused from voting on a Trade Disputes Bill because he does not himself belong to a trade-union, or on a bill for regulating divorce reports because he is not a newspaper man, or on a Landlord and Tenant Bill because he lives in a house of his own and possesses no other house property. True, there has grown up a practice of allowing a member to abstain from voting if he wishes, but that practice is really a lax concession, inconsistent with a fundamental principle of representative government.

Mr. Garvin's argument meets its *reductio ad absurdum* if we reflect on what would have happened if on either occasion the division had resulted in a tie. In such emergencies the occupant of the chair is required to give a casting vote. Now on December 15 the chair was occupied by the Deputy Speaker, Mr. James Hope, who happens to be a Roman Catholic. If there had been a tie, would Mr. Garvin have thought it Mr. Hope's duty to remain neutral? If so, there would have come about a situation absolutely unprecedented in the history of Parliament, for a measure duly submitted to it would have been neither passed nor rejected, but left in the air. And, on the second occasion, the refusal of a non-Anglican chairman to vote in the event of a tie would have resulted in a similar deadlock, for the House was then presided over by the Speaker, Mr. J. H. Whitley, a Congregationalist. It may be unseemly for a Parsee to take part in deciding what is to be the sacramental ritual of the Church of England, but the possibility of his doing so is an inevitable corollary of the unique relation of that church to the State. As the Home Secretary reminded the House, the Prayer Book is 'the creation of Parliament,' and it cannot be altered without an Act of Parliament. If the worship of the Roman Catholic Church had similarly been a product of Parliamentary legislation, it would equally be both the right and the duty of Protestant as well as Roman Catholic members to take their share in any proposed revision of it. Alike in doctrine, ritual, and discipline, the affairs of the Anglican Church come within the purview of Parliament as a whole, and not merely of the Anglican members of it.

II

Let us now turn from political to religious considerations. One of the

outstanding features of the whole controversy is the evidence it has afforded of the keenness of popular interest in religion. This has been shown not only by endless discussions in the press and on the platform, but by the avalanche of letters from their constituents that descended upon M. P.'s. Sir George Courthope states that in twenty-two years' experience in the House of Commons he has never known pressure from the constituencies to be so heavy. In the House itself the two debates revealed a well-informed, thoughtful, and earnest appreciation of the problems involved. Indeed, the verbatim reports in *Hansard* might almost be used as a textbook of the matters at issue between the Anglo-Catholics and the Protestants. The case for each side was put fully, candidly, and on a high level of argument. Whether one is pleased with the result of the debates or not, it will henceforth be impossible to say that the people of England are indifferent to those problems of vital religious belief which, we have often been told, have lost all interest for the present generation. More than any other group of persons in the country, the House of Commons is a microcosm of the nation, and its intelligent and earnest treatment of this question may justly be interpreted as a sign of the attitude of the general public.

Why did the Bishops fail in their attempt to modify the original Revision in such a way as to make it acceptable? Was the first rejection, after all, due to a mere 'misunderstanding'? In a previous article [1] I summarized the pros and cons of the controversy as they appeared before the introduction of the first Prayer Book Measure, and it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here. Nor would it be worth while to set forth in detail the changes proposed in order to conciliate the opposition. The root cause of the fiasco was the fact that, to quote Dr. Carnegie Simpson, 'the revision has all through been directed under the aim of placating different parties within the Church, rather than under the aim of expressing the true and fundamental character of the nation's religious life.' And the further the process of attempted compromise was carried, the less satisfaction did it give to either of the parties concerned. Not only was the rejection by Parliament more pronounced in 1928 than in 1927, but the approval of the Bishops' proposals by the Church Assembly — a necessary preliminary, under the Enabling Act, to the introduction of the Prayer Book Measure into Parliament — was given by smaller majorities in the case of the second Revision than in that of the first. In their endeavor to win over the Protestant dissentients, the Bishops made certain alterations which led to the revolt of several influential Anglo-Catholic leaders who had supported the 1927 Revision. At the same time the changes did not go far enough to remove the objections of the Protestants, whose spokesmen were still able to describe the Revised Prayer Book as a milestone on the journey from St. Paul's to St. Peter's.

In a statement issued at the time, Bishop Barnes mentioned various specific proposals for further modification which had been submitted to his colleagues and rejected by them. And in the Commons debate on June 14 it was disclosed that the leaders of the Parliamentary opposition to the Revision had approached the Archbishop of Canterbury and told him that they were prepared to use all their influence in the House in securing the adoption of the Revision if only the provision for the perpetual reservation of the Sacrament were withdrawn. But this eirenicon proved futile. Accordingly, the question of reservation stands out as

[1] See the *Atlantic* for September 1927

the crucial issue of the whole controversy. And the general popularity of the rejection by Parliament of this innovation on the traditional doctrine and practice of the Church of England is clear testimony to the continued attachment of the country to the Protestant faith.

III

The vote of the House of Commons now leaves the Church of England in an almost intolerable situation. Is there any way out of the impasse? One suggestion is that the Revised Prayer Book should be still further revised by eliminating the reservation clauses, while retaining those modifications of the 1662 Prayer Book to which no party in the Church offers any objection. There is little doubt that the book, thus purged of its offense, would readily be accepted by Parliament. But the Bishops will hear nothing of any such proposal. Their intransigence in this respect is hard to reconcile with the declarations made by the Archbishop of Canterbury and his episcopal colleagues when the result of their labors as revisers was first given to the public. They then argued that a Revised Prayer Book was imperatively necessary in order that the services of the Church might be harmonized with the thought and feeling of present-day worshipers. If the modernization of Anglican worship is so urgent, the rejection by Parliament of those sections on which there is a sharp difference of opinion is surely an inadequate excuse for throwing the whole book into the waste-paper basket. Be that as it may, the attitude of the Bishops — which would doubtless be endorsed by the majority in the Church Assembly — will prevent the suggestion of an agreed Revised Prayer Book from being adopted.

The policy which seems most in favor among Anglo-Catholics, at any rate, is that which was foreshadowed by the Bishop of Lincoln before the final Parliamentary debate. He declared that, even if the House of Commons rejected the book, that would not prevent its being used. The lesson of history was that liberty was seldom conceded; it must be taken. They must take to themselves the liberty which they needed. And Lord Hugh Cecil, writing after the rejection, hopes that all the variations permitted by the Revised Prayer Book will be permitted by the advice of the Bishops. Such a challenge to constitutional authority has been justly described by Dr. Carnegie Simpson as 'ecclesiastical Bolshevism.' 'It is not a fair or right thing,' he points out, 'for the Church to make the agreement known as the Enabling Act, giving Parliament the final voice in all Church legislation, and then, when it does not work out as desired, to disown it.' But an attitude approximating to this appears to find favor in the highest ecclesiastical quarters. Addressing the first meeting of the Church Assembly held after the second rejection, the Archbishop of Canterbury disclaimed any intention on the part of the Bishops to authorize the use of the Revised Prayer Book 'as such.' But he made the significant addendum that 'the Bishops will have to consider what variations from the old prescribed law, the unworkable law, they can or ought to sanction,' and that 'in the book there are many things which will furnish us with guidance in determining what may rightly be permitted or prescribed in the present situation.'

One may infer, then, that an attempt is likely to be made to introduce into the worship of the Church, by a side wind, some of the practices whose inclusion in the Revised Prayer Book led to its rejection by Parliament. 'That

way madness lies' is the only possible comment on such a policy. It would bring the Church into a conflict with the State, in which the Church would start with the discredit of having openly flouted the authority of Parliament and deliberately defied the law of the land. The inevitable outcome of such a conflict would be disestablishment. Parliament would soon find means of preventing those who are unwilling to pay the price of the State connection from continuing to enjoy the benefits of it.

In the opinion of most people, disestablishment is bound to come, sooner or later, but even those who are most eager for it would desire its accomplishment by a process that would not bear so much of the character of a reprisal. If the separation of Church and State were to become an issue at the polls under such conditions, a needless and lamentable element of bitterness would be infused into the whole campaign.

It may be that further compromises will be proposed and further experiments tried before the question is finally settled. It has already been suggested, for instance, that the Enabling Act should be so amended as to allow the Church a larger measure of freedom in the regulation of her own affairs on condition that the laity should be given a greater share in their administration. During the final Commons debate the Attorney-General was interrupted by an inquiry why the English Church should be debarred from the freedom possessed by the Established Church of Scotland. He promptly asked in reply whether, if such freedom were granted, the Bishops would agree also that congregations in England should, as in Scotland, have the choice of their own ministers. The roar of acclamation with which this retort was greeted is reported to have been the loudest and most prolonged demonstration in the whole debate.

That incident itself points out a path which ecclesiastical statesmanship might profitably explore, but one may safely predict that the temper of the Anglo-Catholic priesthood, whether on the episcopal bench or in the parishes, will effectively prevent any steps being taken in that direction. To the Anglo-Catholic clergy even disestablishment would seem a more tolerable fate. And disestablishment is now being frankly recognized, both in ecclesiastical and in political circles, as not only a possible but a probable outcome of what has just happened.

In the August issue of the *Contemporary Review* Dr. William Temple, the Archbishop-designate of York, contemplates this solution without serious qualms (except as regards disendowment), and indeed admits that it would have the dual advantage of removing a sense of inequality in the State's relation to different religious bodies and of asserting the Church's freedom. In supporting the Prayer Book Measure in the House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that its rejection would inaugurate a period of chaos, which could only be corrected by disestablishment. The Prime Minister, too, expressed the opinion that disestablishment would have much more chance of being brought nearer to the political sphere by the rejection of the bill. He went on to predict that, if the Church of England were to be freed from such State control as exists to-day, she would not remain long as an entity with these two streams of spiritual life, the Catholics and the Evangelicals, running together. 'I believe,' he said, 'that this connection with the State, galling as it may be at times, illogical as it seems to many, alone keeps those two streams, unique in their confluence, running in the Church of England.'

That is perfectly true, and it goes to the root of the whole matter. The 'comprehension' so often acclaimed as the unique merit of the Anglican Church does not spring, as is sometimes supposed, from an exceptional endowment of the grace of charity, but is simply the binding together of incompatible and contradictory elements by the artificial tie of the State establishment. Break that, and these discordant elements will fly apart. Many years ago, in his delightful volume of essays entitled *The Comments of Bagshot*, Mr. J. A. Spender showed the essential difference between a compromise and an equivocation. 'A compromise,' he pointed out, 'is a real mean between two extremes which both parties will accept as a basis of action; an equivocation is a verbal formula which can be so interpreted as to enable both parties to retain their original position.' He illustrated this distinction by the specific instance of the controversies in the Church of England. The articles of that church, he said, were less a compromise than an equivocation. They were so drafted as to enable one party to maintain that it was Catholic and another party to maintain that it was Protestant. They represented, therefore, not a compromise on which the two parties could unite, but a formula which enabled them to go their separate ways under an appearance of unity. These arrangements, Mr. Spender continued, served the practical purpose of masking or concealing conflict, 'but they are interpreted by each party with a mental reserve which may declare itself surprisingly in a moment of strain.' That moment seems at last to have arrived.

ITALY ABROAD

BY SILVIO TRENTIN

I

FATE has decreed that Italy, more than any other European country, must participate in that sphere of foreign policy where international relations are most complicated. She is geographically situated at a point of intense friction between France and Germany, the two most warlike European nations, whose antagonism has made the history of our peninsula an uninterrupted series of foreign invasions and oppressions. Obliged to develop a naturally poor soil, deprived of the first necessities of life, suffering from a lack of capital resources, and saddled with the vast needs of a constantly growing population, Italy could not fail to identify herself with the advancement of some international régime that would guarantee peace, liberty, and free exchange. Necessity compelled her to join whatever cooperative effort directed itself against a hegemony established by force of arms.

Until Fascism came into power Italy's foreign policy had always been governed by this consideration and had even resisted the mirage of colonial expansion. She was the last nation to

join the concert of great European Powers, all of them struggling for supremacy, and she felt that her position and purpose could not be better defined than by the words 'proletarian nation' which her own sons had given themselves. The bitter needs of daily life, the necessity for security, and the realization of the duties which her principles involved, soon taught her that she could be a great Power only if she became the interpreter and even the inspiration of agreements and understandings between all nations.

The policy she followed during the fifty years before the Great War was necessarily directed to this end. In a Europe built on the fragile pedestal of equilibrium, the Triple Alliance offered her the one means of existence and peaceful prosperity, since it afforded protection from her two possible adversaries, Austria-Hungary and France. The sudden outburst of the Great War quickly proved the extreme importance of Italy's attitude. There was a moment, it is true, when there were secret discussions of the conditions under which Italy would intervene, and it was vaguely hoped that she might be able to launch a Nationalist programme. It was, indeed, this hope that inspired those two honorable gentlemen, Salandra and Sonnino, when they concluded the famous London Pact on the twenty-sixth of April, 1915, which assured their country of increased territory even beyond the frontier limits to which she was justly entitled.

But there is another side to the story. At the end of the war Italy was aflame with Nationalism, but she was not long in recovering her true sense of responsibility. Ever since July 1919, Italian foreign policy has openly recognized that its essential rôle was the pacification of Europe and the methodical elimination of international discord even at the price of the nation's own prestige. The essence of this policy which Nitti and Sforza inspired and created cannot be better expressed than in the words of Count Sforza himself: 'In our own egotistical interest, which once more coincides with the interest of Europe, we ought to favor all attempts tending to consolidate peace and to combat all alliances beneath which we feel or suspect the old machines of war that were destroyed on the Piave. Only the kind of person who has just discovered Machiavelli can believe that Italy is able to derive any advantage from European dissensions.' The results steadily achieved by Italian diplomacy between 1919 and 1922 in following this programme were vast and fruitful indeed, as the following manifestations prove. In applying the Treaty of Versailles, Italy made every effort to bridge little by little the abyss separating France and Germany, and to combat anything that did not take account of the inescapable fact that a compact nation of sixty million people, situated in the middle of Europe, cannot — even if it has lost the war — be forcibly expropriated of the genius of its race, or shorn of its national dignity, or methodically blocked in its desperate efforts to raise itself from defeat. Italy, through the voices of her spokesmen, did not hesitate to draw attention to the dangers of such a policy and to show how absurd it was to base the economic reorganization of Europe on the hope of hypothetical and impossible reparations. We preached instead the necessity of a progressive understanding between victors and vanquished.

Italy was the one victorious Power that sent no troops of occupation to the Rhine. She was also responsible for the San Remo Conference in 1920 and for the Conference at Spa, where for the

first time the representatives of the Allies and the representatives of the German Reich discussed reparation terms together.

In adjusting its affairs with Yugoslavia, in applying the Treaty of St. Germain, and in attacking the delicate problem of Fiume, the Italian Government pursued the single objective of eliminating as soon as possible any cause of dissension with its Eastern neighbors. In consequence, cordial negotiations were quickly opened with Yugoslavia which presently bore fruit in the Treaty of Rapallo. At the same time, the Italian Government extended the principles of international law into new provinces by solemnly affirming its duty to respect German and Slavic minorities in its territories and by keeping its word.

In a similar spirit Italy offered to alter her Albanian policy and, by spontaneously renouncing the position guaranteed her in the Pact of London, helped to extinguish one of the most dangerous firebrands of Balkan wars. During 1920, Italian troops evacuated Albania, and the country's independence was promptly recognized. Furthermore, Italy was the only great Allied Power that did not participate directly or indirectly in the unfortunate anti-Bolshevist crusade organized by the so-called 'White' generals. The country's loyal abstention from any such adventure was further shown by its refusal in 1919 to yield to the solicitations of the English and occupy Georgia.

During this same period the Italian Government's emigration policy consisted in applying on a large scale the policy of free emigration as a means of regulating employment. In seeking this end many negotiations were undertaken with France and likewise with the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and the United States.

II

When Fascism came into power, Italy as a nation, and as a collective body of ideas, traditions, and interests, suddenly found herself unable to continue developing a foreign policy that was true to herself. The dictatorship did not represent the triumph of any principle or programme. To be sure, many borrowed ideas helped to mask its intrigues — Nationalism, imperialism, bourgeois conservatism, and anti-Bolshevism; but each of these ideas was successively denied. Of recent years we have witnessed Italian Fascism endeavoring in the name of Nationalism to establish alliances with the Pan-Germanic element. In the name of imperialism it has offered its services and sympathies to the Monarchist Party in France, and in order to support capitalist institutions it has endeavored to seal agreements with Bolshevist Russia.

The truth is that Italian foreign policy had to give place to Mussolini's personal politics, as he himself admitted when he cynically declared to a French journalist that Italian foreign policy was the province of a single individual.

It therefore becomes necessary to unveil some of its secret motives, all of which can be roughly reduced to these two fundamentals: First of all, since Europe's great need is for peace, Fascism exploits this desire, winning the indulgence and tolerance of the Great Powers by means of a theatrically aggressive attitude. In the second place, it keeps setting in motion new and ever greater intrigues to solidify reactionary groups wherever they appear, with a view to creating a general antidemocratic attitude which would surely be disastrous in the long run for Italian interests, but which would favor the consolidation of the dictatorship.

The idea that at first obsessed Mussolini was to utter a series of sensational declarations. In 1922 he told the world at large that he was going to deal with international problems from precisely the opposite point of view from that which all his predecessors had taken. Although diplomatic discussions were foreign to him, and although he was ignorant of the questions of the hour, he hoped that international politics might be regulated by the same forces and the same methods with which he had dominated his country's domestic life.

Events, however, soon obliged him to choose between the English and the French points of view in foreign affairs, and he did not hesitate to decide in favor of France, where the Bloc National seemed to guarantee his policy of force the greatest assistance. Paris at that time had just begun applying the Nationalist remedy, and ministerial and military circles alike were dazzled by a charming but chimerical prospect. This prospect, or rather mirage, was the removal of the German frontier to the left bank of the Rhine. Looking toward the past rather than toward the future, France gave herself over to pursuing this lovely impossible dream.

But a clash between two powerful forces finally steered French policy along the paths of wisdom. On the one hand, the industrial barons had laid down an ambitious programme of controlling the whole Continental oil production. On the other hand, the illusion persisted that certain legal formulæ in the Versailles Treaty had to be judged as if they were Holy Writ, and that any ensuing complications would have to be taken for granted. In January 1923, these two divergent theses came to grips when the French and English points of view on German reparations struggled for mastery. Bonar Law, although at death's door, came to the French capital with a generous offer in the hope of preventing a decision that would lead to irreparable disaster. The controversy was decided, as we know, by the cringing attitude of the Italian ambassador, who had been ordered to follow Poincaré. The Ruhr was occupied and European recovery retarded about two years.

It was at this moment that Mussolini conceived the idea of forming a Continental bloc against England, an idea which even France carefully refrained from taking seriously.

Then of a sudden came the tragedy at Janina, which cost the lives of the members of the Tellini Mission. The Duce believed that the hour had at last arrived to show the world his qualities of leadership and the irresistible force of his new diplomatic methods. The unfortunate occupation of Corfu, accompanied by his Napoleonic outbursts against Greece, merely succeeded in bringing about the collapse of his illusions. On this occasion, however, his defeat helped him to resume the path of prudence. He felt the universal hostility in the air and decided it would be wise to confine himself to proud isolation.

Between September 1923 and October 1924, even profane eyes could detect a serious crisis in Fascist foreign policy. The bitter lesson of Corfu, the constantly changing French policy toward reparations, and the arrival in power of the British Labor Party, convinced the Fascist leader that he had to assure an alarmed Continent of his peaceful intentions. In January 1924, he complacently forgot his earlier ultimatums to Yugoslavia and concluded the famous Nettuno conventions with Pashić, which embodied part of a project Count Sforza had long since prepared. Meanwhile, however, new events were occurring.

In May 1924, the Cartel des Gauches won a brilliant victory in France and raised to power the very men who regarded the Duce as the apostle of White reaction. In June the civilized world learned the ghastly fate of the martyred Giacomo Matteotti. Mussolini felt that he was banned. To irritate France and England he pretended to throw himself into the arms of Soviet Russia, and made believe that these two proletarian nations stood shoulder to shoulder against the sordid imperialism of the great West European Powers. In order to reopen the breach between France and Germany and resume the conflict that had set France and England at loggerheads in January 1922, he secretly bent every effort to depreciate in advance whatever results might be gained by the Conference of London, where experts were endeavoring to come to some agreement in regard to German indemnities. In order to ridicule the myth of democracy, he did everything in his power to wreck the Geneva Protocol signed by Herriot and MacDonald. But it is impossible for the spokesman of a great country to satisfy his caprices with impunity, and within a few months it was more than clear that Italy was on the point of losing all prestige and all international influence.

III

Luckily for Fascism, the British elections occurred in October 1924. Mr. Baldwin and his Conservatives, obsessed by the idea of safeguarding the Empire from the agents of Moscow, believed it urgently necessary to station a policeman in the Mediterranean. No one seemed better fitted for this rôle than Mussolini, who quickly saw the advantages he could reap and did not hesitate to offer enthusiastic support to his former foe. The bargain was sealed at once. Italy would be at the orders of Downing Street and serve English interests in Turkey, Egypt, Abyssinia, and Russia. England for her part would shut her eyes to Italy's seizure of Albania and would help in the projected exploitation of Eritrea in Africa.

It was at this moment that Mussolini first devised his scheme of establishing Italian supremacy in the Balkans. Thanks in part to the glorious maritime traditions of the Venetian Republic, the Balkans had always seemed to Italy an extremely interesting part of the world. In spite of the hostile vigilance of Austria-Hungary, Italian commerce even before the war had successfully opened up profitable dealings with Montenegro, Serbia, and Rumania. After the war this programme of peaceful penetration was diligently resumed, with the definite view of opening up a large market for surplus Italian products. This was the idea that inspired the policies of Nitti and Sforza, who believed that the Adriatic problem could be solved only by having Italy establish firm friendship with her Eastern neighbors. The collapse of democratic government in Italy, however, upset this policy of agreements and alliances.

Mussolini had his own plans for the Balkans, which differed from the plans of his predecessors in this vital respect: Italian penetration, instead of following the route of commercial exchange with the sole view of opening up the hinterland for the benefit of Italian industry, allied itself with the general staff and endeavored to encircle Yugoslavia and give Rome control over the mercenary insurrectionists in the Balkans. England had already allowed this movement full freedom of action, and therefore Mussolini at once set about gaining political and economic control of Albania and concluding a

life-and-death alliance with the Hungarian Regency. He then set about extending his sphere of influence to Bulgaria and later to Greece and Rumania, thus hoping to undermine the Little Entente.

The first step in his plan was quickly gained, though with some difficulty. As soon as the Italian troops had left Albania in September 1920, the country took up the work of national reorganization, and, thanks to the disinterested assistance of Giolitti's Cabinet, succeeded in getting the Council of Ambassadors to issue its famous declaration of November 9, 1921, which once more proclaimed the independence of Albania. Until 1924, nothing remarkable occurred save for an abortive attempt at rebellion on the part of the feudal Beys, led by Ahmed Zogu, which broke out in May 1923, at the instigation of the Italian Minister. In December 1924, London ordered the great offensive against Albania to begin. It was engineered with the assistance of Greece and Yugoslavia, under the pretext of setting up a barrier against Russia, since the Albanian leaders were about to open up diplomatic relations with the Bolsheviki, at the insistence, to be sure, of the Great Powers.

Two armed bands suddenly attacked the tiny republic on its northern and southern frontiers. One of these was organized on Yugoslavian soil and the other in Greece, and they both won quick successes. Ahmed Zogu immediately became president of the republic. He promptly paid off the men who had helped him by handing out some land to Yugoslavia, by offering England the petroleum concession, and by giving Italy the banking monopoly of the country.

In 1926 Italy sealed the Tirana Pact with Ahmed Zogu. This placed Albania under the political control of Rome, which was empowered to appoint the members of the Albanian Government; and in 1927 a second pact of alliance was signed at Tirana, which placed Albania under Italian military control. The structure which was thus erected under British protection was finally crowned by Ahmed Zogu's recent elevation to the throne.

IV

At the same time that it was occupying Albania, the Fascist Government entered into a close political and military alliance with the Hungarian Regency. The fruits of this alliance have included the secret arming of Magyar troops in flagrant violation of the treaties, open support of the Hungarian pretension that certain articles of the Treaty of Trianon should be removed in order to release Hungarian optants from Rumanian legislation, and even an indirect campaign for the revision of the entire Trianon Treaty.

I do not deny certain defects, contradictions, and even iniquities in the five peace treaties on which it was hoped to build a new Europe. Although these treaties were inspired by the Wilsonian principle of self-determination, they are actually nothing more or less than a weapon in the hands of the conquerors, who are enabled to pursue their own ends under cover of a magic formula. Nevertheless, I still maintain that it is insane to attempt reopening the discussion of all European frontiers under the pretext of correcting a small injustice, especially so soon after the Armistice. The truth is that all the treaties of 1919 are so intimately interlocked that it would be impossible to demolish one without ruining the others. Moreover, history teaches us that it is hard to make territorial adjustments without resorting to war, and revisionists of good faith recognize

that they must wait until Europe has really settled down to a peaceful existence, until the League of Nations is firmly entrenched, until France is no longer obsessed with the idea of security, until the East European countries are firmly established, until England has swallowed some of her impossible pride, and until Russia has definitely disarmed.

Mussolini's defense of the Hungarian demand for treaty revision was skillfully prepared by Lord Rothermere's Conservative papers. It was first revealed by an interview between Lord Rothermere and the Duce, and then by a speech before the Italian Senate, in which Mussolini affirmed that the Treaty of Trianon had done violence to Hungary and that treaties are not untouchable, but should be reopened for discussion in case of need. This strange attempt met with no great success and merely produced a firmer solidarity among the Little Entente.

The Duce's intrigues in Macedonian Bulgaria were no more successful. It was obvious that Italy had connived with revolutionary bandits in the recent bloody reaction throughout the Balkans. Indeed these efforts became so evident and dangerous that England and France believed it necessary to protest at Sofia and invite the Bulgarian Government to take measures against bandits who were enjoying the secret protection of Rome. Although Mussolini's Balkan policy was at first inspired and encouraged by England, it is now alarming even the most pro-Fascist partisans on the other side of the Channel, as the naval agreement with France proves.

V

Let us now turn to the latest report presented in the Italian Chamber by Signor Torre, President of the Parliamentary Commission on Foreign Affairs. This report affirms Italy's right to maintain her exclusive tutelage over Albania and confesses that Fascist foreign policy will bend every effort to break up the Little Entente. Fundamentally Mussolini is following the former programme of the Austrian Empire and is adapting to his own purposes the old slogans of 'Divide et impera' and 'Drang nach Osten.' He is exciting antagonism in the Balkans with a view to dominating there himself. He is exploiting the traditional hatreds that divide the nations of Eastern Europe with a view to becoming the arbiter of peace and war.

The development of this programme and the adoption of such methods could not fail to clash with the prudent policies of Downing Street. To be sure the Conservative English Cabinet had been hypnotized by the Bolshevist menace and by danger of a grand Slavic alliance, and had believed that it would be wise to give Fascism the task of blocking a possible Soviet outlet on the Mediterranean. The Conservative Government refuses, however, to pay for this police service by abandoning English trade in the Near East to Italy, and by allowing the Duce to toy with the peace of Europe. Baldwin's Government soon perceived that the crazy attitude of Fascism and its Balkan policy would seriously alarm France, and it is well to recall that one of the most characteristic Fascist manifestations consists of anti-French provocation. From its birth, Fascist Italy has ranged itself against the France that stood for the rights of man and against the France from which modern European civilization radiates.

Every means was employed to separate these two Latin countries by an abyss of misunderstanding and dislike. This is proved by the absurd campaign for the annexation of Nice,

Savoy, and Corsica; by Italian penetration into Tunis; and by the public encouragement to German Nationalists to form an antidemocratic and antipacifist government.

The tolerance of the Quai d'Orsay has been almost unbelievable. It is well to recall, for instance, that all Italian Consulates in France have been openly transformed into centres of espionage that direct their efforts against the employees of the department of public safety. In December 1927, when the Franco-Yugoslavian Treaty was signed and M. Briand expressed the hope that Italy would associate herself with this peaceful act, Mussolini unleashed a violent press campaign against Italy's Latin neighbor and alarmed all Europe, although a few days later he was obliged to admit to the Council of Ministers that this very treaty was remarkably loyal and quite in accord with the normal relations between States. The following January, M. Briand offered to discuss problems bearing on the two nations, but the Duce impudently replied that the first condition of any discussion would be the recognition on the part of France of Italy's predominance in the Balkans and in the Adriatic, and that France would have to modify her Yugoslavian policy, admit Italy into the administration of affairs in Tunis, and expel all anti-Fascist exiles from French soil.

Thus it is hardly astonishing that English policy toward Italy is undergoing a prudent change, now that certain adjustments have been made in the personnel of the Foreign Office. The sudden discovery of the Anglo-French Naval Agreement caused the Duce to explode against such irreverence toward the Kellogg Pact.

This last outburst reveals most clearly the characteristics and aims of Fascist international activity, and it is by objectively appreciating this attitude that civilized people will best learn the lesson of Fascist experience. It is this: —

The work of the League of Nations will amount to nothing but a play on words if the great organization at Geneva still hides behind the convenient principle of nonintervention and pretends to forget that it came into being to make justice reign on earth, and that it is useless to renounce war as an instrument of national policy if one lacks the courage to brand as illegal any attempt to embody this very policy in the person of a despot whose power, based on brute force, extends beyond the influence and control of public opinion.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Arrowhead

It was the two little girls adventuring with me who discovered that the back door of Herman Melville's house was unlocked. Their enthusiasm was keen. They had been reading *Moby Dick*. But their curiosity and excitement were no greater than mine, for I had been told that the house was deserted, that no one lived there, and it was with keen expectation that I opened the door and looked in. The result of that survey intensified the zeal with which this adventure had been undertaken. Staring at a dismantled kitchen filled with baskets of dishes covered with dust and cobwebs, as if they had lain there for many years, I wound my way across the floor to a door in an opposite wall. Opening this, I gasped, for there stood the famous bully of Arrowhead!

A few days before, while glancing along the shelves of the Great Barrington Library, the name of a book caught my interest because of its strange combination of words: *Mariner and Mystic*. Taking the book from the shelf, I crossed the room to a sunny seat, pondering curiously, for I knew much about mariners and would never connect the word 'mystic' with any of them. Soon, however, I was deeply interested in the life of Herman Melville, discovering that because of this incongruous but fitting combination of titles he was quite misunderstood in those days of the fifties, when the aristocratic Berkshires were 'a jungle of literary lions,' described, by a modern critic, as 'amiably ferocious in its provincial vanity.' His understanding of symbolism was too advanced for that age, and it is only in recent years that his books have received proper recognition.

Herman Melville had been a lonely man, the perpetual payment for individual thinking, until chance drew him into a strange friendship with Oliver Wendell Holmes and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Hawthorne was aware that Melville was the author of a very appreciative review of *The Scarlet Letter*, but this very knowledge, perhaps, kept the sensitive men apart and shy of approach, although thrown together occasionally in a company. One day a group of men were exploring Monument Mountain, described so vividly by Hawthorne in his *Wonder-Book*, when they were forced to seek shelter from a thunderstorm. Was it chance that sent Holmes, Hawthorne, and Melville under the same ledge of rock? Two hours of enforced intercourse, revealing so much of each other's thought and feeling, sealed the strange friendship that was spiritual food for Melville.

Up the road, about a quarter of a mile from Holmesdale, was an historic home built in 1780, and it was here that Melville established himself with his family in 1852 to write many of his tales, including *Moby Dick*. He gave the name of Arrowhead to the estate because of the many Indian relics found during the ploughing of the spacious rolling fields. At that time Oliver Wendell Holmes was in his sanctuary at Holmesdale, writing 'The Plowman' for his *Songs in Many Keys*, as he was a keen gentleman farmer of Pittsfield as well as an author. Across the valley at Lenox was Hawthorne, in his little 'red mansion,' producing

The House of the Seven Gables. In his *Wonder-Book*, also written there, read what he says of Melville: —

On the hither side of Pittsfield, sits Herman Melville, shaping out his gigantic conception of his white whale, while the gigantic shape of Graylock looms upon him from his study window.

Having made fruitless inquiries at several places about the location of Arrowhead, I stopped at Holmesdale on the fortunate day, and obtained directions from an old gardener who said, as he pointed up a road, 'It's up that road a spell — 'bout a quarter of a mile. Nothin' to see — house is deserted and locked up.' We found it hidden in a grove of pines and maples.

I had read that in the exact centre of the house at Arrowhead was a massive chimney, twelve feet square at the base. Its central location and great bulk made the occupants and the interior of the house conform to its peculiarities, therefore to Melville it was a bully. Because the ancient kitchen possessed the most spacious fireplace, he appropriated this for his study, adding a modern kitchen at the rear. Then he began a quaint discussion with his chimney, printing bits of philosophy all over the face of the bricks. One can better understand what he was expressing when it is known that he was lovingly dominated by the five women of his household — his wife, mother, and three sisters. It was this refuge that I longed to see, and it was this bully that faced me as I entered the room. Opening some shutters, we reveled in the whimseys of this exceptional man. They were in a fair state of preservation. Here are a few: —

A mighty smoke we two old philosophers make. It is resolved between me and my Chimney that I and my Chimney will never surrender. I and my Chimney have had narrow escapes. I and my Chimney, as Cardinal Wolsey used to say, I and my King. Yet this egotistic way of speaking wherein I take precedence of my Chimney is hardly borne out by the fact in everything except the above phrase. My Chimney taking precedence of me. My Chimney is Grand Signor here, the one Grand domineering object of the house.

To my surprise this room was still furnished as described in the book, Indian trophies adorning the walls and a whaler model over one door beside the chimney. This door, too, I opened, and saw the 'fastidiously picked and decorous library,' whose books still rested on their shelves, behind glass doors rising to the ceiling, looking on a room furnished with priceless antique furniture. Curiosity drew me farther and I crossed the front vestibule into the drawing-room. Here were enough treasures to start an antique shop. An air of mystery lay over this unlocked house, and we departed, carefully closing the back door, feeling that we had had a personal contact with the mind that created the tale of Ahab and the white whale.

The next point of interest was the north piazza, facing Graylock, the tallest mountain of the Berkshires. Here Melville wrote *Piazza Tales*, and this is what he said of this part of his home:

A piazza must be had. . . . The house was wide — my fortune narrow . . . upon but one of the four sides would prudence grant me what I wanted. Now which side? Graylock carried it. No sooner was the ground broken than all the neighborhood broke into a laugh. Piazza to the north! Winter piazza! . . . But, even in December, this northern piazza does not repel — nipping cold and gusty though it be . . . for then, once more, with frosted beard, I pace the sleety deck, weathering Cape Horn.

In summer, too, Canute-like, sitting here, one is often reminded of the sea. For not only do long ground swells roll the slanting grain, and little wavelets of the grass ripple over the low piazza, as their beach,

and the blown down of dandelions is wafted like the spray, and the purple of the mountains is just like the purple of the billows, and a still August noon broods over the deep meadows, as a calm upon the Line; but the vastness and the lonesomeness are so oceanic, and the silence and the sameness, too, that the first peep of a strange house, rising among the trees, is for all the world like spying, on the Barbary coast, an unknown sail.

Returning a few weeks later to this historic house to take some pictures, I was astonished to see the shutters and windows wide open and carpenters at work on the portico. A lady emerged from the house with an inquiry and, convinced of my interest, invited me to go upstairs to see where *Moby Dick* was really written. As I went up into a north bedroom, facing Graylock, — which coincided with Hawthorne's description, — I was approached by a quaint little old lady who said she was Melville's sister-in-law and the other lady his niece. They were gracious hostesses, but I felt that my former visit was the more intimate contact with the famous bully and its confiding companion.

The whole experience seemed like a dream, and indeed I began to wonder if it were not, for a few weeks later we passed the house again and it was barred, shuttered, and as desolate and deserted as we first saw it. Was the book, *Mariner and Mystic*, too realistic? No, for a newspaper clipping of recent date lies at hand telling of the sale of Arrowhead and the proposed restoration by its new owner.

A PHILOSOPHY OF PITH-BALLS

My wife and I entered the crowded lecture hall and found seats among the young chemists and engineers, among the inveterate and incorrigible lecture-goers who had come to hear the famous physicist, winner of the Nobel prize, and apostle splendid of science. We had come more in hope than in confidence, eager to obtain an idea of the tenets of modern physics, desiring at least some insight into the meaning of relativity, of the quantum theory, of the latest notions of the atom. But we came with well-justified doubts of our capacity, prepared either to be enlightened or bewildered; we listened to the first words of the lecturer as defendants curious to know our fate, and guarding ourselves against disappointment by a wise skepticism.

During the hour of progressive baffle-ment which followed, I was able to form one idea which I could take home as a monument of the occasion. From the mathematics and electrical theory which must remain, I am afraid, a sealed and forbidden book to my wife and me, a few clear and homely expressions emerged on which we fastened with delight. The lecturer kept referring to a pith-ball which, under favorable circumstances, illustrated some point in the nature or habits of electricity. Pith-ball! The word fell from his lips with a distinct and pleasing articulation, often preceded by one of those pauses which interrupt the flow of extemporaneous expression. Pith-ball. Pith-ball. With each utterance of the odd syllables, as they slid out inconspicuously in the hurried pronunciation of a sentence, or as they fell more solidly and prominently on the air after a brief hesitation, I felt an increasing sense of approval and gratification.

We think of science, surely, as of a body of ordered reasoning, of generalizations and principles arranged in the abstract and logical beauty of the intellectual realm. True enough, hazardous discovery, inspiration, fumbling in the dark and stumbling into the light, must have their part in the

human conduct of science. But the result, the body of knowledge or of serviceable hypothesis itself, must be ideal, mathematical, a serene and reasoned system of formula and equation. Yet here was a scientist, and a lion of his tribe, defining one of his ultimates by recourse to pith-balls and glass rods scraped with cat's fur! The lesson was unmistakable. Science in the end is but an examination into the casual, vulgar objects which surround the mad impromptu of life. It scrapes them against each other, pries into their oddities, and charts their foolish behavior; and lo, the glittering structure of reason, the pretentious universe which we associate with its name! Not only is music the scraping of horsehair on cat's gut. Science itself is an association of pith-balls, parasites, coals, gases, and every description of substances which are infinitely casual in origin and thoughtless in conduct, as rudely in contrast in their vulgar and vital existence to the categories of reason as the mechanical means of producing a symphony are in contrast to the sentimental purpose of the composer.

Writers of popular articles on science can usually be depended upon to glorify scientific laws as if they were a system of edicts, a Diocletian code promulgated by some Greater Popular Scientist, which the material world must obey. Vain glory! For scientific laws are but summaries of observed habits among the casual phenomena of the world — pith-balls with the rest. It is the laws which must obey, and not be obeyed. The laws are made by the habits which they express, and not the habits by the laws.

The popular-science writer then goes on to glorify the orderly universe which the laws of science reveal. But order is a human category, not a natural one. A room heaped with broken furniture, neglected and filthy, caked with dust, is as perfect an expression of scientific order as the starry heavens. Every atom in it is presumably distributed as strictly according to law as the most exacting scientist could wish, not to say, as it would probably be more truthful to say, every law is distributed strictly according to its tutelary atoms. But still, my wife and I agree, the room is not orderly.

No, existence is casual, and reason an insecure accompaniment to its impulsive flow. And all the products of existence are rooted in the casualness of their parent. If reason think itself primary, let it remember the pith-ball. Was not the first experiment with electricity performed with a kite string?

Half perceiving the deep secret of life, the poet will bury his senses in one class of natural facts, the clover swarming in the meadows, the mountain and wood in the spontaneous unreason of their beauty; the moralist and lover of the good will beat his breast at the unconcerned brutality of mankind; the scientist will weigh and manipulate and compare the odd variations of the substance of things which are open to his inspection, and on them erect his intricate knowledge of their habits; the satirist, in despair at the aspect of the grotesque which all existence wears, will draw men as hideous caricatures, Yahoos, Lilliputians, or coarse giants, exaggerated and out of plumb. The reasonable man — the whole man — must be saddened or strengthened by each of these views in turn. At least he will see what it is to live on the human scale, and will learn how human is the category of order.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The case of the Atlantic Monthly Company against the *Boston Post* has been settled on terms satisfactory to the *Atlantic*, and such as to render unlikely a repetition of the episode which led to the suit.

Such a revolutionary discovery as these Lincoln letters and books can of course only be finally appraised by scrutiny of the originals. The public will have ample opportunity to make their own first-hand investigation when the collection is put on exhibition at the Library of Congress. In the meantime, it is interesting to note the significant fact, proved from three distinct and dispassionate sources, that a generation ago Mr. Frederick W. Hirth, who possessed the collection, was accustomed to speak of it with pride and pleasure. This Mr. Hirth, a great-uncle of Miss Minor's, died in 1907 in Emporia, Kansas. The chronicler of all things Kansan, Mr. William Allen White, tells us that he himself went to the Hirth funeral and can identify it in his recollection through the Masonic pomp and circumstance of the obsequies. Mr. White knew Mr. Hirth but slightly and did not talk with him concerning his collection, but three other letters in our possession attest our statement.

In **Archer B. Gilfillan's** second paper on the joys of sheep herding we get the philosophy as well as the experience of a man with an original recipe for finding life by losing the world. △ With a quarter of a century's service in the ministry behind him, and a genius for quickening men's sympathies and understanding them, **Harry Emerson Fosdick** may well advise the youth of the country about his chosen profession. △ Since the seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Lawrence, Kansas, is to be celebrated this year, **Mrs. Susan D. Alford's** first-hand description of a stirring episode in American frontier history comes at an appropriate moment. The letter that accompanied her manuscript contained this passage:—

> There are few surviving who experienced the hardships of the fifties, and as I am nearing the fourscore mark myself it seemed almost a duty to make my small contribution to the history of those crucial years. I cannot forget that through those cruel years the *Atlantic Monthly* was always in our home, read and reread, and read again to visiting neighbors.

Our second story from **Captain William Outerson** shows, like his first, perfect familiarity with the lives and characters of seafarers. His admirers are nautical as well as literary. One sailorman gave his trousers a hitch and inquired why one bell was sounded at 3.45 A.M., whereas the conventional ship's clock strikes one bell at 4.30, 8.30, and 12.30. The Captain was not to be caught.

> Very few sailing ships [he says] struck the half hour on the bells, because there was no need of it. The hours only were struck. One bell was struck at 3.45, morning and afternoon, and at 11.45 at night, merely for the purpose of intimating to the watch on deck that it was time to call the watch below. Seven bells were struck at 7.20 and 11.20 in the morning in order to give the watch below time to get up and dress, eat breakfast or lunch, and have time for a smoke afterward which they would not have had if they had been called at 7.30 or 11.30. It was merely a custom of convenience, and theoretically wrong.

Joseph Wood Krutch's observations on love and tragedy have turned philosophers into critics and critics into philosophers. Rarely have we published essays more thoughtful or more rewarding to those who love thought for its own sake. △ With her Latin title and her predilection for pressed flowers, **Dorothy Margaret Stuart** strikes the classical note of horticulture. △ Before setting forth to follow in the footsteps of Sir Francis Younghusband and deliver the

Asia Lecture before the Royal Geographic Society, **Owen Lattimore** was a welcome caller at this office. He and Mrs. Lattimore will be at home to their friends in Cambridge this winter. △ In **Irvin H. Myers** we uncover a South Dakotan Socrates with dialectics sharpened by practice of the law. **John Mason Brown** studied under Professor Baker at Harvard in the days of the famous '47 Workshop' and has just returned from a tour of the Moscow theatres. He has also been connected with the *Theatre Arts Monthly*. △ The second and concluding installment of **Pernet Patterson's** latest story shows this young Virginian building up to an impressive climax where fate and terror are powerfully blended. △ Two generations at Harvard invariably referred to **Le Baron Russell Briggs** as 'Dean.' Radcliffe, on the other hand, knew him only as 'President.' △ Night on the Sahara produces elemental emotions, to which **Lord Dunsany** gives voice. The Celtic poet and the Arab tribesman have the common denominator of awe in the face of darkness. △ So far as the women's colleges are concerned, there is no such thing as 'playing poor' — at least in the estimation of **William Allan Neilson**, President of Smith College.

At least every other day **William Martin** writes a leading editorial in his *Journal de Genève* which is promptly quoted the length and breadth of Europe. Living in the shadow of the League of Nations, he is in a strategic position to report on the progress of peace on earth. △ Over a year ago **Herbert W. Horwill** described the Revised Church of England Prayer Book in our columns. Recent developments have brought about a number of important changes, which this same British student again interprets. **Silvio Trentin** used to teach law in a number of Italian universities, besides occupying a seat in the Parliament at Rome. He is now living and writing in France, where his *L'Aventure Italienne*, a thoroughly documented attack on the Fascist régime, was published last spring. There is no such thing as an impartial expert on Fascist policy, domestic or foreign, since anyone who knows about it at first hand automatically takes sides. This paper makes the point that under Mussolini Italy departed from her historic attitude of conciliation only to eat humbler pie when England spoke in earnest. This point of view is further substantiated by the recent overtures between Paris and Rome which occurred after this article was written, indicating that the Duce finds he must modify his attitude in that direction also.

There follows a letter which the *Atlantic* takes seriously. The will has not been wanting through all these years to print personal records of individual adventures, physical and spiritual, practical and philosophic, whimsical and serious. Occasionally we have succeeded in securing such records; more often we have failed. Certainly we hope that the chance reader of this correspondence, recalling things experienced or sincerely felt whose relation will be of interest to our appreciative public, will write of them to the editor of the *Atlantic*.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just had the good fortune to spend a few days with a friend whose guest room was equipped with bound volumes of the *Atlantic* running back some twenty years, and with your recent issues fresh in my mind I embarked on a comparison of your pre-war contents with those of to-day. The differences were both striking and significant.

For some time past I have been half aware of a tendency on your part to devote more and more attention to political and financial matters. Was this, I wondered, a quality of the *Atlantic* itself, or was the magazine simply reflecting the spirit of the times? Your increasing popularity would seem to indicate the latter. Ten and fifteen years ago your intimate casual papers from small-town folk, your articles from light-hearted vagabonds, and later your thrilling accounts of happy-go-lucky adventurers in the Great War, portrayed a type of American that had almost vanished by 1920. That year, I believe, marks the disappearance of the beloved individualistic American, from the lowly hobo to the easy-going paterfamilias. Prosperity and normalcy have given us instead the hustling Babbitt, too delighted with his recent achievements to turn his eye inward.

It is, in short, my growing conviction that the past eight years have been more a period of anxiety than of prosperity. The lucky ones have been rubbing their eyes, wondering if their good fortune had come to stay, and the less fortunate

have spent themselves keeping up with the Joneses. Many of our 'best minds' have turned away from reflective pursuits and have given themselves over to inventing practical solutions to new problems. Now all this is no doubt as it should be, and I am the last to object if the *Atlantic* devotes more and more space to proposed reforms of an investment market in which more and more Americans are becoming vitally involved. I am only wondering, though, if the time has not come for a change. Is it even fantastic of me to hope that the overwhelming election of Mr. Hoover indicates that our present scheme of things is at last stabilized and that we can rest on our oars and look about us?

As I steeped myself in those *Atlantics* of only fifteen years ago, I felt transported to a different world, and even though that world was the one into which many of us were born, I realized that it was futile to hope for its return. But, I ask myself, is it also futile to hope that the world we live in now may take a little holiday and turn its eye inward as well as out? What manner of man or woman is our present representative citizen? A quarter of a century ago, he or she found satisfaction in literature, family life, and social intercourse for its own sake. How does the 1929 counterpart enjoy the automobiling, the golfing, the radioing that have so lately emerged? Do these things bring satisfaction, or are we just a little homesick? A dozen years ago a professor in a small college, writing in the *Atlantic*, took the fact that he had no dress suit for granted; now alumni funds have tricked him out in 'plus fours.' The casual adventurer is so rare that the stowaway on a Zeppelin becomes the hero of two continents. Is the amateur wanderer of yesterday eating his heart out at some desk or workbench, or has he turned into the familiar figure of the 'thumb tourist' safely begging rides at the roadside?

I hope these questions are not merely rhetorical, and I wish indeed that some evidence could be found that the individual still does exist in our midst, that paths are still open for self-realization. Perhaps the conventional routine can and does provide satisfaction. Perhaps it is only the big cities that are on the wrong track, and our smaller centres may be as independent as ever. And perhaps I am asking questions to which there is no answer. But still I wonder.

(Mrs.) Amelia Judson Gifford

Herbert Parrish's unflattering views on Protestantism are really responsible for the following piece of revivalist reminiscence, which dates back to the pre-Elmer Gantry period in American religious history.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Parrish's article on 'Some Constructive Principles' in the November *Atlantic* leaves an impression which can hardly be intended. He says (part III), 'Protestantism addresses itself too much to the intellect and too little to the emotions.' If he means intellect apart from intelligence he may be right, but an idea which does not appeal to intelligence does not live long. The constructive principle is lacking, and ideas must either grow or die.

Since he had previously referred in a tone of criticism to Methodists and Baptists who 'wallow on the ground and bark like dogs,' to 'Corybantic religious frenzies of the old-fashioned revivalism,' and to 'the orgiastic savagery of the Elmer Gantry period,' all of which would be highly emotional if true, one is left in doubt as to how he derived his conclusion from his premises. There was very little foundation of fact for the latter. The old camp meeting was a happy gathering of neighbors over a radius of many miles, and almost as much a matchmaking as a religious event.

I have some very pleasing recollections of the old knights-errant of the Christian message who rode the circuits. Their table manners were much those of King Arthur's court, and if sometimes in their wanderings they stopped to saw a cord or two of hickory wood for a friend in distress, such knightly deed was held in high esteem.

My father's house was a sort of wayside inn for anyone connected with church work, and one of the most frequent callers was a man of great age who had ridden circuit in his youth in Indiana. He was tall where tall men were common, and his iron-gray hair and beard and heavy brows gave him a severely austere air to strangers. But we children were always glad to see him because of his great laughter and his stories of Indians, bears, and other matters of interest. He was sure to stay for dinner, and we were cautioned to pay no attention to his table habits. He would at times prop both elbows on the table, hold a saucer of tea in both hands, and punctuate his conversation with gusty blowing across the tea. He might be handling a bit of food with knife, fork, or spoon, and blow that. Or with a piece of meat on his fork and his elbows on the table he would alternately blow and make short, sharp gestures with the meat. He never lost anything by that, and we were able to restrain ourselves.

Came a day when we had cucumber pickles, quartered lengthways, on the table. The old gentleman got a quarter on his fork and began blowing that.

My sister started the giggle, and Father turned with a thunderous frown. But before he could speak he was checked.

'Oh, Doctor,' exclaimed our friend, chuckling as he held the pickle out toward my father, 'let 'em laugh! This pickle was already cool!'

M. H. VAN H. BATTENBERG

We all know the issues involved in making chapel compulsory. The Warden of St. Stephen's College has this to say.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Sperry's article on 'Compulsory Chapel' is excellent as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough — far enough back. The basis for required chapel — at Yale, for instance — was originally that Yale was a college of Christians who believed worship a part, and a vital part, of culture. Chapel was required for precisely the same reason that going to lectures was required. It ministered to the purpose of the institution. The concept of life and learning held at Harvard, and in most other American colleges, has changed. Such a college is no longer a place to which men go desiring and expecting spiritual as well as mental discipline. It is an intellectual shop. Religion seems an individual matter, not a collegiate or corporate matter. That is the nub of the situation. There are colleges which do still believe that religion is a collegiate concern, colleges composed of men of varied communions all of whom know before they enroll that the discipline of regular and reverent worship is expected as a matter of course.

What Dr. Sperry does is generalize. He assumes that all American colleges are and should be alike. Like many Yale men, he thinks all American colleges are or ought to be just like Harvard. Nothing could be further from the fact.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

They order these things better at Smith, where feminine common sense — assisted, we may add, by President Neilson — has worked out this ingenious chapel system.

October 29, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We are very much interested in Dean Sperry's article on 'Compulsory Chapel' because we think we have at Smith College a chapel system which combines 'joy' and 'discipline' in almost exactly the proportions he advocates. We should very much like to know whether he agrees with us.

About ten years ago the administration abolished compulsory chapel at Smith because they felt about it very much as Dean Sperry feels. The students, however, voted to compel themselves to go to chapel on an average of four times a week. Every year they take a fresh vote and, though there is always a minority who do not believe in being compelled to do anything, the great majority of the college is so well satisfied with the present system that we do not have a 'chapel problem' for more than one week in the year. President Neilson has called the system 'voluntary compulsory chapel.'

The refreshment they get from the simple religious service brings some students to chapel. Others come for the pleasure of meeting their 'chapel dates'; others out of curiosity as to what the President may have to say. The majority, I suppose, come from a mixture of all three motives. They want to come, but they feel that they would not come unless they made themselves do it. 'Wordsworth,' says Dean Sperry, 'was right when he said that life means something more than discipline, and that more is joy; a joy which cannot be attained without discipline, but a joy which at the last knows discipline only as the pleasurable memory of transmuted pain.' By 8.30 in the morning most Smith students have transmuted their pain.

Yours very truly,

MARGARET L. FARRAND

Set a skeptic to catch a skeptic. Here is an agnostic layman who feels that Robert Keable's honest doubts about the man of history and the God of legend need not have been quite so profound.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The pathetic figure of Robert Keable, bereft of health, faith, and finally of life by the Great War, should arouse our tenderest sympathies. But even these sympathies, and his plausible — at times delightful — English style, cannot make thoughtful people indifferent to his lack of clear thought and adequate information when he tackles serious matters like the fundamentals of religion. Any writer who asserts in positive dogmatic fashion, without semblance of qualification, that the records of Jesus are less than contemptible as historical fact is playing into the hands of extremists rather than following the most competent and impartial scholarship.

Like Professor Paul Shorey in his able analysis of the extreme evolutionary doctrine of certain psychologists, we might emphasize the results of such unguarded teachings in the field of practical morals, pointing out the loss that liberals would feel were their historic Leader taken from them, or the disappearance of spiritual inspiration experienced by the orthodox when belief in a divine

and risen Saviour is weakened. But the ultimate test of truth is truth, not moral effect; so one's main objection to such teachings is that *they are not true.* Oh, yes! They may seem true to a small group of radical partisans, but not to the majority of competent and fair-minded scholars, unless some of us are wholly misinformed.

Now let it be immediately and energetically made clear that these remarks are not the spoutings of some outraged orthodox parson, but rather of a most unorthodox, skeptical, agnostic layman. Nor are they derived from what is called 'conservative' scholarship (for which the writer has a perhaps unfair lack of respect and confidence), but rather from what seems to be a consensus of reasonable liberal opinion, with even a concession to the radical view. Particularly impressive are these words, quoted from a leading liberal in the course of a most impartial discussion of the Virgin Birth (in which he does *not* believe): 'Impressive also is the acknowledged trustworthiness of one, at least, of the narrations. Critics object to Matthew as too greatly influenced by the desire to find fulfillments of prophecy. But more and more sound historical criticism tends to support strongly the trustworthiness of Luke as a historian. The most conspicuous witness here is Harnack, who holds that Luke wrote both the Gospel and the Acts, finished the Acts before the end of Paul's imprisonment (and therefore the Gospel earlier), and is to be depended on as a careful historian.'

This view, of course, does not leave us an infallible record, wholly free from legend, as reliable in narrating a birth that took place in 4 B.C. as a crucifixion in 29 A.D. (two events a generation apart, one connected with an obscure family and the other with a conspicuous religious leader). A host of difficult problems still remain. But it gives us some apparently sincere and almost contemporary records, not to mention Paul's earlier letters; we have Mark and Luke, and possibly Matthew, but probably not John (unless Lord Charnwood and his ilk be right). Of course these writers had their sources, their Q, their X, their Y, and their Z. What historians do not? And what should we say about them if we felt that they had written simply from oral tradition without known sources — which, by the way, suggest other written records used by them of which we have at present no suspicion? This, in fact, is the clear statement of the situation in the opening sentences of Luke's Gospel.

GALLIO

Descending to mundane affairs, we take this opportunity to report that Philip Cabot's piece on public utilities has brought in several pleas for public ownership. We print below a reply from Maurice Scharff, and only wish we could squeeze in another letter which points out that Mr. Hoover's home town of Palo Alto conducts a municipal gas plant that was purchased from private owners and now pays its own way, yields handsome profits, and charges lower rates than prevail in a neighboring city.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just been reading Professor Cabot's discussion, in the November issue, of my September article on utilities. I pass over the accusation of Calvinism, and his classification of me as belonging to an 'ilk.' (Though I confess 'ilk' irks me. I don't think I deserve it.) And so I come to the extraordinary argument that our system of public utility regulation (so highly praised in the publicity of the utility industry) has led the managers of the holding companies to 'conceal or divert the real profits so that they shall not appear in the net income' and to 'devise some way of manipulating these operating costs so as to get a profit out of them.' Are we to believe, then, that the abuses which I pointed out as the misdeeds of individual companies, which I thought should be regulated by the industry, are really the settled, conscious policies of the entire industry, to circumvent the system of public regulation?

Finally, Professor Cabot asks the question, 'Confronted with this dilemma, can you blame a manager if he seeks some way to camouflage the position by introducing some intercompany profit into the operating expenses which, while increasing them and reducing the apparent profit, will in fact keep the profit of the holding company intact?'

Well, yes, I think you can blame him. Or at least you can blame him if, at the same time, he continues to protest that regulation is effective, and that he is laying 'all of the facts before the public.'

Of course, I don't believe that the utility holding companies are quite as bad as Professor Cabot's argument makes them out to be. There are unquestionably serious abuses in some parts of the industry. But there are many young men, and some older men, in the industry who believe as I do, that it is possible to make profits in the industry by actually conducting it in accordance with the principles which it professes; and who would like to see the abuses corrected by action within the industry, before it is permanently and irreparably damaged as a field of business opportunity.

MAURICE R. SCHARFF

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1929

RECONSTRUCTION AND PROHIBITION

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

I

In the spring of 1918 an American said to a friend that the young men taking part in the war had been raised to such a pitch of exaltation that they would live on a higher plane than their fathers. The answer was a chilling caution not to believe it; that the war would be followed by an era of materialism. The friend then pointed out that such a reaction had generally occurred after great wars, and that the result is a natural one, because, as strenuous physical exertion is followed by fatigue, so a violent moral effort, when the cause that produced it is removed, is succeeded by moral lassitude and therewith a turning of attention into very different channels. That this revulsion of spirit should be expected to follow peace is now recognized by those who have thought about the subject; but there are other after-effects of war of quite a different character that merit consideration.

The very reaction that follows the cessation of hostilities has some unexpected results. War brings a great wave of emotion, and when, with peace, that recedes in a low tide of feeling, it does not leave things as they were before. Some traditions have been swept away, some habits changed; but in the swirl, the eddies, the cross currents of the falling waters it is not easy to distinguish the old landmarks, and see which have been destroyed and which remain.

To most people the return of peace brings the desire to be about one's own business; but in some earnest souls it stimulates an ambition to effect a great moral reform. In the stress of war, individuals and peoples do things that would seem impossible under ordinary conditions. Obstacles that otherwise would be insuperable are overcome. Familiar restraints and impeding habits are loosened; and enthusiasts do not appreciate that this state of mind will fade into the light of common day. To them a millennium seems within reach, and in the confused state of opinion that prevails they are tempted to strive for objects that in other times they would regard as remote or unattainable.

Such an experience followed the Civil War. In that case rancor against the Southerners and philanthropy toward the negroes combined to produce the measures known as Reconstruction. The policy had such disastrous results, and at the present day has so few, if any, defenders, that we find it hard to attribute high motives to the men who approved it. Yet many of them had the best intentions. They not only

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shared the general conviction that slavery must be forever abolished, but believed that the sole difference between the races was the color of the skin. On this basis they insisted on justice as they saw it — that is, absolute equality of every kind — for the negro; and certainly justice for the oppressed is in itself a noble motive.

Everyone knows the result: much bad government by carpetbaggers supported by an inexperienced and ignorant vote of the freedmen; maladministration; financial mismanagement; economic and social distress; resistance by force and fraud through the shotgun and the tissue ballot. In most of the seceding states the right of the negro to vote could be maintained only by the presence of federal troops; and this was continued until President Hayes, elected by the political party responsible for the policy of Reconstruction, decided to withdraw them. As head of the nation, not only had he sworn to execute its laws, but these amendments had specially empowered, and therefore intended, the federal government to provide for their enforcement. Nevertheless he made up his mind that to attempt to fulfill a clear constitutional obligation would be both futile and demoralizing, and posterity has been convinced that he was right. The result was to leave the enforcement of the provisions for negro suffrage practically to the states instead of the federal government. Moreover, the longest and most elaborate section of the Fourteenth Amendment has been from the outset a dead letter. It provides that if in any state the suffrage is restricted the representation in Congress shall be proportionally diminished; but although in many states, both North and South, the right to vote has been, and is now, restricted by clauses requiring the ability to read and write or other qualifications, no serious effort has ever been made to carry this constitutional provision into effect. The Fourteenth Amendment has had the effect of enlarging the authority of the Supreme Court in matters wholly unrelated to its main object of negro rights, but so far as enforcement of the suffrage by the national administration is concerned both this amendment and the Fifteenth have become well-nigh obsolete.

Although the policy of Reconstruction, as distinguished from the abolition of slavery, failed of its object, and without being repealed has been discarded, yet its consequences have by no means passed away. It has left in the South a resentment that the Civil War alone would not have provoked, and that a half-century of noninterference with the treatment of the racial question by the states, and of growing prosperity in the South, did not obliterate. Sectional distrust of the party which enacted the policy, but had long repudiated it, remained an active force in public life; and, contrary to many common interests, dominated until the last election the politics of the former Confederate States. Although within those fifty years two foreign wars occurred in which North and South fought side by side, although no one in the South wishes to-day that the Civil War had resulted in Confederate victory and dissolution of the Union, yet the errors of Reconstruction still cast their shadow upon the land south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Another unfortunate effect of the principles held by the extremists at the close of the Civil War lies in their lack of influence over the treatment of the negro after the policy of Reconstruction was abandoned. Most of the people in the North, convinced that this policy had been a mistake and that they did not understand the question, subsided into a position if not of indifference

at least of self-distrust, and refrained from trying to interfere with conditions which they felt that they did not comprehend. Apart from a few men deeply interested in negro education, the Northern philanthropists, on the other hand, who cared intensely about the negroes, have failed to recognize that the position of the races in the South presented any peculiar question; or rather they assumed that it had only one simple solution, the absolute equality of the races for all purposes; and they have tended to attribute any opposition to this principle to unworthy motives. Thus prejudice enhanced prejudice, and men who, by a serious study of the problem, might have had an effect on the treatment of the negro, and bettered his life, lost that chance, exasperating rather than moderating Southern sentiment.

II

Such in brief has been the history of a policy framed by extremists at the close of a great war; founded largely on a philanthropic impulse regardless of actual conditions and obstacles; sanctioned by the Constitution, but impossible of execution; and finally abandoned without repeal of the constitutional provisions by which it was decreed. Another amendment, not wholly dissimilar in its philanthropic motive, has been adopted at the end of another war, and people are watching the results. Unlike Reconstruction, Prohibition was enacted with no admixture of bitterness against a beaten foe. So far as the incentive was not economic it was wholly moral; yet, like Reconstruction, it was the work of people who had long advocated as a minority a reform which the war enabled them to carry into effect. As with Reconstruction, a vigorous dislike to the policy is making the practical enforcement of the law difficult if not impossible.

Prohibition had long been advocated in different parts of the country and had been adopted in various forms. One of these was local option by towns or cities; and this was in large measure successful. In rural communities where the sentiment was general, and in suburbs of those cities which did not adopt it, it resulted in suppressing open barrooms, but not in preventing people who wanted intoxicating liquor from obtaining it for themselves. A number of states went farther, forbidding manufacture and sale throughout their territory. For many years a strict enforcement of these laws was impeded by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Original Package Case. Interstate commerce, being within the domain of the federal government, could not be restricted by statutes of the states; and the court held that so long as merchandise was in the original package in which it was shipped from another state it was a subject of interstate commerce, regulated only by federal law. Finally in 1913 Congress passed an act withdrawing from federal protection the shipment of liquor into any state that forbade its sale, thus leaving each state free to enact its exclusion altogether. This is important to bear in mind, because people in discussing the Volstead Act may recall only the condition when states could not prevent the admission of liquor within their boundaries. Of course, with the freedom of internal trade, and the absence of state customhouses, — one of the greatest benefits conferred by the framers of the Constitution, and a principal source of our national development and prosperity, — it is more difficult for a state than for the nation to guard its approaches; but on the other hand there is more likelihood of a general community of opinion

in most of the states than in the country as a whole, and that is of no small importance in the enforcement of a law.

Nevertheless, to enforce a law against the opinion of any considerable minority is always difficult. In some states, where opinion has been sufficiently harmonious, Prohibition has, no doubt, been effective; but in others, where opinion has been divided, this has not been the case. Maine has had a constitutional provision of that kind for half a century; but in Bangor a system — devised, it is said, by the chief justice of her highest court — was long in use whereby the provision was turned in practice into high license. The keeper of a disreputable saloon was prosecuted until driven out of business, while the keeper of an orderly one was prosecuted every other year, fined a fixed sum, and was otherwise unmolested. The system continued until an attempt was made to apply it in Portland, when the prohibitionists became indignant and it had to be given up. The provision in a state constitution was thus made to work for a time in Bangor as if it were one for local option. Believing that obedience to law is the basis of civil society, I am not excusing this, but merely pointing out the difficulty of carrying out a statute against strong opposition, and the way it may be perverted where many people regard it as unreasonable.

That the prohibitionists who urged the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment were actuated by the highest moral purpose no one has a right to doubt; that there was a real evil to combat is not less certain. There is almost no desire to restore the open saloon; but the question is whether, in the enthusiasm for suppressing drunkenness, they went, like the advocates of Reconstruction, too far, and thereby imperiled the object in view. It has been said that, had the Volstead Act set the limit of alcohol at a point below which wine and beer may indeed, but seldom do, intoxicate those who drink them, the law would have been so generally accepted and obeyed that the bootlegger would have found no sufficient market to sustain his trade. Whether that be true or not is a matter of conjecture, and it is proverbial that the most useless of pursuits is hypothetics, or the study of those things that might have happened and did not.

When national prohibition went into effect men who had no personal objection to wine, who had in the past served it on their tables, were more concerned about obeying the law than they seem to be to-day. The host would sometimes remark that what he offered was not illegal, for it was a pre-war purchase. One hears little of that now. There are many people, and let us hope there always will be many, who refuse to break the law, although not satisfied with it; but they appear to become fewer year by year. At first clubs and hotels were careful in their conduct. Member or guest might bring his own supply, but neither directly nor indirectly would they assist; but the observance of the law is certainly less strict to-day. Bootlegging is universally believed to have become a vast organized business employing a large capital, and in most cities no one who wants liquor seems to find any serious difficulty in getting it. In short, as everyone knows, the law is not enforced, and as time goes on it seems to be less and less effective.

There is no reason to suppose that the national administration has been intentionally lax; but it is doubtful whether sumptuary laws can ever be enforced against the resistance of any large minority. Lawyers draw a distinction between *malum in se* and *malum prohibitum* — that is, between

those acts which are intrinsically wrong in themselves and those which are offenses because made so by statute; or, in other words, between acts universally esteemed immoral and those which are not generally so regarded but in the interest of the common welfare are forbidden by legislation. Laws dealing with acts of the latter class which involve obvious danger to others are easily enforced, because everyone has an interest that his neighbors should not put him or his property in peril; but this is not true where the effect on other people is remote or not potent. That is the reason why sumptuary laws, affecting what seems to be only personal conduct, are difficult to enforce. Many excellent people believe that drinking any intoxicant, even to an extent that does not intoxicate, is inherently immoral; but that is very far from a general opinion, and a large part of those who do not hold it feel that interference with their personally innocent habits is not justified by a claim of benefit to the public of which they are not convinced. Whether this attitude be right or wrong, it is a fact that must be taken into account in considering the possibility of enforcing universal prohibition. There is little use in abusing those who oppose the law, as the advocates of Reconstruction reproached the Southerners in the earlier years of that policy. Epithets do not alter facts. The question discussed in this article is not whether Prohibition would be a benefit if it could be carried into effect, but whether it can be enforced, and, if not, whether the present condition is better than some modification of the policy.

Moreover, if it be true that the men who buy and drink bootlegged liquor are evil-minded persons led by a perverted appetite to encourage violations of law to the injury of the public, then they ought to be punished. It is they who support the traffic by supplying the demand, for without them it would quickly die out. Yet no attempt is made to treat the individual purchase of liquor as a crime, or to prosecute those who do so as participants in the offense of selling it. The fact is that the public does not regard buying liquor for personal consumption as a crime; grand juries would not indict, or petty juries convict. It is one of many cases where a policy cannot be carried out, because even those who desire it are not willing to take the measures necessary for its enforcement. On the other hand, it is almost mathematically demonstrable that the present practice of proceeding against bootleggers alone cannot be effectual, because the profit increases with the risk. Under such conditions the unlawful trade will be amply remunerative unless the proportion of successful violations is small. The same principle applies to blockade-running in war, which continues until the risk of capture is very great, until, to use the formal term, the blockade is made effective. Now it is evident that so far the attempt to exclude liquor from the United States, to prevent its sale, — in short, to keep people who want it from getting it, — has not been successful and does not seem to be getting more so. To judge, therefore, from experience up to this time, it seems highly improbable that the blockade of liquor can be made effective.

III

Public sentiment is sometimes in favor of a law, but against its enforcement. That sounds like a paradox, and perhaps it is, because people are not always rational or consistent. Those who are enthusiastic about a measure strive earnestly to procure its enactment, and sometimes, when they have

done so, rest satisfied with their victory, assume that the matter is settled, and suspend organized effort; while others who dislike the law are contented if it is not enforced. This has often been true of old laws that have become partly obsolete, like the Sunday laws, which many people do not want either repealed or strictly enforced. But it is needless to go for examples beyond our subject of liquor. During the half-century that Maine was governed by her own constitutional prohibition, it was commonly and notoriously violated. People who believed in prohibition had their law, others who wanted liquor had that; and, save for occasional outbursts of righteous indignation, there seemed to be general contentment with the situation.

The Eighteenth Amendment, no more effectively enforced than it is to-day, and than it is likely to be in future, might prove to be the path of least resistance and greatest general satisfaction, were it not that it involves grave evils; for the present condition is very demoralizing. That it has produced corruption among government agents, and in some states in the police, is universally believed. Like the policy of Reconstruction in the South, it has turned many respectable people who ought to be patterns of law and order into lawbreakers. It is responsible for no small amount of violence and crime. Men who are in a position to know assert that the murders in Chicago are mainly, if not wholly, due to quarrels among the bootleggers, and between them and the hi-jackers. Such conditions are certain to last so long as an illegal and lucrative traffic is conducted on a large scale, supported by sales to citizens in good standing, while the public authorities endeavor to suppress it by force. The country is at odds with itself. There is a lack of harmony in principles that causes friction, maladjustment, and confusion. It is not a healthy condition, or one that ought to continue.

It may be assumed that the majority of the American people are in favor of the present law; but that does not settle the matter. Perhaps the majority were in favor of the rigorous measures of Reconstruction, even at the time when President Hayes withdrew the federal troops. However that may have been, the withdrawal was not due to a change in the opinion of the majority, but to the harm done by striving to enforce the policy upon a disaffected minority. It was rapidly causing a disrespect for law, and, bad as the result has been, it would have been worse had the policy not been abandoned. Statesmanship is not a theory, but an art, and the true aim of that art is the creation of a harmonious community life on as high a plane as possible, by the acceptance, as nearly universal as may be, of common standards of public and private conduct. Too great uniformity makes for stagnation, and the happy nation is one that enjoys agreement in fundamental principles with toleration and mutual respect in nonessentials. An attempt to produce uniformity by coercion causes a revulsion that lessens the sense of solidarity, of mutual dependence and the support of a common interest.

Prohibition has no doubt done good. It has abolished the saloon; it has diminished the absence from the factory of workmen through drink, the waste of their wages on liquor, and the consequent suffering of their families. But it has done this at the cost of lowering the standards of many citizens and officials. In short, it seems to have been an economic benefit not unmixed with a distinct moral detriment. The object should be to retain the first of these and eliminate the second.

Of course, if the enforcement could be made thoroughly effective and maintained for a considerable time, the moral evils of the present condition might be removed, and habits established that would prevent their recurrence. Whether this is possible or not should be considered, not from a dogmatic or sentimental standpoint, but from that of a true statesman with an open mind, free from prejudice, by a careful examination of facts and conditions and in the light of experience. If, after such a study, enforcement appears to be feasible and desirable, by methods which can practicably be applied, it should be so administered as to be really effective, instead of being, as now, vexatious, demoralizing, and inefficient.

If, on the contrary, it should appear that the law as it now stands cannot be fully enforced, it should be so modified as to preserve those features which are most important, such as the abolition of the open saloon, and it should permit communities which desire and can carry out absolute exclusion of liquor to enjoy that privilege; while at the same time discarding things which are not essential for this purpose and are found to impede enforcement. The question seems to be one of major importance, and the quality needed to find the answer is not rhetoric but statesmanship, not enthusiasm but calm and mature reflection. The future will depend upon the moderation of people with conflicting opinions, and especially upon that of the prohibitionists. If the men who like cocktails and carry hip flasks demand that there shall be no restraints whatever on their liberty to drink as they please, irrespective of the common welfare, bootleggers will be ready to supply them, and no compromise will be reached. If the prohibitionists insist that their principle unabated shall remain the formal law, they will probably make enforcement impossible, hamper the growth of temperance, and perpetuate violation of the law and of good order. This last is the most serious aspect of the matter.

As a people we have been law-abiding, not by compulsion from above, but from a sense of the fitness of things. The success of self-government is based on a confidence that one's neighbors will conform to the established rules of conduct, and anything that undermines that confidence strikes at the root of our civil life.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

From the turnstile where the tickets were taken, a passage covered by red and white awning led to the hall of the Coliseum. The cement floor of this passage was wet from many muddy footprints, and an icy draft raced through it with a speed greater than that of the swift horses within.

There were but a few stragglers entering now, and among these was eighteen-year-old Finch Whiteoak. His raincoat and soft felt hat were dripping; even the smooth skin on his thin cheeks was shining with moisture.

He carried a strap holding a couple of textbooks and a dilapidated notebook. He was unpleasantly conscious of these as the mark of a student, and wished he had not brought them along. He tried to conceal them under his raincoat, but they made such a repulsive-looking lump on his person that he sheepishly brought them forth again.

Inside the hall he found himself in a hubbub of voices and sounding footfalls, and in the midst of a large display of flowers. Monstrous chrysanthemums, strange colors flaming behind their curled petals, perfect pink roses that seemed to be musing delicately on their own perfection, indolent crimson roses, weighed down by their rich color and perfume, crowded on every side.

With the sheepish smile still lingering on his lips, Finch wandered among them. Their elegance, their fragility, combined with the vividness of their coloring, gave him a feeling of tremulous happiness. He wished that there were not so many people. He would have liked to drift about among the flowers alone, absorbing their perfume rather than inhaling it, absorbing their rich gayety rather than beholding it.

He was roused by the sound of a man's voice shouting through a megaphone in the inner part of the building where the horse show was in progress. He looked at his wrist watch and discovered that it was a quarter to four o'clock. He would not dare to show himself at the ringside for at least another half hour. He had cut the last period at school so that he might have time to see something of the other exhibits before the events in which his brother Renny was to take part were due. Renny would expect to see him then, but he would certainly be sharp with him if he discovered that he had missed any of his lessons. Finch had failed to pass his matriculation examinations the summer before, and his present attitude toward Renny was one of humble propitiation.

He thought he would have a look at the kennels of silver foxes. A long stairway led to this section. Up here under the roof was a quite different world, a world smelling of disinfectants, a world of glittering eyes, of pointed muzzles and upstanding,

vigorous fur. Trapped, all of them, behind the strong wire of their cages. Curled up in tight balls, with just one watchful eye peering; scratching in the clean straw, trying to find a way out of this drear imprisonment; standing on hind legs, with contemptuous little faces pointing through the netting. Finch wished he might open the doors of all the cages. He pictured that wild scampering, that furious padding across the fields, that mad digging of burrows and hiding in the hospitable earth, when he had set them free!

A bugle sounded from below. Finch hurried toward the stairs.

At the head of the stairway an elderly man was drooping mournfully before an exhibit of canaries. He accosted the boy, offering him a ticket in a lottery. The prize was to be a handsome bird in full song.

'Only twenty-five cents for the ticket,' he said, 'and the canary is worth twenty-five dollars. A regular beauty. Here 'e is in this cage. I've never bred a grander bird. Look at the shape and color of 'im. And you ought to 'ear 'im sing! What a present for your mother, young man, and Christmas coming in another six weeks!'

Finch thought that if he had had a mother living it would have been an extremely nice present for her. He pictured himself presenting it, in its glittering gilt cage, to a shadowy lovely young mother of about twenty-five. He fixed his hungry light eyes on the canary, trig and sleek from special feeding, and muttered something incoherent. The exhibitor produced a ticket.

'Here you are — number thirty-one. I should n't be a bit surprised if it was the lucky number. Sure you would n't like to buy two? You might as well buy two while you're about it.'

Finch shook his head, and produced the twenty-five cents. As he descended the stairs he cursed himself for his weakness. He had been short enough of funds without throwing away any. He tried to picture Renny's being chivied into buying a lottery ticket for a canary.

Judging was taking place inside the ring. The tanbark was dotted with men holding their mounts. Three judges, notebooks in hand, strolled from horse to horse, now and again consulting together. The horses stood motionless, except one which capered pettishly at the end of the reins. The exhilarating odor of tanbark and good horseflesh hung on the air, which was still cool in spite of the closely packed spectators.

The man with the megaphone announced the winners. They were trotted once around the ring, then disappeared after the defeated competitors into the regions behind. The band struck up.

The next event was the judging of three-year-old hunters. There were fifteen entries, among them Silken Lady, ridden by Finch's sister-in-law, Pheasant Whiteoak. She came in at the tail of the string, a large number 15 on a white square attached to her waist. Finch felt a sudden leap of pride as he watched Lady circle the tanbark, showing her good blood and her pride of life in every step. He felt a pleasant sense of proprietorship in Pheasant, too. She was like a slender boy in her brown coat and breeches, with her bare, closely cropped head. Odd how young she looked, after all she'd been through. That affair of hers with Eden that had nearly separated Piers and her. The two seemed happier now. Piers was awfully keen that Pheasant should make a good showing in the jumps. A hard fellow, Piers — he must have given her a rough time of it for a while. A good thing that Eden was safely out of the way. He'd made

trouble enough — been a bad brother to Piers, a bad husband to Alayne.

A stout man in the uniform of a colonel put the riders through their paces, sending them trailing, now swift, now slow, around the ring. Pheasant's pale face grew pink. Ahead of her rode a short plump girl in immaculate English riding clothes, a glossy little bell-topped hat, a snowy stock. A youth next to Finch told him that she came from Philadelphia. She had a noble-looking mount. The judges were noticing him. Finch felt a sinking of the heart as the American horse swept rhythmically over the tanbark. When the riders dismounted, Finch's eyes were riveted on Pheasant and the girl from Philadelphia.

It was as he feared. The blue ribbon was attached to the bridle of the plump girl's horse. Silken Lady did not even get the second or third.

Now came the high jumpers, gray and chestnut, bay and black, streaming along the track close on each other's heels. Ah, there was Renny! That thin, strong figure that looked as though it were a part of the long-legged roan mare. A quiver of excitement ran through the crowd, like a breeze stirring a field of wheat. As the sound of the band died away the thunder of hoofs took up the music, sweeter by far! Finch could not bear to remain in his seat. He slid past the knees of those between him and the aisle, and descended the steps. He joined the line of men that lounged against the paling that surrounded the track.

Here the tanbark looked like brown velvet. Here one heard the straining of leather, the blowing, the snorting of the contesting glossy beasts, their heavy grunts as they alighted on the ground after the clearing of the hedge. His eyes were directed toward its greenness. He looked up at each horse as it rose, at its rider bending above it, their muscular organisms exquisitely merged into the semblance of a centaur.

No women in this contest. Only men. Men and horses. Oh, the heart-straining thrill of it! As Renny's horse skimmed the barrier, the hedge, flew through the air, dropped to its thudding hoofs again, and thundered down the tanbark, its nostrils stretched, its mouth open, its breath rushing from its great barrel of a body, it seemed the embodiment of savage prehistoric power. Renny, with his carven nose, his brown eyes blazing in his narrow, foxlike face, his grin that had always something vindictive in it, he too seemed possessed by this savage power.

The boy's imagination, liberated by the tumult of plunging horses whose breath comes in warm gusts against his face as they pass, spreads itself like a fantastic screen between him and the reality of the scene before him. He sees his soul, opaque, iridescent, strangely shaped, leap to the back of the mare, behind Renny, clasping him about the waist with its shadowy yet savagely strong arms, and soaring with him above the circling riders, above the hand-clapping spectators, up among the lights which rise in rushing billows of color toward a thunderous sky above. The drums beat, and the soaring music of the horns accompanies them. . . . He stands clinging to the paling, a lanky boy with hollow cheeks, hungry eyes, one bony shoulder blade projecting a sharp ridge through his coat. His expression is so ridiculous that Renny, trotting tranquilly around the track, the blue ribbon fluttering against the roan's neck, on suddenly discovering him thinks, 'Good Lord, the kid looks little more than an idiot!'

His greeting to Finch, when the boy sought him out among the groups of men and horses in the enclosure behind

the arena, was only a nod. He continued his conversation with a rigid-looking officer in the uniform of an American lieutenant. Finch had seen this man taking part in several jumping events. He had followed Renny with the red ribbon.

Finch stood humbly by, listening to their talk of horseflesh and hunting. Mutual admiration beamed from their eyes. At last Renny, glancing at his wrist watch, said, 'Well, I must be getting on. By the way, this is my young brother. Finch, Mr. Rogers.'

The American shook hands with the boy kindly, but looked him over without enthusiasm.

'Grown fast, I suppose,' he commented to the elder Whiteoak, as they turned away together.

'Oh yes,' returned Renny. 'No bone to speak of,' and he added, apologetically, 'He's musical.'

'Is he studying music?'

'He was, but I stopped it last summer after he failed in his matric. I feel regularly up against it with him. Now the music is cut off, he has taken to play-acting. It seems that he'd rather do anything than work. But I dare say he'll turn out all right. Sometimes the most unpromising colt, you know . . .'

They were now crossing an open paved space, unlighted save by the blurred beam from a motor car cautiously moving among the horses that were being led to stable or station.

Renny Whiteoak and the American parted. Finch, who had been slouching behind, moved to his brother's side.

'Gosh, it's cold,' mumbled the boy.

'Cold!' exclaimed the elder, in astonishment. 'Why, I'm hot. The trouble with you is that you don't get enough exercise. If you'd go in for sports more, you'd get your circulation up. A foal just dropped would n't feel the cold to-night.'

A voice called from the car which they were approaching: —

'Is that you, Renny? I thought you were never coming. I'm beastly cold.'

It was young Pheasant.

Renny got in and turned on the lights. Finch clambered in beside the girl.

'What a pair!' said Renny, letting out the clutch. 'I'll need to keep you in a nest of cotton wool.'

'Just the same,' she persisted, 'it's very bad for Baby, my getting chilled, and I've been away from him too long already. Can't you get the car started?'

'Something's gone wrong with its blasted old innards,' he growled, then added hopefully, 'Perhaps the engine's just a bit cold.' He did various spasmodic things to the antiquated mechanism of the car, unloosing at the same time, in a concentrated undertone, the hatred of seven years. Loving and understanding horses, he was bewildered by the eccentricities of a motor.

Finch was suddenly filled with intense irritation toward them both. What had they to do when they did get home but lounge about a stable or suckle a kid? While he would be forced to lash his wretched brains to the study of trigonometry.

Suddenly the motor started. Renny gave a grunt of satisfaction.

He slouched behind the wheel staring ahead into the November night. His mind flew ahead to the stables at Jalna. Mike, a handsome gelding, had got his leg badly cut by a kick from a vicious new horse that morning. He felt much disturbed about Mike. The vet had said it might be a serious business. He was anxious to get home and find out what sort of day he had passed. . . . He thought of the new horse that had done the damage. One of Piers's purchases. He himself had not liked the look in the brute's eyes, but Piers cared nothing about disposition if a

horse's body was right. Piers would make over the disposition to suit himself. Well, he'd better make this new nag's temper over and be sharp about it. . . . He scowled in a way that always moved his grandmother to exclaim ecstatically, 'Eh, what a perfect Court the lad is! He can give a savage look when he's a mind to!'

Extraordinary things, horses. Nature an extraordinary thing altogether. The differences between one mare and another — between a farm horse and a hunter. The strange, unaccountable differences between members of the same family. His young half brothers and himself. The boys more difficult to handle than horseflesh, by a long shot. They should n't be, for they were the same flesh and blood, got by the same sire. Yet what two boys could be more unlike than little Wakefield, so sensitive, affectionate, and clever, and young Finch, whom one could n't browbeat into studying or shame into taking an interest in games, who was always mooning about with a sheepish air? He had seemed more odd, more mopy than ever of late. . . . And then Piers. Piers was different again. Sturdy, horse-loving, land-loving Piers. They were very congenial, he and Piers, in their love of horses and their devotion to Jalna. . . . And Eden. He uttered a sound between a growl and a sigh when he thought of Eden. Not a line from him since he had disappeared after his affair with Pheasant, nearly a year and a half ago. That showed what writing poetry could do to a chap — make him forget decency, spoil the life of a girl like Alayne. What a disgraceful mess it had been, that affair! Piers had been quieter, more inclined to moods ever since, though the coming of the baby had done a good deal to straighten things up. Poor little kid, he must be howling for his supper by now.

He increased the speed regardless of the slippery road, and called over his shoulder, 'Home in ten minutes now, so cheer up, Pheasant! Have either of you got a cigarette? I've smoked my last.'

'I've done the same, Renny. Oh, I'm so glad we're nearly there! You've made wonderful time considering the night.'

'Have you any, Finch?'

'Me!' exclaimed the boy, rubbing one of his bony knees, which had got cramped from sitting so long in one position. 'I never have any! I can't afford them. It takes all my allowance to pay my railway fare, and buy my lunch, and pay fees for this and that. I've nothing left for cigarettes.'

'So much the better for you, at your age,' returned his brother, curtly.

Renny peered through the window. 'There's the station,' he said. 'I suppose your wheel is there. Shall you get it? Or had you sooner stop in the car with us?'

'It's a beast of a night. I think I'll go with you. No — I'll — yes — oh Lord, I don't know what to do!' He peered forlornly into the night.

Renny brought up the car with a jolt. He demanded over his shoulder, 'What the devil is the matter with you? You seem to have a perpetual grouch. Now make up your mind, if it's possible. I think myself you had better leave the wheel where it is and walk to the station in the morning.'

'It'll be a beastly walk in such weather as this,' mumbled Finch, moving his leg with his hands to bring life into it. 'My books'll be all muddy.'

'Well, get one of the men to run you down in the car.'

'Piers will want the car early. I heard him say so.'

Renny stretched back a long arm and threw open the door beside the

youth. 'Now,' he said quietly, but with an ominous chest vibration in his voice, 'get out. I've had enough of this shilly-shallying!'

Finch scrambled out, giving a ridiculous hop as his numb foot touched the ground. He stood with dropped jaw as the door was slammed and the motor rattled away, sending a spray of muddy water against his trouser legs.

II

There was a special dish for supper that night. Finch was aware of that, before ever he sniffed it, from the ingenuous air of festivity brightening the faces of those about the board. Doubtless Aunt Augusta had ordered it because she knew that Renny would be famished after his long day and strenuous exertion in the horse show. Finch was supposed to have a hot dinner at school, but he preferred to husband his allowance by buying a light lunch, and so have a respectable sum left for cigarettes, chocolates, and other luxuries. Consequently he had always an enormous appetite by night, for he did not get home in time for tea. The amount of food that disappeared into his bony person without putting any flesh upon it was a source of wonderment and even anxiety to his aunt.

The special dish was a cheese soufflé. Mrs. Wragge was particularly good at a cheese soufflé. Finch's eyes were riveted on it from the moment when he slid into his chair, between his brother Piers and little Wakefield. There was not much of it left, and it had been out of the oven long enough to have lost its first palate-pleasing fluffiness, but he longed passionately to be allowed to scrape the last cheesy crust from the bottom of the silver dish.

Renny, after helping him to a thick slab of cold beef, fixed him with his penetrating gaze and, indicating the soufflé by a nod, asked, 'Want the dish to scrape?'

Finch, reddening, muttered an assent.

Renny, however, looked across the table at Lady Buckley. 'Some more of the soufflé, Aunt Augusta?'

'No, thank you, my dear. I really should not have eaten as much as I have. Cheese at night is not very digestible, though cooked in this way it is not so harmful, and I thought that you, after your —'

The master of Jalna listened deferentially, his eyes on her face, then he turned to his uncle Nicholas. 'Another helping, Uncle Nick?'

Nicholas wiped his drooping gray moustache with an immense table napkin and rumbled, 'Not another bite of anything. But I should like one more cup of tea, Augusta, if you've any left.'

'Uncle Ernest, more of this cheese stuff?'

Ernest waved the offer aside with a delicate white hand. 'My dear boy, no! I should not have touched it at all. I wish we might not have these hot dishes for supper. I am tempted, and then I suffer.'

'Piers?'

Piers had already had two helpings, but, with a teasing look out of the corner of his eye at Finch's long face, he said, 'I should n't mind another spoonful.'

'Me, too!' exclaimed Wakefield. 'I'd like some more.'

'I forbid it,' said Augusta, pouring her third cup of tea. 'You are too young a boy to eat a cheese dish at night.'

'And you,' put in her brother Nicholas, 'are too old a woman to swill down a potful of tea at this hour.'

'Who ever heard of tea hurting anyone? It's coffee that is dangerous. The Whiteoaks, and the Courts, too, were all indefatigable drinkers of tea.'

'And rum,' added Nicholas. 'What do you say, Renny, to having a bottle

of something really decent to celebrate the prowess of our nags?'

'Good head!' agreed Renny, spreading a layer of mustard over his cold beef.

Piers in the meantime had helped himself to more of the soufflé, and then pushed the dish to Finch, who, gripping it in one bony hand, began savagely to scrape it clean with a massive spoon.

Wakefield regarded this performance with the patronizing wonder of one who had shared the dish in its first hot puffiness. 'There's a little stuck on there, just by the handle,' he said, helpfully pointing to the morsel.

Finch desisted from his scraping long enough to hit him a smart blow on the knuckles with the spoon.

Wake loudly cried, 'Ouch!' and was ordered from the table by Lady Buckley.

Renny shot a look of annoyance down the table. 'Please don't send the kid away, Aunt. He could n't help squeaking when he was hit. If anyone is sent away it will be Finch.'

'Wakefield was not hurt,' said Augusta, with dignity. 'He screams if Finch looks in his direction.'

'Then let Finch look in another direction.' And Renny returned to the consumption of his beef with an air of making up for lost time, as well as putting an end to the matter.

Nicholas leaned toward him. 'What do you say, Renny, to a bottle?'

'What do you suggest, Uncle Nick?'

'What have you got?'

'Besides the keg of ale and the native wine, there's nothing but a few bottles of Burke's Jamaica and some sloe gin — and Scotch, of course.'

Nicholas smiled sardonically. 'And you call that a wine cellar!'

'Well,' replied his nephew, testily, 'it's always been called the wine cellar. We can't stop calling it that, even if there is nothing much in it. Aunt?'

'A glass of native port, my dear. And I really think Finch should have one, too, studying as he does.'

Poor Finch did not wait for the ironic laughter which followed this appeal in his behalf to slump still lower in his chair, to crimson in deprecatory embarrassment. Yet, even as he did so, he felt a warm rush of love toward Augusta. She was not against him, anyhow.

Renny moved in the direction of the hall, and in passing Wakefield's chair he caught the expectant little boy by the arm and took him along, as though he had been a parcel.

They descended the stairs to the basement. Here the Wragges lived their strange subterranean life of bickerings, of mutual suspicion, of occasional amorousness, such as Wake had once surprised them in.

As soon as their steps were heard by Rags he appeared in the doorway of the kitchen, the stub of a cigarette glowing against his pallid little face.

'Yes, Mr. W'iteoak?' he inquired. 'Were you wanting me, sir?'

'Fetch a candle, Rags. I'm after a bottle.'

The light of sympathy now brightened the cockney's face. 'Right you are, sir,' he said, and, dropping the cigarette stub to the brick floor, he turned back to the kitchen, reappearing in a moment with a candle.

With Rags leading the way, the three passed in Indian file along a narrow passage that ended in a heavy padlocked door. Here Renny inserted the key, and the door, dragging stubbornly, was pushed open. The candlelight discovered what was apparently a well-stocked though untidily arranged cellar, but in truth the bottles and containers were mostly empties, which, in accordance with the negligence characteristic of the family, had never been returned.

Wakefield espied an old wicker fishing

basket pushed under the lowest of a tier of shelves. He dragged it forth and saw three dark squatty bottles, cobwebbed, leaning toward each other as though in elfin conspiracy.

'Oh, I say, Renny,' he exclaimed, 'here is something stimulative!'

Renny had made his selection, but he now set the bottles on a shelf and, snatching Wakefield's treasure from him, restored it to its fellows and pushed the basket hastily out of sight.

'If you had dropped that, you young devil's spawn,' he observed, 'I should have put an end to you on the spot.' And he added, grinning at his henchman, 'A man must have a secret in his life, eh, Rags?'

A secret in his life! The little boy was filled with ecstasy at the thought. Oh, if Renny would only make a partner of him in his secret doings!

He was told to hold the candle while Rags locked the door. He saw Renny's eyes fixed shrewdly on the servant's grayish-white hands. He saw the eyes narrow; then Renny transferred one of the two bottles he carried to his armpit and, with the hand thus freed, gave a sharp tug to the padlock. It slipped off into his palm. 'Try again, Rags,' he said, and his carven face looked uncannily like his grandmother's.

Rags remarked, this time successfully securing the door, 'I never did know 'ow to manage them blinkin' padlocks, sir.' He was unabashed.

'Not with me looking on, Rags. There, take the candle from the youngster. He's got it tilted sidewise.'

At the foot of the stairway Rags stood aside, holding the candle aloft to light the others as they mounted upward. 'A pleasant evenin' to you, sir,' he said, 'and good luck to the Jalna 'orses. We'll be drinkin' yer 'ealth down 'ere — in *tea*, sir.'

'Keep it weak, Rags. Better for your nerves,' adjured his master, callously, as he pushed the door at the top of the stairs shut with his heavy boot.

In the dining room Nicholas sat waiting, his large shapely hand, adorned by a heavy seal ring, stroking his drooping moustache, an expression of humorous satisfaction in his eyes. Ernest's expression was already one of regret, for he knew that he would drink and he knew only too well that his digestion would suffer for it.

Augusta sat admirably upright, her cameo brooch and long gold chain rising and falling on her breast, which was neither large nor small, but corseted in perfect accordance with the model of her young-womanhood. She drew back her head and regarded her nephew expectantly. He dusted the bottle of port and set it down before her.

'There, Aunt. The corkscrew, Wake. . . . Uncle Nick — Burke's Jamaica. That rascal Rags was for leaving the cellar door unlocked, so he could sneak in and swipe something for himself. But I caught him, thank goodness.'

'He's an incorrigible rascal,' said Nicholas.

'He deserves to be flayed alive,' agreed Ernest, pleasantly.

'I'd have done the same, myself,' laughed Piers.

Augusta looked upon the redness of the wine in her glass and remarked, 'Our old nurse used to put a little wine in the bottom of our shoes when we went out in the wet to prevent our taking a chill. We did not know what it was to wear rubbers, and we never had colds.'

'You forget, Augusta,' interposed her brother Ernest. 'I had severe colds. I can remember looking down from the nursery window when I had one of my colds and watching you two — and, of course, Philip — romping on the lawn with the little pet lamb we had. I can remember how the wood pigeons were always calling then.'

He had had but one glass of rum and water, but it took only that to imbue his gentle spirit with sentimental melancholy.

'Good Lord!' said Renny. 'If only the wood pigeons were thick as that now! What shooting! Eh, Floss? Eh, Merlin?'

His tone, the word 'shooting,' which they perfectly understood, aroused the two clumber spaniels sleeping on either side of his chair. They sprang up, with joyous barks.

Above the barking of the dogs Finch raised his voice: 'I think I might have something. A fellow going on nineteen can stand a drink or two, I guess.'

Renny gently cuffed his dogs.

'Down, Merlin. Down, Floss, old pet. What's that, Finch?'

There was silence now and Finch's voice boomed loudly but with an ominous break in it. 'I say I'm eighteen and I don't see why I can't have a drink.'

Piers said, 'Give him a sip of your wine, quickly, Aunt Augusta — he's going to cry.'

Finch with difficulty controlled his temper, gazing down at the remnant of apple tart that had been saved for him from the family dinner.

'Give the boy a glass of rum,' said Nicholas. 'Do him good.'

Renny put out a long arm and pushed the decanter, which he had filled with port, across to Finch. 'Help yourself, Finch,' he said, with a suddenly protective air.

Finch selected a glass and took up the decanter. He was afraid that his hand was going to shake. He set his teeth. He would not let it shake. . . . Oh, God, he was saying to himself, keep my hand from shaking!

His hand was steady enough until the glass was almost filled; then it began to shake. He barely escaped slopping the wine on to the table. By the time he had set the decanter down he was trembling from head to foot.

Everyone at the table had begun to talk at once. Not noisily or confusedly, but pleasantly in accord. Aunt Augusta began to tell of the old days at Jalna, when Papa and Mamma had entertained in lavish fashion, had even entertained a Governor-General and his lady. Then, of course, she drifted to social life in England in the eighties and nineties, when, she now liked to imagine, she had held an important social position. Nicholas, too, talked of London, but of a different London, where he and his wife, Millicent, had enjoyed themselves in the racing set till his funds gave out, and she left him, and he was obliged to return to the shelter of Jalna.

After two glasses, the mind of Ernest was centred on one thing only — what he should wear to the horse show the next day. He had a new fall overcoat of expensive English melton, made by the best tailor in town, such an extravagance as he had not indulged in for years. It had been bought with an eye on the horse show, yet the weather was so cold and wet that Ernest, with his dread of afflicting his delicate chest, was in a quandary. A severe cold at that time of year might lead to anything. 'Now, Renny,' he was saying, 'what about the atmosphere in the Coliseum? Was there a noticeable chill there to-day?'

'Chill!' ejaculated Renny, interrupted in a rhapsody on the powers of the high jumper he was to ride the next day. 'Why, there was no chill at all! It was like a conservatory. A flapper might have gone there in a chiffon shift, and felt none the worse for it.'

He hugged Wake against his side, and gave him a sip from his glass.

Piers no longer sat. He stood by the side of the table smiling at everyone. He looked remarkably well standing

thus, with his stocky figure, his blue eyes softly shining. He talked of the land and the crops, and of a Jersey heifer he was going to trade for an exquisite bull calf.

Pheasant thought, 'How darling he looks standing there! His eyes are as bright as Mooey's.'

Aunt Augusta whispered to Finch, 'You must go to your studies, my dear. You should learn a great deal to-night, after those two nice glasses of wine.'

'Huh-huh,' muttered Finch, rising from the table obediently. He took up his books from a side table where he had laid them, sighing at the thought of leaving this genial, relaxed atmosphere for the grind of mathematics. As he turned away, the lottery ticket fell from between the leaves of his Euclid to the floor.

Wakefield sprang from the arm of Renny's chair and picked it up. Finch was already in the hall. 'He's dropped something,' and the little boy peered at it inquisitively. 'It's a ticket — look, number thirty-one! Hello, Finch, you dropped something, my boy!'

Finch turned back angrily. Little beast, with his cheeky 'my boy'!

'Let's see,' said Piers, taking the ticket from Wakefield and examining it. 'Well, I'll be shot if it is n't a lottery ticket! What are you going in for, young Finch? You're a deep one. Out to make a fortune, eh, unknown to your family? You're still a schoolboy, you know,' — this taunt because of his failure to matriculate, — 'and you're not supposed to gamble.'

'What's this?' demanded Renny, suspiciously. 'Fetch it here.'

Piers returned the ticket to its owner. 'Take it to your big brother,' he advised, 'and then run upstairs for his shaving strop.'

Finch, glaring, thrust the ticket in his pocket and lunged toward the hall.

'Come back here!' ordered Renny. 'Now,' he continued, as the boy reappeared, 'just say what that lottery ticket is for.'

'Good Lord!' bawled the goaded Finch. 'Can't I buy a lottery ticket if I want to? You'd think I was an infant in arms!'

'You may buy a dozen if you wish, but I don't like the way you are acting about this one. What is it for?'

'It's for a canary, that's what it's for!' His voice was hoarse with anger. 'If I can't buy a lottery ticket for a goddam canary it's a funny thing!'

The outburst of merriment that leaped from the lungs of his brothers and uncles could have been equaled in volume and vitality by few families. After the roar had subsided, Renny gave another of his metallic shouts. 'A canary!' he repeated. 'Next thing he'll be wanting a goldfish and a rubber plant!' But, though he laughed, in his heart he was deeply ashamed for Finch. He was fond of the boy. It was humiliating that he should be such a sissy — wanting to own a canary, of all things!

A vigorous thumping came from the bedroom across the hall.

'There now,' cried Ernest, irritated concern clouding his features, 'what did I tell you! You've wakened her. I knew you would. It's very bad for her to be disturbed like this at her age.'

Augusta said, without flurry, 'Wakefield, go to my mother's room. Open the door quietly and say, "There is nothing wrong, Grandmamma. Please compose yourself."'

Wakefield crossed the hall, solemn with the weight of his own importance. He opened the door of his grandmother's room and, gliding in, looked almost fearfully about that dim chamber, revealed, rather than lighted, by a night light placed on a low table near the head of the bed. He wanted to frighten himself a little — just a little — with the strangeness of being alone

with Grandmother in this ghostly light, with the rain dripping from the eaves outside her windows, and a single red eye glowing on the hearth, as though some crouching evil spirit were watching him. He stood very still, listening to her rather wheezy breathing, just able to make out the darkness of her face upon the pillows and the restless movement of one hand upon the crimson quilt.

The flowers and fruit painted on the old leather bedstead which she had brought with her from the East glowed duskily, less bright than the plumage of the parrot perching there. A sigh from the bed quivered on the heavy air like the perfume from some forgotten potpourri of petals gathered long ago.

The bygone memories of the bed were drawn upward in the sigh. In it Augusta, Nicholas, Ernest, dead Philip, father of the turbulent young Whiteoaks, had been given birth. There Philip, their father, had died. What tremors, what pains, what ecstasies, what perversities and dreams the bed had known! Here Grandmother now spent the greater part of her time.

Her hand rose and hung above the quilt. A tiny red beam shone from the ruby ring she always wore. She was feeling for her stick. Before she was able to grasp it and rap, Wakefield trotted to her side. He said, like a little parrot, 'There is nothing wrong, Grandmamma. Please compose yourself.' He enjoyed the dignified words Aunt Augusta had put into his mouth.

She peered up at him from under her shaggy red brows. Her nightcap had got askew and one eye was completely hidden by it, but the other fixed him with peculiar intensity.

'Hey?' she demanded. 'What's that?'

'Compose yourself,' he reiterated, earnestly, and patted the quilt.

'I'll compose this family,' she said, savagely, 'with my stick! Where's my stick?'

He put it into her hand and then backed away a little.

She thought a moment, trying to recall what she had wanted; then a burst of half-smothered laughter from the dining room reminded her.

'What's that noise mean? What are they shouting about?'

'About a canary, Gran. Finch has a lottery ticket for one.' He came close to her now, looking eagerly into her face to watch the effect of his words.

The effect was terrible. Her features were contorted by rage. She glared up at him, speechless, for a moment, then articulated thickly, 'A canary—a bird — another bird in the house! I won't have it! It'll put Boney in a rage. He won't bear it — he'll tear it to pieces!'

Boney, disturbed by the sound of his name, took his head from under his wing and thrust it forward, peering down at his mistress from his perch on the painted headboard.

'Haramzada!' he cried, wildly. 'Haramzada! Iflatoon! Paji! Paji!' He rose on his toes and flapped his wings, creating a little gust of warm air that fanned Wakefield's face.

Old Mrs. Whiteoak had heaved herself up in the bed. She had protruded from under the quilt her large feet in purple bed socks, and followed them by long yellowish legs.

'My dressing gown,' she gasped. 'On the chair there. Hand it to me. I'll show them whether I'll have a chitchat flibbertigibbet canary in the house.'

Wakefield knew that he should have run to the dining room and called one of his elders. It was an unprecedented thing that Grandmother was doing, getting up without Aunt Augusta or one of the uncles to help her. But his

desire for novelty, for excitement, was greater than his prudence. He brought the heavy purple dressing gown, and helped her to put it on. He put her stick into her eager, shapely old hand.

But to get her on to her feet! That was a different matter. Drag as he would at her arm, he could not budge her. 'Ha!' she would grunt with each heroic effort, her face getting more and more the color of her dressing gown.

At last she laid down the stick. 'What were we doing?' she asked blankly.

'I was trying to get you up, Granny.'

'What for?' Her eye gleamed suspiciously.

'Why, the canary, Gran. Finch's canary, don't you remember?'

On the instant her old face was alight with rage.

'Remember! Of course I remember. A canary in the house! I won't have it. I'll stir things up. I'll make a scene. I must get out to the dining room.'

'Shall I fetch Renny?'

'No. No. No, no, no. He'd put me back in bed. Cover me up, the rascal. I know him. I must get to the dining room and give 'em all a fright.' She looked about her rather wildly. 'But what was I going to make a scene about?'

'About the canary, Gran.'

'Ah, yes. We must attend to that. Try pushing me from behind, Wakefield. Mount the bed.'

Nothing loath to try his force from another angle, the little boy scrambled on to the bed, and, kneeling behind her, pushed mightily against her shoulders.

Grunting, straining, her eye prominent with the exertion, she rose. Rose so thoroughly, in fact, that she all but toppled forward on her face. But she balanced herself. Like some unseaworthy old vessel, battered by a storm, she still could ride the waves on occasion with a staunch front.

Leaning heavily on Wakefield's thin shoulder, she appeared in the doorway of the dining room, and cast an authoritative look over her descendants gathered there. Shock and concern displaced hilarity on their strongly marked countenances. Piers, who was nearest her, jumped to his feet and came to her side. Ernest brought a chair, and they placed her in it.

'Mamma, Mamma,' chided Ernest, adjusting her cap, so that her other too bright eye was discovered, 'this is very bad for you.'

Augusta said, sternly, 'Wakefield, you are a very naughty boy. You deserve a whipping.'

'Let the child be,' rapped out her mother. 'He minds his business, and he does what he is told, which is more than you do.'

Lady Buckley fingered her cameo brooch and looked offendedly down her nose.

'Are you hungry, Gran?' asked Renny. 'Is that what brought you out?'

'No, no, no,' ejaculated Ernest. 'She's not hungry! She had a large bowl of cornflakes and puffed rice before she went to bed.'

His mother turned her hawklike face on him. 'Cornflakes,' she muttered. 'Cornflakes — silly leaves . . . puffed rice — silly seeds . . . leaves and seeds — fit food for a silly canary.' She dropped her chin on her breast, turning a word over in her mind. 'Canary.' Her brain fumbled over it like a blind old tigress trying to discover the nature of a strange morsel. 'Canary.' Of what did it remind her? Her deep dark eyes roved over the faces of the clan till they fell on young Finch in the doorway. He was gazing at her in sheepish fascination. The instant she saw him she remembered why she had risen so vehemently from her bed. A *canary!* Finch's canary in that house!

A little chirping, squeaking, hopping bird at Jalna! She would n't have it!

Her face became dark with anger. She found it difficult to speak. 'Finch,' she articulated. 'I want Finch.'

Finch slouched into the room, grinning deprecatingly.

'Now,' she said, peering at him from under her shaggy rust-colored brows with sudden, lucid firmness, 'what's this I hear about a canary?'

Finch, staring into her eyes with a bewitched feeling, could only stammer, 'Oh, look here now, Gran — look here — there's no darned canary at all —'

'There *is* a canary,' she shouted, thumping her stick on the floor. 'A nasty, flibbertigibbet canary that you've smuggled into the house. Fetch it here and I'll wring its neck for it!'

'Oh, I say, Gran, it's only a lottery ticket. There's not one chance in a hundred that I'll win. I don't want the thing anyway.'

'Ha!' she retorted, furiously. 'You'd lie, would you? Come here!'

He approached guardedly, but she was swifter than he gave her credit for. With the sweeping gesture of one indulging in some sport, she caught him a blow on the knuckles, so sharp that it skinned three of them and doubled him up with the sting of it.

Ernest rose from his chair, trembling. 'Mamma, this is very bad for you. You might have a stroke.'

'Stroke, is it?' she shouted. 'I gave the brat a stroke — a stroke he'll remember. I drew the blood, I did! Put out your hand, boy, till I see it.' She was purple with excitement.

Renny set down his glass of rum and water. He came and leaned over her. 'Don't you want to be kissed, Gran?' he inquired on a coaxing note.

She raised her eyes and, from under the rim of her cap, peered into his face. Its lean redness, thus suddenly brought close to hers, shutting out her view of the others; his strongly carved nose, resembling her own; his lips, drawn back from his strong teeth in a smile, hard, yet still somehow tolerant and tender, caught her attention, submerged her in an enchantment she could not resist. Renny, bone of her bone, a Court of Courts, one of the old stock — nothing puling about him.

'Kiss me!' she ejaculated. 'Kiss me quick!'

Finch, under screen of the embrace, slipped from the room. Going up the thickly carpeted stairs, he could hear the loud exchange of kisses.

Panting a good deal, the old lady looked around the room triumphantly after Renny had released her, — she seemed to have gathered strength from his pressing vitality, — and, giving a valiant tug to her cap which again disposed it over one eye, she demanded, 'My teeth! I want my teeth. I'm hungry. Somebody get my teeth.'

Wakefield blithely danced back to the bedroom, reappearing instantly with the two sets of teeth in a tumbler of water. Mrs. Whiteoak leaned toward him as he approached, and stretched out her hands. She could scarcely endure the waiting for them. The little boy joggled the tumbler before her.

'For pity's sake be careful, child,' exclaimed Augusta.

'He should never have been allowed to fetch them,' observed Ernest, and, despising himself for doing it, he poured a little more rum into his glass.

It had been a good evening, Renny thought. What a supper the old lady had made! And how the old boys had enjoyed their spot of rum! A good day. His horses had done well. He had done well. He was conscious of a pleasant ache of honorable fatigue in legs and arms. Not perhaps so much an ache as a wholesome consciousness of every

muscle. How the mare had pulled, had striven!

Rags was clearing the table. As he lifted the bottle of spirits, of which a small part remained, the master of Jalna, nodding toward it, observed curtly, 'Yours, Rags.'

III

Finch, seated under an oil lamp, with a green paper shade on which were pictured the heavily smiling faces of two German girls, was writing in his diary.

'All but missed train. Rotten day at school. *Must* swat for math exam. Had interesting talk with Leigh in spare hour. Horse show. Renny simply great. Best in the show. Pheasant not bad. Motored home. Row about lottery ticket for canary. Gran absolutely awful. Had two glasses of port!! Saw Joan.'

He sucked the abrasions on his knuckles and let his eyes run over the entries of the preceding days. There was more or less variety in these. School was more or less rotten. There were noted several good times with Leigh, and a 'h—— of an evening' with George and Tom. One peculiarity was common to all the entries. They all ended with 'Saw Joan' or 'Did not see Joan.'

He took out his Euclid and laid it on the table before him. The book had a habit of opening of itself at page 107. He hoped it would not do that to-night, because, if it did, he might be unable to study. His jaw dropped and his hand shook as he raised the cover — 107 stared up at him. . . . He stared blankly at the number — 107. Why did he fear it? 1 — that was the same as I . . . I, Finch Whiteoak. 0 — that was nothing . . . he, Finch, was nothing! Ah, he was getting at it! That was why he dreaded the number, and no wonder! Then, 7 — that, of course, was magic. Magic 7. I, Finch, am *nothing*. He closed the Euclid sharply and opened it in a fresh place. Page 70 this time. Again the magic 7, and after that naught. Magic followed by nothingness, void. That was life — magic, with naught to follow! He tried again. Page 123. Again the I. Then two . . . I and another. Two of us. . . . Then three. I and the other have made a third. Three of us. . . . He saw himself, himself and Joan together in a bedroom. They were bending over the crib where lay the Third which they had made, as he had seen Piers and Pheasant bending over Mooey's crib. Joan, to whom he had never yet spoken a word! He had been introduced to her at a football match by his friend, Arthur Leigh.

The thought of her had troubled him a great deal during the month that had since passed, but he had made no effort to become acquainted with her and had never spoken of her again to Leigh, though he would have liked to know her surname, which he had not caught at the moment of introduction.

She went to a girls' school not far from his own school, and few days passed without an encounter on the street. One swift glance was all he ever gave her as he took off his cap, but his meeting or not meeting with her always provided the last words for the day's entry in his diary. It was always either 'Saw Joan' or 'Did not see Joan.'

He supposed that if he had never met Joan he would have found some other instrument with which to torture himself. If only he had passed his exams, so that Renny would not have stopped his music lessons! He felt that to-night, if he had been allowed to spend an hour at the piano, it would have quieted him, lifted him into happiness, freed him from the sense of longing, of fear. He did not question

the justness of Renny in stopping the piano playing. He knew that he had spent a lot of time — wasted it, he humbly admitted — hanging over the keyboard, when he was not practising but feverishly attempting to compose. How happy he had been at those times!

Resolutely he opened his Euclid at the problems and deductions he was to study for the next day. He placed the corner of the book exactly on the blot on the table. Then he dropped his pencil. A bad beginning to drop one's pencil. . . . He would pick it up and begin to work. . . .

But he found that he could not pick it up. Three times his fingers wavered above it, but they could not close on it. He groaned, hating and fearing himself. . . . He began to count the dim medallions of the carpet. He found that he was kneeling on the sixth medallion from the north end of the room, and the fifth from the west. Six and five were eleven — it was the eleventh day of November. Six times five — thirty. Thirty was the number of his locker at school. Thirty was the number of marks he had taken in the Euclid examination when he had failed . . . Christ was thirty years old when He was crucified. . . .

He thought that if he had a cigarette to smoke he might be able to pick up the pencil and begin his work. He got to his feet and stole cautiously down the attic stairs. The door of the bedroom occupied by Piers and Pheasant stood ajar. A lowered lamp cast a peaceful light over the white bed and Mooey's cradle beside it. It was the same solid hooded cradle that had rocked all the infant Whiteoaks.

He opened the top drawer of the chest of drawers where he knew Piers sometimes kept an extra package or two of cigarettes. Ah, there they were — Piers was good to himself! A large-size tin box of Players, more than half full. A package containing at least a dozen Turkish cigarettes. Finch helped himself, but with caution, and closed the drawer.

As he turned to go he bent over the cradle and looked in curiously at young Maurice. He was curled, sweet and warm, in baby sleep. Finch went suddenly weak with tenderness as he looked at him. He put his head under the hood of the cradle and sniffed him, as a dog might sniff at a sleeping puppy. He kissed his cheek and felt his own blood turn to some mild sweet nectar, and his bones to nothing but a tender desire for love.

He took the baby into his arms and bent over him, his lank blond forelock falling over the little head. He kissed the head, the cheeks, the mouth extravagantly. He could not be satisfied. He poured out his soul in love. His eyes filled with tears, which dropped on to the little hands. My God, was it possible that Piers felt this way?

Voices were in the hall below. Pheasant and Aunt Augusta were coming up. . . . He thrust the child back into the cradle and drew the covers over him. Not for anything would he have been caught caressing his young nephew.

Upstairs he found he was no longer the victim of his nerves. He picked up the pencil, the Euclid, lighted one of Piers's cigarettes, and set to work.

Lady Buckley had laid aside her bracelets, her brooch, and her gold chain. She had taken off her black satin dress, her long black silk petticoat, and now, in camisole and short white underpetticoat, was brushing her still abundant hair. Even in such jaunty apparel as this, her appearance of being on her dignity was not lessened. She regarded her reflection in the glass with her accustomed air of mingled complacence and offense. Her

complexion had never been good — now it was mottled and liverish; her eyes had a peculiar glassy dullness, unlike her mother's, which still retained a clear fire. But her features were excellent. Her nose — the Court nose, though in a modified form. Not the fierce, carven feature that her mother and Renny thrust into the world. An improvement, she thought. More becoming to a lady, the widow of an English baronet. She began to think of her husband. . . .

How insignificant her parents and her brothers had thought him, with his pale side whiskers, and his mild eyes, and his neat little feet! He had had a little lisp, too. She could almost hear him, even now, calling her: 'Auguthta!' But what character! He had never lost his self-control, no matter what happened. Nothing had ever surprised him. Even when the word had come from England that two sudden deaths had brought the baronetcy to him, together with an old house in Dorsetshire and a respectable income, he had shown no surprise. He had merely turned from the cablegram in his hand and remarked, 'You had better begin packing our bags at once, Lady Buckley. We're going home.' Lady Buckley! How the title had always stuck in her mother's throat! How disagreeable it was of her mother, always pretending that she could not remember her name! Speaking of her to friends as 'my daughter, Lady Bunkley' — or perhaps 'Bilgeley.' If her mother had not been a Court she would have called it ill-bred. But, of course, the Courts were like that. She thought of England. How she longed to be back there! She thought of the hedgerows, the beds of geraniums about her own house (she did hope the tenants were keeping things in order), the song of the linnets on the moist sweet air, her friends. She had been away from all these things for a year, and it seemed like two. But it was her duty to remain in Canada till her mother's death. Surely Mamma — well, she was a hundred and one. It almost frightened Augusta . . . what if Mamma were to live forever! But then, no one lived forever!

She put on her flannelette nightdress, buttoned up to the chin, with silk featherstitching at the wrists. Little knobs of hair in wire wavers stuck out on her head. She drew the curtains closely across the two windows. How the rain beat! She caught sight of her reflection in the pier glass, as she stood against the long dark curtain. She drew back her head and stared. A stately figure she made, truly. An upright, noble-looking creature, she could not help thinking.

She posed thus for a moment like a statue, then turned out the light and sought her bed.

Ernest had felt a little odd coming up the stairs, almost light-headed, but when he got to his own room he was quite himself, except that he had a feeling of agreeable exhilaration. He very much liked the rose-colored shade for his lamp that Alayne had sent him from New York on his birthday. Alayne had always been so sweet to him. Her going had left a real blank in his life. And Eden, too, he missed him greatly. It was such a pity their marriage had turned out as it did. They had been such a lovely young couple, intellectual, good to look upon.

He stood meditatively, enjoying the soft pink glow that was diffused over the room. It imparted a fragile liveliness to the Dresden china figures on the mantelpiece.

The little china clock between the shepherd and the shepherdess chimed twelve. What an hour for him to be getting to bed! But what a jolly evening! He hoped that the rum and water

would do him no harm. Yes, and he had had a glass or two of wine before the rum. . . . He hoped and prayed that Mamma would be all right after that second supper of hers. How roguish she had been! He smiled as he thought of her. Really, one could scarcely believe that he was seventy-one with Mamma so active. . . .

He remembered his new overcoat. Not a bad idea to try it on now when he was looking his best, flushed a little, his eyes bright. He got it from its hanger in the tall wardrobe and turned it round, looking it over very critically, his lips stern, his eyes knowing. 'A damned fine coat!' He uttered the words aloud in the tone one might use in similar praise of mare or woman. Gad, it was a handsome coat!

He put it on, and it slipped over him with a firm yet satiny embrace. He stared at his reflection in the glass. No wonder the tailor had complimented him on his figure! Slender, upright (when he used a little will power), with an air of elegance such as one did not associate with the colonies.

Suddenly he felt the colonial's strange nostalgia for England. He remembered a top hat he had bought once in Bond Street. Twenty years since he had bought that hat in England, and he had not been back since! Perhaps when Mamma died, and Augusta returned to her home, he would go back with her on a visit.

When Mamma died! The thought of her death always brought a tremor of apprehension with it. There was first the dread of losing her, and, added to that, the prolonged uncertainty as to who would inherit her money. Not a hint had dropped from her lips. She had thought it enough for them to know it was willed in its entirety to one member of the family. Ah, if she should leave it to him, he would have independence, power in the family! He would do so many nice things for the boys! Dear boys, it would be best for them if all the money were left to him. . . .

Before he got into bed he went to the basket where his cat, Sasha, lay sleeping with her kitten beside her. He looked down on them with a wry smile. Sasha, at her age, — she was twelve, — to have a mongrel kitten! And not only have it, but be brazen about it!

He murmured, 'Kitty, kitty,' and touched her with his fingers. It was as though he had touched a vital nerve that controlled her whole body. She unfolded like a fan, uncurling her body to its full length, raising the great golden plume of her tail. She opened her eyes, and then grinned impudently up at him — a great three-cornered grin that showed the roof of her mouth and her curling tongue.

'Naughty, naughty,' he said, tickling her.

Her kitten butted its little bullet head against her.

Even after he was in bed he stretched out his hand and felt for the pair in the basket. It was amusing to lie in bed with one's hand snuggled against those warm furry bodies. It was comforting.

Piers found Pheasant already in bed, her shingled brown head quite off the pillow on the edge of the mattress, her bright eyes gazing into the cradle.

'Piers, do you know, Mooey's perfectly wonderful! What do you suppose he'd done? Got in between *quite* different layers of the blankets! I don't see how he managed it. Goodness, you've been a long time.'

'We got to talking.' He came over and looked down at the five-months-old baby. 'Looks pretty fit, does n't he?'

'Oo, the precious! Hand him in to me. I want him beside me while you get ready.'

'Don't be silly. I shan't be five minutes. You'll only disturb him.'

'I want to see his little toes, don't you?'

'Pheasant, you're nothing but a baby yourself.'

He came and bent over her. Lying relaxed on the bed, her hair rumpled, a white shoulder showing above the slipped-down nightdress, she seemed suddenly very tender and appealing to Piers. She seemed as sweet and delicately vigorous as one of the young silver birches in the ravine.

The light out, Pheasant snuggling close to him. Mooey making comfortable little snuggling noises in his sleep like a puppy. The rain beating on the windows, accentuating the snugness and warmth of the indoors, the peace. The peace. Why was it that at times like these Eden's face should come out of the darkness to trouble him? He clenched his teeth and pressed his forehead against Pheasant's shoulder, trying not to think, trying not to see Eden's face with its mocking smile.

He tried to draw comfort from her nearness and warmth. She was his! That awful night when Finch had discovered the two in the wood together was a dream, a nightmare. He would not let the dreadful thought of it into his mind. But the thought came like a slinking beast, and Piers's mouth was suddenly drawn to one side in a grimace of pain. Pheasant must have felt his unease, for she turned to him and put an arm about his head, drawing it against her breast.

Nicholas could not sleep. 'Too damn much rum,' he thought. 'This comes of drinking scarcely anything stronger than tea. You get your system into such a state that a little honest spirits knocks your sleep into a cocked hat.'

However, he did n't particularly mind lying awake. His body was in a tranquil, steamy state, and pleasant visions from his past drifted before his eyes. The glamour of women he had cared for long ago hung like an essence in the room. He had forgotten their names (or would have had to make an effort to recall them), their faces were a blur, but the froufrou of their skirts — that adorable word 'froufrou' that had no meaning now — whispered about him, more significant, more entrancing, than euphonious names or pretty faces. And their little hands (in days when women's hands were really small, and 'dazzling' was a word not too intense for the whiteness of their flesh) held out to him offering the flowers of dalliance.

Nip, his Yorkshire terrier, who was curled up against his back, uncurled himself suddenly and began to scratch the quilt with concentrated vehemence.

Nicholas began to get drowsy. . . . What had he been thinking of? Oh yes, old days. Affairs. When Nip had begun that bout of scratching he had been recalling a little affair with an Irish girl at Cowes — it must have been quite thirty-five years ago, and the memory of it as fresh as her skin had been then! Ha — he had it! Adeline, that had been her name — the same name as his mother's. His mother. How she had hung on to Renny and kissed! And how they had stared into each other's eyes! A thought came to him with a nasty jolt. Suppose Renny were trying to get around her — get on the inside track after her money. . . . One never could tell. . . . That red head of his. What if all his caresses were calculated?

Nicholas became blazing hot, his brain a hotbed of suspicion. He flung the covers from his shoulders and put his arms out on the quilt. He lay staring into the darkness, going over in his mind encounters between the two

— little things trivial in themselves, but which seemed to indicate that Renny's influence was unduly strong with the old lady. Good heaven, if Renny were worming his way in there, how dreadful! He would never forgive him!

He heard a step in the hall, Renny's step. He felt that he must speak to him, see his face, discover perhaps some telltale predatory gleam in his eye. He called, 'Is that you, Renny?'

Renny opened the door. 'Yes, Uncle Nick. Want something?'

'Light my lamp, will you? I can't sleep.'

'H'm. What's the matter with this family?' He struck a match and came toward the lamp. 'Wake's been having a heart attack.'

Nicholas growled sympathetically. 'That's too bad. Too bad. Poor little fellow. Is he better of it? Can I do anything?'

'I should n't have left him if he had n't been better. I think he overdid it helping Gran to get up. He gets excited about things, too. . . . Is that high enough?' The clear flame of the lamp illumined the strongly marked features that looked as though they had been fashioned for the facing of high winds, carved more deeply the line of anxiety between the brows, accented the close-lying pointed ears.

Nothing underhand, self-seeking, in that face, Nicholas thought, but I must n't let the old lady get too doting about him. He's the kind of man that women . . . 'One thing that was keeping me awake,' he observed, peering shrewdly into the illumined face, 'was the thoughts of Mamma. Her spirit, is n't it amazing?'

'A corker.'

'It seems impossible to think that some day . . . Renny, has she ever said anything to you about how she's left her money?'

'Not a word. I've always taken it for granted that you'll get it. You're the eldest son and her favorite — a Court and all that — you ought to have it.'

Nicholas's voice was sweet with reassurance. 'Yes, I suppose that's the natural thing. Just set the lamp on the table here where I can reach it. Thanks, Renny. Good night, and tell Wake that he's to go straight to sleep and dream of a glorious trip to England Uncle Nick's going to take him.'

'Righto. Good night.'

He took from the mantel his special pipe, the sweet instrument of his bedtime smoke, and filled it. He stretched his leather-legginged legs before him, and, as he pressed the tobacco down into the bowl with his little finger, he gazed thoughtfully at Wake sleeping on the bed. Poor little beggar! What a time he'd had with him! A rotten bad spell, and that after weeks and weeks of seeming so well. He supposed it was the raw chill of the weather they'd been having that had pulled him down. That and heaving Gran about. He was such a game youngster, he'd tackle anything.

Renny leaned forward and gently took the little thin wrist in his, felt the pulse. Quieter, more even. Wake lifted his lids.

'Oh, hello, Renny!'

'Hello. What are you awake for?'

'I don't know. I think I'm better. I say, Renny, may I go to the horse show to-morrow?'

'Not if I know it. You'll wait and go with the other kids on Saturday.'

'I say, Renny, I love watching your face. The way your nostrils go. They're funny. And the way you wiggle your eyebrow. I love watching you, more 'specially when you don't know it.'

How cleverly the little rascal could change the subject! Renny laughed.

'Well, I guess you 're the one person who does, then.'

'Oh no. There was someone else. Alayne. She loved watching you. I often caught her at it.'

His elder sent forth a cloud of smoke. 'What surprises me is the number of things you know which you 've no right to know, and how slow you are on the uptake with useful information.'

Wakefield closed his eyes. 'He 's getting himself worked up to cry,' thought Renny. He asked, 'How about those legs? Nice and warm now? That nasty feeling gone, eh?' He put his hand under the clothes and began soothingly to rub them.

Alayne! What was she doing to-night? Was she happy? Forgetting him? Oh no, she would n't forget — any more than he! He wished to God he could forget! It had always been so easy for him to forget — the natural thing. And now, after more than a year, a sudden mention of her name sent the same tremor through him — gave him a sudden jolt, as though his horse had stumbled. . . . He rubbed the little legs rhythmically. Wake slept. The room was dimmed by a blue-gray haze of smoke. . . . Renny heard Finch moving in the room above and remembered that the boy's school fees were overdue. He unlocked a drawer and took out a slim roll of bank notes. Separating three tens and a five, he put them into an envelope, addressed and sealed it.

In the attic the only sign of habitation was the rim of light beneath Finch's door. He was about to turn the knob when a bolt was shot on the inside and he heard the boy's quick breathing.

'Hello,' he rapped out. 'What 's this mean?'

'Oh, darn it all, Renny. I did n't know it was you!' He slid back the bolt and stood sheepish and red.

'Did you think it was the canary fellow come to get the lottery ticket?' He grinned down at Finch sarcastically.

Finch mumbled, 'Thought it was Piers.'

'Why? Had you been pinching something of his?'

The random shot went home. The boy's flush deepened, he stammered a weak denial, and Renny's grin exploded in a laugh. 'You 're certainly going to the dogs! What was it — ties? Cigarettes?'

'Cigarettes.'

'H'm. . . . Well, here is your fee for the term. I should have sent it by check, but — the truth is, my account is a bit overdrawn. Just hand it to the bursar — and no frenzied finance on the way!' He laid a dollar bill on the envelope. 'Get some fags for yourself, and cut out this light-fingered business. Also, keep inside your allowance.'

Finch's hand shook as he took the money. He brought the lamp to light his elder down the stairs. 'Is Wake feeling rocky to-night?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Gosh, I'm sorry.'

He watched the lean figure descend, noticing how the lamplight sought the warm russet of leather leggings and close-cropped head. He wished to God he'd some of Renny's ginger!

Strength from music — that was what he wanted. He thought of the ivory expanse of the keyboard, and felt an ache through his soul, a quiver through his arms. . . .

Carefully he placed the notes in a shabby leather pocketbook; then from his desk he took an old mouth organ. He went into the clothes closet and shut the door. Then, putting his head under a heavy overcoat to muffle the sound, he laid his lips against the instrument and began wistfully to play.

(To be continued)

ADVENTURES IN A PUKA-PUKA LIBRARY

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

In the middle of the room the rough pine boards are covered with a white Manihiki mat. Red designs are worked into its border, and at one end lies a kapok pillow, bulging its slip to the bursting point. This slip is the one old Mama, William's wife, made for me. It is embroidered with big green and pink fish chasing little green and pink fish; and there is a red coconut tree exactly in the middle of a yellow sea. Two men are standing below the tree, and two coconuts are dropping straight for the men's heads. This was Mama's idea of a great joke. She would slap her withered thigh and cackle with glee as she explained the import of the design.

During the heat of the day I lie on my Manihiki mat with my head propped up on Mama's pillow. I am too drowsy to read, and not drowsy enough to sleep. A faint breeze comes through the low window at my head; outside an old hen clucks sleepily, and there is the rumble of the reef surf nearly a mile away. Otherwise Puka-Puka Islet is wrapped in an enchanted stillness.

My bookshelves cover the chipped-coral wall near my feet, and as I lie here looking at them I am aware of what they mean to me. I am alone on this remote atoll except for my books and the funny little Puka-Pukans. A schooner comes twice a year to take my copra and supply me with trade goods. A strange white face sometimes appears from one of these semiannual schooners, and then there is always the same question: —

'But are n't you lonesome here without another white man on the island?'

'No,' I reply, 'for I have —' and then I break off, realizing that this odd white shade would hardly understand if I explained that I have long discussions with my books.

I do not read as much as formerly, for my books have been thumbed many times. Nowadays I find greater pleasure in lying on my white Manihiki mat, resting my eyes on a cherished volume, and reviewing it mentally.

There is Mungo Park, for instance. The little green *Journal* figuratively jumps from its place between *The Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* and Calderon's *Tahiti*, and, opening before me, Mungo Park himself steps out. I frequently start my discussions with him in these words: —

'You are what all travel books would like to be, and your only fault lies in making it impossible for one to enjoy other books written in your vein.'

The *Journal* has disappeared, and the familiar objects in my room recede and dissolve in thin air. Now I can see Mungo Park standing by a deep brook, throwing pebbles into the water to ascertain its depth. A rotund little man called Walter Scott appears, peeping from behind a copse of brush. Park mutters in a sad tone — but he is not speaking; he is invoking spirits from their graves, and projecting them in living pictures. All at once my blood races through my veins, for I see Ali's

band galloping toward me, clouds of sand rising over the horizon, a half-starved white man prisoned with a pig in a hovel, and then this same man wandering on and on into a friendless wilderness, until at last he is alone in the heart of darkest Africa, hungry, naked, but indomitable. And now Mungo Park really speaks:—

After they were gone [the robbers], I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative, but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call Himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. . . . Can that being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of a creature formed after his own image!—surely not!

'I can see you, Mungo Park, deep in the intricacies of a maze that daily becomes more and more involved, knowing the improbability of your ever breaking out, and yet pushing forward, until you seem lost indeed. Darkest Africa! The phrase is a fitting one, for as you plod on the folds of wilderness close behind you, impenetrable curtains drop, one by one, seeming to blot out even the sun, until an infinite night descends, and you find yourself alone and friendless in a land where it is a virtue to kill you.

'But after you have escaped from Ali's camp, my vicarious terror lessens. I feel that it is now too late, and as you cannot turn back you may as well go on; death awaits you in either case. It now needs a jinni from *The Arabian Nights*, who can cleave mountains and soar through the air, to take you back to Doctor Laidley.'

The ifrit, Guardian of the Forest, leaps from *The Tale of the Sea Rose of the Girl of China*, and now another picture moves before me. Prince Nurighan dismounts in the depths of a forest and sits by the mountainous jinni. He takes a cake of flour and melted butter from his food sack and offers it to the jinni, who swallows it at one mouthful, and then, jumping to his feet with joy, cries:—

'This human food gives me more pleasure than an inheritance of that red sulphur which formed the stone of Sulayman's ring! By Allah! I am so delighted that, if each of my hairs turned to a hundred thousand tongues and each of those tongues were to sing your praises, the whole concert would fall short of the gratitude I feel. If you do not ask for some favour in return my heart will be as a porcelain plate dropped from a high terrace!'

'Could you take Mungo Park out of darkest Africa?'

'Yes; but I won't, for Mungo Park has no sugar-and-butter cakes!'

II

'Shall I open the store, Ropati?' my store boy, Benny, calls, poking his head through the trapdoor leading to the trading station below my living quarters. 'Old Bones is outside with

twenty-four coconuts which he wants to trade for a mouth organ.'

'Yes, open up, but don't let him play his mouth organ in the store. . . . There are no mouth organs in darkest Africa.'

My store boy does not understand the last of my words, but it makes no difference. He is accustomed to me. He moves into the store, muttering, 'These white men! These white men! What does Ropati mean by this Africa that is so dark? Can he be speaking of the storeroom? I had better light the lantern, for it *is* dark in there.'

Desultory reminiscences pass through my mind. . . . A religious school — mortification of the flesh — intense longing for adventure — measles — my brother — and then *Bhanavar the Beautiful* and relief from the barbarities of a religion of suppression. My eyes move across the bookshelves to a little red volume beside *The Toilers of the Sea*, and I muse: —

'George Meredith! Is it possible that you wrote *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and also *The Shaving of Shagpat?*'

'Quite possible!' Mr. Meredith replies, jumping from the bookshelf to my white Manihiki mat. 'But I hasten to explain that the Shagpat book was my first volume — poems excepted. It is only a silly burlesque.'

'It is your only good book.'

Meredith answers petulantly, 'But *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is considered one of the great English novels.'

'It makes no difference what the world considers it. You are in Puka-Puka now, where there is only one opinion to be considered. Years ago I had a copy of your Feverel book. I lent it to Table Winning, one of the Cook Island traders. He stole it from me, as is his custom with books. I made no attempt at reclaiming it, as is not my custom with books.'

'Then there are thieves among your contemporary traders. You know about birds of a feather flocking together?'

'I beg your pardon; book stealing differs from chicken stealing. The former is a virtue.'

'Do you practise virtue by stealing books?'

'I seldom remember to return a good book. It is more an error than a theft.'

'Quite true!' cried Sigmund Freud, thrusting his head from *An Introduction to Psychoanalysis*. 'I explained the matter thoroughly in my lectures on *The Psychology of Errors*.'

Meredith replies blandly, 'In my undegenerate day a theft was a theft, not an error.'

'But suppose you stole abstract goodness, would not such a theft be a virtue?'

Meredith does not answer, so I continue: —

'In stealing — or in error about returning — a book, one is demonstrating a love of virtue.'

Meredith: 'Then if you stole Rabelais, Casanova, or Lazarillo de Tormes, you would merely be acquiring virtue?'

I do not see fit to answer him. He continues, in a pleasanter tone: —

'How did you happen to come across my amateurish *Shaving of Shagpat?*'

'When a boy I attended a strait-laced religious school, where the students were entirely isolated from the sinful world to be taught the tenets of a pseudo-mystic religion. We were told that Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, Santa Claus, and orthodox spooks did not exist. No literature on such topics was allowed in the school; but the fairies of Madame Blavatsky, the Mahatmas of the Himalayas, and the elementals and astral shades of William Quan Judge formed a large part of our education. *The Shaving of Shagpat* was on the little school bookshelf, because the masters considered that the author of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* could never be

imaginative and beautiful enough to hurt our minds. When I had the measles my brother read this book to me, picking it from the shelf at random, and since then I have loved you in spite of the rest of your works. I have sprinkled a few drops of the essential oil of opopanax in the binding of your *Shagpat*, to give it a heavy Oriental fragrance in harmony with the book itself. When I read it I am taken away from the realities of life, as I was in childhood, and am carried to a land where anything is possible that is impossible. It is now cherished among the six other supreme books of my library. They are George Borrow's *Lavengro*, Villon's *Testaments*, Mungo Park's *Journal*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *The Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane*.'

'You can't give an author a better excuse for jumping from the bookshelf than telling him you are pleased with his book,' said George Borrow, suiting his action to his words. 'I have only one quarrel to pick with you, and that is that you have squeezed my four volumes between those low *Memoirs* of the *merched anladd*, Harriette Wilson, and the canting *Memoirs* of that hypocrite, Stephen Burroughs. My *Newgate Calendar*, though, you have put where it belongs, with *The Canning Wonder* and *For the Term of His Natural Life*.'

'Ah! George Borrow!' I mused aloud. 'What a meddling old Englishman you turned out to be!'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'I mean it is as hard to believe that Meredith wrote *Feverel* and *Shagpat* as that you wrote *Lavengro*, *Romany Rye*, *The Bible in Spain* — and *Wild Wales*. Can it be that Mr. Petulengro's friend, the tinker of the dingle, the acquaintance of the man who could read *The Crockery Literature of China* but could not tell what's o'clock, the gypsy, the scholar, the priest, is the same inquisitive old gentleman who lugged a wife and daughter through Wales, never tiring of relating how he surprised the inhabitants with his knowledge of Welsh?'

Apparently George Borrow does not hear me. He appears to be sitting some distance away, in an old English inn, with the shade of a jug of brown ale at his elbow. Now and again he sips the ale with great relish. As I watch him he recedes into the chipped-coral wall; then it, too, disappears, and in memory I am on Matauea Point of Ko Islet, reliving the wild night when I first read *The Bible in Spain*.

III

The lagoon was lifeless, steely, reflecting each cloud and the littoral of the bay so clearly that, lying on the beach, I could easily imagine the real sky beneath and the reflection overhead. Toward noon curtain clouds formed high up, deepening gradually until the groves were almost as dark as night. On the reef great seas were pounding and countless sea birds circled about screaming plaintively.

Shortly before six the sun forced its way through the clouds with its disc only a few degrees above the horizon. Instantly the whole cloud-dome was illuminated with a flaming red light, as bright to east as to west. It was a sight to fill one with fear. The groves, the lagoon, the beach, absorbed it until all other hues were lost in a blood-red effulgence that seemed to glow in the very air itself. When the sun went down the light vanished by rapid perceptible degrees, and in a moment, it seemed, pitchy darkness had set in.

Still there was no wind. Crawling beneath the mosquito net, we listened to the great seas bombarding the reef; they seemed intent on crumbling the

tiny islet to powder and distributing it along the bottom of the Pacific. From time immemorial this insignificant crumb of land with its banks of sand ostentatiously decorated with a few coconut trees had broken the serene march of the great rollers on their way across the Pacific; now the time had come for reparation. The mighty combers crashed down with long echoing reverberations like the roar of great cannon, and followed by the ominous swish of broken water rushing across the reef in mad clouds of foam and spray.

As I listened it seemed to me that the islet had become very small, had shrunk to a mere sand bank which was being ravenously devoured by twenty-foot combers. Amid the roar of the breakers I could hear the sea birds' dismal foreboding cries from the coconut palms, and the incessant hum of countless mosquitoes outside the net.

I felt light-headed; grotesque hallucinations materialized before me with startling vividness. I was afraid and found myself unconsciously humming light refrains for relief. When relief failed to come I lit a lantern, set it outside the mosquito net close to my head, and settled back to lose myself in *The Bible in Spain*. I must have read for several hours when I came to this paragraph: —

> I had no sooner engaged him than, seizing the tureen of soup, which had by this time become quite cold, he placed it on the top of his forefinger, or rather on the nail thereof, causing it to make various circumvolutions over his head, to my great astonishment, without spilling a drop; then, springing with it to the door, he vanished, and in another moment made his appearance with the *puchera*, which, after a similar bound and flourish, he deposited on the table; then, suffering his hands to sink before him, he put one over the other and stood at his ease with half-shut eyes, for all the world as if he had been in my service twenty years.

I laughed aloud. Little Sea, my wife, grumbled in her sleep, while Tomi, her ten-year-old brother, with wide-open faunlike eyes, stared at me. Closing my eyes, I conjured up Antonio, the valet, in his bizarre guise: —

> His arms were long and bony, and his whole form conveyed an idea of great activity united with no slight degree of strength; his hair was wiry, but of jetty blackness; his forehead low; his eyes small and grey, expressive of much subtlety and no less malice, strangely relieved by a strong dash of humour; his nose was handsome, but the mouth was immensely wide, and his under jaw projected considerably. A more singular physiognomy I had never seen, and I continued staring at him for some time in silence.

Suddenly I started, closed the book over my finger, and sat upright. Visions of gypsies stealing forth on the 'affairs of Egypt,' of maniacs, Andalusian orange venders, and bloodthirsty robbers flashed through my mind, leaving it incapable of other thoughts. At first I knew merely that something unusual had happened: there was a new sound, like the hissing of countless snakes. I thought it might be the wind blowing in the fronds, but as there was still no wind I conceived that it must be waves washing along the shore. But waves wash intermittently, while this was one long unbroken hiss. I wondered if the seas on the outer reef had increased to such an extent that they had flooded over the shallows and were even now washing across the islet. The hissing increased in volume until I imagined that a great wave must surely be rushing toward us. I sprang out of the net and ran to the door.

Complete silence; the hissing had suddenly stopped, and for a moment

even the sea birds were quiet. Then a great comber boomed along the reef, sending a seismic tremor through the islet. A frigate bird squawked, and there was a buzzing in my ears, for the mosquitoes quickly found me out.

I returned to the net and, reopening *The Bible in Spain*, I read on to the point where Borrow whispers the magic gypsy words in his fractious stallion's ear: —

> The Romany chal to his horse did cry,
> As he placed the bit in his horse's jaw,
> 'Kosko gry! Romany gry!
> Muk man kistur tute knaw!'

We then rode forth from Madrid by the gate of San Vicente, directing our course to the lofty mountains which separate Old from New Castile.

Again the hiss, scarcely audible, reached my ears, coming as though from a great way off. The booming on the reef had suddenly increased to a deafening roar, but still I could hear the sibilant sound, a noise apart from the sea's roar. With increasing agitation I closed my book and shoved it under the sleeping mat. If I had had a barometer my mental state would have been explained, for the glass would have registered ominously low. Little Sea and Tomi, blessed, nerveless savages, were sound asleep.

Gradually the hissing increased until I again imagined that a great wave was washing across the point to engulf us in the lagoon. Rushing outside once more, I listened for a moment, and at last understood the cause. Strangely enough, although it was dead calm where I stood, the wind was rustling overhead, carrying with it the swishing sound of the water foaming over the reef.

Then, as though it had been gathering force far out at sea, it struck the islet with a yell of fury, screaming through the trees, hurling fronds and nuts through the air — a force of indescribable violence, bent on destruction! Its first impact sent me staggering into the house, carried away the roof as well as the frond sides, and tore the mosquito net from its fastenings to whirl it, spectrelike, across the lagoon.

Little Sea and Tomi were safe. When I reached them they shouted in my ears, simultaneously, '*Uriia!* (Hurricane!)' They were not in the least frightened — on the contrary, they seemed to be enjoying it. I was thinking of the flying nuts and fronds and listening to the intermittent crashes as coconut trees were snapped off and hurled to the ground. I remembered that a termite-eaten one was growing directly to windward, and no sooner had the thought come than, as though to warrant my fear, with a report like the firing of a dozen rifles the top of the tree was snapped off and hurled over our heads into the lagoon beyond.

My nerves were now keyed to a point beyond fear; nevertheless I realized the perilousness of our situation. Matauea Point was not more than five feet above sea level and the highest point on Ko Islet did not exceed fifteen feet. What should we do when the seas started breaking over the land itself?

We huddled together in the middle of the house, or, rather, in the framework of the house, with the sleeping mat at our backs. Rain came in torrents, soaking us with the first downpour. My teeth chattered and the cold seemed to eat into the marrow of my bones, but Little Sea and Tomi dozed on either side of me, apparently quite comfortable.

By four in the morning the gale was at its height, blowing with such violence that we could no longer sit with our backs to it, but must lie flat on the ground. Nuts, fronds, and trees had ceased falling, for most of them had

long since been blown into the lagoon and the weaker trees had gone down in the first gust. No gale can break or uproot a sound mature coconut palm — it will bend its sixty-foot bole to the ground without breaking; but one log which rolled toward us with great violence reminded me that the danger was not past. We could not see it, but we heard the crash when it struck the termite-eaten stump to windward.

My mind wandered back to the story I had been reading in *The Bible in Spain*. I found myself muttering over and over: —

> 'The Romany chal to his horse did cry,
> As he placed the bit in his horse's jaw —'

and I saw Antonio standing before me with the soup tureen balanced on his finger nail. He seemed to be smiling and winking at me in an incomprehensible manner. Then, yelling, he did a wild dance, tossing the tureen under his leg so that it made a turn over his head, and on the downward course he caught it in his teeth, grinning fiercely. Then, taking it on the palm of his hand, he dashed it with all his strength against the stem of a coconut palm. It bounded back without a drop lost, whereupon he caught it on the bridge of his nose and balanced it there.

Little Sea was shaking my shoulder and screaming into my ear. I was roused from my wide-awake nightmare, and at length grasped the meaning of her words: —

'The seas are coming! The seas are coming, Ropati!'

Dawn was breaking, a leaden joyless dawn. I could dimly see the outlines of ragged palms with most of their fronds carried away, while the few remaining ones lay out horizontal and stiff in the mighty gale.

Then I heard a deafening roar as though the islet were being wrenched loose from its foundation and whirled to oblivion in one annihilating avalanche of water. The next instant what remained of the house was flooded two feet deep in a foaming torrent that rushed pell-mell across the islet.

I jumped for my canoe and moored it to a tree. It was no sooner done than a second wave foamed over the point, three feet deep. I jumped into a tree and literally watched the Pacific Ocean washing beneath me. Little Sea and Tomi clung to another tree near by.

I had not noticed in the excitement that the wind had abated and was even then diminishing by perceptible degrees. Within the next five minutes it was dead calm again. It is at such times that the seas rise, for during the height of the gale they are flattened by the wind.

The next wave took the skeleton of the little house, flooding the point a good six feet deep. Fortunately, instead of uprooting the trees we were roosting in, it banked about two feet of sand over the whole length of the point. But waves are fickle things, and as the next one might sweep away all the sand that had been brought in, and a good deal more besides, we took advantage of the lull between the third and fourth waves to run inland to higher ground.

It was an eerie experience watching those great seas piling over the islet, carrying débris — birds, fish, and gigantic masses of coral which had been wrenched from the reef. But by midday the seas had given up their attempt to wash Puka-Puka into the marine ooze, leaving a tattered and torn Ko Islet strewn with dead fish, mangled trees, coral boulders, and drowned birds. The three of us made our way slowly back to Matauea Point. I was conscious of something solid in my pocket. Pulling it out, I found that it was my copy of *The Bible in Spain*. I distinctly remember putting it under

the sleeping mat, and how it managed to get into my pocket is a mystery to me to this day.

IV

'Such, George Borrow, are the circumstances under which I read your book.'

But I have mistaken my store boy for Borrow. Benny pops out of the trapdoor like Mephistopheles in my friend Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. He tiptoes across the room, lights the lamp, glances toward me with concern, and disappears the way he came. Presently I hear the pop of a cork from one of my bottles of island-brewed ale, and then Benny whispering to my old retainer, William: —

'Ropati is a trifle mad again; we had better leave him alone. He is talking to himself and gesticulating wildly, like Sea Foam, the preacher, during Sunday service.'

I barely hear him, for my eyes are lingering, now, on a cherished volume in the philosophers' row.

Living writers refuse to enter into discussions, though they often poke out their heads to make some happy comment. This is my great quarrel with James Branch Cabell, for I wish to discuss with him his philosophy of things as we should like them to be. If I outlive him I shall be able to unburden myself of many things during these Puka-Puka reveries. For instance, I shall tell him of another time I sailed across the lagoon for Ko Islet. There I meant to hunt turtles by night and drowse away the days with a fishing line thrown from the beach and an odd hour spent over the pages of *Beyond Life*.

Halfway across the lagoon, an ominous black cloud rose over the horizon. It rushed upon me, and in no time I was in the midst of one of the fiercest squalls I have ever known. I slackened the sheet, letting the sail flap, but the force of the wind against the mast and rigging capsized the canoe. As she was going over I instinctively grabbed for the thing I valued most, and the next instant was fighting for my life in a foaming lagoon. Eventually I caught hold of the canoe's gunwales and held on until the wind had abated. When sufficiently composed to look about me, I found that I was holding my copy of *Beyond Life*. My food, clothes, bedding, fishing tackle, had sunk or were floating to leeward, but I had saved the half-read volume. It was the thing in the canoe that I desired most.

I will tell this to Cabell, — if he dies first, — and I will explain why I think his philosophy is sound, pointing out that we South Sea traders are all Don Quixotes, trying to live life as we believe it should be, closing our eyes to disillusioning realities, and fearful of living intruders lest they bring us back to earth.

A gust of wind enters through the low window, and the lamp is extinguished. I have been lying here on my white Manihiki mat for hours, and it has seemed but a moment. Old Mama has my tea ready, and Benny and William will continue drinking my ale until I put a stop to it.

Only a few of my friends have visited me to-day. To-morrow I shall invite Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim to enact the siege of Dunkirk and the siege of Widow Wadman. Then there will be Gil Blas, Cotton Mather, Samuel Butler, Benvenuto Cellini; and perhaps Swinburne and François Villon will sing for me.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

I

I RECKON, when I count at all,
First Poets — then the Sun —
Then Summer — then the
Heaven of God —
And then the list is done.
But looking back — the first so seems
To comprehend the whole —
The others look a needless show,
So I write Poets — All.
This Summer lasts a solid year.
They can afford a Sun
The East would deem
Extravagant,
And if the final Heaven
Be beautiful as they disclose
To those who trust in them,
It is too difficult a grace
To justify the Dream.

II

We — Bee and I — live
In the quaffing.
'T is n't all hock with us,
Life has its ale —
But it's many a lay of
The dim Burgundy
We chant for cheer when
The wines fail.
Do we 'get drunk'?
Ask the jolly clovers!
Do we 'beat our wife'?
I never wed.
Bee pledges *his* in minutest
Flagons,
Dainty as the tress on her
Deft head.
While runs the Rhine
He and I revel —
First at the vat and
Latest at the vine;
Noon — our last cup.
'Found dead of nectar'
By a humming Coroner
In a by-thyme.

III

It always felt to me a wrong
To that old Moses done,
To let him see the Canaan
Without the entering.

And though in soberer moments
No Moses there can be,
I'm satisfied the romance
In point of injury

Surpasses sharper stated
Of Stephen or of Paul,
For these were only put to death,
While God's adroiter will

On Moses seemed to fasten
In tantalizing play —
As Boy should deal
With lesser Boy
To show supremacy.

The fault was doubtless
Israel's;
Myself had banned the Tribes,
And ushered grand old Moses
In pentateuchal robes

Upon the broad possession
But titled him to see.
Old Man on Nebo! Late as this
One Justice bleeds for thee!

IV

Through the dark sod
As education
The Lily passes sure,
Feels her white foot no
Trepidation,
Her faith no fear.

Afterward in the meadow
Swinging her beryl bell,
The mold-life all
Forgotten now —
In ecstasy and dell.

V

'T was warm at first like us,
Until there crept thereon
A chill, like frost upon a glass
Till all the scene be gone.

The forehead copied stone,
The fingers grew too cold
To ache, and like a skater's brook
The busy eyes congealed.

It straightened — that was all.
It crowded cold to cold —
It multiplied indifference
As Pride were all it could.

And even when with cords
'T was lowered like a freight,
It made no signal, nor demurred,
But dropped like adamant.

VI

And this of all my hopes —
This is the silent end.
Bountiful colored my morning rose,
Early and sere its end.

Never bud from a stem
Stepped with so gay a foot,
Never a worm so confident
Bored at so brave a root.

VII

After great pain a formal feeling comes —
The nerves sit ceremonious like tombs;
The stiff Heart questions — was it He that bore?
And yesterday — or centuries before?

The feet mechanical go round
A wooden way
Of ground or air or ought,
Regardless grown,
A quartz contentment like a stone.

This is the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived
As freezing persons recollect
The snow —
First chill, then stupor, then
The letting go.

VIII

Of nearness to her sundered things
The Soul has special times,
When Dimness looks the Oddity,
Distinctness easy seems.

The shapes we buried dwell about.
Familiar in the rooms,
Untarnished by the sepulchre
Our moldering playmate comes

In just the jacket that he wore,
Long buttoned in the mold,
Since we, old mornings, children played,
Divided by a world.

The grave yields back her robberies,
The years are pilfered things,
Bright knots of apparitions
Salute us with their wings —

As we it were that perished,
Themselves had just remained
Till we rejoin them,
And 't was They, and not Ourselves
That mourned.

IX

It ceased to hurt me, though
So slow
I could not see the trouble go —
But only knew by looking back
That something had obscured
The track.

Nor when it altered, I could say —
For I had worn it every day
As constant as the childish frock
I hung upon the nail at night.

Nor what consoled it — I
Could trace,
Except whereas 't was wilderness
It's better, almost Peace.

X

The world feels dusty
When we stop to die;
We want the dew then,
Honors taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face,
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes,
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

GOETHE AND BEETHOVEN

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

I

1811–1812. A rich autumn of grape harvesting, of golden forests and red sunset skies. The last but two symphonies and the last violin sonata. Lovely declining days and latter-day loves. And the encounter of two suns, Beethoven and Goethe. It was a brief meeting. For centuries the Fates had been preparing the syzygy of these two stars in the firmament of poetry and music. The hour arrives, and the hour passes; their paths have crossed, and each has gone his way. We must wait another thousand years before such an event can occur again. How I envy those who saw them. I even borrow the eyes of such people, and imagine that I too can see the slumbering images of these men reflected as in a pool.

They had long known each other from a distance, but with unequal knowledge; and it was Beethoven whose comprehension was the greater. Ever since childhood he had been nourished on Goethe, and had devoted a cult to him. He read him every day.

In his first conversation with Bettina Brentano,[1] in May 1810, Beethoven had spoken of the fascination that Goethe's poetry exercised over him, not only as to content, but also as to rhythm. 'I am ordained and impelled to compose by the very force of his speech, for it is constructed on a grand scale, like some piece of architecture reared by spiritual hands. It bears within it the secret of harmony. . . . Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Is it not through melody that the spiritual content of a poem penetrates our senses? . . . But mention me to Goethe. Tell him that he ought to hear my symphonies. He will agree with me that music is the one immaterial medium through which we can enter a higher world of knowledge, a world which envelops man although man cannot grasp it. What the spirit receives from that world through the senses is an incarnated spiritual revelation. Write to Goethe about me if you understand me, for I wish with all my heart that he may instruct me.'

But before going further we must pause a moment and weigh the value of Bettina's testimony. Now that her real correspondence with Goethe has been published, we are able to see clearly into her soul. Critics have minutely compared various texts, and, in spite of certain lacunæ due to the disappearance of important letters, we can definitely disengage the actual from the impossible and the erroneous from the imaginary, particularly during the period under discussion.

Between 1807 and 1810, Bettina was no Northern sibyl, as certain modern historians have asserted. Later her traits modified. From twenty to forty her artistic capacity may not have increased much, — it was always

[1] Bettina Brentano was the daughter of the lovely Maximilienne La Roche, a Rhenish German with whom Goethe was in love as a young man. Her father, of Italian birth, lived in Frankfort, where Bettina was born in 1785. — EDITOR

great, — but at least her accuracy improved. It is, however, of the little Mignon between twenty and twenty-five that we are speaking here.

She was a short girl, with a dull complexion and dark bottomless eyes. She seemed to be a perfect mass of black curls, and usually wore a long flowing robe with a heavy girdle, like a pilgrim. Independent of fashion, she could not adapt herself to the strict dictates of society. It irked her to sit on a chair, and she would generally crouch on a low footstool or perch on a window ledge. Sometimes she was full of wild life and laughter; sometimes she was plunged into depths of melancholy. Fundamentally she was a dreamer, dreaming of life.

Eighteen hundred and ten was the year when Goethe was most captivated by her, although he was never able to resist her charms; and it was during this same year that she, whose whole life was devoted to the love of Goethe, felt herself closest to him and loved him most ardently. Her letters of January and February 1810 show that she was absorbed in him in the same way that Saint Theresa of Ávila was immersed in her amorous visions. And there is no reason to believe, as I once did, that Goethe was bored by this excessive adoration. He drank it in as a cat drinks sugared milk. Not only did he express his gratitude, but when a month passed without his receiving any new outburst of affection he grew anxious and wrote to her again. Never did he separate himself from Bettina's letters, but carried them with him wherever he traveled.

II

It was under these conditions that Bettina saw Beethoven for the first time. What reason would she have had beyond the imperious dictates of truth to write to Goethe that she was much taken with Beethoven; that he had subjugated her; that she had passionately espoused his cause, although she could well foresee that Goethe would not be agreeably disposed to the man?

First of all, let me outline the famous story that Bettina later published. She had been spending some time in Vienna with her brother, Franz Brentano, who had married Toni Birkenstock, both of whom were faithful friends of Beethoven. It was during a glorious month of May, and Bettina's letters to Goethe were redolent of hothouse odors. She had just heard a sonata of Beethoven's, and it had overwhelmed her. She wanted to see the musician. Everyone tried to dissuade her, telling her that Beethoven was unapproachable. No one even knew where he lived. But Bettina was determined. She found his house, and entered. He was seated at the piano and did not see her. Leaning over him, she whispered in his ear, 'My name is Brentano.' Turning quickly, he saw a pretty girl with wild eyes that seemed to penetrate his thoughts, and he sang her *Kennst du das Land*, his soul afire with religious enthusiasm. How could she have failed to conquer him?

And she was just as overwhelmed as he — more so, in fact. 'When I saw him I forgot the whole world, and when I think of him again the world disappears.' She was so wrapped up in Beethoven that his terrible solitude took possession of her spirit. She felt that his burning desert of loneliness was hers also, and she took refuge in Goethe's paternal tenderness. All the first part of her letter to Goethe would be a fit subject for psychoanalysts to study, for it strikingly exemplifies the phenomenon of the medium. Bettina's soul drank in the electric rays generated

by genius. She had the luck to surprise Beethoven during a passionate crisis in a state of creative trance — or *raptus*, as he was to call it when she reminded him of the words he had spoken.

Their conversations continued, for Beethoven would not let Bettina depart alone, but accompanied her to the Brentanos' house; and later on he went for walks with her. Bettina was fascinated. She forgot everything but this one man — society, picture galleries, theatres, and even the spire of St. Stephen's Church. They had a succession of grand conversations, concerning which Schindler was later skeptical, for the naïve reason that Beethoven had never mentioned them to him; but, as someone once said, Schindler was not Bettina.

What really concerns us here in our account of the relations between Goethe and Beethoven is the accuracy of the facts and the sincerity of Bettina's impressions. There can be no doubt on either score. Her letter to young Alois Bihler written July 9, 1810, absolutely establishes her meeting with Beethoven and the devastating impression that he made upon her. In spite of his extreme ugliness, which struck her more than anything else about him and prevented her from ever falling in love with him, she was fascinated from the first, and this fascination remained always. '*Ich habe diesen Mann unendlich lieb gewonnen.* (I have come to feel an infinite affection for this man.)' The thing about Beethoven that conquered her was the unparalleled sovereignty (*Herrlichkeit*) and sincerity (*Wahrheit*) of his art. The way the world treated him revolted her, and from the moment she first met him she was devoted to his cause.

That she made a conquest of Beethoven is no less certain. Her letter to Bihler is a confirmation of Beethoven's assiduous devotion to her. During his last days at Vienna he never left her. He could not be separated from her, and when he left he begged her to write to him at least once a month, for she was his only friend. The unquestioned letter from Beethoven to Bettina dated February 10, 1811, informs us that Bettina wrote to him twice, and that Beethoven carried her letters about with him all summer.

One simple fact will show what an impression Beethoven made on Bettina's life. When her brother Clemens came to rejoin her in June with young Arnim, her prospective husband, they were amazed at the change that had set in. Arnim, who had been sure of being accepted, now found her absorbed and remote. She talked about her duty and about devoting herself to music as the great mission of the time; and when Arnim had gone away again, desolate at heart, and begged her in his letters to love him, Bettina replied, affectionately and sincerely, that she wanted to make him happy, but that she could not clearly tell what was in her heart, alluding obscurely to certain musical ties with which she was bound.

Her next meeting with Goethe occurred sooner than either of them had expected. By chance Goethe was called to Teplitz by his Grand Duke at just the time that Bettina stopped there on her way to Berlin. She learned of Goethe's presence, hastened to see him, and in two beautiful days of happy intimacy — the tenth and eleventh of August, 1810 — she poured out in a torrent everything that had been revealed to her and described how her life had been enriched and revolutionized.

'She talked to me endlessly,' said Goethe, 'about new and old adventures.'

These new adventures consisted of her meeting with Beethoven. Goethe did not wish to name him, nor did he wish to attach any importance to Bettina's enthusiasm. What was his opinion of Beethoven? Not much at this time, but he was too sensitive then to the charms of this pretty girl not to let her rattle on. He watched her mouth, but did not follow her meaning.

What did he really think, he who knew them both? Realizing the dangers involved, he dismissed them from his horizon. Interested and provoked, he refused to take seriously what he called Bettina's *wunderliche Grillen*. But his psychological curiosity, ever on the alert, was at once repelled and attracted.

He came to a halt before the amazing figure that Bettina had described. Never had she made a stronger impression. Never had he esteemed her spiritual value more highly. At this moment Beethoven almost broke in upon Goethe's intellectual sympathy, and he would have done so had there not been a third party who undid Bettina's efforts — Zelter. What did this excellent musician, this perfect Philistine, this faithful Achates, say to his friend Goethe about Beethoven? On the twelfth of November, 1808, he wrote as follows: 'People are looking with admiration and terror at certain will-o'-the-wisps on the slopes of Parnassus, talents — some of them — of the greatest importance, that are using statues of Hercules to kill flies with.'

Later he spoke more harshly, mentioning certain of Beethoven's works. He described his art as unbalanced, monstrous, shameless, and inverted. Within ten lines he unconsciously said everything that would separate Goethe from Beethoven irremediably. On August 11, 1810, Bettina met Zelter in Goethe's presence at Teplitz, and went away with a deep-seated rancor against him. By going over this episode in her mind all winter, she again showed her loyalty. It made no difference that she knew how dangerous it was to question Zelter's authority in Goethe's presence, that it was a waste of time, and that she was running a risk of falling into her godhead's bad graces. In spite of everything, she would not pardon this Philistine, as she called him, for his crass stupidity and maliciousness.

Goethe bridled. He had imagined that these musical whims were mere caprices of a pretty woman and would presently vanish. But when he saw that they had come to stay, he pulled a sour face. At first he was prudent, for he needed Bettina to help him write his reminiscences. These were to be her childhood memories of the things her mother had told her when the two of them used to spend ecstatic hours living over in their imagination the early youth of their young god. For, strangely enough, Goethe himself had no recollection of his early years. For this reason he had to accept everything, and his bad humor was merely expressed by silence. Nevertheless, his rancor kept growing, and a few words in a letter written on the eleventh of January, 1811, betrayed it. 'You often show pig-headedness, particularly in musical matters. Your little noodle concocts the most extraordinary fancies, but I don't want to scold you about them or to hurt your feelings.' In other words: 'You may speak, but I shan't do you the honor of discussing what you say.'

During the winter of 1810–1811 Goethe drifted away from Bettina. He believed that he was the sole lord and master of that seductive soul of hers, half Italian and half Rhenish-German. She had come to him and had apparently given herself to him utterly;

but here she was only doing lip service to the god of Weimar, proving a false companion, and following new revelations of Beethoven and the young German Romantic Movement.

After long hesitations, Bettina became engaged to von Arnim on the fourth of December, 1810, and married him on the eleventh of March. The letter to Goethe announcing this event and written two months afterward is more full of Goethe than of Arnim, and her sincere affection for Arnim was in all truth but a pale flame compared with her passion for Goethe. Nevertheless, Goethe felt betrayed, and suffered from spite. The wound was chiefly of an intellectual nature. Achim von Arnim, a young literary gentleman, was worthy of all esteem both for his talent and for his character, and he showed old Goethe a respect and regard of which Goethe was aware; but in the spiritual field Arnim, like Beethoven, — though on a far lesser scale, — was hostile.

III

To understand Goethe's feeling of revulsion toward his contemporaries, let us come down to our own day — to the present crisis in European art, which has been knocked off its bearings by the World War; to the social upheavals; to the outbursts of false enthusiasm, false religion, and false poetry; and to those unconstrained outbursts of excitement which cause us to oscillate between anarchy and slavery, between excessive liberty and excessive tyranny. Perhaps it is a fruitful epoch by reason of its very incoherence and its destructive tendencies; it may be the necessary transition between a world that is dying and a world that is being born. But a Goethe, who would know what it had cost him to order his art and his life, cannot but look on with disgust when all his conquest is threatened, even ruined. Goethe seldom laughed, for he took life and art seriously. He was not disposed to pardon people who gayly upset his own order and his own harmony. Therefore, if the inoffensive young Arnim made him thunder, what would Beethoven do?

Goethe was not enough of a musician to see in Beethoven what we easily see to-day and what Bettina divined — his imperial artistic mastery of the unchained elements. On the twelfth of April, 1811, Beethoven wrote a letter to Goethe full of touching modesty and bordering on love and respect. It told Goethe that the music of *Egmont* was being sent to him shortly, and begged for his judgment. 'Even your blame will be of assistance, both to me and to my art, and I shall receive it with as open a heart as I should the highest eulogy.' See how humble this great man is — although only with Goethe, for he disdained all others. The year before he had sent by Bettina three admirable *Lieder* to poems by Goethe, but Goethe had said nothing. Nevertheless, Beethoven uttered no word of disguised reproach or impatience. He renewed his offering with the same humility.

Goethe, however, was a man of the world, and he knew what he owed the conventions and what he owed the appeals of an illustrious musician who was offering him his veneration. He decided to reply, and did so on June 25, politely maintaining his distance. He did Bettina justice, and congratulated Beethoven on the warmth of such an advocate. He was pleased, he added, to receive the music Beethoven had announced, because he had often heard him mentioned with the highest praise. He had never heard his pieces played by artists or skillful amateurs without wanting to admire Beethoven himself at the keyboard and

to enjoy his extraordinary talent. . . . And even more than a full year after the music of *Egmont* had first been played in Germany, Goethe still lacked the curiosity to hear it, and seemed to look upon Beethoven as a mere piano virtuoso.

On the twenty-third of January, 1812, this note appears in his journal: 'Evening, Beethoven's music for *Egmont*.' Not until the twenty-ninth of January, 1814, was *Egmont* first produced with music at Weimar. Goethe wrote on this occasion: 'Evening, *Egmont*.' He did not even think of writing Beethoven's name.

In the summer of 1811 a catastrophe occurred. Beethoven lost the support of his little patroness at Weimar. In September Goethe definitely broke with Bettina. The von Arnims were shown the door, shortly before an unlucky fate brought Beethoven and Goethe together.

While Goethe was staying at Karlsbad in July 1812 he received an invitation from his Grand Duke to come at once to Teplitz, where the Empress of Austria wanted to speak with him. He went to Teplitz, and Beethoven was there. Goethe had not made the journey on Beethoven's account, but, having come so close, he perhaps recalled the striking portrait that Bettina had drawn, and also Beethoven's ardent desire to meet him. His curiosity overcame his artistic repulsion and he called on Beethoven. Teplitz was full of emperors and empresses and their hangers-on, but Beethoven was a bird of a different plumage. He wrote solemnly, 'Few people, and of these few no one striking. I live alone, alone.' But on the same day, in the course of a business letter to his publishers, he interrupts himself and writes, '*Goethe ist hier!* (Goethe is here!)' You can feel his heart leap.

Goethe behaved nobly. He was the first to come, and he, like Bettina and so many others, was subjugated by the first glance. On the same day he wrote to his wife, 'I have never seen a more powerfully concentrated, more energetic, more fervid (*inniger*) artist.' This is no small praise. In all his life Goethe never admitted another man's superiority to such a degree. What a profound view it was! Goethe's subjugation is proved by the fact that the next day, July 20, the two men went walking together. On the day after, Goethe returned to Beethoven's house in the evening; and there again on the twenty-third Beethoven played for him on the piano.

Four days later, however, Beethoven left Teplitz, as his doctor had ordered him to Karlsbad. It was over. During all the rest of their lives these two men were never to meet again.

IV

What happened? We are enlightened by two letters from Bettina, and by two other letters all too true — one from Beethoven to Breitkopf, written on the ninth of August, 1812, and the other from Goethe to Zelter on the ninth of September, 1812. I shall try to look at these two men and describe them as they were in all their grandeur and all their pettiness. For pettiness exists in geniuses just as much as in ordinary mortals — in fact, more so; and Beethoven, like Goethe, had his share of it. The most generous at the start was Goethe. He extended his hand to Beethoven; he was as cordial as his nature permitted, though he was always a little formal when he was not expressing himself artistically or in strict intimacy. Beethoven had not taken him in at the start, for the second impression did not contradict the first. It seems, however, that Beethoven's impressions were less satisfying. This

poet of whom he had dreamed since childhood as a wide-winged eagle flying against the wind looked like a *Geheimrat*, punctilious in etiquette and respectful toward high rank, a silly society dude. And after this same man had listened to Beethoven improvising on the piano, — and everyone knows how torrential these improvisations were, — he said to him politely that he had played charmingly. No doubt he was embarrassed in expressing his appreciation of music and was merely complimenting the musician on the agility of his fingers; but the æsthetic judgment, the intellectual judgment, that Beethoven had expected was not forthcoming, because at bottom Goethe had had no thoughts on these matters and no understanding of music.

Beethoven burst out, and Bettina has described the scene, for, although she herself was not present, Beethoven told her about it, boiling with excitement. And there is no doubt that she helped to throw oil on the flames. Bettina had arrived at Teplitz on the evening of July 23. She did not suspect that she would find Goethe and Beethoven there; but the encounter that she had desired so ardently, and for which she had worked with such tenacity, had already occurred, and she was excluded. It was a bitter pill.

Here is the written or spoken description of this strange scene done in Beethoven's most typical style — a scene in which the two artists find themselves in unexpected attitudes, for on this occasion there is a tear in Goethe's eye, and Beethoven is berating him rudely for his sentimentality. 'He had finished playing,' wrote Bettina, 'when he saw that Goethe was profoundly moved, and said, "Ah, sir, I had not expected that of you. Long ago in Berlin I gave a concert. I worked hard, and thought that I had given a good performance. I was expecting a success, but after I had given everything in me I was not even greeted by the feeblest sign of appreciation. It was really too painful, and I could not understand. Soon, however, the puzzle was explained. The whole Berlin public was delicately cultivated, and they were saluting me with handkerchiefs to their weeping eyes. I saw that I had been playing to a romantic audience, not an artistic one. But from you, Goethe, I do not like it. When your poems penetrate my brain I proudly desire to raise myself to your height. No doubt I have failed; otherwise you would have expressed your enthusiasm differently. You yourself must know how good it is to be applauded by hands that understand. If you do not recognize me, if you do not esteem me as your equal, who will?"'

This was Goethe's first lesson. Who had ever spoken in this way to him before? Bettina depicts Goethe's embarrassment, for he 'felt clearly that Beethoven was right.'

From this time on Beethoven was goaded by Bettina into an antipathy toward Goethe, and let no opportunity slip by to show his feelings. Out walking, Beethoven took Goethe by the arm although they kept meeting aristocrats. Goethe was full of salutations that irked Beethoven, and when the former spoke of the Court and the Empress it was with humble solemnity. '*Ei was!*' Beethoven groaned. 'You ought not to do that. You do no good that way. You ought to throw what is in you at their heads; otherwise they will pay no attention.'

The second lesson continued in this fashion, until suddenly the Empress and all her Court appeared in their path. Beethoven said to Goethe, 'Keep hold of my arm; they ought to give way to us, not we to them.' 'Goethe was not of this opinion,' Bettina remarked. He dropped Beethoven's arm

and drew to one side, hat in hand. Beethoven, his arm swinging, plunged through the middle of the crowd of princes like a ball of fire, merely touching the edge of his hat. They made way politely, and all saluted him in a friendly fashion. When the company had passed Beethoven stopped and waited for Goethe, who was still paying his respects. Then he said to him, 'I waited for you because I honor and esteem you as you deserve to be honored and esteemed, but you have paid them too much honor.'

This was the third lesson, and this time it was a practical one, for the precept was accompanied by the example. Perhaps the reprimand was deserved, but a Goethe will not allow himself to be dragged about by the ear like a schoolboy. Goethe wrote to Zelter on the second of September: 'I have come to know Beethoven, and his talent astounds me. Unfortunately, however, he is quite mad. No doubt he is not mistaken if he finds the world a detestable place, but in acting as he does he does not increase its richness or pleasure either for himself or for others. Yet he is much to be excused and pitied, for he is losing his hearing, which perhaps does less harm to the musical part of him than it does to the social part of him. Laconic by nature, he is becoming doubly so now as a result of his deafness.' The tone of this judgment is very measured. It is the least that Goethe could have said against Beethoven, and we must give him credit for his just spirit.

Beethoven, after this encounter, expressed himself unrestrainedly, for he was certainly a less reserved man than Goethe. 'Goethe likes the Court atmosphere too much. He likes it more than a poet should. Let us not even mention the ridiculous aspects of certain virtuosi if our poets, who ought to be the chief teachers of the nation, are able to forget all else for these false lights.' He wrote this to his publishers — and it is always imprudent to confide one's impressions to strangers. Beethoven had a great defect. When he made a remark that hurt someone's feelings, he was not satisfied to keep it between himself and that person; he communicated it to the world at large. After he had, in his own words, washed Goethe's head for him, he rushed to the Arnims and described the whole farce to them.

Silence is a mortal weapon, and it was Goethe's great arm. He did not mention Beethoven again for years. In 1813 Zelter had at last discovered the overture to *Egmont*, and spoke of it to Goethe, who did not reply; and Zelter was not the man to impose on Goethe an admiration that they could not share. In April 1820, when Johann Christian Lobe, a timid young man who nevertheless had the courage of his convictions, dared to express respectfully in Goethe's presence the shortcomings of Zelter's music and its fossilized character, and to announce his preference for the new generation and for the music of Beethoven and Weber, Goethe begged him to give his reasons, which Lobe did very intelligently. Goethe listened to him in attentive silence, with his head bent. Then he went to the piano and opened it, saying, 'Give me an example. People ought to be able to prove what they say by facts.' Lobe played Zelter's accompaniment to a poem, and then a tune from *Egmont*. No doubt Goethe was too easily convinced and too quickly satisfied by this one rudimentary example, which was perhaps inadequately executed. In any case, he condemned the new tendencies, though it was a big step forward for him to inform himself on the subject.

Some months later, however, toward the end of September, 1820, when he

was receiving Foerster, the Berlin musician, Goethe took issue with the erroneous interpretation offered by Prince Radziwill, who had set a *Faust* monologue to music, and at the same time pointed out the perfect appropriateness of Beethoven's music for the *Egmont* monologue. He recited the monologue with emotion, and added, 'I indicated that the music should express the lassitude of the hero, and Beethoven showed marvelous genius in his grasp of my intentions.'

Next year the poet, Ludwig Rellstab, a great admirer of Beethoven, conversed with Goethe. 'We often spoke of Beethoven, whom he knew personally. He was proud to possess some of his manuscripts. On this particular occasion he invited Geheimrat Schmidt to play a Beethoven sonata for us.' Beethoven's music was therefore by no means proscribed in Goethe's salon.

V

How, then, can we explain Goethe's incredible silence in 1823 when Beethoven, sick, and tormented by financial worries, wrote him, on the eighth of February, a devoted letter begging Goethe to intervene in his behalf with the Grand Duke of Weimar and persuade him to subscribe to the edition of the *Missa Solemnis?* What a touching effort it was to gain Goethe's interest in his humble domestic life and in his sixteen-year-old nephew, whose education and knowledge of Greek he proudly exaggerated! Yet Goethe never replied to this request for assistance. His enemies conveniently explain that he was a poor lot, while his embarrassed admirers dodge the issue and excuse him on the grounds of ill health.

The truth is that, during February 1823, Goethe had fallen grievously sick. Beethoven's letter arrived on the fifteenth of the month and after the thirteenth Goethe was subject to attacks, until on the eighteenth his sickness broke out in a violently dangerous form, as it had often done before at certain periods, bringing about extremely serious but rather brief crises. For eight days and nights he never left his armchair, where he lay in a state of delirious fever. The two doctors that attended him feared the worst, and he himself cried out to them, 'You will not save me. Death awaits me and lurks in every corner. I am lost.' But he struggled. After ten days his returning health expressed itself in an access of fury directed against the doctors for forbidding him to drink. 'If I have to die, I want to die in my own way.' He drank, and felt better. Within another month he was talking about his sickness as if it had happened long ago.

Although seventy-five years old, he promptly fell in love with a girl of nineteen, Ulrich von Levetzow. During June and July he danced attendance on her at Marienbad. Love overwhelmed him as if he were an adolescent. It took no provocation to make his tears flow, and music broke him down completely. A month of separation was more than he could stand, and he again attached himself to the Levetzows in Karlsbad, where this old septuagenarian danced with young girls. When he asked the Levetzows for their daughter's hand in marriage, they skillfully rejected his offer, and he was overwhelmed. At the close of the year a serious sickness laid him low once more. In his home no one paid any attention to him. 'If Goethe had died at this time,' writes Emil Ludwig, 'he would have died defeated.'

It is clear, however, that, if his sickness during the previous February was an insufficient excuse for forgetting Beethoven's letter, his agitations during the rest of the year and the feverish weakness of his disordered heart explain his disregard of Beethoven's request.

For my own part, I confine my severity to his faithful but weak-spirited friend, Zelter. Mediocrity cannot be excused as genius can, for, if mediocrity is not good and loyal, what else can it be? It was Zelter's peculiar duty to remind Goethe of Beethoven's supplication, for he himself had received it and understood its pathos. Ever since he had met Beethoven in 1819 his feelings had been entirely changed. Zelter was an excellent fellow at bottom, in spite of his rude exterior, and the physical misery and the goodness of Beethoven moved him to tears. From this day on he expressed feelings of brotherly devotion. He subscribed to the *Missa Solemnis;* he put his *Singchor* of one hundred and sixty voices, the best choral society in Germany, at Beethoven's disposal, and regularly inscribed Beethoven's programmes with comparisons to Michelangelo.

But, alas, human weakness is such that he never spoke to Goethe of the *Missa Solemnis,* and when Beethoven died Zelter, doing secret obeisance to the vanished demigod, did not run the risk of evoking his memory to Goethe. It seems that for an entire year the name of Beethoven was never mentioned between the two men.

I myself own a splendid letter from Goethe to Wilhelm von Humboldt written on October 22, 1826, some months before Beethoven's death. Humboldt was trying to combat his friend's apparent distaste for Indian philosophy, and Goethe replied to him in these words: 'I have absolutely nothing against India, but I am afraid of it, for it drags my imagination into the realm of the formless and misshapen, against which I must defend myself more than ever.'

As death came closer, this secret attraction and terror of the abyss kept growing, and Beethoven was Goethe's abyss. The famous scene Mendelssohn has described reveals him to us. It shows us the anxiety of the old man, driven half mad with his efforts to keep in check the same wild demons that were going to overwhelm old Tolstoy in his *Kreutzer Sonata.* The scene occurred in 1830, three years after Beethoven's death.

'That morning I devoted an hour to playing all the great composers in their historic order. He [Goethe] was seated in an obscure corner like some thundering Jupiter, and lightning flashed from his old eyes. He did not want to hear Beethoven mentioned, but I told him I could n't help it, and played him the first passage from the Symphony in C Minor. It moved him strangely. First he said, "That does not move me at all. It merely astonishes me. It is grandiose." He grumbled on in this tone for a short time, and then, after a long stretch of silence, he began talking again. "It's very great; it's absolutely crazy. It makes you afraid the house will fall." And when we sat down at the table later he kept on groaning while we talked about other subjects. The blow had struck home, and he should have cried "Hit!" but he refused. In order that his philosophic destiny might be fulfilled, he had to cheat.'

VI

Here is my conclusion regarding these two men. Beethoven was an exalted and often staggering Dionysus, and Goethe was an Olympian; but Goethe was the one who showed more moral weakness. Yet spiritual force consists of knowing one's weakness and fixing the limits of one's interior empire. Beethoven's empire lay in the infinite heavens. '*Mein Reich ist in der Luft.*' This is what creates his wild appeal, his generosity, and his danger. The next century of music succumbed to him. Only Wagner was strong

enough to grasp in his hand the sceptre that the 'Apprenticed Sorcerers' had let fall!

But Beethoven never suspected the dangers that he was releasing. Nor did he understand — and let us hope that he did not suspect — the secret revulsion that came between him and the man whom he venerated more than anyone in the world. We can imagine how he suffered from Goethe's obstinate silence and his failure to answer letters. Such a fiery man would not tolerate anyone, even the great ones of the earth, failing to give him his due. Yet he never betrayed any rancor against Goethe's inconceivable attitude; not a single complaint did he utter.

The memory of those days at Teplitz had not vanished, though only his pride remained. The shadows had entirely disappeared. He no longer remembered Goethe's weaknesses, his railing and joking. With perfect innocence, he had forgotten these incidents, and all he remembered of Goethe was his glory and his goodness.

'You know the great Goethe?' he exclaimed to Rochlitz in 1822, and beat his chest, beaming with joy. 'I know him too; I met him at Karlsbad — God knows how long ago. I was n't as deaf then as I am now, but even so I had a hard time hearing. How patient the great man was with me, and how happy it made me. I would kill myself ten times for his sake.'

Thus they pass — close together, yet without seeing each other. And the one whose love was greater was only able to wound the other. And the one whose understanding was greater would never again have at his side his only equal, the only man worthy of himself!

PREACHERS

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

SATURDAY evening I said, 'Let's get out the map and find a county with no railway. "The world is too much with us."'

'Yes,' said Peter, spreading our tattered map on the floor, '"getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."'

We found the county, and decided to follow the first beckoning road that led south. Then I rose happily, and deliberately swallowed three tablets of permanganate of potash, mistaking John's mange wash for charcoal tablets. By the time an emetic was prepared, my throat was too constricted for relief, and the caretaker rushed us in his Ford to the village physician.

The doctor sat on his porch, smoking his evening pipe. The caretaker called, 'Hi, Doc! Hyar's a orchard womern jist swallered pizen.' Peter cried, 'Permanganate of potash!' The doctor, without removing his pipe, waved a patronizing hand and drawled, 'Drive on to the drug store; he'll know the antidote.'

The druggist reached for a dusty

tome and began to read. After a reasonable time Peter reminded him that there was a woman present who was poisoned, and that it seemed a poor time for reading. He continued his search, but Peter called the doctor over the telephone. The doctor said that he did n't remember the antidote, but if we could get old Doctor Morerod at Burnt Mountain over the phone he would be sure to know.

After some delay Peter repeated Doctor Morerod's reply verbatim. He said: 'Tell those blamed fools to give her a pint of olive oil and a pint of vinegar.' The druggist proudly produced the oil. 'The vinegar?' cried Peter. 'Wal, I don't know 'bout thet,' said the caretaker. 'The stores is all shet, but maybe we kin drive round ter Faulkner's and git him ter open up.' It was all so absurd that, as my throat refused to laugh, my face wore such a sardonic grin I feared the druggist would administer the antidote for strychnine, from symptoms!

On the way home the caretaker said suspiciously, ''Pears like you-all is pow'ful ca'm! Most folks likes ter live,' and I knew he thought I had attempted suicide.

'Who is this Doctor Morerod?' asked Peter.

'Why, he's a feller thet come ter Burnt Mounting a long time ago. He's got more books'n inybody in the world, and I holped haul a pie-anner plum up the mounting fur him.'

Occasionally we came upon these 'furriners' hidden away in the mountains. Fugitives from reality, or from memory; or fugitives from the law, 'furriners' forever, but safe with people who look upon 'a reasonable killin'' as a venial sin.

One day we met a mountaineer who was walking to the penitentiary to visit his brother. He said with rather an air of importance, 'Bud war a good boy — jist too high-sperited. Pappy tutored him a lot, but hit did n't do no good. He war thet high-sperited, the second man he shot they cotched him.'

Monday morning I declared that I was able to take the road again. We were restive in the cabin, for it rained Sunday and the scent of peach culls was overpowering. After an hour on the highway there was a sweet shaded way leading south. White sand as clean and unmarked as a wave-washed beach, where the late muscadines fell from their separate stems like big purple beads from a broken strand. After the querulous voices of tired men, after the insolent warnings of motors with their poisonous breath, the blessed silence, broken only by the mourning of the wood dove, whose hollow grieving holds no note of earthly bitterness or rebellion. After the acid scent of decaying fruit, the clean smell of the pines and the pungent perfume of pennyroyal hot in the sun. We walked slowly, stopping to catch our breath at the scarlet flash of a cardinal's wing, or to lean against a gray rock where a passion vine climbed, lifting a white cross above its purple silken-fringed altar cloth. Often for days we wandered on in enchanted silence, exchanging only necessary words for provisions at crossroad stores, our only adventure the quick trenching, perhaps, of our little tent before a storm, when we would all huddle together, John's tail sometimes waving in the water of the trench, and sleep soundly with never a thought of a cold. These were halcyon days; though, when adventure beckoned, we followed with zest.

This was to be a day of simple happenings, which to us were thrilling adventures; for there, laving his feet in a crystal stream running busily across the road, sat a young man in riding breeches and coat, with a pair of high

boots beside him into which he was sprinkling foot-ease. Leaning against a sweet-gum tree was a lank mountaineer, with a book, evidently a Bible, in his hand. The two were in animated conversation. We asked for a spring for a drink, and the mountaineer said, 'Hit's good water jist above whar he's washin' his feet.' We drank slowly and stopped to listen. The hiker went on in a loud contentious voice, 'But no man is such a fool as to deny the evolution of animal life, even if he is idiot enough to claim special creation for man!'

'I reckon,' drawled the mountain man, 'thet I'm jist thet sort of a igit. I want ter make my position clar. I believe thet whin God wanted ter make a man He made a man; and whin He wanted ter make a bug, He made a bug.'

'Ha, ha, ha! And when He wanted a chigger He made this God-awful bug that's boring into my leg! What infernal rot! All because an obscene old history of one of the tribal gods of the Jews is read by the ignorant. Science, of course, is a closed book to the fools!'

The mountaineer paled beneath his tan, but he said quietly, 'Yes, suh, I'm ignerant, and you're eddicated, and you've read a lot of highfalutin books. But whin did one o' thim science books ever comfort a broken heart, er change a bad man suddent inter a good man? This old Bible does jist thet! Bless the Lord!'

'Bless the Lord!' cried Peter.

'Amen, brother!' shouted the mountaineer.

'Amen!' I added solemnly.

'Nonsense!' cried the hiker. 'That old Bible makes a man a coward and a hypocrite! And a broken heart had better quit. Don't let the fools breed. Let the weaklings die off and make way for a race above good and evil!'

At this, to him, utterly devilish proposal, the mountaineer's jaw dropped, and his fingers clenched white on his Book.

Peter, fearing a Holy War would break out in the mountains, said quickly to the hiker, who was lacing his boots, 'Stranger, thim hain't the sort o' shoes to wear. Yore feet needs air. We jist wear moccasins, — carry a extry pair, — and we ben walkin' all summer and hain't had no foot trouble. Thar hain't no snakes in ther road. We jist saw one all summer.' I gazed on Peter with pride, and we all went on together.

Suddenly from nowhere came the sound of a fiddle. 'Is n't that "Billy in the Low Ground"?' I asked.

'That's Billy,' Peter answered. And presently we came upon a house where there was a group of men on the porch. It was a 'big dinner,' celebrating Grandpap's ninetieth birthday, and Grandpap himself was playing, his gnarled old fingers finding their way straight to the heart of 'Billy in the Low Ground.'

After a while I produced my Villaume violin, which they handled curiously, with its unheard-of chin rest. One after another of the men played, but I knew better than to compete, for, try as I would, I could not master the art. A mountain player holds his fiddle firmly against his side, and plays with only a few inches of his bow. He tunes anew for any change of key, and it is a 'sorry player' who observes a rest or a pause. The fiddler blends his whole being in the monotonous swing, as sweet and sure and incessant as the rhythm of falling water. Deep in the gayest tunes he plays there is, to me, an undertone of sadness, — the spirit of the mountains, — as irrevocable and as inevitable as death. Fancy, perhaps. But America would lose much should the art die out.

An anæmic lad of about fourteen tuned an especially vicious fiddle. But he muted it with his knife blade and played well up on the finger board with his clawlike hands. 'The Land of the Cloudless Sky' rang out true and sweet, and wonderfully appealing. I gave him a mute. He had never seen one, and I shall never forget his delight. The boy had the God's gift, and I left him next morning playing the Rubinstein 'Melody in F,' with his first long bow. But I had to assure his mammy, Miss Laura, that it was a church tune. For, Miss Laura said, 'Ralph's goin' ter be a preacher. He don't play only church tunes.'

I ate with the women at the 'second table.' The mountain men eat first, the women waiting. They approach the table as a filling station for renewal of energy. To speak, except for food, is a gaucherie, and as embarrassing as a loud voice when music unexpectedly ceases. Peter said he did not dare offer Grandpap many happy returns, though there was the wherewithal for a toast.

While Miss Laura, who seemed terribly efficient, was 'dishing up,' I asked my neighbor at dinner which man was the father of Miss Laura's talented boy. She answered me, with a portion of cheese pie poised on her knife: 'Ralph hain't got no pappy. He's a woods colt. His pappy wuz a preacher, though. He come hyar frum Nashville with lung trouble. He died. Miss Laura she's mighty feared fur Ralph. He wears a flannel waist, and she keeps the winders shet summer and winter whar he sleeps. She's goin' ter make a preacher of him.'

'How fine!' I said inanely. I was thinking of the attitude of these simple people toward illegitimacy. For in the mountains a woman's sacred duty is to bear a child — preferably in wedlock, but a child is a child.

II

The next morning we set out for Wildcat Dam, 'the lonesomest place in the mountings, whar thar is two houses and the best fishin' in the world.' We met no one, although there were moonshine caches along the way. We had learned to read the signs, like gypsy patrins, of fresh boughs where we could follow a dim path and, putting a quarter on a stump and turning our backs, find a good drink of corn liquor.

It was late afternoon when we came to a grassy cove hemmed in close by mountains. A ruined water mill added a sadness to the scene. Across a wide rushing river stood the old dam, and from its crenate wall dozens of vipers obtruded their flattened heads and forked tongues, their lidless eyes looking down on the foaming water below. Peter stopped to shoot at them, and I walked on by the river road to find a house. For the place oppressed me, and I craved a camp this night near friendly human beings. The river sang a haunting song. Old memories waked and cried, and conquered griefs woke to fight again. But when I came upon a white house with a long gallery where, on a rustic chair, lay an open book, I called myself names, and reflected that I was tired. For walking down a mountain is harder muscle-work than climbing.

Through an open screened door I saw a neat room where a scholarly-looking man, with jetty hair pushed back from a noble forehead, sat delicately leafing a book. A stack of books and magazines was piled at his side. I knocked and knocked again, but the man never looked up or ceased his careful leafing of his book. Concluding that the man was deaf, I called, for, through another room, I saw two women sitting on a porch before a little

garden gay with hollyhocks and zinnias. A young woman, with the same intellectual beauty of the reading man, came and, in a beautifully modulated, full-throated voice, bade me enter. The reading man never looked up from his book. A woman of the type once called motherly sat stringing beans, and a curly-haired boy of six, perhaps, played with a kitten. I sat and helped string the beans and talked of ourselves. The place was neat, like a New England home. For the Southern home aims at beauty rather than order and convenience. After a while I said, 'Though we are camping, I wonder if you would take us to board a few days, while I fish.' And, fearing a recrudescence of sadness, I added, 'I believe I could be happy here.'

The woman called softly, 'Father! Father!' and from another room appeared the most gigantic man I had ever seen. His fiery eyes were set in a finely modeled head utterly destitute of a single hair. 'Father,' said the woman, 'here is a lady who wants to stop with us a few days. She says she thinks she might be happy here.'

The old man offered me his mighty hand. He said, 'If you think you can be happy here, stay a day or a year.' I thanked him; and the young woman — sullenly, I thought — showed me a room with dainty curtains and hooked rugs and oh, bliss! an outside bathroom with a row of white towels! I hastened away with the joyful news.

But at the door the woman stopped me. 'I must tell you,' she said, 'there is a reason why you may not like to stop with us. My son, here, is what they call an idiot. He is quite harmless, but people are afraid of him.'

'You mean,' I cried, 'the scholarly gentleman reading?'

'He has leafed books like that for forty years. He never tears or soils a book, and he'll cry if we take them away. He is as helpless as a baby, and I've never left him day or night for forty-three years.'

I leaned against the screen and looked at the man in his long clean Russian blouse, leafing his book with dainty care. And I, in my insolent egoism, had asked these people to take me in that *I* might be happy! Suddenly the man looked up and wailed in a long descending cadence the word '*F-l-y!*' 'It's the only word he can say,' said his mother, 'and he'll say it till I catch the fly.' And incessantly he sang the word until the fly was caught!

We stepped outside and a man rattled up in a wagon. He called, 'I'll be pow'ful obleeged ef you-all'll jist ask Charlie to step outside and see ef hit's goin' ter rain. I've got ter cut hay, and don't wanter hev hit down in the rain.' The woman led her son gently to the porch. He stood a moment like a sage in profound meditation. Then his body began to sway, and his arms waved like a tree in the distress of storm, and his voice rose like the sough of the wind until it was unbearable.

'Much obleeged!' said the man. 'I won't cut hay till after the storm.'

'He always knows when it will rain, and people come for miles around to consult him,' the mother said proudly. Astonished, I asked her what sign he made if it was to be clear. 'He dances as light, and makes the prettiest sound — like bees murmuring.'

Peter came up the road, and I beckoned him. It was curious to watch John's attitude toward the imbecile. He stared and cringed, and fixed his eyes on the man as though he saw forms invisible to us. During our three days' stay John haunted him, staring transfixed before the idiot, who never lifted his eyes. A youth of an inferior type came in and was introduced as the

husband of Emma, the daughter. And I observed that the child feared and disliked him.

After supper, — and what white linen and what a dainty tea cozy! — while Peter admired the grandfather's clock, I looked curiously at the books, remarking on the many books of travel.

'Yes,' said our host, 'I am an Englishman. I was a sailor, and was wrecked on the coast of Africa. That's where I got this bald head. Three of us got to shore, but the other two died on the way. They picked me up crazy with fever. When I woke in a native hut there was n't a hair on my head.'

'But how,' I asked, 'did you find this remote place?'

'I shipped for America and found my wife here. I bought the finest wig in Boston to win her,' he laughed. 'I wear it now on our anniversary days.'

'I am English too,' said his wife, 'but I came to America as a child. Father was always hankering for the sea, so we came here to be out of the sight and sound of the water.'

And in my Pollyanna way I said, 'But you have found peace and quiet here.'

The old man smiled at me sadly. 'A man's fate is written on his forehead. He can't sidestep his destiny. You are looking at those Correspondence Courses. I had to educate my children here, so I just learned along with them. Emma can read French as well as she can English.'

'You have other children?' I asked.

'Yes, two sons,' he said shortly.

That night there was a violent storm and a tree crashed down near our window. I thought of Charlie, and I marveled. I marvel still.

I sat on the porch, tired from fishing — but what a string of bass I caught! The woman brought her sewing and sat with me. 'The little white building opposite, perched on the mountain side — a church?' I asked.

'Yes, but I can't bear the sight of it. That's why my flower garden's on the other side.'

'Forgive me — I did n't know.'

Then the woman began to speak, slowly and with difficulty, the words released with effort — slow drops from an old wound that bleeds afresh.

'The boy's father preached at that church. He's not Ed's child. His father came from the city to help in the spring and fall revivals. Emma sang in his choir — she is a beautiful singer. All my children have good voices. When the spring revival was over he went away. After a while I knew the truth. He promised to marry her when he came back in the fall. But he never wrote, and he did n't give her his address. When he came back he never came near her. (He used to come home with her from the Class — they call their choir that.) She tried to see him, but he would n't see her. I did n't dare tell Father. He has an insane temper when he's roused. Oh, I was afraid! He idolized Emma. You see, they kind of grew up together with their learning books, and reading. She was n't like she is now. Always singing and roaming the mountains with Robert and Edward. Robert was twenty-three and Edward was twenty-one. Emma was just eighteen. They were so proud of her.' The woman rocked to and fro and wrung her hands. 'If only I had n't told them! But I did! I did! They went to the man and tried to make him marry Emma. But he threatened to have them arrested. He said he scarcely knew her. Everyone would have been against us. You see, we are "furriners" and Father did n't like their dissenters' church. My boys took the money from under the fireplace, — the money they'd saved, — and saddled their horses and took their guns.

I tried to hold them. It was dark. Emma had walked on to church. But they kissed me good-bye — it was the last time I ever saw them!'

I reached over and took the woman's hand.

'Father went to sleep. I sat out here in the dark, watching the lights of the church, waiting — waiting. Charlie was restless and would n't sleep. He kept walking up and down in the dark, calling to the storm. Sometimes I thought I'd call Father, but I did n't dare. The old clock ticked so slow — so slow! It struck eleven as they sang their last song. It was "Just As I Am" — they sing it often and I turn sick when the breeze brings it! Then there were two shots — quick — one after the other. They had sung in the Class, my two boys; then they got their guns and as he came out the door they both shot. They loved each other — they did n't want either to bear the blame alone.'

'Oh, tell me they escaped!' I cried. I thought I could not bear it if they had not got away!

'Robert did. It's been six years. We've never heard from him. But Edward is in the penitentiary. Father goes to see him. He won't live long. I can't leave Charlie to go. Ed worked for us and he offered to marry Emma. I begged her not to. But they — Father and Emma — wanted the child born in wedlock. But Ed hates the boy, and Emma hates him. I'm afraid! There's more trouble to come! Sometimes I wish she'd leave the boy with me and run away. But what will become of Charlie when Father and I go? He could never bear harsh or coarse treatment. Charlie is an idiot, I know — but he's *refined!*'

As we walked on the next day, Peter said: 'And all that tragedy because they brought their old-fashioned standards here! Why, Emma could have been the Miss Laura of the settlement!'

'But,' I cried from a heavy heart, 'there remains always Charlie! Forty-three years! Never a day away!'

III

We took the highway to the county seat, for we had a traveler's check to cash. Six miles from the town we came upon a church set on a hill overlooking a wide valley. Peter wanted to walk on. He said he was about fed up with preachers. But I said that we must n't generalize; that predatory preachers did not alight in flocks; that I was wickedly 'sunk,' and needed the innocent exaltation of their simple piety. So we camped by the little churchyard with its small white stones and red roses, and made ourselves fine for evening service. The congregation was already assembling, and we were told it was a big meeting, and the finest preacher from the city was helping. A slender youth, his white sleeves billowing in the evening breeze, stood on the steps of the church overlooking the shadowed valley and sounded the call to prayer on a shining bugle. He played the reveille, then taps, and it was all very beautiful, and peace descended on my troubled spirit.

Two men approached us, one carrying a Bible. We knew by his locked face, his controlled gestures, and his public voice that one was the city preacher. Without a word of greeting, he said: 'What are you people traveling on? What are you selling?' We answered, 'Nothing.' 'Well, you move on!' he cried. 'We can't have you here distracting the minds of these young folks. There are souls to be saved here this night! Move on!'

We insinuated that we had no intention of putting on a rival show, that we had walked far, and that we only desired to hear him preach. But he

cried, angrily, 'Move on! We don't want you here. Godless tin-can tourists are enough in this country, without tramps! Move on!'

Peter said, 'As to what we are traveling on, I can't see that it is your business, but we are traveling on what, evidently, you are preaching for — money.'

The man's face was convulsed with rage. 'Here!' he called to a group of young people listening eagerly. 'Follow these tramps out of our neighborhood.'

Peter had gone for John and the cart; and I said, unwisely, 'We are glad to go on, for the spirit of your Master is not here, as I'll tell everyone we meet.'

'Don't you dare tell I drove you away from this church!' he cried. 'We can't have loafers about attracting attention. If you had been selling something useful you might have stayed. Move on!'

We stumbled on in the dark, followed by a jeering crowd. But the country preacher called, in a voice of authority, 'Don't you pester them people! And whin the horn plays you turn right back — iver' one of you!' And the sad young man at Locksley Hall never heard his comrades 'sound upon the bugle horn' with greater relief than we felt when 'Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!' called suddenly through the night.

I walked on so rapidly that Peter objected. 'I am fleeing from the Christians!' I cried. 'I know how the Moors felt when the Christians had them at water's edge!'

It was now pitch-dark, and we were tired and tempted to make camp. But we reminded ourselves that later the road would be filled with zealots, their inferiority complexes ironed out and their egotism inflated, and we might not be safe. At last we came to the little city, where only a friendly night watchman was awake. He directed us to the schoolhouse yard to camp, and we crept next a bed of blooming cannas by an open window and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

I awoke with the sun in my eyes, to find Peter with a pitcher of hot tea. He was laughing uproariously. 'Where do you think we are?' he cried. 'This is the city preacher's church, and this is his study window! And Lord, how they hate him here!' While Peter packed hurriedly, — the parsonage was next door, — with childish glee I wrote a bread-and-butter letter, tied it to a pebble by a fishing line, and swung it until it alighted in the middle of the fat Bible on the city preacher's desk. I wrote: —

Reverend Sir: —

This is to thank you for the hospitality of your canna bed, where we slept and breakfasted. Your neighbors ask that you preach next Sabbath from the text about entertaining angels unawares. (I have n't the verse and chapter, but no doubt you can find it.) We are buying the truth and selling it not.

Yours in brotherly love,

The Tramps

'Now,' I said proudly, 'let's inquire for the blackest moonshine belt, where we'll be safer.'

CONCLUSIONS

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

It is not by thought that men live. Life begins in organisms so simple that one may reasonably doubt even their ability to feel, much less think, and animals cling to or fight for it with a determination which we might be inclined to call superhuman if we did not know that a will to live so thoughtless and so unconditional is the attribute of beings rather below than above the human level. All efforts to find a rational justification of life, to declare it worth the living for this reason or that, are, in themselves, a confession of weakness, since life at its strongest never feels the need of any such justification and since the most optimistic philosopher is less optimistic than that man or animal who, his belief that life is good being too immediate to require the interposition of thought, is no philosopher at all.

In view of this fact it is not surprising that the subtlest intellectual contortions of modern metaphysics should fail to establish the existence of satisfactory aims for life when, as a matter of fact, any effort to do so fails as soon as it begins and can only arise as the result of a weakening of that self-justifying vitality which is the source of all life and of all optimism. As soon as thought begins to seek the ends or aims to which life is subservient, it has already confessed its inability to achieve that animal acceptance of life for life's sake which is responsible for the most determined efforts to live, and, in one sense, we may say that even the firmest mediæval belief in a perfectly concrete salvation after death marks already the beginning of the completest despair, since that belief could not arise before thought had rendered primitive vitality no longer all-sufficient.

The decadent civilizations of the past were not saved by their philosophers, but by the influx of simpler peoples who had centuries yet to live before their minds should be ripe for despair. Neither Socrates nor Plato could teach his compatriots any wisdom from which they could draw the strength to compete with the crude energy of their Roman neighbors, and even their thought inevitably declined soon after it had exhausted their vital energy. Nor could these Romans, who flourished longer for the very reason, perhaps, that they had slower and less subtle intellects, live forever; they too were compelled to give way in their time to barbarians innocent alike both of philosophy and of any possible need to call upon it.

The subhuman will to live which is all-sufficient for the animal may be replaced by faith, faith may be replaced by philosophy, and philosophy may attenuate itself until it becomes, like modern metaphysics, a mere game; but each of these developments marks a stage in a progressive enfeeblement of that will to live for the gradual weakening of which it is the function of each to compensate. Vitality calls upon faith for aid, faith turns gradually

to philosophy for support, and then philosophy, losing all confidence in its own conclusions, begins to babble of 'beneficent fictions' instead of talking about Truth; but each is less confident than what went before, and each is, by consequence, less easy to live by. Taken together they represent the successive and increasingly desperate expedients by means of which man, the ambitious animal, endeavors to postpone the inevitable realization that living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning, and that it is most satisfactorily conducted by creatures who never feel the need to attempt to give it any other. But they are at best no more than expedients, and when the last has been exhausted there remains nothing except the possibility that the human species will be revitalized by some race or some class which is capable of beginning all over again.

Under the circumstances it is not strange that decadent civilizations are likely to think that the collapse of their culture is in reality the end of the human story. Perhaps some of the last of the old Roman intelligentsia realized that the future belonged to the barbarians from the north and that it belonged to them for the very reason that they were incapable of assimilating ancient thought; but even among the early Christian theologians there was a widespread belief that the end of Rome could mean nothing except the end of the world, and, for similar reasons, it is difficult for us to believe in the possibility of anything except either the continuation of modern culture or the extinction of human life. But a glance at history should make us hesitate before asserting that either one of these alternative possibilities is likely to become a reality. On the one hand, all cultures have ultimately collapsed, and human life has, on the other hand, always persisted — not because philosophers have arisen to solve its problems, but because naïver creatures incapable of understanding the problems, and hence not feeling the need to solve them, have appeared somewhere upon the face of the globe.

If modern civilization is decadent, then perhaps it will be rejuvenated, but not by the philosophers, whose subtlest thoughts are only symptoms of the disease which they are endeavoring to combat. If the future belongs to anyone it belongs to those to whom it has always belonged — to those, that is to say, too absorbed in living to feel the need for thought; and they will come, as the barbarians have always come, absorbed in the processes of life for their own sake, eating without asking if it is worth while to eat, begetting children without asking why they should beget them, and conquering without asking for what purpose they conquer.

Doubtless even those among the last of the Romans who had some dim conception of the fact that the centuries immediately to follow would belong to the barbarians were not, for the most part, greatly interested in or cheered by the fact. Thoughtful people come inevitably to feel that if life has any value at all, then that value lies in thought, and to the Roman it probably seemed that it was hardly worth while to save the human animal if he could be saved only by the destruction of all that which his own ancestors had achieved, and by the forgetting of everything which he cared to remember. The annihilation of ancient culture was to him equivalent to the annihilation of humanity, and a modern who has come to think in a similar fashion can have only a languid interest in a possible animal rejuvenation which would inevitably involve a blunting

of that delicate sensibility and that exquisite subtlety of intellect upon which he has come to set the very highest value.

But doubtless this ancient Roman speculated idly, and it is impossible for us not to do the same. Where will the barbarians (and we may use that word not as a term of contempt, but merely as a way of identifying these people animated by vitally simple thoughts) come? We are not surrounded as the Romans were by childlike savages, and we can hardly imagine the black tribes of Africa pushing in upon us. Have we, within the confines of our own cities, populations quite as little affected by modern thought as the Goths were affected by Greek philosophy, and hence quite capable either of carrying peaceably on as the aristocracy dies quietly off at the top or of arising sometime to overwhelm us? Has China, having died once, lain fallow long enough to have become once more primitive, or are the Russians indeed the new barbarians, even if they are such in a somewhat different sense than that implied in the sensational literature of anti-Communist propaganda?

II

These Russians are young in the only sense of the word which can have a meaning when applied to any part of the human family. If all men had a common ancestor, then all races are equally old in years, but those which have never passed through the successive and debilitating stages of culture retain that potentiality for doing so which constitutes them racially young, and the Russians, who have always lived upon the frontiers of Europe, are in this sense a primitive race, since European culture has never been for them more than the exotic diversion of a small class. For the first time in history the mass of the people are in a position to employ their constructive faculties, and it so happens that their domain is one which offers an enormous field for the employment of such faculties.

Young races, like young individuals, need toys to play with. Before the advent of the machine, the Romans amused themselves with military and social organization, pushing the boundaries of their empire further and further back into unknown territory until their energy was exhausted and they were compelled to begin a gradual retraction; to-day the processes of industrial development are capable of absorbing much of the vitality which could formerly find an outlet only in conquest; but if modern people amuse themselves by building factories or digging mines they do so for exactly the same reason that the Romans annexed the British Isles — because, that is to say, there is little temptation to ask ultimate questions as long as there are many tangible things to do and plenty of energy to do them with. Russia has both, and for that very reason there is no other place in the world where one will find to-day an optimism so simple and so terrible.

We — particularly we in America — have done all that. We have dug our mines, piped our oil, built our factories, and, having done so, we have begun to settle down in our comfortable houses to ask what comes next. But the Russians are at least a century away from such a condition. They begin at a point at least as far back as we began a century ago, and they are in the happy position of desiring certain things which they have good reason to believe ultimately achievable. Not only do they want to grow rich and to establish a form of society which will provide for an equitable distribution of their riches, but they find on

every side some tangible task capable of being accomplished in such a way as to further their ambition. Perhaps when this ambition has been achieved, when all men are as materially comfortable as some few men are to-day, then the comfortable masses will discover what the comfortable few have discovered already — which is, of course, that comfort seems enough only when one happens not to have it. But that day is still long distant. Not only will the complete industrial development of the country occupy many years, but the problems of the new society are themselves so complicated that they are not likely to be solved for generations, and hence, in all probability, Russia will not grow ripe so rapidly as the United States did.

As a result of these conditions there has already developed in Russia a new philosophy of life which, in spite of the fact that it has taken a form influenced by modern industrial conditions, is easily recognizable as being essentially primitive in its simplicity. Sweeping aside the intellectual and emotional problems of Europe, refusing even in its art to concern itself with the psychology of the individual soul, Communism assumes that nothing is really important except those things upon which the welfare of the race depends, and in assuming that it is assuming exactly what a primitive society always assumes. Its drama and its poetry celebrate the machine exactly as the literature of a primitive people celebrates the processes of hunting or of agriculture, and they do so for exactly the same reason — for the reason, that is to say, that agriculture on the one hand and industry on the other are the two fundamental processes by which the life of the people is sustained.

Communistic utopianism is based upon the assumption that the only maladjustments from which mankind suffers are social in character, and hence it is sustained by the belief that in a perfect State all men would be perfectly happy. Fundamentally materialistic, it refuses to remember that physical well-being is no guaranty of felicity, and that, as a matter of fact, as soon as the individual finds himself in a perfectly satisfactory physical environment he begins to be aware of those more fundamental maladjustments that subsist, not between man and society, but between the human spirit and the natural universe. And though, for this reason, it must seem to the cultivated European essentially naïve, yet in that very naïveté lies its strength as a social philosophy. Thanks to the fact that the perfect Communist is not aware of the existence of any problems more subtle than those involved in the production and distribution of wealth, he can throw himself into the business of living with a firm faith in the value of what he is doing, and he can display an energy in practical affairs not to be equaled by anyone incapable of a similar belief in their ultimate importance.

All societies which have passed the first vigor of their youth reveal their loss of faith in life itself by the fact that they no longer consider such fundamental processes as other than means toward an end. Food, clothes, and warmth are considered merely as instruments, and the most eager attention is directed, not toward attaining them, but toward those activities which men are at liberty to pursue when such fundamental things are granted. Productive labor is regarded as an evil, and when anything is said concerning the possibility of improving the condition of the masses such improvement is always thought of as consisting essentially in so shortening even their hours of labor as to make possible for them also certain hours of freedom. Primi-

tive societies, on the other hand, have no desire to escape from such fundamental processes. They do not hunt in order to live, but they live in order to hunt, because for them the value of life lies in the activities necessary to carry it on; and the Communist philosophy of labor is based upon a similarly primitive outlook. Factories are considered, not as a means toward an end, but as ends in themselves. A full life is to consist, not in one spent in the pursuit of those thoughts or the cultivation of those emotions which are possible only when productive labor has been reduced to a minimum, but in one completely absorbed by such labor.

Hence it is that to the good Communist, as to the good tribesman, any question concerning the meaning of life is in itself completely meaningless, and he will live the complicated industrial life of to-day exactly as the tribesman lives the simple life of his tribe — not in thought, but in action. He has a sort of God, but his God is in reality what anthropologists call a culture-god; merely, that is to say, the spirit which presides over and infuses itself with the germination of the seed, the ripening of the fruit, or the whirring of the machine.

Such a philosophy comes nearer than any other to that unformulated one by which an animal lives. It does not ask any of the questions which a weary people inevitably ask, and it is, as a matter of fact, less a system of thought than a translation into simple words of the will to live and thrive. But it is, for all that, only the more impressive as an evidence of the vigorous youth of the Russian mind. The visitor to Moscow who sees how eagerly its inhabitants live under conditions which are still very difficult — how gladly they accept both labor and, when necessary, privation — cannot but realize that they are sustained by a fundamental optimism unknown anywhere else in the world. At the present moment the inhabitants of many European countries *have* much more, but they hope much less, and they are incapable of any acceptance of life so vital and so complete.

If the Communistic experiment is economically a failure, then these hopes may be soon disappointed; if it becomes economically a success, then they will doubtless still be disappointed in that more distant day when, the perfect State having been achieved, its inhabitants come to realize that the natural universe is as imperfectly adapted as ever to human needs. But man-the-animal lives in Time. A hope is a hope up to the instant when it is dashed, and the Russia of to-day is filled with a confidence hardly less elementary than that of the animal which, under the influence of the vital urge, acts as though the litter which it has just brought into the world were so tremendously worth saving that nothing else which had occurred since the dawn of the first day was of equal importance.

Perhaps, then, Europe has good reason to speak of the 'Bolshevist menace,' but if so the events which she fears are not quite the ones most likely to occur. If Russia or the Russian spirit conquers Europe, it will not be with the bomb of the anarchist but with the vitality of the young barbarian, who may destroy many things, but who destroys them only that he may begin over again. Such calamities are calamitous only from the point of view of a humanism which values the complexity of its feelings and the subtlety of its intellect far more than Nature does. To her they are merely the reassertion of her right to recapture her own world, merely the process by which she repeoples the earth with creatures simple enough to live joyously there.

III

To us, however, such speculations as these are doubly vain. In the first place the future may belong, not to the Russians, but to some class of people not yet thought of in this connection, and in the second place none of these possible futures is one which can have anything to do with us or our traditions. Though the new barbarians may forget, we will remember that the paradox of humanism and the tragic fallacy are not to be altered by the establishment of new societies, and that the despair which was the fruit of both ancient and modern civilization must inevitably ripen again in the course of the development of any society which enters upon the pursuit of human values.

Some critics of Communism have, to be sure, maintained that its tendencies were fundamentally antihuman and that, should it ever become established, it would so arrest the development of the humanistic spirit as to fix mankind forever in some changelessly efficient routine like that of an ant hill. But even if this be true it does not alter the fact that its hopes are no hopes in which we can have any part, since we should be even more alien to such a society than to one which promised to recapitulate our own youth. The world may be rejuvenated in one way or another, but we will not. Skepticism has entered too deeply into our souls ever to be replaced by faith, and we can never forget the things which the new barbarians will never need to have known. This world in which an unresolvable discord is the fundamental fact is the world in which we must continue to live, and for us wisdom must consist, not in searching for a means of escape which does not exist, but in making such peace with it as we may.

Nor is there any reason why we should fail to realize the fact that the acceptance of such despair as must inevitably be ours does not, after all, involve a misery so acute as that which many have been compelled to endure. Terror can be blacker than that, and so can the extremes of physical want and pain. The most human human being has still more of the animal than of anything else, and no love of rhetoric should betray one into seeming to deny that he who has escaped animal pain has escaped much. Despair of the sort which has here been described is a luxury in the sense that it is possible only to those who have much that many people do without, and philosophical pessimism, dry as it may leave the soul, is more easily endured than hunger or cold.

Leaving the future to those who have faith in it, we may survey our world, and, if we bear in mind the facts just stated, we may permit ourselves to exclaim, a little rhetorically perhaps, —

> Hail, horrors, hail,
> . . . and thou profoundest hell,
> Receive thy new possessor.

If humanism and Nature are fundamentally antithetical, if the human virtues have a definite limit set to their development, and if they may be cultivated only by a process which renders us progressively unfit to fulfill our biological duties, then we may at least permit ourselves a certain defiant satisfaction when we realize that we have made our choice and that we are resolved to abide by the consequences. Some small part of the tragic fallacy may be said indeed to be still valid for us, for if we cannot feel ourselves great as Shakespeare did, if we no longer believe in either our infinite capacities or our importance to the universe, we know at least that we have discovered the trick which has been played upon

us, and that, whatever else we may be, we are no longer dupes.

Rejuvenation may be offered to us at a certain price. Nature, issuing her last warning, may bid us to embrace some new illusion before it is too late, and to accord ourselves once more with her. But we prefer rather to fail in our own way than to succeed in hers. Our human world may have no existence outside of our own desires, but those are more imperious than anything else we know, and we will cling to our own lost cause, choosing always rather to know than to be. Doubtless fresh people have still a long way to go with Nature before they are compelled to realize that they too have come to the parting of the ways, but though we may wish them well we do not envy them. If death for us and our kind is the inevitable result of our stubbornness, then we can only say, 'So be it.' Ours is a lost cause, and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human. We would rather die as men than live as animals.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE POETRY

BY KEN NAKAZAWA

THE Japanese poem is the dewdrop that holds a rainbow in its heart. In order to enjoy it, one must take the rainbow out of the dewdrop and spread it across the firmament. Japanese poems are very short. The *tanka* is made up of thirty-one syllables, and the *hokku* has only seventeen. A very small tapestry, indeed, upon which to weave one's dream. Consequently the poets of Japan must depend largely upon the art of suggestion. They must create, not the flowers that are already in bloom, but the seeds which the readers themselves can grow into flowers. When reading Japanese poems, therefore, one must see not only what is expressed, but what is left unsaid. He must be not only a reader, but a creator. Out of the lines and colors given by the poet he must create a complete picture. To read only what is expressed in a Japanese poem is to see merely the beginning of the trail that will lead us into the valley of dancing blossoms.

This is one of the most fascinating features of Japanese poetry. It is true that poems of this type are inclined to be abstruse. At least they lack directness of appeal. But at the same time they offer a sort of adventure not found in poems of more obvious kind. When we are busy, or tired, we like to have dreams made for us; but when we have time, and are active, we like to make our own dreams. The poems that are obvious are like the puzzles that are already solved. They deny us the joy of seeking and creating — the very thing which makes poetry so superbly delightful.

Words, after all, are such inadequate things. They are like the net by which the proverbial fisherman tried to capture the moon. Millions and millions of words we may use, but we cannot re-create even the sunlight that glistens

on a spider web, or the moonbeam that shimmers in crumbling dewdrop. All we can do is merely to suggest — merely to build up the stem upon which the flower of beauty is to grow. Therefore the poem that is like the unknown bird, singing unseen in the heart of blossoms, gives us a greater satisfaction than the one in which all is expressed. The flowers we have grown ourselves mean more to us than those we have bought, because we have put so much of ourselves in them. So with poetry. The chief charm of reading poetry lies in the fact that it enables us to disclose the inapparent beauty out of the apparent reality.

Japanese poetry is the record of emotion, and not of facts. Being emotional, the Japanese are most interested in the feel of things. When a Japanese is about to compose a poem, he observes his object until a certain definite feeling comes and crystallizes in his mind. Then he interprets that emotion, using whatever part of the object is necessary to attain the purpose. This means that the material he uses in his poem may be entirely different from what he has observed. Suppose he is writing a poem about a storm scene. He sees the lightning that daggers flying clouds, the wind that uproots towering pine trees, and the roaring billows that batter against frowning cliffs. But the thing he uses in his poem may not be the lightning, or the wind, or the billows, but a single leaf which whirls among driving rain. In order to appreciate a Japanese poem, therefore, one must see, not how true it is to nature, but how true it is to the feel of nature.

Among the types of emotion that are interpreted in Japanese poetry, the feel of the seasons is the most interesting. In Japan the four seasons are very definitely marked. One can never mistake spring for autumn, or autumn for winter. And each of these seasons inspires us with a certain feeling. Spring with misty moonlight and dreaming blossoms, summer with skylarks and green shadows, autumn with clear water and flaming maples, winter with clear sunlight and silvery plains — each gives us a distinctive feeling of its own. This feeling the poets of Japan strive to weave into their poems.

This effort to portray the feel of seasons is most pronounced in the poems of the hokku type. Few subjects of hokku poems are seasonless; that is, most of them belong to one of the four seasons. In the book on the technique of hokku poetry, they are classified under Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Beginners in hokku composition are required to respect this classification, and to place their subjects in a proper season unless there is a special reason for not doing so. Being great lovers of nature, the Japanese attach no small importance to the season, which is, in a way, an expression of nature's mood.

Japanese poets are more or less pantheists. They consciously or unconsciously believe in the existence of will behind all things and incidents. To them the dewy blossoms that dance in the sunlight are not mere blossoms, but the soul of spring come to express its irrepressible joy. The bird which sings at the grave of a loved one is not a mere bird, but the spirit of the loved one come to comfort the bereaved. A childish superstition, one may say, but it is this very superstition that gives nearness and life to the things they portray. If we look upon a tree as a mere tree, it will be a mere tree; but if we regard it as something that possesses and is moved by human will and human feeling, it will become a living symbol of beauty. Much can be said for and against pantheism; but in the domain of art and literature,

where harmony is the most important consideration, this doctrine, which regards the world, not as a jumble of dissociated and unrelated matters, but as a great ensemble of interrelated and interdependent things and incidents, has usefulness which more than redeems its shortcomings.

Another thing that we must remember in order to understand Japanese poems correctly is that the Japanese have a different background from ours, and that, as a result, they have different ideas about things. Take, for instance, their idea of a candy man. The image that the term 'candy man' conjures up before our eyes is that of a corpulent, beak-nosed, black-moustached individual, immaculately dressed in a white coat and white cap. He carries a tray suspended from his bulging neck, and hawks his wares with a booming voice. We do not even suspect that behind this term as used by the Japanese stands a kindly old man who shuffles along quiet streets, blowing on his tiny reed trumpet and making exquisite candy toys for his little customers.

So with their idea of a cowboy. The picture which the name 'cowboy' brings to us is that of a hard-fisted, square-shooting exponent of Western blood and thunder, instead of a farm boy who rides home on a gentle ox as the moon comes up from beyond the field of pampas grass, and who leaves the note of his reed pipe lingering in the gathering mist. Even with such a thing as a bell their idea differs. The bell of Japan is made of green bronze, and is struck with a huge wooden hammer. Instead of clear, metallic sound, it gives a deep, mellow sound, which is somewhat like the roar of waves in a hollow. It inspires infinite sorrow instead of joy, and indescribable loneliness instead of serenity. We must remember this difference, and try to look at things with the eyes of the Japanese, or we may commit the mistake of sprinkling water on a straw flower.

So much for the way to appreciate Japanese poems. Let us now turn to the poems themselves. We have learned how the Japanese bell looks and sounds. Let our first example be the poem of a temple bell.

> In the sound of a temple bell,
> I hear the loneliness of a thousand years.

An old bell hangs in a weather-stained bell tower. Long yellow grass tangles on the roof of the bell tower; thousands of ivy vines hide its pillars, and deep moss covers its decaying steps. From the eaves of this ancient tower swings the huge bronze bell, green with a great age, a dragon coiled at the crest.

An old priest comes to the tower. His tall emaciated body is clad in a long black robe, and his lean fingers are bent over a brown rosary. As he slowly ascends the mossy steps, he seems to be the soul of the evening shadows, which are fast gathering.

Standing beside the great bell, he prays awhile, rolling the rosary between his palms and mumbling sacred words. Then he swings back the huge hammer, which hangs beside the bell, and strikes.

Out of the great bell comes a deep, mellow sound, spreading over the temple yard and the city beyond. There is an indescribable feeling of loneliness in that sound. It makes one think of the soul that must leave its earthly confinement and lose itself in the vastness of the Great Beyond. It calls forth the vision of the people who have heard it in the days that are no more — millions and millions of men who stood on the long, long road of yesterdays, listening, praying, and then passing away.

This is the picture and sentiment the poem brings to us. Here is another: —

How cool! Moonbeams drip from bamboo leaves.

A hot summer night. Dusty and sultry — people out on the verandah, fanning themselves furiously, praying for a breath of cool wind. Suddenly clouds blacken the sky and a shower beats upon the forest of tall bamboo trees. In a while, the shower passes away, and the moon comes to shine in double splendor. Wind rises, and the raindrops, sliding down the rustling bamboo leaves, patter on the freshened grass. They catch moonlight as they fall, and seem like a shower of moonbeams.

This may seem a strange way to interpret poetry, but then, this is what we usually do, and must do, in order to have full enjoyment of good poems. Suppose we are reading 'The Last Rose of Summer.' The immediate picture presented before us is that of a single rose; but, if we see only the solitary rose that meditates in the waning light of late summer, our enjoyment of the poem will not be complete. We must go back to the time when other roses were in bloom. Yes, we must go back even to the time when these roses were mere promise. Hundreds and hundreds of roses swell in the buds; and then, bursting into blooms, shimmer in the sun, dance in the wind, and dream in the moonlight. Then they fall away, one by one, leaving this solitary rose to dream of the days when they were all together. It is only after seeing these pictures that we can have full understanding of the beautiful sentiment expressed in this poem.

Japanese poetry, then, is like the song of a wild bird. It is simple and short and seemingly artless; but behind it lies the mystic world where all our dreams come true. It is true that the dreams we build out of the poems at times differ from those of the Japanese. Instead of the shadowy canyon, where moonbeams trickle through the waving fingers of maple leaves and break in the mossy stream, we may see the sunlight that shimmers on the dewy apple blossoms. But if we study the life and ideals of the Japanese, and try to look at things from their point of view and to love and feel nature as they do, we shall be able to complete in the right way the part of the picture that is left unpainted by the poets of Japan.

LINCOLN THE LOVER

III. THE TRAGEDY

BY WILMA FRANCES MINOR

I

WHEN we took leave of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge in the preceding paper, Lincoln had just heard that Ann had gone to work in the friendly household of 'Uncle Jimmy' Short at Sand Ridge. Lincoln was distressed at the news; he felt it as a reproach to himself that he could not protect Ann from such necessities, and he wrote the noble letter which has come down to me among the other Lincoln keepsakes preserved by Ann's cousin and bosom friend, Matilda Cameron.

'I try to persuade myself that my unlucky star has not overshadowed you,' Lincoln wrote. 'Molly Prewitt told me about you going to work for James Short's family. You are too frail for that hard work. My treasured one, I should now be standing between you and such trials. O! when will success crown my untiring efforts.' But hope was at work as well as impatience. Later in the letter Lincoln expressed himself more cheerfully: 'I feel unusually lifted with hope of relieving your present worry at an early date and likewise doing myself the best turn of my life.'

The year was 1834. Lincoln, heavily in debt, served as postmaster of New Salem, actively practised surveying, and was a candidate for the state legislature. James Rutledge and John Cameron had given up the effort to make a success of their New Salem projects and had retired to what was originally the Cameron farm at Sand Ridge, a few miles away. The older girls in both families had been compelled to 'work out.' The Cameron farm had been bought, before his departure from New Salem, by John McNamar, to whom Ann Rutledge had first been engaged. He was an upright and industrious young merchant who had achieved remarkable success in a very short time. But he had called himself McNeil on his arrival in the town, and when it became known that he had been living under an assumed name, suspicion was aroused. He explained that when his father had suffered financial reverses he had wished to cut himself off from the past and make his fortune unimpeded, but this explanation did little to set gossip at rest. McNamar had left for New York in 1832, promising to return quickly with his parents, but actually he did not make his way back to New Salem for three years. Whatever correspondence may have passed in the meantime between him and Ann Rutledge eventually came to an end. In the absence of word from him, and led into doubt and distrust by the suspicion which his conduct had provoked, Ann yielded to the force of a new affection. Lincoln came into her life as a more absorbing influence, and she gave him a love

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which she could not have given McNamar.

Ann did not leave Lincoln's letter unanswered. She sent him in return a precious possession, a Bible [1] which had belonged to her mother. With the stout little volume came these few lines: —

DEAR ABE

It was my mothers she giv it to me. I love it so much that I want you to hav it. pleas read it all. it will make you feel diferent.

ANN

Of all the Lincoln possessions which have descended to me, and which have never before been published or known, — letters, diaries, books, — surely none is more precious than this Bible. Not only was it a lover's gift from Ann to Abraham, but it has been marked with Lincoln's own writing, and he has left in it impulsive traces of his thought or emotion. Let us follow his steps, and examine the pages of the yellowed old Bible which has come down from his own hands.

The engraved title-page of the volume bears this legend: —

THE/ ENGLISH VERSION/ OF THE/ POLYGLOTT BIBLE/ WITH/ MARGINAL READINGS/ PHILADELPHIA/ PUBLISHED BY KEY & MIELKE/ N° 181 MARKET STREET/ 1831

At the bottom of the title-page is the endorsement in Lincoln's hand: 'New Salem — 1834.'

On the page opposite the title, Lincoln has written: —

Presented to me by Ann Mayes Rutledge, that I may read and subdue [obscure] my mind to its valued teachings.

And at the bottom of the page: —

I will be diligent in my reading
A. LINCOLN.

[1] The extent of Lincoln's Bible reading during his boyhood and youth in Indiana is disputed, we are told by Senator Beveridge. — AUTHOR

No doubt when Ann sent Lincoln her Bible and wrote, 'pleas read it all. it will make you feel diferent,' she had in mind Lincoln's independence toward the accepted religious convictions of the village. Both the Rutledge and the Cameron families were Cumberland Presbyterians, as Mat Cameron informs us. They, with the responsible citizens of New Salem generally, were staunch supporters of the literal Scripture as they had been taught to understand it, and any deviation from the received views they felt to be dangerously tainted with sin. Lincoln, who had read Gibbon and Tom Paine, and possessed a naturally unfettered mind, did not escape the common accusation of atheism which was apt to be indiscriminately hurled at dissent of any degree or variety. That he read even Ann's Bible without surrendering his independence of mind is evident from the words he wrote opposite the concluding verse of the book of Judges.

The familiar verse reads, 'In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.' Lincoln has enclosed the lines in pen strokes, and written underneath in the margin: —

a good precept I would say
A. L.

Among the writings which Lincoln knew and which we might expect him to apply to his love for Ann Rutledge, perhaps we should not naturally look for the Song of Solomon. But expectation is a poor guide among facts. It is a pleasure sharpened by delicious contrasts to find the marks of Lincoln's pen about a little group of verses in the Song of Songs. They are the first five verses of chapter four.

BEHOLD, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead.

2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

3. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

4. Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

5. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Above the first line of these verses and in the margins down the sides Lincoln has drawn lines in ink. In the bottom margin below the column is a little pen check, with the words 'to Ann.'

No other annotations by Lincoln are discoverable in the volume until the end. There, at the close of the book, he has written: —

I have read and much hath
been accomplished.

II

On August 4, 1834, Lincoln's campaign came to a successful close; he was elected to the state legislature. Not until the first of December did the lawmakers convene in Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois. Later Lincoln was himself to be the victorious leader of the forces representing Springfield in the contest which took place among several towns for the honor of becoming capital of the State. Toward the end of November, Lincoln journeyed to Vandalia by stagecoach in a new suit of clothes which had been made by a tailor in Springfield. Lincoln had secured a considerable loan properly to equip himself for his appearance in the capital.

It was his entrance upon public life, and in a study of Lincoln's career it would be necessary to give some account of the first legislative session in which he took part. But we are considering the Lincoln of New Salem, and especially the lover of Ann Rutledge. In the complex pool of politics we cannot pause to delve.

In September, before Lincoln's departure, Mat Cameron received a letter from a visitor to New Salem evidently of congenial temperament. It is second only to Mat's own diary in the ingenuous glimpse it affords us of New Salem life, and particularly of Lincoln and Ann.

Springfield, Ill.
Sept 9" 1834

My deer Mat

well we got heer at las it was a auful trip. I will never forgit my nise stay in Salem. I ofen think of yore frens An and Ab. she is butyful and he is so smart. he mus be rite fer her coz she is so egeacated herself. you shor hav bad luk with yore boze. purhap you want a smart won lik An has. but Mat you and me ant perty as her. James and me ar setin up jes the same. gess we git splised this winter. maw is letin me weve fer myself now. can you git Nance to exchang sum chroshay fer my skert and I will send her enything she sez. Milly brot sum calico cler from New York City. it aful perty. give my luv to yore fambly and all the foks I met ther and cum and see me sum time. yore fren

Milinde Whipple

to Mat. P. S. over ....

In the spring of 1835, Lincoln returned to New Salem, and again began to survey, study law, and distribute letters. It was at this time, after his first term as legislator, that plans for actual marriage between Ann and Abraham grew more definite. Yet there was no undue haste. Lincoln, despite his first success and the increasing promise of his future, was in no circumstances to support a wife; and

Ann wished to enter the Female Seminary at Jacksonville in the fall. It appears that Lincoln himself thought of attending Illinois College, also situated in Jacksonville, where Ann's brother David was already a student. Not only did these educational plans stand in the way of an early marriage, but Ann had never formally been surrendered by McNamar. She had given her love to Lincoln, but a definite release from her promise to McNamar was naturally desirable.

Such was the situation throughout the summer of 1835. Lincoln boarded at the Tavern, which was kept, now that the Rutledges had left New Salem, by Henry Onstot. Since the founders of the little town had moved away, its fortunes declined rapidly. Other families took their departure; meetings of the literary society, and the debates into which Lincoln had entered with such zest in the first years of New Salem, belonged to the past. Lincoln threw himself more intensely than ever into the study of law.

A few glimpses of the lovers at this time I am able to give from the documents which have descended to me, glimpses contained in the letters which Lincoln and Ann gave Mat Cameron for safe-keeping, and in Mat's own diary. Mat seems to have been impressed by the desire for education which her friends revealed. Here is a page of her diary in which the studies of Lincoln and Ann again come to the fore.

Friday

Abe is techin Ann to spel and rite she woz wors than me wonst and now she is betern me. he wants her to go to the femail school when he goes to Jacksonville to. he is so smart — Sam aint but Sam is quiker in most things. he aint had as good a chanst like Abe. Maws got the milk-siknes and I had to tend baby most las nite. ant Mary Ann cum over this morning now I ges Maw will git better. Sam giv me a bag of stor-candy las nite. I bin makin dri-pech turn-overs for super Sam likes them so. good-by for this time.

MAT

At some time during the summer of 1835, Ann wrote Lincoln the last of her letters which remains in my collection. The bearer was Nancy Cameron; both Ann and Mat had sisters named Nancy, who are referred to from time to time in the notes which the lovers exchanged.

MY BELOVED ABE

Pleas do not cum to-nite I am ailing with a cole. Ma sez I must take a swet rite after super. so I send this by Nance C. she is fathful to us now. unkel Robert is going to Springfield to-moro. he sez he will fech enything you want if you will let him no in time. I hatt mising you to-nite. but Pa will ofer in prayer I git beter to-moro. I long nomore for inteligenc to cum out of New York. you ar all in all to me. he never persued his love for me like you do. so tender and kare-taking. I am full of hapynes. Newton Graham sez he will help me the half our after school. so with your help I kin be inlightened in the year for the female collegg. if I kin make it Pa wants me to hav advantage same as David nex term. I study hard with overflowing hart to make you hapy and I long to proclaim worthynes in your site. I kin rite to you like you to me betern trying to talk with everbody around like is most allways the case. I bin weaving this morning. tilly is going to spin sum thiner thred for me for my shams. well Nance C. is done visiting with the girls so I clos. think of me as I think of you for I am thine forever and ever

ANN.

P. S. Cum tomoro nite eny-way.

Sickness has its unhappy part in the brief story of New Salem. The people of the village were familiar with malarial fever; Lincoln himself had already suffered in the course of an epidemic after he helped the self-sacrificing Dr. John Allen to care for the stricken. The Camerons nursed him through the

attack, and Mat kept him supplied with water. It was then that he told her that if she would give him all the water he wanted he would 'reward her some day when he got to be president.' He was to suffer from another malarial attack after the culminating tragic shock which closed the summer of 1835.

Apparently in answer to Ann's letter, Lincoln wrote the last message which she was to receive from him. It gives expression again in curious juxtaposition to the religious doubts which Ann evidently tried to set at rest, and to superstitions which had been impressed upon Lincoln by his childhood and youth in the backwoods. A vein of fatalism and superstition was a property of Lincoln's character, appearing especially in times of depression. We may conclude that Ann was religiously opposed to this characteristic, as well as to the scruples of reason which influenced Lincoln against the usual Christian beliefs of the day.

The letter has descended to me among the other documents which tell with satisfying fullness what has long been eagerly surmised but never certainly known about Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. It is the last written message Ann received from him.

My Dearly Valued Ann

It greatly pains me to hear from Nancy regarding your condition. I am sending this with her — so you will know — when she gets back — that I will be over tomorrow early. I have been saying over and over to myself surely my traditional bad luck cannot reach me again through my beloved. I do long to confirm the confidence you have in heaven — but should anything serious occur to you I fear my faith would be eternally broken. Mat told me you dont wish me to worry about the black cat crossing my path three times the other evening — I faithfully promise if you will hastily recover — to do away with any 'Jinks' you do not favor. allow me to express the hope that the close of day will find you much improved. My fervent love is with you

Yours affectionately

Abe.

Beloved Ann.

It has been said that Ann's fatal illness was brought about in part, at least, by a tortured conscience. She had given her love to Lincoln, but perhaps the suspicion and gossip which had been visited on McNamar were mistaken. Perhaps, after all, his conduct had been upright and beyond reproach. He might yet return to New Salem to claim her.

The difficulty of her position may well have given her concern and caused her to suffer. But in her last letter to Lincoln she had written, 'I long nomore for inteligenc to cum out of New York. you ar all in all to me. he never persued his love for me like you do. so tender and kare-taking. I am full of hapynes.' No doubt can exist that the words were sincere and that her affections were fixed upon Lincoln at the last. Moreover, the disease of which she was a victim had a definite physical origin and course. Senator Beveridge tells us that it was 'brain fever,' a term applied to what we now call typhoid. Not only Ann but her father succumbed to it.

For weeks she hovered between life and death. Finally it became plain that no hope of her recovery was possible. She called for Lincoln, and they had a last interview. When he left her bedside, Lincoln went about saying, 'I awfully forbode she will not get better.' On August 25, 1835, Ann died.

Not long after, John McNamar drove into New Salem with his mother and sisters beside him in the wagon. He gave his account of his relations with Ann Rutledge to William H. Herndon, Lincoln's third law partner, and Herndon made use of McNamar's statement in his lecture in the Old Sangamon

County Court House in 1866. McNamar made other statements as well, but secure conclusions with regard to his view of the situation, his conduct, and his character, remain somewhat difficult to establish. He married twice after his return to New Salem, and settled on the property which he had acquired from James Rutledge and John Cameron at Sand Ridge. The widowed Mrs. Rutledge, with her children, removed to Iowa.

The closing entry in Matilda Cameron's diary allows us a glimpse of McNamar as he appeared to Ann's bosom friend and Lincoln's sturdy partisan. It is perhaps only fair to point out the obvious fact that Mat wrote in great, if pardonable, heat; and it would have been a charity exceeding human nature in McNamar if he had allowed the two large families of the Rutledges and the Camerons to remain indefinitely upon his property. They had been permitted to stay there throughout the winter of 1835.

SAND RIDGE *April* 1836

My deer diary its so hard for me to rite I ges thats why its bin a long time cinse I rote, allso I had to hier out agen to Shorts to do the bilin and turnin for sum ezy cheers they wuz makin. then I bin weving to. cinse that Macknamer cum bak hear he doz not mind pore Anns dieing atall — hes setin up allreddy with Deb. Latimer. Abe wuz rite when he tole Ann she wuz luky to git shet of him befor he shoed the klovin huf. that such a feler wood pres the lif outen her — he is a skunk to my mind he is puttn pore ant Mary Ann and fambly out as allso us folks. Father opines he ruther go to Fulton Co Iway sted of Missouri — as lokatin land is ezier ther. I do not care I got nothin to stay hear for. I jist wisht I wuz in Heaven wher the wiked sease frum trobling and the werry are at rest — cuz my hart has bin broak so meny times bout so meny folks.

good-by for now.

MAT.

III

The effect of Ann's death upon Lincoln has been described with wide diversity. It has been said that Lincoln was crazed with grief, that for a time he was actually out of his mind. It has been said on the other hand that while he was sincerely affected, so that his friends noticed his despondency, he gave no evidence of extravagant or unnatural sorrow. Dr. Barton has pointed out that about a month after Ann's death Lincoln made an accurate survey of a tract of land, giving every indication of thorough clearness of mind and command of his faculties. Through the winter of 1835 he was again busy in the legislature and engrossed in his study of law. Within a year after Ann had passed away he was involved in the strange affair with Mary Owens, which may have been half joke, but which at least resulted in his proposing to her three times and being rejected as many.

But neither Lincoln's persistence in his work and his ability to perform it well nor his willingness to undertake a suitable marriage is incompatible with an intense and lasting grief. They do not allow us to reject the reality of the shadow which fell upon his mind, an early example of the mental instability which appeared from time to time in the succeeding years. Of this shadow too many observers have testified to allow us to doubt its existence. Since Lincoln had left Ann's bedside after their last interview, his distraction had alarmed his friends. It was severe enough so that they had the fear that his mind might be in danger. His disruption is probably not attributable entirely to the death of Ann. He had been applying himself with consuming intensity to his study; and sometime during the fall of 1835 he suffered a fresh attack of malarial fever. It is

natural to think that these circumstances may have contributed to the unsettling of mind which he appeared to go through. For a period he was cared for in the Bowling Green home, where the kindness of Mrs. Green did much to restore him to self-possession.

With these thoughts as a premise, we may follow the footsteps of Lincoln in his sorrow. Miss Tarbell has recorded that he was in the presence of William Greene, formerly his fellow clerk in Offutt's store, one stormy night. He was in a moment of uncontrollable feeling, and when his friend urged him to forget his loss he said, 'I cannot. The thought of the snow and rain on her grave fills me with indescribable grief.'

Among my own Lincoln collection are more intimate records, in his own hand, which have never previously been laid before students. These records must set at rest for all time the question of the intensity and permanence of Lincoln's grief. Let us read first a letter which Lincoln wrote a dozen years later when his developing career had taken him to Washington as Representative in Congress. It is addressed to John Calhoun, under whom Lincoln first found employment as a surveyor. This circumstance explains Lincoln's play upon the word 'elevation' in the first lines of the letter. The two men became close friends, and it was Sally Calhoun who, at her father's suggestion, wrote down the entertaining and valuable memorandum from which we have frequently quoted in these papers.

In this letter to Calhoun, Lincoln himself tells us of the effect which Ann Rutledge had had upon his life as that effect appeared to his own mind. It is his own explicit statement of what Ann had meant to him.

WASHINGTON *May* 19 — 1848

DEAR JOHN

You old *rascal!* I am not risen to such heights that I am above taking your advice. no more *nor less* than the time — so long it seems — that you placed the instrument in my hand and bade *me find my elevation.* I am thinking at present you had mightily to do with my present *elevation.* You and one other. John when I landed in Salem I was only a stick of driftwood handed and banded and swirled before the whims of wind and tide; I never settled for long on any matter or at any place. the 'will-o-the-wisp' was my guiding star, the Banshees cry was my goal.[2] then like a ray of sun-shine and as brief — she flooded my life, and at times like today when I traverse past paths I see this picture before me — fever burning the light from her dear eyes, urging me to *fight* for the right as I had so often impressed on her mind the sentiment of my desires — begged me to count no sacrifice to great to do the Lords work. I took a solem oath to do whatever the good will of the Lord should propound for me to enact. John old friend — I have *kept faith.* sometimes I feel that in Heaven she is pleading for my furtherance. my beloved and efficient wife, my blessed boys and my so greatly esteemed friends are all responsible, from my point of view, for my achievements to a *marked degree;* but you and she lifted the stick of driftwood from the stream before it waterlogged and sank. therefore in thanking you for your good advice, I frankly admit my urgent need for same. One never gets to old to learn you know. Mary instructed me to invite Sally up here for a visit as soon as Mary and the boys return from their stay in Lexington. present my remembrances to your family.

Yours forever

A. LINCOLN.

Eloquent of the months that followed Ann's death are two remaining entries in Mat Cameron's diary. The first, written, as it must have been, but a few days after the event itself, shows

[2] Apparently Lincoln quotes here a couplet from some poem with which he was familiar, and which perhaps he used to recite. — AUTHOR

us how Ann's letters to Lincoln came to be reunited with those which Lincoln had written her, and which she gave to Mat for safe-keeping.

August — 1835

Sunday

deer diary as pore Abe ses him and me is going trough the vail of despond. our angel on erth has bin snached from us to the arms of the Lord. I am all broak up and fitles for enything. the kin ses Abe is luny. I think he is broaken-harted. he wants me to keep his 5 leters from her coz he is perswaded he will sune foler her I expect he will to. cense we all cum bak hear Sam broak my hart all is wo on this erth below. Polys man wuz buryed last Sunday of the fever to. Milly acks like she wuz coming doun to. I am going to tak Anns plase at Shorts to droun all my greef and wo. unkel James has the mizery to. Sally ann went over to Salem to help the Radfords they have the siknes to. this hous of moarning is to sad to rite more in at present so good-by til sum time in the futur.

MAT.

Poor Mat was never perplexed by too many lovers; her need was but one, if that one could be persuaded to stand by her to the altar. The heart which Sam broke we find plighted at her next writing to Reuben; but Reuben was no more constant than Sam, and when Mat finally married, her husband was a Cartwright, a relative of the famous Peter Cartwright, an early circuit rider and backwoods preacher. Not without truth had Milinde Whipple written, 'you shor hav bad luk with yore boze.'

In Mat's last appearance upon the stage we see a melancholy picture of the decline and fast-approaching death of New Salem. It was not long before the little town, in Lincoln's words, had 'winked out.'

March 12th 1836

A new begining my diary.

Over 7 months has gon cinse Ann wuz transported to Heaven. I bin working at Shorts and deer Ruben has heeled my broaken hart. I am ingaged now. I am weving stedy on my things nedful. I got sum hair flours and embordery and kroshay and the broach Abe giv Ann for keep-sakes I put them all in my box with a presed flour from her grave. Ruben ses I must put away all sadnes and be my ole self agen. Abe is giten hiself agen to but aint mery like he wuz. ant Mary Ann is having a hard time now. sum folks has left Sand Ridge and also a lot in Salem. P I meen my Father taulks of migrating to Missouri if he doz Rubin and me will go to. John Calhone and family has al-reddy gone. Abe is tendin surveying for him hear what litle ther is to do. in Salem and hear-abouts. las nite billy had quinzy reel bad I set up and Ruben set up with me. he is kindnes itself.

good-by for this time

MAT.

Charming Mat Cameron — charming at this interval of time and distance although in life she weighed 'twist as much' as the beautiful Ann Rutledge whom young men preferred! We cannot take leave of her without a tribute of honest sympathy. We have laughed at her naïveté, but she is a figure of pathos as she stands amid the wreck of all that she had cared for — Ann dead, Lincoln distracted with grief, her own lovers fickle, New Salem deserted, McNamar turning her father off the farm that once had been his. We cannot wonder that she wished only to find her way to a Heaven where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

More than one friend of Lincoln expressed the opinion that the death of Ann, bitter as it was to him, represented a necessary step in his life. Had Ann lived and married him, according to this view, they would have settled down happily together, and the world would not have heard of Lincoln. Whatever may be the justice of such an opinion, it is interesting to find John Calhoun, a man of education

and intelligence and a good friend of Lincoln, giving voice to it. Calhoun's thought is preserved for us by his daughter Sally in her memorandum.

Father says he firmly believes that Lincoln first fell in love with Ann Rutledge because she was in trouble that of course he always admired her but her engagement to McNamar prevented him showing it. it was only after McNamar left her that Lincoln took up with her and soon they were both deeply in love. Father says that however he feels the wisdom of the Lord in taking Ann because he thinks otherwise Lincoln would not have thrown himself into politics like he has and that is where he belongs. when he got his mind back after Ann's death — he told Father — that if he could straighten out a lot of affairs for a lot of people and make them content — the Good Lord might let him join Ann in the Celestial Realm some time.

One last source I have in my collection by which we are enabled to understand the shadow that rested on Lincoln's mind. Of all the records of his loss, it is the closest to his own thoughts, and the most poignant for those who would follow in the steps of his grief.

In the first paper of this series, we saw that Lincoln in 1839 possessed a copy of the third edition of Samuel Kirkham's *Essay on Elocution*, published in New York in the preceding year.[3] On the back flyleaf of the volume is an inscription written and signed by Sally Calhoun in 1859, in which she says that Lincoln left the book with her father during a visit to the Calhoun household in Springfield. In the year 1839, when Lincoln wrote his name in the book, he was himself living in Springfield. New Salem had come to the end of its brief existence. Four years had passed since Ann's death. Lincoln, as a young lawyer and member of the state legislature, was rapidly gaining power and influence. Yet, as he read the passages which Mr. Kirkham had chosen to illustrate the principles of elocution, his thoughts reverted to Ann Rutledge, and his sorrow flowed afresh. 'I shall all ways cherish this book,' writes Sally Calhoun in her inscription, 'as it is so intimately marked in memory of his little sweetheart Ann.'

The volume is rich in annotations, and many pages have received the marks of Lincoln's pen. A number of his marginal notes appeared in the first paper in this series. But others, which he wrote in memory of Ann Rutledge, have been reserved for these closing pages of our story, that they may stand as a lasting and final evidence of his love of Ann and his grief when he lost her.

Kirkham's volume is entitled *An Essay on Elocution, Designed for the Use of Schools and Private Learners.* Lincoln underlined on the title-page the words 'private learners,' and wrote beneath them, 'especially me.' Much time and space could profitably and entertainingly be given to the study of the book, even where it bears no traces of Lincoln's pen; for we know that every word it contains must have been scrutinized and pondered with his usual thoroughness and intensity of application, and it is interesting to consider what nourishment this curious treatise offered to his mind. Mr. Kirkham begins with a turgid preface, of which we may quote the first paragraph as a fair example of the whole.

A PREFACE is to the reader, what a fence is to a horse, when it obstructs his progress to a field of sprouting herbage, which he considers himself justifiable to enter by leaping over the barrier. The reader wades through a long preface with as much reluctance, as he would pass through the

[3] It is known that Lincoln had studied a grammar by the same author during his residence in New Salem. — AUTHOR

ordeal of a ceremonious introduction to a large assemblage of guests, when invited to dine with a stranger. This repugnance to preface-reading, doubtless, arises out of the fact, that prefaces are generally dull, and often but the prelude to a still duller book.

The treatise itself begins with entire propriety by defining the science which it is to present.

ELOCUTION treats of the just pronunciation of words arranged into sentences, and forming a discourse, and is here employed as synonymous with *enunciation*, or *delivery*.

Pronunciation may be considered in a twofold light. When applied to the correct sounds given to single letters or single words without reference to their mutual dependance on each other, it is styled *Orthoepy;* but when extended to the just enunciation of words arranged into sentences, and depending on each other for sense, it is called *Elocution*.

The first part of the volume consists of Mr. Kirkham's rules, explanations, questions, and the usual matter of a textbook. The second part consists of selections, both in prose and in verse, drawn from a considerable variety of authors, and it is in these selections that Lincoln's mind found the food it craved. The selections are printed with frequent italics, marks of accent, capitals, and other devices intended to suggest the appropriate manner of oral delivery. How much regard Lincoln paid to *Orthoepy* and *Elocution* abstractly considered we can hardly know. If we may judge by the marks of his pen, his mind flew past the accents and italics of Mr. Kirkham and found its lodging in the passages themselves, which offered to his heart and to his thoughts a welcome store of consolation and truth.

The words which Lincoln wrote opposite one stanza quoted by Mr. Kirkham have already been mentioned, but it is fitting that they should be repeated now, in the fuller context of the whole story. The stanza is from Byron and has received the title 'Future Bliss.'

> If that high world which lies beyond
> Our own, surviving love endears;
> If there the cherished heart be found,
> The eye the same, except in tears;
> How welcome those untrodden spheres!
> How sweet this very hour to *die!*
> To soar from earth, and find all fears
> Lost in *thy* light . . . Eternity!

Above these lines, in Lincoln's hand, appears the inscription 'to Ann,' and in the margin at the right is the signature 'A. Lincoln.'

Mr. Kirkham's selections include the Ninetieth Psalm. It is followed by Watts's metrical version, and about one stanza of this Lincoln has drawn irregular lines in ink. Surely it is not hard to identify the morning flower that must have been in his thoughts.

> Death, like an overflowing stream,
> Sweeps us away: our life's a dream,
> An empty tale, a morning flower,
> Cut down and withered in an hour.

In the margin Lincoln has written, 'a *short, short hour*.'

Ann Rutledge had been buried in the Old Concord Cemetery, about a mile from the house on the Cameron farm where the Rutledges were living when she died. Many years later her remains were taken to the Oakland Cemetery in Petersburg, a short distance down the Sangamon River from the site of New Salem. It has been said that Lincoln made frequent visits to the Concord burying ground to give vent to his bitter grief beside Ann's grave. If confirmation of this fact were wanting, it is provided in the traces of his writing which remain in his copy of Kirkham's *Elocution*. Here, by an accident of appropriateness, Lincoln found a passage which might have been written for his own heart. It is from Irving, and is entitled 'Affection for the

Dead.' To us the cultivated artificiality of Irving's periods might seem an offense rather than a consolation in the presence of an actual and hard bereavement. But to Lincoln eloquence was a living force, an organ of truth. He was no more impressed by the speciousness of Irving's graceful reflections than he seems to have been impressed by Kirkham's accents and italics. He read, and found only a poignant and literal expression of the experience which he himself had suffered.

The passage quoted from Irving is of some length, and at several points Lincoln has interposed with pen strokes and impulsive words. The passage begins near the bottom of page 177 in Kirkham's volume. Two sentences conclude the page.

> The sorrow for the *dead*, is the *only* sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every *other* wound, we seek to *heal* — every *other* affliction, to *forget;* but *this* wound, we consider it a duty to *keep open* — this affliction we *cherish*.

These sentences Lincoln has enclosed in pen strokes; he has underlined the words 'is the *only* sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced'; and in the margin below he has written: —

> Wait, Wait my Beloved for me, Abe.

On the following page, Lincoln has underlined several sentences.

> Who, even in the hour of *agony*, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most *loved;* when he feels his heart, as it were, *crushed* in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by *forgetfulness?* No; the love which survives the *tomb*, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

In the margin at the side Lincoln has written, 'How true.'

These were sentences in which Lincoln might indeed find the expression of his own thoughts. But he was to find others which touched him even more nearly, and which seem almost startlingly appropriate when we remember the story of his visits to the Concord Cemetery where Ann Rutledge had been buried.

> But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness.

Lincoln has given emphasis to these words by pen strokes both in the margins and in the text itself.

Finally we must notice the concluding line of the page, which has also been marked by his hand.

> Ay, go to the grave of buried *love*, and meditate!

In the margin below, Lincoln has written: —

> And after the agony find courage to go on.

(*The End*)

PARGA

BY SIR RENNELL RODD

DURING the last year circumstances have enabled me to fulfill a long-cherished design to visit Ithaca and Same and to verify the topography of the *Odyssey*. Incidentally another ambition has been unexpectedly realized. A fortunate conspiracy of the elements which have no regard for human obligations and the limitations of time has carried me to a place to which the associations of romantic youth have always attracted me, but which I had renounced all hope of seeing in a maturer phase of life because of its seclusion in a region destitute of even those moderate conditions of comfort which the latter years demand. Ever since I had followed the thrilling story of heroic Suli, still touched in my younger days with the magic of the Byronic afterglow, a compelling fascination had clung to the name of Parga, that little territory and seaport on the Epirote, then the Albanian, coast, which, owing to its occupation by a French garrison after the end of a Venetian rule of four centuries, had made it possible for Botgaris and some survivors of the mountain federation to find a doorway to the Ionian Sea and to escape to Corfu, from the inexorable vengeance of Ali Pasha of Janina.

The whole of that rugged Epirote coast is crowded with the sites of lesser-known townships of antiquity, and even of cities of the Augustan age like Nicopolis, built to commemorate the fateful battle of Actium. Almost every name invokes suggestion or memory. Only a few miles to the south of Parga, Acheron, racing in cataract through the deep-furrowed gorge of Suli, and mingling with Cocytus, its fellow stream of the infernal world, finds the way seaward through the Gulf of Phanari, the ancient haven of sweet water. In those prehistoric years when the first Achæan immigrants, descending from the northwest, originally from the Danubian grasslands, established themselves near Dodona, the deep and gloomy chasm of Suli, instinct with the awe of nature and haunted by the weird sound of rushing waters reverberated through the forbidding defile which no man dared to penetrate, was inevitably regarded as the gateway to their imagined kingdom of the dead.

The bar that obstructs the Gulf of Arta, with a barely two-fathom channel, makes Prevesa and Vonitsa accessible only to very light-drafted vessels, and many of the little ports are narrow of entrance with scant room inside for any manœuvre between shoaling banks. Once before, when I was sailing up this coast and had established the position of Parga to be not greatly off our course, I suggested this slight deviation to the responsible navigator of my small craft, but received no encouragement. So that for me that dream haven seemed to have been left behind for good, where the blue waters met the opal outline of unattainable mountains.

In June of this year, however, I was once more beating up for the Corfu Channel against a strong northwester, keeping well over to the mainland side opposite Paxos Island, so as to avoid the treacherous Madonna shoal, when

at the end of a long coastward beat I was thrilled to see Parga, barely a mile to the south of us, with its bold promontory rock crowned by a Venetian castle looking to 'the foam of perilous seas.' The sun was setting in a menacing sky, the head wind had freshened considerably, and a big sea was setting up. I had urgent reasons for desiring to reach Corfu and find the mail we had now been without for many weeks, but my Italian captain expressed a doubt whether, if we arrived there, after beating through rough water all the night, we should be able to lie in the open roadstead, and eagerly accepted the suggestion that we should run back to Parga.

The Mediterranean pilot made it clear that there were two bays or havens, one on each side of the promontory on which the castle stands. The larger of these, the western, open only to the south, was three cables wide at the entrance and three cables deep, with an anchorage in ten fathoms or under. The passage to the eastern harbor, better protected against all winds by a chain of islands, was only one cable wide. As it might not be easy to get out again without a motor, and as ours was temporarily out of action, we decided for the former, dropped the mainsail, and ran back before the wind under mizzen and staysail. The sun was down, but the June glow continued until after the full moon was fairly high in the east. The mile was soon covered, and we slowly turned a clifflike cape on the crest of which a ruined church tower overtopped the trees. Just as we rounded the point we noticed, only a few yards away, the water fretting over a rock, submerged but almost awash, which none of our sea guides had indicated. Hoping that there might be no others, we drifted past it into the middle of the bay.

In front of us rose the castle rock, with its crenelated outlines mysterious in the twilight of sun and moon. A long white sand or pebble beach marked the head of the bay, under slopes which we could still see were finely wooded, and behind them rose the higher slopes which hid Paramythia and Janina. On the ridge joining the citadel and a few white houses the lofty minaret of a mosque showed plainly, but the town of Parga lay on the other side of the rock toward the eastern bay. A slight swell had accompanied us in, but we lay very peacefully when the anchor grounded in ten fathoms. After a little while a shore boat came out with the captain of the port, who was curious to know what had brought us to a place so out of the world that local steamers touched there only once a fortnight. Pratique was arranged over a cigarette. Bread and other supplies were promised in for the morrow, and a little petrol, which we had hardly dared to hope for, without which we were immobilized in the long calms which seem here in June to alternate with fresh breezes and squalls. An unexpected delay due to an accident to one of the crew, at Same in Cephallenia, where none could be obtained, and a series of contrary winds had reduced us to depending only on the sail of the earlier navigator.

About nine o'clock we went down to dinner, thankful for the good chance that had brought us to Parga, which in the half light promised more than to fulfill my highest anticipations. By the time we returned to the deck a Greek brigantine had come for a brief respite from the weary beat up the gulf against the strong wind and heavy sea. The glow had gone from the west, and she showed a black silhouette etched against a clear sky under the full moon, some fifty yards away from us. In the seafaring life such moments are worth living for, when the turbulence of the elements is replaced by perfect peace in

an unknown haven, with the promise of a beautiful world to be revealed at dawn.

And Parga did not disappoint us. Rich olive woods ascended from the shore of our little bay, and to the left was a grove of planes and lemons vivid green to the water's edge. On the western headland, a golden cliff crested with green, such as Salvator Rosa loved to paint, were the ruins of a monastery, the tower of which we had seen rising above the trees. The clear water up to the base of the castle rock, a splendid mass of ochre and violet against the eastern sky, was the color of turquoise with ripples of sapphire. We set off early, rowing round the citadel to the inner harbor, sheltered by a chain of rocks or rocky islets, one of which bore the ruins of a smaller fort or castle and a chapel with its independent bell tower, both painted blue, relieving against the limestone crags. From here one could see Paxos and Antipaxos to the west. A long line of yellow cliffs ran south, and behind it rose the heights of Suli. The faint outline beyond might still be Leucas.

The little town of new Parga lies snugly in the elbow beach of the castle rock and the mainland. A few boats were clustered round a wooden pier. The streets, with no method in their twists and turns save adjustment to the rise of the ground, were delightfully picturesque. The houses were mostly low, with modest shops where baskets of lemons and cucumbers gave a bright note of color. There was no litter; all was clean and tidy. Almost every man wore some form of local costume, and many still affected the red fez which Turkey has discarded. The elder women carried the distaff. One, with gray hair escaping from the handkerchief tied round her head, and dressed in rusty black, might have posed for the Fate who spins the thread of life. Each passer-by gave us a kindly greeting, and we were not followed or harassed by children. The boys were no doubt at school.

Our friendly harbor master insisted that the local constable on duty should accompany us in our explorations, which he did with admirable discretion. So we left the steward to forage for what the modest market of Parga could offer our depleted larder, and started by a climbing street for the isthmus ridge on which the older Parga stands. Looking back over the tiled roofs, it was evident that on this side also the hinterland of this ancient territory was green and fertile. The houses of the old upper town, many of which had had some pretensions, were mostly roofless and abandoned. Below them were terraced levels which had once been gardens, where still a few pear and pomegranates grew among ancestral olives. From the crest of the ridge a path to the left led under a high wall of rock to the arched castle entrance. It was closed by an iron grill with sharp spikes pointing outward, made fast with a chain and padlock to a wooden inner door, but so inadequately, as our constable pointed out, that a strong pull at the gate from outside or a thrust from within made room for the reasonably slender to pass between it and the side post. And so we all slipped through.

Within the ample area of the curtain wall, once filled with churches and dwellings, there are only ruins now, but the bastions and the keep on the summit of the rock are fairly well preserved. The whole ground was overgrown with those scented herbs which, as you tread them underfoot, fill the clear air of Greece with perfume. The broken walls were tufted with the caper plant, with its passion-flower blossom now out in all its soft beauty. Old guns lay abandoned among the shrubs and

fallen stones. I brought away with me a small iron ball.

The art of a master builder had here adjusted the stage of Nature to his needs, but Nature had once again asserted her more enduring mastery. What infinite toil of forced labor by enslaved humanity must have been expended to mortise redoubt and bastion to the sheer and jagged limestone, in the dim years at the close of the fourteenth century, when the inhabitants of the little territory of Parga, while retaining a semi-independence, placed themselves under the protection of Venice, and received in their double haven the vessels with the lion banner which dominated the Ionian Sea, bringing the wares of the East to the wealthier citizens living on the ridge. Almost one seemed to see the red hulls of the galleys drawn up on the shingle, while the men of Parga, under agreement with the Proveditori of St. Mark, raided beyond the hills, collecting oarsmen to make good the gaps in the crews.

What furious battles must have raged round those decaying walls, what heroisms have passed unrecorded, what betrayals unimpeached in the alternating phases of capture by the Turk and recovery by the republic. Until at last, enervated by prosperity and dissipating on frivolity the accumulations of her long monopoly, 'Venice spent what Venice earned,' and a great page of story closed in 1797. Ali Pasha of Janina had by then established himself all along the Epirote coast from Butrinto, opposite Corfu, to Vonitsa in the Gulf of Arta. Only Parga, occupied by a French garrison, continued to hold out until the Russians and the Turks, for once united in a common cause, dispossessed France of the Ionian Islands, which she had secured by the Treaty of Campo Formio. Then Russia in 1800 made over this old Venetian outpost to the Porte. And so at last a mosque, which still dominates the ridge, was built at Parga.

The site has been identified with that of the ancient Toryne. I could see, however, no trace of Hellenic walls. But obviously so strong a position, not unlike that of Monemvasia in the Morea, overlooking two harbors with splendid beaching ground for the old coastwise craft, must have been held from the earliest times. Any ancient material available would, of course, have been made to serve for the construction of the castle, but it would be in accordance with precedent that some courses of ancient masonry might have served for foundations in the fortress of more recent years.

An artist, if he could find some possible accommodation, might profitably spend many days or weeks in Parga, and the student could thence visit by bridle track a number of interesting places remote from Western civilization, always provided he were prepared to disregard those risks which one or two still recent incidents have revealed may still beset travelers through these untrodden byways. We could give but thirty-six hours to a place fantastically beautiful and quick with an ambience deriving not so much from conscious association as from a subconscious sense of history unrecorded, the crowded details of which imagination must fill in.

ALCANTARA

BY MacGREGOR JENKINS

I

How I ever came to be a friend and ally, co-conspirator and business partner, of Tobias Starkweather it is not important to relate. The moralist might find in the narrative a painful instance of moral disintegration and decay, the cynic might smile and regard the whole episode as indicating nothing more culpable than childish credulity and vanity.

For this reason the story will never be told. I am satisfied that those who have shared with me an interest in horses, those in whose veins has flowed the deadliest virus known to man, will understand. They know that this interest is fraught with many dramatic possibilities, and that it may lead the most virtuous of men, on occasion, perilously near the rocks of moral turpitude.

There is no human interest that leads a man in stranger or more fascinating paths. There is no human relationship that introduces him to a more interesting group of his fellows or enables him to rub elbows with a more alluring multitude of kindred enthusiasts.

From the moment that a horse lover takes his first tentative steps into this half-gypsy land of paddock and race track, auction room and hunting field, when he first feels within him the stirrings of a strange desire, and learns to know that it is the call of the horse, from that moment he treads the paths of a new and wonderful country.

It is not alone the noble beast that allures; it is far more the followers in his train — men and women, rich and poor, wise and foolish, virtuous and vicious, all actuated by motives ranging from the noblest and purest to the most sordid and unworthy.

It was into this unknown world that I ventured many years ago, and in it I have seen strange things and stranger people. It was in this land that I first encountered Tobias, and for many months I dwelt there with him. It had been written in the book of fate that we should meet. I was the one person in the world suited to Tobias and his needs, and he was for me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The most trivial circumstance brought about this epochal meeting. I desired a horse. Not any horse, for I had long since passed that early stage. I desired one particular and special horse. There was nothing unusual about this. I was in a chronic state of desire, if not for one horse, then for another. Poets have sung the anguish of mortals in the agony of desire for a loved one. They have told the poignant story of human love, but they have never sung, so far as I know, the love of a man for a horse, the all-conquering lust for possession that seizes a man when he sees the horse of his dreams. When this is done the Great Epic will have been created.

I desired a horse, and with cold deliberation and callous indifference to the consequences conspired to secure him. At this point Tobias came into the picture. The fullness of time had

come. Tobias and I were to meet. It was a moment of tremendous significance to us both, though we did not fully realize it at the time. Tobias came to me with credentials as the one intermediary who could secure the desired horse for me. Blinded as I was, at the moment, by the fervor of my longing, I did not regard Tobias as anything more than an instrument to this end.

The negotiations proved long and difficult. I was still inexperienced enough to find it almost impossible to dissemble my desires, and I marveled at the coldly indifferent manner in which Tobias approached the owner. I have since grown to regard as one of his most engaging qualities the horseman's ability to stifle all his longings and to conduct long and delicate transactions in a manner of utter boredom. On many occasions I should have despaired of a fortunate outcome had I not been buoyed up by Tobias's unfailing optimism and hopefulness.

At last, however, I secured the horse. Even this triumphant conclusion of our labors did not excite Tobias. He brought me the news with the same air of world-weary indifference that had characterized him from the first. It is true that my exultation was somewhat tempered by the fact that the price paid for the beast was considerably higher than that I had authorized Tobias to pay, but this did not seem to be a matter of interest to him. Nor did the horse prove to be the jewel I had hoped, but Tobias assured me that they rarely were; and after all, he pointed out, it was I who wanted the animal, not he. Had he consulted his own convictions in the matter, he would have purchased a quite different horse, but I had expressed an unalterable determination to possess this one, and here he was. It was clear that Tobias was quite guiltless in the matter.

After a few months of troubled and disillusionizing ownership I again sought Tobias, this time to dispose of the horse for me. The previous owner had assured me that he had parted with the horse only under the pressure of temporary embarrassment, and that at any time he would be glad to buy him back at the price I paid for him.

I imparted this information to Tobias, but he did not seem to be impressed by it. The process of selling was much more rapid than that of purchasing, despite the fact that the previous owner was still in difficulties and could not buy the horse as he most ardently desired. In fact, as Tobias explained to me, the horse market was in a very unsettled condition, and if I desired to sell (which I most certainly did) he advised me to take any offer I could get. Things were very bad. Again Tobias triumphed. I sold at a figure considerably below the lowest I had fixed, but any sale just then was a miracle, so Tobias said.

By this time Tobias was firmly woven into the warp and woof of my horse life. On the whole I profited by it. But sordid motives were the smallest factor in my regard for Tobias. His appearance alone was enough to reward me. A tiny scrap of a man, he might have been thirty, he might have been sixty. I never could decide. As I listened enthralled to the recitals of his experiences I leaned toward the higher figure, for no man of less than sixty could have had time to have all the things happen to him that had happened to Tobias. Yet as I grew to know him and witnessed repeated feats of strength and agility I knew he must still be young. His face gave no hint of his age. Sallow, almost colorless, it still had the fresh contours of youth. An utterly mirthless mouth, a head almost entirely bereft of hair, contrasted

strangely with a mouthful of perfect teeth of unimpeachable genuineness. He was always clad in riding togs of a strange and indiscriminate nature, and yet he had that gift, so infrequently seen in men, of so wearing clothes, no matter what they were, that he looked well groomed and well set up.

II

For some time our relations were not intimate, nor were our contacts frequent. Tobias seemed to have no place of permanent residence. If I wished to find him I had to make a circuit of the salesrooms and stables, and sooner or later I would find him, dapper, shaven, clean, but as usual in the depths of an unconquerable melancholy. He appeared glad to see me, but never greeted me with enthusiasm, and never appeared to part from me with regret.

Then a never-to-be-forgotten day dawned. At an early hour I was interrupted at breakfast by the announcement that Tobias was without. I had not seen him for months. He had a habit of disappearing for long periods, and these absences were never explained. His intimates could not enlighten me, because he had no intimates. Before greeting him I telephoned my business associates that matters of the utmost importance might keep me busy all day. I felt that the day upon which Tobias sought me out was sure to be pregnant with possibilities.

Tobias greeted me in sadness, and the talk flowed along the easy channels of mutual horse interest. I waited for him to arrive at the matter in hand by his usual circuitous methods. At length I was rewarded. I wish I could reproduce with any justice the melancholy sweetness of his recital. In substance I was told that a series of most unfortunate events had reduced Tobias to financial extremities unknown before. He blamed no one, least of all himself. They were due to the uncertainties inherent in his calling, and when disaster came it must be patiently borne.

Financial extremity was no new experience for Tobias, — I knew that, — but on this occasion difficulties had arisen at a most unfortunate moment, just when fortune was about to smile. The circumstances appeared to be these. There was a horse we both knew. His reputation was bad; it could not be worse. Tobias felt sure, however, that his shortcomings were due to his environment and to lack of proper care and training. His career on the turf had been a series of misfortunes, accidents, and tragedies. He was now for sale, having nearly killed a stableboy and having lost two important steeplechases from a sullen refusal to leave the post. The price was low, but an immediate sale desired. Tobias saw a chance to retrieve all past losses. He wished to purchase the horse, spend as many months as necessary on his education and the correction of his faults, and then race him another season. But most unfortunately, at just this moment, his finances were at the lowest possible ebb.

At this point, it seems, he had thought of me. Not at all as a possible source of money, but rather as the person to whom he could offer a priceless privilege. I had long enjoyed, he knew, the pleasures of the hunting field and show ring, and now he felt was the time for me to enter into a larger field of equine activity. It was high time I tasted the joys of the turf, and felt the thrill of winning a race with a horse of my own. To buy an outlaw, educate him, and win with him! That was something to do.

Tobias came as near showing enthusiasm as I ever saw him. He unfolded the plan. For the moment it

would be necessary for me to furnish the money for the price of the horse. Tobias did not enlarge on this; it was a matter of no great concern who did it. He would give me a note for half the price and we could be joint owners and partners. He would conduct the education of our stable, and ride our horse in the races in which we entered him.

As Tobias led me on through all the stages of our progress, and showed me how inevitably we should reach that crowning hour when we should flash under the wire a winner amid the frenzied acclaim of a mighty throng, my blood began to tingle. I did not confess to him that in my wildest hours I had already dreamed this dream, and longed for its realization.

True to my horseman instincts, I demurred. I pointed out all the difficulties, and enlarged upon the almost certain failure of our hopes. Tobias listened in respectful silence, and then asked if I should like to visit the horse. We did so. I had seen the creature before, but never realized what a perfect beast he was. He was the handsomest thing that ever stood on shoes. Tobias pointed out to me certain physical indications of stamina and speed, and assured me that from my own experience I should see that he was one horse in ten thousand. He certainly looked to be. I gazed long and earnestly at his eyes. They attracted my attention, for I had never seen such human eyes in a horse's head before. With all their beauty, there was a look of baffled cynicism in them. They fascinated me. They seemed to look out on a world made for disappointment; they told a story of unrewarded effort, of uncrowned strife, and seemed to say that, after all, the world's rewards are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The horse was purchased in what struck me as a very short time. There seemed to be no doubt that the owner wished to part with him. He gave us minute directions as to his care and management, and seemed deeply concerned lest we both come to an untimely end. Tobias seemed to have provided for most of the details in advance. He had secured quarters for the horse, and all I had to do was to hand the owner a check and receive a note for half the amount duly signed by Tobias.

After careful consideration we selected a name. Tobias was indifferent as to what it should be, provided it began with *A*. This seemed important to him for some occult reason, and I could raise no valid objection beyond the fact that it restricted our choice. Finally I decided upon Alcantara. The name met Tobias's requirement in regard to the *A*, and it had for me certain romantic literary associations.

III

The weeks that followed our purchase of Alcantara — I could never teach Tobias not to accent the second syllable — were uneventful except that I soon discovered which half of Alcantara I owned. I was in firm possession of the forward end, the end that was fed. Each month I received mounting bills for grain, as well as for strange accoutrements with which I was not familiar. Each month Tobias calculated to a penny, and sent me a note for an exact half of the expenses.

I did not see much of Alcantara, but Tobias reported progress, and he seemed satisfied with his pupil. For some reason he did not care to appear before the world as even half-owner, and he allowed it to think that I owned the horse and that he was in my employ as trainer. I attributed this, at first, to Tobias's natural modesty, but I soon learned that there were the best of reasons why Tobias did not wish to

appear to have any possessions of any character. So I assumed the entire responsibility of ownership with all its attendant glories and inconveniences.

One morning I was told that Alcantara was right. He had been moved to a large training stable, and Tobias had been working him over the jumps for some time. The expense of keeping him here was considerably greater, but, as Tobias pointed out, this was unavoidable if I meant to do the right thing by the horse. He never said 'we'; he always spoke as if I had sole authority. I was flattered by this, and soon came to regard myself as a full-fledged owner. I read the racing papers and followed the exploits of other horses. I knew their records and the details of their age and class.

Upon being asked to visit the horse, I brushed aside all business matters and went to the scene of action. It was an extensive and beautiful estate used entirely for the care and schooling of horses. By some means, unknown to me, Tobias had secured admission, and was using the schooling fields. There was a steeplechase course laid out for schooling, and it was over this that Tobias intended to give Alcantara his first serious work, and he wished me to witness it.

Tobias greeted me and led me to the stable. If Alcantara had been a thing of beauty when I first beheld him, he was a thousand times more so after weeks of care and attention. He was led out for his owner's inspection. I could not conceal my admiration, bad form as I knew it to be to express it. Tobias pronounced him to be fair, but added that further improvement was possible. Tobias mounted, and assumed that curious crouching position affected by jockeys. To me it always seemed the most perilous of ways to ride a horse. Alcantara held a high head, and used his feet daintily. As he trod the yielding turf he was the personification of beauty, strength, and grace. He pranced and whirled restlessly at the starting line, and Tobias gently moved him along to the point he wanted. At a prearranged signal from me Tobias let him go. He passed me — a blur of shining satin, and thundering hoofs. I watched him through my glasses as he gracefully cleared barrier after barrier, and approached a water jump at the far end of the course. At this point I saw him swerve from the course and disappear. Long and patiently I awaited his return. Finally, far off on the horizon, a tiny speck appeared. It was Alcantara returning home. Tobias was crouched on his back, and as he passed me I caught a glimpse of a face as expressionless as the back of my hand. If Tobias was ill at ease he did not betray it.

After the details of Alcantara's toilet were attended to Tobias joined me.

'What happened?' I asked.

'He ran away,' Tobias replied, and that was his sole comment.

I returned to the city and left Tobias to solve the difficulty of making Alcantara go in the right direction at the right time. I felt sure that if this could be done, and if he proceeded with anything like the rapidity he had shown that afternoon, there was not a living horse that could pass him.

From then on Tobias worked in secret. I saw no more trials and had only meagre reports from the training field. Tobias and I had a few conferences at which we decided to play for high stakes. We elected to let the minor race-meets go, and to enter Alcantara in the Bedford Steeplechase. This was described as an open steeplechase for gentlemen or professional riders — about three miles of natural country, over post and rails and brush.

Then followed detailed statements as to weights and other restrictions. The

prize was a small purse and a piece of plate — but immense prestige. We knew the field would be large and the quality good, and the winner would jump in value and reputation. Both Tobias and Alcantara were found to meet all the requirements of the committee in charge. Tobias attended to all the details and I signed the entry blank and paid the minor expenses. It was necessary for us to appear under colors. This I left entirely to Tobias, who acquired, at my expense, appropriate garments to wear on the great day. His taste in this connection was not what I could have wished it to be. He chose a tunic of pure white with sleeves slashed with lavender, and a lavender and white striped cap. It was a bit more conspicuous than the modest extent of my racing stable seemed to justify, but here I felt that Tobias should have his way, as he was to appear in the garments, not I.

IV

The week before the race I saw little of Tobias. He spent all his time with Alcantara, or else in moody cogitation. I found business affairs irksome and could not seem to keep my mind off the impending trial of speed.

The sporting sections of the newspapers were a solace until they began to discuss the race and estimate the contestants. Scant attention was paid to Alcantara by any of the writers. Only one referred to him at length, and then merely to enlarge on his bad behavior during training. As the day of the race approached, however, many strange stories began to appear. Not only were his bad manners discussed, but there were hints of lack of condition, and innuendo as to physical blemishes. I was enraged by this and sought Tobias to see what could be done to stem the tide of misstatement. Tobias professed never to have heard of any of it, and as he was evidently deeply engrossed in more important matters, as well as suffering from a severe attack of melancholia, I decided to accept his dictum that the less said, the sooner mended.

At last the fateful day came. I was early on the field, and felt strangely nervous and ill at ease. I read the entry list a thousand times, and recovered my composure a little when I saw the name of Alcantara, and my own as owner. Details of Alcantara's age, sex, and color were given, as well as my racing colors, and T. Starkweather was announced as the rider. The field was all that could be desired. It included the best the region could produce, and I recognized some horses who had substantial reputations.

Tobias sought me out and again assured me that the horse was right. He suggested that a small wager on him might be profitable. I am not a betting man, but the last weeks had affected me strangely. I had begun to feel a large catholicity of spirit toward all the details of horse ownership and horse racing, and I allowed Tobias to conduct me to a flamboyant young man, who placed a modest sum for me at the surprising odds of 30 to 1. Again I sought Tobias to learn the reason for the odds being so against Alcantara. The incident had shaken my faith in him, and I began to think my visions of possible victory empty dreams. Tobias felt that the odds were probably the result of the unfortunate items in the press, but he pointed out that they meant larger profits if we won, which seemed to me a sordid point of view.

I had secured a box and had invited a few of my intimate friends to occupy it with me. I had chosen those who had been in the secret of my ownership from the first, and who seemed to

regard my entering the racing game with less concern than some others, notably my business associates.

The first races on the flat, and a minor steeplechase or two, seemed to me perfunctory and spiritless, though the crowd seemed to enjoy them. Late in the afternoon the Bedford was announced, and there was an evident stirring of interest among the lookers-on. The board at the judges' stand gave the field, and I noted with some concern that none of the favorites had been scratched. Proudly I saw the name of T. Starkweather appear with the number nine. As I sat tearing my programme to shreds with nervous fingers, I tried to think what suggestions of good fortune the number nine indicated. I could think of nothing but the Muses, and their connection with horse racing seemed remote.

Then came the parade from the paddock. Led by a scarlet-coated official, the eleven contestants passed the grandstand. Had I been in a normal condition, I should have been thrilled by it. Eleven creatures, sleek, sinewy, nervous, with tossing, impatient heads, foam-flecked fore quarters, and dainty tread, they seemed hardly to touch the soft earth beneath their feet. On the back of each a crouching little figure brilliant in gaudy satin.

They weighed in. I watched Alcantara. For sheer beauty he was peer of the best. He seemed strangely docile, and I tried desperately to read the secret of those baffling eyes. I finally got them in my glass for a fleeting second, and I saw the same strange, tired look, the same eternal interrogation that always appeared there. As Tobias remounted I watched his face. Sallow, thin from weeks of training, there was not a shadow of expression of any sort. His face was as baffling as Alcantara's eyes.

They were off to the post just within my line of vision. For a while confusion reigned. Turning, milling, rearing, it seemed impossible that an orderly start could ever be made. This was the crucial moment. Would Alcantara start? This was the uncertainty. If he did, there was a fair chance that he would finish well up; if not, it was all over. I watched him closely. Tobias had his hands full, and was manœuvring skillfully. I had noticed that he carried no whip and his heels were innocent of spurs. Now he seemed to need them. Instead he leaned still farther over and caressed the nervous neck before him.

They were off. Thanks to some strange good fortune, Alcantara had consented to start with them. They thundered by in a blur of color, closely bunched, with Alcantara holding a respectable position to the fore. The race was twice around a prescribed course, beginning and ending on the home stretch of the race track. In a few seconds they were on the turf and out of sight for the moment. As advised by Tobias, I at once joined a throng of spectators rushing to points of vantage. With a hundred others I sought the water jump, the last jump before re-entering the race course. Being long of limb and spurred by an excitement I had never known before, I outstripped the others and placed myself where I commanded a perfect view of the jump and its approach.

How long I waited I do not know. It seemed hours. Then a stableboy, whose ears were acute from constant attendance at races, smote me mightily on the back and shouted in my ear. Now I could hear that matchless sound, the beat of hoofs on firm turf, and over the crest of a little hill appeared the head and shoulders of a rider. It was not Tobias, and my heart sank. Down a steep dip they came, headlong for the

brush and water. Singly and in pairs they rose and sailed incredibly, landing in their stride, and tearing off again in a welter of color and confusion. The jump took its toll, for here two horses went down. Some mischance, some misstep or ill-considered move by their riders, brought them down, one clear of the water, the other half in it. The jockeys rolled like balls of bright silk and were barely missed by the following horses, and the field went on. Of the eleven starters I counted nine at the jump. The two that went down left only seven in the running, and of these Alcantara was the fifth. They had to complete the circuit twice, so I rushed back to another jump near enough the grandstand to permit me to regain my box to see the finish.

At this jump Alcantara had moved up to third position and was running easily. Of the two horses ahead of him one was faltering, but the other had evidently not extended himself, and was running easily under the restraining hand of a smiling and confident rider.

Here I got a good look at both Tobias and his mount. Tobias was well forward on his horse's neck, tense and rigid, his enormous lavender sleeves ballooning out behind him. His lips were moving — not in prayer, I fancy, but in some strange jockey incantation. He was telling Alcantara something, and the horse was listening. As they flashed by I saw a new Alcantara. Gone was the cynic's pose, gone the bewildered, questioning look in the eyes; in their stead were a fire and a will to win that had transfigured him. After the jump was cleared Tobias sat down to ride. As they vanished, the stooping shoulders were sinking lower and lower, the cramped knees coming higher and higher, and the hands reaching out nearer and nearer the tossing head.

I returned to my box. There was nothing to do now but to live through the dreadful moments until they reappeared. I pressed my hand to my aching eyes. I was dimly conscious of some jocular remarks from my companions. I did not have long to wait. On the brow of the hill just before the water jump they appeared for a second, and almost even with the leader I saw the lavender and white. Tobias had moved up! Would he survive the water jump a second time? I closed my eyes again. Then the throng rose as a man, and far off I heard cheering. The moment of my dreams had come. Down the stretch they raced, stride for stride, the rival jockey resorting to whip and spur. Tobias was so far forward that he could almost whisper in the sensitive ears, and his lips were moving convulsively. On they came. A few scant rods ahead was the finish, and, as yet, it was the race for either. Suddenly Alcantara seemed to gather himself. Tobias raised his head and shoulders a bit and Alcantara pushed his nose by his rival. The horse faltered for a second, and Alcantara swept under the wire a clean length in the lead.

I do not recall what happened then, except that I dimly remember clambering out of the box into a milling crowd. One by one the horses returned with drooping heads and heaving flanks. They were stripped, and the jockeys and their kit again weighed. I sought out Alcantara. He stood proudly in the surging crowd with head erect, nostrils distended and eyes gleaming. All at once I found myself beside him. I threw my arm over his neck and heard the whirr and click of countless cameras. Someone appeared with an immense floral horseshoe and laid it on Alcantara's neck; again the cameras clicked and whirred. Tobias joined me. I wrung his hand. Words failed me. A stableboy, my stableboy, a complete

stranger to me, assisted Tobias, and Alcantara was shrouded in an enormous cooler and led away.

V

It was over. The hour of my dream had come and passed. Again I confronted a battery of cameras, this time holding an ornate piece of plate. I sought the stable. Tobias was in no mood to talk. I told him to come to me in the evening, and with my wildly jubilant companions I motored home. We were recognized at every turn, and cheers and shouts of congratulation greeted us everywhere. I was in a daze. The whole thing seemed unreal; everything but the memory of the face of my business partner, of which I caught a momentary glimpse as I posed with the silver pitcher. It was not a pleasant face to remember.

We dined sumptuously at the club and I insisted on paying for everything. This was my night, I explained, and besides, the Committee would be sending me a sizable check in the morning. After dinner I hastened home to meet Tobias. I half expected to find him there on my return. He had not come, so I sent out for all the evening papers, particularly those more devoted to the gentle art of horse racing. I read every word of them all. In every one I saw my picture. In some of the photographs I held the pitcher, but in most of them I had my arm caressingly around Alcantara's neck. None of the pictures, I thought, did justice to either Alcantara or myself, and my smile seemed peculiarly silly and fatuous.

I finished the papers, and still Tobias failed to appear. After an hour or two I resorted to the telephone. I could not find him at any of the places I thought he might frequent on this memorable evening. The race track failed to respond, the training quarters knew naught of Tobias or the horse.

With aching head I went to bed and passed a night of troubled dreams. I was up early and breakfasted alone. The morning papers gave me some solace. But it all seemed cold and perfunctory now.

The doorbell rang in the distance, and I was brought a letter and a tiny bundle. The letter proved to be a laconic communication from Tobias. In the briefest manner I was told that, a few hours after our triumph, Alcantara had passed out of this world of turmoil and trouble. Heart strain in the race — that was all; it was not uncommon. Tobias would see me soon, but in the meantime he had sent me a memento of Alcantara. I opened the bundle and found a dainty racing shoe scarcely scratched by use.

I sat for a moment stunned by the unexpected news; then I determined to be up and doing. I dashed to the race track. Tobias was not there; nor was Alcantara. I made inquiries, only to learn that Tobias and the horse had departed for an undesignated destination. I spent the day following fruitless clues.

I declined an invitation to a congratulatory dinner to be given that night by friends, and spent the evening in the solitude of my library in thoughtful mood. I reviewed with care all the incidents of my association with Tobias. I recalled one detail that I had forgotten. Before the race, Tobias and I had agreed that, should Alcantara win or make a respectable showing, we should sell him at once at as high a figure as possible. In my sober moments I had no desire to continue in the racing game, and Tobias pointed out that the interest in Alcantara would be passing. Some other horse would eclipse him and his value would drop. To this end I had executed a

document authorizing Tobias to negotiate a sale, in his own name, at any price satisfactory to him. I had suggested such an arrangement after witnessing one of Alcantara's most perverse and ill-mannered performances during his schooling. His conduct had made me despair of ever selling him at all.

Recalling this act of imbecility on my part, I cursed Tobias as a faithless friend. Then there appeared before me the face of my vanished partner in all the pathos of his melancholy. I saw again the drooping corners of his youthful mouth, and his old man's eyes, tired and lustreless, and I knew I wronged him. I thought of him as bowed with grief, hiding from the world, and waiting for the first poignancy of his sorrow to pass that he might seek me out.

I found no allusion in the press to the passing of the winner of the Bedford. I made no more inquiries, for, with a hideous suspicion gnawing at my heart, I felt that all my relations with this unfortunate horse had best be buried in a grave as unmarked and as unknown as his own.

I solved now the mystery of Alcantara's eyes. He had seen from the first the futility of the whole enterprise. He had known, come what might, victory or defeat, triumph or humiliation, that we should be parted. If not an untimely end, then the duplicity of man would sever us forever. For one crowded hour he had determined to live, or some strange alchemy was wrought by the whispering lips of the little man bestride him. For a few glorious moments he would be king, and king he was.

The following days brought painful reminders of the past. Bills of all sorts came in, among them one for a floral horseshoe that cost a prince's ransom. These I paid without comment.

One evening, being in reminiscent mood, I picked up a copy of a sporting sheet which I had affected during my brief period of ownership. The first item which attracted my attention was the announcement of the sale of Alcantara, the recent winner of the Bedford, by his 'owner and trainer,' T. Starkweather. The price was staggering.

I read it carefully, folded the paper with precision, and laid it beneath a horseshoe on my desk.

I returned to the routine of my former life, and after many months restored my associates' shaken confidence. I could have taken stern measures to find Tobias and wrest from him my share of his ill-gotten gains. But to what purpose? It was vastly better that the glamour of my brief career on the turf should fade gradually and not be extinguished with a sordid quarrel.

The lavender and white no more flash beneath autumnal suns over grassy meads. As an owner I no longer participate in the pleasures of the race. But sometimes, when in pensive mood, I wonder. Where is Tobias? Through what devious paths is that little, silent, joyless man threading his way? Has he a partner in horses now, and who is he? Will Alcantara start, and if he does will he continue in the desired direction? Is he still living his perplexed and questioning life over brush and rails on natural country? If so, where? I do not know. I do not care. I had my hour.

THE MIDDLE WAY

BY ELIZABETH CASE

THE late Robert Keable, whose apostasy was a shock to many readers of his early books, returned before his death to the Christian faith. Like many of his fellow countrymen and ours, as well as many Frenchmen and Germans, when he began to examine the historical basis of Christianity he discovered it to be, as he thought, unsound. Thereupon he abandoned the ship as unseaworthy, scuttled by the pirates of higher criticism. Later, observing her still afloat, he boarded her again in the hope of discovering some treasure overlooked. He found things in better shape than he had expected. The old vessel seemed worth saving, after all. Penetrating deep into the hold, he satisfied himself that the pumps were functioning, and then gallantly offered to man a pump handle. Thus he resumed his station in the Ship of the Church.

His recent papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* describe this spiritual Odyssey. Many of us know every step of his way, and can follow him back on deck and down into the very bowels of the boat. We too would offer our strength to keep her afloat.

But shall we choose the pump he chose? Its name is the 'theory of valuism.' It leaks.

The theory that a historical Jesus who has been invested by credulity, aspiration, and human need with supernatural beauties and powers and deified into an object of worship, when stripped by critical research of these qualities, can no longer be, in his historical character, an object of worship; but that his mythological avatar is worthy of the deepest devotion of the heart, although the mind at the same time recognizes that this Christ is a fact in the realm of values only — such a theory does little to keep Christianity afloat.

If the beautiful old ship is to see service on the stormy seas of the twentieth century, instead of foundering or being moored to rot in a Roman lagoon, she must be reconditioned.

I

We require a new technique of faith. Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, need what Dr. Sperry calls 'that prerequisite for all doctrine which is indicated by that strangely moving word that was the earliest designation of the Christian life, a "way."' We need a middle way between the old blind allegiance to the religion of authority and the new blind allegiance to the agnosticism of scholarship. The Catholic says, 'I believe because the Church tells me to do so,' while the typical Protestant utterance too often is only, 'I seek.' The Christian must find a *via media.* He must continue to believe, but not on the old grounds; and he must continue to seek while believing.

But what must he believe? Men who claimed the dear name of Christian have waged bloody war under the banners of their definitions. The name smokes with the stench of martyrdom.

Instead of venturing to define it, let

us inquire whether it is possible — and if so on what grounds — for the Christian to-day to believe the Nicene Creed. That creed finds the fullest and most dramatic development of its implications in the Catholic Mass, which corresponds to the Communion service in the Book of Common Prayer with a verbal faithfulness which might disconcert members of the Protestant Episcopal Church who were unaware of the common history of the two churches. The fact that good Protestants can repeat the Nicene Creed and take part in the Communion service without making the commitments implied in the Mass is a paradox of that history, for those commitments are definite, unequivocal. The Mass is the Creed dramatized; it is an allegory of the birth, life, and death of Jesus, teaching that he was miraculously born of a virgin, that he did miracles, that his death on the cross was 'for' us (mysterious preposition — stumbling-block to how many!), and that by partaking of the Mass the believer is endowed with supernatural life and grace.

But that anyone can or does or must believe all this is to many modern minds astounding and incredible. In the Mass we have what Professor Kirsopp Lake calls the 'Christian myth.' He says that, while all sacramental religions have their basis in myth, 'far the nearest approach to history is the Christian myth, which as found in the Mass tells of the incarnation and passion of a divine son of God, who instituted the Mass in order that his followers might share the glory which was his. Behind this there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died; but not in the sense that he did so in the manner implied by the Mass.'

Here is the heart of the modern indictment of traditional Christianity.

The man who seeks grounds for holding the Nicene Creed appears to be faced by an inescapable dilemma. He must choose impalement either on the horn of valuism or on that of fundamentalism. He must either ignore history and retreat to the realm of values, forgoing any factual basis for his faith, or he must continue to assert the reliability of records proven unreliable. The latter alternative is what Professor Lake terms the sin against the Holy Ghost.

At first glance, the retreat to valuism seems to offer the Christian some hope. Must there be a historical basis for his faith? Why bother with the complex questions raised by Biblical scholars? What possible bearing has the modern historical method of dealing with ancient manuscripts upon the vivid realities of inner experience? In the ardor of worship one does not stop to assure one's self that the person worshiped did really live in an actual geographical place where one may see to-day the very hills that he saw. Need the Christ of experience be the Jesus of history?

No, replies the valuist. Religion belongs to the realm of values, where postulations are, as it were, in the conditional mood. 'God *would* be like this,' he muses. 'He *would* die on the cross "for" us; it is of the essence of his nature as I conceive it, in the light of my native presuppositions, that he *would* redeem us in exactly this manner.'

Is such a mood congenial to our Christian? Yes, on one condition: if his inner life has been touched by that reality which he can call only the Son of God. If he has never felt the imperious charm of that reality, he remains indifferent to the entire problem, he seeks no middle way. But if, fleeing from the City of Destruction, Christian has indeed laid down his

burden at the foot of the cross, then incontrovertibly he knows that for him the deadly chain of cause and effect has been broken, broken by divine intervention.

Thus, to the man who brings to this quest the presupposition that he has actually been 'saved,' the conditional mood of valuism is congenial. To him it seems not only possible, but intensely reasonable, that God was made man and died for him; he *would* do so.

But such a mood exposes the believer to the danger that the next obvious step into unreality be taken, and that the mind tuned to the conditional mood adopt the 'contrary-to-fact' inflection, 'he would have done so,' with its perhaps suppressed corollary, 'but whether he actually did do so does not matter,' or even 'of course he did not really, actually, historically do so.'

The seeker is keenly aware of these suppressed corollaries. He rejects at the outset a view which by implication separates the Christ of experience from the Jesus of history, and which contents itself with the anæsthetic admission that the former is 'a fact in the realm of values only.'

Possibly to students of philosophy this phrase implies an attitude which has some justification. To the mind of the ordinary person it implies nothing more elevating than self-deception. It seems to mean that while one knows that the 'Christian myth' is a myth, that while Jesus died on the cross he did not do so in the manner implied in the Mass, — that is, 'for' us, — nevertheless one is justified in shutting one's eyes to this inconvenient fact and by a kind of self-hypnotism screwing up the plane of feeling and perception out of the level of self-respecting sanity to a plateau of morbid unreality, where a strange code of truth and honor holds sway and where it is justifiable to postulate anything one wishes to believe, and then to say, 'I do believe it,' and behold, the trick is turned and faith ensues! At any rate, some sort of legerdemain certainly characterizes the process.

Perhaps those who breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the realm of values are to be envied; for them these problems have been banished to a more mundane plane of existence. But our seeker craves a harsher climate. Intellectual honesty forbids him to rest content with the conditional mood in regard to religious realities.

He admits that if the adherents of the value theory mean merely that the unbeliever should recognize the value for other people of beliefs which seem to him, the unbeliever, fallacious, and that therefore he should not interfere with their faith, there is some virtue in their counsel. But they seem to mean more than this. They seem to claim that a pragmatic theory of values can replace historical guaranties for Christianity, and that thus the whole vexed question of historicity can be avoided.

II

It cannot be avoided. Either Christianity is a historical religion or it is an idle dream. The quest for a middle way is no striving with invulnerable nothings; Christians have always gloried in the fact that their faith stands or falls with its historical guaranties. Thus he who would be a Christian seems impaled on the other horn of his dilemma — fundamentalism.

For these guaranties have been discredited. They were of two sorts: the authority of the Church, and the documentary evidence found mainly in the Bible and the patristic writings. As the guarantor of the historicity of Christian belief, the Church has lost the respect of the Protestant half of the world. Too often she has denied facts which

it knows to be incontrovertible. The Roman Church has maintained its authority only by dint of a tyranny insupportable to men drunk with the nineteenth century's heady draft of intellectual freedom — a potage not purveyed in the Eternal City. The fate of George Tyrrell, only twenty years ago, leaves no doubt as to the official attitude of the Vatican toward the protestants in its fold. There can be none.

Protestantism has won a costly freedom. Yet the seeker for a middle way eagerly admits that the further a man progresses in saintliness, the deeper kinship he feels with the pronouncements of 'sanctified common sense,' with the writings of the saints, the decisions of the councils, the policies of religious orders, the insight of consecrated people — and the greater the authority he ascribes to the voice of the Church. The rebels overstated their case. But a generation has arisen which insists that 'sanctified common sense' is a purely valuistic standard of truth; that while the authority of the Church may represent the best to be known of valuism, and may have an indispensable contribution to make to the discovery of historical truth, it cannot arbitrate questions of historical fact. The doctrine of the third person of the Trinity involves a value standard; the distinction to be made is one between the *kinds of truth* which the Church has authority to judge.

To a devout man it seems reasonable to believe that the Holy Ghost has led the Church to right judgment in interpreting facts — that is, in the field of spiritual truth. But it cannot seem reasonable to any modern man, devout or undevout, that the Church should claim sole authority in the field of historical truth — that is, in establishing what the facts are. And because earlier generations have not made this distinction, to-day many a loving child of Mother Church is sad.

The other guarantor of the historicity of Christianity has been the Bible. For Catholics the authority of the Church guarantees the Bible itself and in its downfall would carry the Scriptures with it, but of course this is not generally true of Protestants, whose religion has traditionally been 'the Bible and the Bible only.' And this Protestant fundamentalism is now doomed. The humblest student of the situation knows that the whole theory of literal inspiration has been discredited; that we lack the kind of historical guaranties for traditional Christianity which exist for the general outline of secular history; in short, that security is gone. It is the price we have paid for freedom.

The only article of the Creed for which we can claim historical certainty is the actual existence of Jesus at a fairly definite time and place. Not since the panic started by Renan abated has his personal existence been seriously questioned. We can therefore assert his existence as a historical fact attested by proofs such as we find acceptable in other fields of intellectual inquiry.

This is the meaning of Professor Lake's statement that behind the Christian myth there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died. But unless there is also history behind it in the sense that he lived and died 'in the manner implied by the Mass,' — which the indictment denies, — is not fundamentalist Christianity doomed?

Such a conclusion seems unavoidable. Let us, then, consider whether the indicative mood, discredited so far as it applies to the traditional guarantors of Christianity, the Church and the Bible, has a legitimate application to the subject of faith.

III

The man who finds in his Bible historical proof for the traditional dogmas of Christianity is an interesting rarity, although not as rare as he ought to be. Most of us feel we must accept the dictum of qualified students of the documentary evidence. For the modern mind has given hostages to the historian.

But scholars do not agree! The bewildered seeker for the precious distillation of fact from the strange brews of tradition, for that ultimate residue of truth which will destroy or confirm his hopes, finds only disagreement and confusion. In desperation he asks, 'What *is* historical certainty?'

It may hearten him to learn that the whole concept is under fire. The modern 'historical method' for a time swept all before it, but after the ruin it wreaked began to be estimated its premises were brought under severe scrutiny. To-day many thoughtful scholars, notably Benedetto Croce, are revaluating it. An illuminating comment is offered by the late John Neville Figgis, an Anglican monk whose scholarship and insight commend him to seekers for the middle way. 'Nothing is clearer,' he observes in an essay on 'The Historic Christ,' 'than that all the results of historical investigation tend to confirm the view that of all extraordinary facts the belief, and of all ordinary facts the interpretation and the causal connections . . . depends on our presuppositions at least as much as on the documentary evidence.'

To the 'presuppositions' of scholars must be ascribed their divergence of conclusions about the same documentary evidence. Then is there no absolute standard of historical truth? And therefore no hope of reaching certainty about the historicity of Christianity?

To answer this question we must first understand its meaning. Exactly what is involved in the conception of 'the historicity of Christianity'? Of what Christian claims must we have 'historical proof' before we can believe them? And of what sort of historical proof are they susceptible?

History 'proves' that Jesus was born, that he lived and died. But as to *how* he did these things the record is equivocal. The early Church held that he did them in a certain way, and that belief is enshrined in the Creed. What Croce calls the memory of humanity attests its truth. But of other proof we have none — and *what could we have?* That is the fundamental question.

In the nature of the case, are the major claims of the Christian faith demonstrable by ordinary historical methods? Consider the virgin birth; what historical proof or disproof *could* we have of such a thing? None, surely, save Mary's own testimony. Whether or not she influenced Luke's account directly is a question still in the realm of speculation. We have proof of the beliefs of other writers about it, but these beliefs vary. Of the fact itself we have neither proof nor disproof. Could we have?

'He was crucified,' — we have documentary evidence of this, — but '*for* us'? What proof could we have of such a thing? There is none that Jesus himself thought he was dying for us, claim some scholars; but absence of proof does not constitute disproof. 'And the third day he rose again.' We have testimony for the resurrection which in the case of an ordinary event would be deemed adequate to establish its historical truth. But if one approaches that evidence with the presupposition that 'miracles do not happen,' what proof *could* convince one?

Professor Lake finds a difficulty in the fact that spokesmen of traditional

Christianity like Dean Inge claim as the central doctrine of Christianity something not taught by Jesus himself — his divinity. This was not even taught by those apostles who most surely knew him.

But is this a real difficulty? The fact that he did not teach it seems reasonably certain, although open minds concede the possibility that future research may alter this conclusion. Also the fact that he did teach an eschatology wholly repugnant to modern ideas seems fairly well established. He spoke in the language of his times, as the parables strikingly witness. Whatever solution is ultimately reached of the vexed problem of the Fourth Gospel, in which alone the thesis of Jesus' divinity is developed, it can be confidently asserted that lack of proof does not constitute disproof; the fact that Jesus does not, on the face of present evidence, seem to claim divine sonship does not mean that such sonship was not actually his in the sense asserted by his most ardent devotees — does not even mean that he himself did not so believe.

However, *such an assertion in itself affords no basis for the Christian's conviction that Jesus was the son of God.* That conviction arises, whenever it does arise, from precisely the same facts and conditions to-day as gave it birth in the days when the author of the Gospel of John wrote his incomparable mystical record. It arises and always will arise out of a unique personal experience. The life untouched by an undeniable mystical contact with Jesus cannot achieve faith in his divinity. In short, such faith is created by a deeply biased reaction to historical evidence. It is based (and thus Christianity is 'historical') on one great fact of history, the life of Jesus, and on another fact of individual experience, the impact of that life on human hearts. The conviction that he was the son of God is created by faith out of the raw material of fact and of experience. Faith is born of the union of fact with personality. Faith is interpretation.

Why is there difficulty in the natural fact that successive ages have achieved different interpretations? Is it merely fantastic to suggest that men who had the evidence of several centuries before them might be better able to estimate such a personality than the simple men who were his closest companions? Professor Lake himself admits that the historian 'has to record the fact that just as Origen, by assimilating Neoplatonism, made Christianity possible for the educated men of the third century, so it is conceivable that an institutionalist who will do the same with science may render Christianity possible for the educated men and women of the next generation.'

If it was true for Origen that the only explanation of this personality was postulation of his divinity, it is equally true for many living men that their sense of incalculable debt to Jesus to-day can be explained on no other hypothesis. This is probably as near the 'historical truth' as we shall ever arrive. Just as long as he continues to touch men's hearts, the allegiance of their minds will follow their instinctive confession that he is the son of God — will follow through the whole Creed. And just as long as there are hearts he fails to reach, so long will human minds balk at faith for lack of 'historical proof.'

IV

The justice of the skeptical indictment must be admitted. Behind Christianity 'there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died; but not in the sense that he did so in the manner implied by the Mass.' Of course; for how could

there be historical proof of such matters? Or disproof? There is a historical element in Christianity; of that the believer has proof, although he concedes that disproof is at least imaginably possible at some future time, and that such disproof would destroy Christianity. But there is another element, which the indictment fails to distinguish — faith and its true nature, recognition of which affords the believer escape from his dilemma.

For, denied asylum in valuism with its conditional moods and miasmas, he refuses also to rest in the deceptively clear air of the indicative with its historical tense. He cannot ignore history; he cannot rewrite it; he transcends it. History must be transcended if we are to have religion at all. History is merely the raw material of faith. And the believer knows this; resting not in the valley of the historical dilemma, he mounts the hill of his synthesis, his *via media*, whence he sees a middle way of regarding the whole problem of religious certainty. And it is a 'way,' a mode of spiritual activity. Neither Protestant nor Catholic, it is the way of the Christian.

The middle way removes the problem out of the conditional as well as the indicative mood into the imperative. For faith is ultimately a matter of the will. The faith of Protestantism tends to be too much a matter of the mind. Faith belongs not only to the realm of the mind, but also to that of the intuitive faculties, and not merely to these, but essentially and finally to the realm of the will. Only in the imperative mood can we achieve faith in Christianity, or even in God's or our own existence.

For in the last analysis these cannot be matters of intellectual certainty. The layman groping in the philosophers' world encounters the truism that nothing can be asserted without risk of refutation, save that states of consciousness exist. That their existence proves one's own does not follow; *cogito, ergo sum* is a valorous defiance of reason and all its works. The further deduction that one of these states of consciousness is the consciousness of an actually existing God is equally unfounded. Such an assertion is separated from the one 'knowable' fact by countless assumptions which no conceivable logic can certify as true.

But life is larger than reason. *Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connait pas.* (The heart has its reasons which the reason does not know.) Need we be paralyzed into inaction by the limitations of mind? Every movement, every action, declares the contrary. For our wills set us free to live, to act, to be.

One need know nothing of philosophy to feel that the will is the ultimate essence of personality. We seem to achieve reality through action, to be real in the degree in which we function. Not what we think, not what we feel, but what we do — that we are, that is our reality. Our wills are our true selves. There is much to recommend the conviction that the immortality in which humanity loves to believe is a persistence of our wills rather than of our minds, or our feelings, or our bodies, a persistence of the volitional aspect of our personalities. Our wills are our capacity to exist and to persist. Their activity is the only reality we can achieve in time or eternity.

Our minds, on the other hand, are our mortal enemies. Reason is a corrosion eating our vitality like rust. Its essence is of death. Admittedly, in its superficial activity it is benevolent, for the will of the normal man imposes limitations on its corrosion and yokes it usefully with the instinctive faculties. Without its help none but the most primitive faith might be possible. For

when the weight of its influence is thrown on the side of belief it may prove the deciding factor in the struggle. Likewise with extreme agnosticism; probably the dam of unbelief would never be brimmed, the waters of life never overflow it, but stand stagnant forever, did not the mind channel into it the tributary streams of intellectual despair. Then the demonstrated vanity of the hope of intellectual certainty may prove the very rivulet that swells the standing waters till they roar over the brink.

But when the vanity of this hope has been proven to the average Protestant by his mind, he is prone to close the sluice, to give up. His last word is what Carlyle calls the Everlasting Nay. For he regards his own mind with awe and refuses to check its corrosive activity. But the man who accepts as final the pronouncements of reason on the problems of religious certainty, and solely on that ground abandons himself to agnosticism, falls into graver error than our fundamentalist friends, who at least believe, though they mistake the kind of proofs which faith requires.

For not the mind, but the will, is the ultimate judge of those proofs. The quest of the mind for intellectual truth is but one aspect of the soul's quest for reality. The problem of truth in the largest sense is moral, not intellectual. The relentless corrosion of thought is not in itself a virtuous or useful activity; Teufelsdröckh, Carlyle's gallant Protestant, is slightly melodramatic when he cries, 'Truth, though the heavens crush me for following her!' Confronted by a charge of intellectual insincerity, one is accused not by the mind but by the will. The soul's conscience resides in the will. For our duty is to harmonize all our faculties, — that is, to live effectively, to achieve reality, — and to ignore dissensions among them is to incur moral guilt. The obliquity lies not, however, in defying 'sacred' obligations to the mind. The mind can impose no obligations more sacred than those imposed by other faculties. To set up the supreme court of an 'intellectual conscience' may be heroic, but certainly is mistaken; it is to misconceive the problem of living. That problem requires the resolution of inner strife for the achievement of reality by means of the exercise of will. The will must respect the findings of the mind, not because they are 'sacred,' but because it must harmonize all the faculties.

When we act we demonstrate our conviction that it is possible to act. This conviction is a matter of faith, not of logical proof; the only proof is action. Faith in our own existence is a matter of will. Likewise, faith in the existence of God — the first article of the Creed — and all subsequent articles.

V

Is faith, then, within reach of the will? Can we 'will to believe'? Can a mere act of the human will secure satisfaction for the great primal need of the human spirit?

If so, why does the search continue? What explains the quest for a middle way? Why is there a religious problem at all?

The believer replies in a paradox: faith is at once a matter of willing and of non-willing. Let the mind do its best and its worst, worrying the dry bones of controversy and examining the subjective grounds of beliefs, evaluating experience and instinct; let the spirit respond to all the influences of beauty, truth, and goodness; then let the will set its teeth into that conclusion which best meets the test of general congruity, which best fits in with those presuppositions which are the

scaffolding of personality. In the last analysis, there remains a choice. The whole framework of the Creed rests on the primal claim that Jesus was the son of God; granted this assumption, the rest follows. This primal assumption cannot be proved by the historical method, but only by the witness of the soul which experiences it. And the soul cannot of its own volition experience it. True, the act of will is necessary; but it must be followed — and this is the paradox — by an act of surrendering the will. It is not enough to cry, 'Lord, I believe! Help thou mine unbelief!'

Everyone who has sought faith must have had the experience of reaching at last a sort of paralysis. He weighs in the balance the alternative solutions, to believe or not to believe. Then he concludes that a simple choice must be made; but he is unable to make that choice because he is willing it so strongly! His will has so firm a grasp of the two balances that their equilibrium cannot be disturbed.

'Let go,' cry those who have gone before, 'and let the grace of God tip the scale!'

Such a letting go is impossible to some temperaments; to others, deeply sensitive, it seems a temptation to sin. But fortunate indeed are they who are able to do it without reserve and to throw themselves on the love of God. These *let* themselves experience Jesus as the son of God — and that experience creates a presupposition which tips the balance. By the act of relinquishing their wills they draw very near Jesus' own experience. Not only must they pray, 'Help thou mine unbelief!' but they must relinquish even that prayer and merge all needs and all their being in one act of self-surrender, of will-surrender, 'Not my will, but thine!'

The birth of faith is a supernatural event. Therefore it is incomprehensible to reason and inaccessible to will.

Down the ages seekers have had to learn that only when the will has toilfully raised up its cathedral against the dark sky of doubt, and then laid the uttermost oblation — itself — on the cold altar, does God light the fire there.

VI

Belief in the essential Christian dogmas resolves itself, then, into a simple question: 'Shall I, or shall I not, let God give me the gift of faith?' And into one other question: 'Will He?'

Admittedly the whole problem is so fraught with difficulty that the modern man often asks himself if the prize is worth the struggle. The solution, if attained at all, must inevitably for a long initiatory period require the maintenance of a delicate equilibrium in one's spiritual life. One may well be daunted by the demands it makes on time alone; in the rush of life it is easy to let solutions go by default. For example, the difficulties raised by the irreconcilability of the evolutionary conception of truth and the traditional view of 'the faith once delivered to the saints' seem insuperable, unless one submits to a sort of tension between the ideas of immanence and transcendence; God came down from Heaven and was made man, yes, but man is also growing up toward Heaven, aided by the man who died on the cross for him. Each conception supplements the other. But such a tension is not a source of peace.

However, if the intellectual difficulties are forever a thorn in the side of the believing Christian, the spiritual difficulty seems a far more troublesome thorn in the seeker's side. Teufelsdröckh may not admit that the Christian has the better of the argument, nor does the latter claim to have; but he

does know that the Christian has the better of the facts — especially those Christians whom Professor Lake calls 'institutionalists,' who desire to remain in a Church whose sacraments and traditions are priceless to them, but who feel the intellectual difficulties too poignantly to remain on the old terms.

Another objection to a Christianity phrased in the imperative mood is the universal human hunger for *certainty;* we crave the indicative mood. We seek a more comfortable good than faith. Who better than the embattled believer knows the terrible pang of wistfulness for certainty, for some shred of proof that Jesus was what faith hopes he was? Millions of souls hungering for this certainty have pilgrimaged to the shrines of Christendom, longing to recreate for themselves the reality, the homely human reality, of the infinitely (and perhaps to be eternally) mysterious events of that young Syrian's life and death. The great chalice of Antioch with its antique portraits overwhelms the devout heart with the thought that these may be real portraits, that perhaps the young Syrian did look like this. The thought is insupportable. Not because it would alter the content of our faith, but because any new shred of evidence would bring God so near man that we should have to do something about Christianity at last. Ah, that would be a day of wrath!

There remains the worst enemy of faith, the doubt in the believer's own heart. Sometimes he feels that the solution of the middle way, the postulation of faith in the imperative mood, belittles the reason by its undeniable *reductio ad hominem.* Even after conversion, the intellectual difficulties of faith are forever a thorn in his side. The Church is a hard mistress. Often he wonders how he could possibly have arrived at this middle way! On the plane of ordinary healthy living, where a reasonable degree of adjustment to life obtains, where problems lose their urgency, perhaps he does not feel the need of a spiritual attitude so alien to the prevailing temper of 'healthy-mindedness'; but on the plane of spiritual need, where the starker realities of sin and loss loom before the solitary soul, that soul knows full well that the thing which meets its need *is* a fact, its need *has* been met, it *has* been saved, and the believer trusts his God to help him surmount the rational difficulties raised by that fact.

The middle way for Christianity does lead to a *reductio ad hominem.* But it is savingly *ad Hominem!*

SOCRATES UP TO DATE

A Dialogue Regarding Cause and Effect

BY IRVIN H. MYERS

SOCRATES. What caused that unearthly screeching I heard all night long?

CRITO. It was Phædo's street sign just below your bedroom.

S. That cannot be, for the sign is there now, overhanging the street, but I do not hear the annoying sound.

C. The reason you heard it last night and do not hear it now is that during the night it was swaying in the wind, but this morning it is motionless.

S. Then it was not the sign, but its motion, that was the cause of the offending noise.

C. Well, if you have to be so precise about it, let us say that the swinging or motion of the sign was the cause of the noise. The next time I see Phædo I shall tell him I consider it an imposition to annoy the neighborhood with his creaking sign, when by dropping a little oil on the rod supporting it the sound would be done away with.

S. How could the drops of oil stop the sign from swinging in the wind?

C. The oil would not stop it; it would cause it to swing more freely by reason of the lubrication.

S. But I thought, to correct your first statement, you said it was the swinging or moving of the sign that caused the noise?

C. To be exact about it, I must beg leave again to amend my explanation of the cause. It was the friction produced by the moving parts of the sign and supporting rod that caused the sound. To save you the trouble of asking another question, I will explain more fully, in anticipation, that the friction so produced causes minute rapid undulating movements of the supporting rod, which movements set in motion the surrounding atmosphere in the form of waves, which waves, beating against your tympanum, or eardrum, produce the sound.

S. I hope I understand you now. If my eardrums were removed, there would be no sound.

C. In such case you would not hear the sound, but of course there would be sound, nevertheless, which would be heard by others.

S. Suppose my eardrums were skillfully removed, and I held them on the palm of my hand; the waves beating against them would produce the sound to be heard by others?

C. No, not that. To have anything to do with the sound the drums must be intact and functioning properly as auditory organs of the body.

S. Then the cause of the sound is really the activity of the auditory nerves operating on what is indefinitely known as the sensorium of the brain, or whatever it is that gives me the sense of hearing?

C. Exactly.

S. In the last analysis, therefore, the sensorium is the cause of the sound, for if it were removed or paralyzed

there would be no sound, limiting the argument to my experience only?

C. No; the sensorium is not a cause. It is the name given that part of your being or physical organization that hears. Whatever happens with respect to it — giving you the sensation of sound, for instance — is purely an effect.

S. I see. May we be sure that the activity of the auditory nerves is not an effect rather than a cause?

C. Certainly it is a cause, for this activity produces the effect in the sensorium known to us as sound.

S. Now I am confused again. Is sound something that we hear?

C. Why, of course.

S. Then it must be something distant and apart from ourselves and our hearing, for how otherwise could we hear it?

C. Well, it might seem that way. But are n't the sound and the hearing the same thing? We cannot hear anything but sound.

S. Would you say that light and seeing are the same thing, or would you say that light is a distinct phenomenon by means of which we see various things?

C. Light is a means of vision, of course, but when we look at a thing all we see is the light bouncing off the surface.

S. Your conclusion is that light is simply a sensation?

C. I so conclude.

S. What produces the change on the sensitized camera film when a picture is taken?

C. The light.

S. Was anyone, or the camera, conscious of the light while this change was taking place?

C. I suppose not.

S. Then light must exist independently of our sensation of it?

C. It would seem so.

S. What produces the indentations on the phonograph recording plate or cylinder when talked into?

C. The undulating waves of atmosphere beating against the diaphragm holding the recording needle.

S. Those undulating waves of atmosphere beating against the diaphragm holding the recording needle are commonly known as sound, are they not? It is the sound that is recorded?

C. What is heard is sound, but the vibrating of the recording needle makes the record; the vibrations are what are recorded.

S. Yes, and when this same vibrating is reproduced by the movement of the record you hear the sound, do you not?

C. What we hear is sound, but the vibrations are a mechanical phenomenon. I want to retract my admission that light exists independently of sensation. The change on the sensitized film is the result of vibrations of the same mechanical nature as sound, but finer and more rapid.

S. Then if all living things became deaf and blind, there would be no such thing as sound or light?

C. That would be about it.

S. You just said that all we know about a thing through vision is the light reflected from it.

C. Yes, and that is a fact.

S. Do we know anything except through vision, hearing, smelling, tasting, or touching?

C. No.

S. If these five senses were destroyed, all material objective things would cease to exist, would they not?

C. We should cease to have any sensation of them, but they would still exist.

S. How would you know they existed?

C. Probably I should n't know it, but they would exist just the same.

S. How can you say a thing exists if you do not know it?

C. I don't know.

S. This brings us to the idealist's theory that nothing exists except our conception or impression of it, and a step further to the conclusion that with the conception gone everything would cease to exist.

C. What has all this to do with sound and its cause?

S. You objected to sound being considered as something distant and apart from ourselves, and asserted that sound and hearing are the same thing, which would make sound purely subjective. Following this line of reasoning, we have now made all things subjective, — that is, merely impressions of the senses, — so that nothing is left to be objective or distinct from our sensations. In other words, not only are sound and hearing the same thing, but every object and our sense of it are the same thing, thus wiping them all, sound and objects, out of existence, or forcing us to admit that, if sound is something we hear, it must be something distant and apart from ourselves, just as material objects are.

C. I never could understand the idealist's theory.

S. Nor anyone else. To accept it requires simply to believe it, and it can be accepted on no other basis; and the same may be said of the materialist's theory. It is impossible for the idealist to convince the materialist, and as impossible for the materialist to refute the idealist's theory, because they cannot work with each other's tools of thought; they have no common ground to stand on. We must arbitrarily take one side or the other and stick to it.

C. Well, I prefer to think that objects exist whether I see them or not, because many things that people saw a thousand years ago but do not see now I see, so they exist; likewise when I have ceased to live, and therefore to see, others living after me will see them, though I do not.

S. Then we had better consider sound the name of that particular vibratory phenomenon which is known to us through hearing?

C. Yes.

S. Now are we to consider the activity of the auditory nerves an effect?

C. No; it causes the effect in the sensorium.

S. What does the vibration in the eardrum do?

C. It must be that it generates the auditory-nerve activity. I see your point. Yes, the nerve activity would be an effect, looking at it that way.

S. Would not the vibration in the eardrum be the effect of the waves of atmosphere you referred to?

C. Yes, that is so, too.

S. And these waves are the effect of the friction on the supporting rod of the sign?

C. Yes.

S. Likewise the friction is an effect of the motion of the sign?

C. Yes. Now I hope we have reached the bottom of it.

S. All these things we have been calling causes are really effects, are they not?

C. Well, they are causes in one sense and effects in another. Each is the cause of the next thing that happens and the effect of what happened just before it. But the sensorium's activity is the final effect, and not a cause, and the motion of the sign is the originating cause, and not an effect.

S. At first you said the cause of the sound was the swaying of the sign in the wind. Was not the wind really the cause and the sign's motion an effect?

C. Yes, I suppose that is right; the wind is really the cause.

S. Meteorologists tell us that low pressure at given points on the earth's

surface causes the surrounding atmosphere to rush toward these points, and that this rushing in is what we observe as the wind. So the wind would be an effect of these low-pressure points and the surrounding higher-pressure areas?

C. Yes.

S. And these low-pressure points are produced by excessive heat, making them effects and heat the cause?

C. Yes, that is what they claim.

S. The heat referred to is generated by the sun. Therefore the sun was the cause of the noise that kept me awake last night?

C. Yes — and this is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

S. Come to think of it, by sun we mean that heavenly body composed of chemical elements in a superintense state of agitation; so, after all, this activity of the elements in the sun was the cause?

C. No. It was the law of molecular energy or whatever causes the elements to become active. What next?

S. I hope I am not wearying you with this extended analysis of cause and effect.

C. Not at all. But if I had it to do over again I should grease the sign before you went to bed.

S. That reminds me that we overlooked the real cause of the noise. Was it not the failure of Phædo to oil the bearings of the sign, as you suggest?

C. As much as anything else.

S. And his want of thoughtfulness for the comfort of others was the cause of his failure to oil the sign?

C. Certainly.

S. Probably his great concern in other matters preoccupying his mind was the cause of this thoughtlessness?

C. Yes, and his self-interest involved in these other matters caused his mind to be preoccupied, and self-interest is caused by heredity or some universal law of living things.

S. Very good. It would seem from our experience in trying to analyze cause and effect that searching for an ultimate exclusive controlling cause is futile. Probably we should have taken your first explanation, namely, the sign itself, as the cause, it being the prominent thing and most closely connected with the sound in question. Strictly it was not the cause of anything, but we can make it serve as a sort of symbol to represent those activities most closely connected with the event and preceding it in existence, being the most immediate obvious tangible factor.

C. Yes, but ought we not to find out who made the sign, who or what prompted him to make it, and what moved the person or thing to prompt him?

S. No, we had better not, because there would yet remain uninvestigated what produced the materials out of which it was made, or how the maker learned to construct signs. Cause would seem, after all, to be merely a form of thought, a mental instrumentality for carrying on thought and for accomplishing practical purposes, a purely relative term.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLORADO RIVER

THE JUSTIFICATION OF BOULDER DAM

BY ARTHUR POWELL DAVIS

THE Colorado is one of the largest and most notable drainage basins of the United States. It drains the major portion of the Rocky Mountain region, and has an area of 244,000 square miles. The basin is divided rather sharply by nature into three main regions. The upper or mountain region, which furnishes large precipitation and most of the water for the system, reaches altitudes above 14,000 feet, and lies mainly in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico. These are called the states of the upper basin. Arizona is a state of the lower basin, but also contributes the waters of the Little Colorado, most of the Gila, and some smaller streams. Nevada contributes less water than Arizona, while California contributes still less, but has large areas of land upon which water has been applied and to which rights have accrued.

The mountain regions around the sources of the Colorado merge into a second and more arid region in which the river cuts profound canyons, through which it runs at elevations too low to be diverted on any of the adjacent lands. The river emerges from these canyons where it forms the boundary between California and Arizona, and below this point is the third division, containing wide rich valleys favorable for irrigation, with a very arid and semitropic climate.

Most of the water comes from the upper reaches and, flowing through the canyons, has a fall of thousands of feet, which furnishes opportunity for the development of vast quantities of power. As the tributaries of the river leave the high mountain regions, they are usually clear and limpid; but as the branches unite, and thus concentrate the volume of water, the high velocities induced by the rapid fall in the canyons cause rapid erosion. The river grinds the rocks into gravel, the gravel into sand, and the sand into fine silt, gradually accumulating large quantities of sediment, and, according to estimates, carrying an average of over 100,000 acre feet of mud to the ocean every year. This is discharged into the Gulf of California, which formerly headed a hundred and fifty miles farther north than its present boundary.

The river, flowing for millions of years, loaded with sediment, gradually built a delta across the Gulf at its mouth and cut off the northern end of the Gulf, leaving an inland sea which, in that arid region, gradually evaporated and formed a depressed valley, the bottom of which is about three hundred feet below sea level. This great valley extends from the foot of the mountains north of Indio southward across the Mexican line, and comprises over two million acres, mainly of rich agricultural alluvium, the larger part of which is in Mexico. The

name of 'Imperial Valley,' given to this region, is expressive of its vast extent and fertility.

Irrigation Diversion

Lying between the northern end of this valley and the valley of the Colorado River is a ridge of sand hills several hundred feet above the valley, gradually declining in elevation until it terminates south of the Mexican line. About the year 1900, the Colorado was diverted near the point where it leaves the United States and carried through artificial and natural channels to irrigate the Imperial Valley in California. In reaching this point it passes through about sixty miles of Mexican territory.

The richness of the Imperial Valley has led to rapid development, and there are now nearly 500,000 acres of land under irrigation, devoted largely to winter vegetables and citrous fruits.

The diversion of the river was accomplished with American capital, by a company incorporated in Mexico, and under a concession from the Mexican Government which allows the water to flow through Mexican territory on condition that one half of the amount so flowing shall always be available for use on Mexican lands. This concession from Mexico to a Mexican corporation has no binding effect on the United States.

About 200,000 acres are irrigated from this canal in Mexico, and, under the concession, this is given half the low-water flow of the river. The agricultural development has reached the point where, in the low-water season of the late summer and fall, there is insufficient water in some years for the land under cultivation; and, under the concession, more than half of this is taken in Mexico, leaving the losses to be sustained by the American farmers who have borne all the financial burdens of water diversion and flood protection. The crop losses from this cause have been very heavy. In addition to this, the Mexican authorities frequently hamper the work of repair and flood protection by onerous tax levies and irritating restrictions. These, with the recurring shortages of water, — which will become greater as the Mexican development proceeds, — have produced an acute condition which has halted the development of the Imperial Valley, and threatens the safety of the farms already cultivated.

Flood Menace

A still greater hazard to the Imperial Valley is the persistent growth of the Colorado Delta, by which the river is building up its channel by the deposit of sediment at the rate of one foot of altitude per year. It is flowing on a ridge south and east of the Imperial Valley, and the farmers have provided a long, high levee to prevent its overflow into the valley. As the river is progressively building up its channel, this protection is temporary and precarious.

In 1905 the river broke through the protection works and poured in flood volume into the bottom of the Imperial Valley, known as Salton Sea, and cut deep channels in the alluvium between the Mexican line and the Salton Sea. About 40,000 acres of excellent valley land were thus destroyed, including a large number of farms, numerous houses, and some lives. After nearly two years' effort, this flow was stopped, the river was forced to the southward into the Gulf of California, and levees were built to prevent the recurrence of the menace; but as the river is continually building up its channel with the accumulated sediment, it may, at any flood season,

break over its barriers and again flow into the valley. With the channels already cut, and with the increased elevation of the river, this flow will be nothing less than torrential during flood season, and it will be impossible to stop it until the low-water season, and very difficult then. Two seasons of maximum discharge would flood the valley and destroy 10,000 farms and practically all of the development in the valley. The people would be rendered homeless, and the valley could not be drained, because it is below sea level. The slow process of evaporation would be necessary to restore the valley even after the river had been controlled, and for purposes of the present generation the valley would be annihilated. Unless flood control through storage is provided, this catastrophe is inevitable —the only doubt being when it will occur. Whether it will be five years hence, fifteen years, or twenty-five, it is a constantly growing menace with constantly growing costs for alleviation.

Realizing this situation, President Roosevelt in 1906, in a message to Congress, emphasized the necessity of permanent Colorado River control and development work. During the past twenty years the farmers of the Imperial Valley have annually expended large sums of money building levees and controlling the flow of the river.

In 1920, owing to the acute situation, Congress enacted what is known as the Kincaid Act, authorizing a detailed survey and study of the lower Colorado River, with a view to finding a permanent solution of its flood problem. The study was entrusted to the supervision of the author hereof, who had been conducting investigations of the entire Colorado River basin for over twenty years. These studies, so far as related to the lower Colorado, were collected and digested, and an intensive investigation made of the water and flood problem of the Imperial Valley. The results of these studies were submitted to Congress in 1922, and were published as Senate Document No. 142.

It was recommended that the Government construct a dam about 555 feet high in Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River. This would form a reservoir of 27,600,000 acre feet capacity at the lowest point on the river where such a storage could be secured. It would be large enough practically to control the entire flow of the Colorado River, regulating it for supplying the deficiency of irrigation water in the Imperial Valley and for extending this over large areas of public land adjacent to the present irrigation district.

To avoid recurring conflicts with Mexico and to reach higher lands not commanded by the present canals, it was recommended that the Government construct, entirely within the United States, a canal leading from the Colorado River into the Imperial Valley, to be paid for by the lands benefited.

In addition to the control of the floods and the regulation of the river for irrigation, the dam proposed would furnish the head and regulate the water supply to an extent sufficient to develop about 600,000 continuous horse power of hydroelectric energy. With the growing demand for power in the Southwest, it has been shown that this amount of power would be absorbed within three or four years after its development, and would yield a revenue sufficient to amortize the cost of the dam and power plant within forty or fifty years.

The recommendations of this report are in the main embodied in the

provisions of the Swing-Johnson Bill, recently passed by Congress and approved by President Coolidge on December 21, 1928.

Municipal Water Supply

In addition to the flood menace, the irrigation demand, and the power asset, the Boulder Dam, by regulating the river and settling out the silt, will furnish a supply of water to the municipalities of Southern California, which are rapidly developing an acute need of such a supply. That district has nearly exhausted its local supplies, obtained by storage and by pumping from underground, and these sources have been so depleted by overdraft that this region must seek a new, distant supply or shut down abruptly upon further development.

The cities of Southern California have for years been seeking state authority to combine in a workable district to finance and build a connection with the Colorado River in order to furnish a municipal supply for the future. The necessary authority was obtained at the last session of the State Legislature, and the Metropolitan Water District now has a legal existence, twelve cities having voted by large majorities to join and other cities legally eligible now preparing to join.

The conduit for carrying water to these cities will be a prodigious structure over 260 miles in length, with 50 miles of tunnels, and pumping lifts aggregating about 1300 feet to raise the water to the tunnel through the Coast Range. This aqueduct will create a large demand for power, which will furnish a considerable portion of the market for the Boulder Canyon development, thus assuring its success to that extent. In fact, municipalities of Southern California have agreed to subscribe and become responsible for the purchase at its estimated price of all of the power to be developed at Boulder Canyon beyond that taken by other customers. The responsibility of these municipalities is beyond question and gives convincing assurance of the financial solvency of the undertaking so far as the Boulder Dam is concerned.

Other Dam Sites

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a profound gorge cut in the various formations of the great Kaibab Plateau, and is a continuation of Marble Canyon, which begins at Lee's Ferry, near the Arizona line. These canyons of the Colorado, and the canyons above on the river and its tributaries, contain numerous gorges which furnish favorable dam sites for the development of power; but none of them are capable of economical development to an extent approaching the storage capacity of the Boulder Canyon site as proposed. Moreover, none of them would intercept the entire flow of the river, because numerous tributaries of importance flow in below. Therefore, even if capacity were available, they would not furnish flood control with the completeness that is attainable at Boulder Canyon. This site has been thoroughly investigated by a large number of borings and careful geological investigations, supervised by eminent engineers and geologists of long experience employed for their special qualifications in these lines. No competent expert who has examined this site has any criticism to make of the physical conditions for the construction of such a dam and the provision of such a reservoir. That it will thoroughly control the floods of the river and efficiently regulate its flow for the development of power and later use for irrigation is undisputed. Nevertheless, certain objections have been advanced.

Objections Advanced

It has been argued by the opponents of Boulder Canyon Reservoir that 600,000 horse power, if developed, could not be absorbed by the available market for power for many years, and that in the meantime the interest charges would accumulate to such an extent as to make the development a failure. Finally, the matter was referred to Mr. Lester S. Ready, for many years Chief Engineer of the California Railroad Commission, and Mr. H. G. Butler, an eminent expert on power markets; and these two competent authorities, after a thorough examination of the subject, proved that if the Boulder Canyon power were immediately provided it would be absorbed within three or four years after it was produced. This estimate was confirmed after full investigation by the consulting board appointed for the purpose by the Secretary of the Interior.

Notwithstanding this authoritative finding, the opponents are still expressing doubts as to the wisdom of so large a development and repeating their former recommendations that the river should be developed by a series of small dams.

As represented by actual schemes of construction submitted, dams have been proposed of heights, respectively, of 158, 163, 194, 209, 223, and 225 feet, in portions of the canyon where much larger development would be far more economical.

In general, the power developed by means of a low dam in the Colorado Canyon is far more expensive per unit than the power produced by a high dam. In either case, the floods of the river must be controlled to permit the excavation of foundations, which are everywhere deep. These control works cost as much for a low as for a high dam. The same is true of the railroad that must be built to convey the machinery and materials to the site, which, in any case, is a heavy expense. This is also true of the great construction plant. The cost for a low dam would thus be relatively much higher per unit of power developed, on account of these major costs being about the same for both.

The production of power by a low dam would be less in proportion to the height of the dam, owing to the better regulating effect of the water by the wider pond produced by the high dam, and the fact that each reservoir must be provided with a margin for the rise and fall of floods without interfering with the next development above.

Careful estimates of cost, based upon extensive detailed surveys at the Boulder Canyon site, show that a dam 555 feet high, as proposed, will develop power nearly 30 per cent cheaper per unit than a dam fifty feet lower. A still lower dam would be similarly more expensive per unit of power produced, and in varying degrees the same principle applies to the development of any power site in the canyon region within the limits of feasible construction. To develop the river by a series of low dams, as proposed by the opponents of Boulder Canyon, would be fatal to cheap power. Under such a plan, power development on the Colorado River would be no longer a menace to investments in future power sites in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, for it would make the cost of Boulder Canyon power about as high as that produced in the Sierras, and it is such development as this that might be expected if it were turned over to private exploitation. This would largely destroy the great natural asset which the nation owns in the power possibilities of the canyons of the Colorado.

Cost of Power

It is being asserted that recent improvements in steam-turbine and other generating machinery have so reduced the cost of steam power when generated by large units as to make it lower than the estimated cost of hydroelectric power produced by the proposed Boulder Canyon Dam. These claims have been urged partly on the ground of low fuel costs in Southern California, where oil is abundant. Recent investigations, however, have disproved these claims.

In the *Electrical World* for October 27, 1928, are given the results of detailed investigations into sixteen of the largest modern steam plants in the country. The table printed below, condensed from the *Electrical World*, shows the total cost per kilowatt hour of power generated in each of these sixteen stations, from which it will be seen that the average cost in practice is 0.853 cents per kilowatt hour — which is nearly double the cost of delivering the electric current from Boulder Canyon Dam to the cities of Southwestern California.

Even the lowest of the costs shown in the table is substantially higher than the cost of Boulder Canyon power. The first plant in the list is the one that would be most directly in competition with Boulder Canyon power, and shows a cost nearly three times as great as the estimated cost of that power delivered to the same metropolis.

The result of the development of Boulder Canyon would be much cheaper power and the employment of existing steam-power stations for stand-by purposes and for meeting future growth. For these purposes, of course, the result would be to supersede the more wasteful of steam-power stations and preserve the cheapest and best.

The vast fuel saving which the Boulder Canyon Dam would effect is one of its major virtues, and would substantially postpone the time, now

SUMMARY OF COST DATA ON REPRESENTATIVE POWER STATIONS

Capacity Kva.	No. of Generators	Dollars Per Kva.			Cts. Per Kw. Hr.		
		Station	*Building*	*Equipment*	*Fixed Charge*	*Total Production*	*Total*
100,000+	3	100	27	71	0.89	0.38	1.27
50,000−	1	128	25	71	0.366	0.382	0.748
100,000−	2	85	..	..	0.146	0.366	0.512
100,000−	2	142	39	101	0.476	0.275	0.751
100,000+	3	132	21	71	0.424	0.227	0.651
100,000−	2	130	38	90	0.592	0.421	1.013
250,000+	4	127	52	71	0.436	0.478	0.914
200,000+	5	121	..	..	0.613	0.343	0.956
300,000+	5	81	21	55	0.431	0.319	0.750
100,000+	2	115	43	70	0.458	0.216	0.674
50,000−	1	106.50	26	63	0.576	0.35	0.926
50,000−	2	...	..	..	.....	0.417	.....
100,000−	2	81	19	46	0.341	0.337	0.678
50,000+	2	110	22	53	0.52	0.37	0.89
100,000−	3	112	30	80	0.768	0.546	1.314
100,000+	2	144	56	59	0.442	0.310	0.752

Average cost per kw. hr. (cents) 0.853

rapidly approaching, when our oil resources will be exhausted.

Evaporation

One criticism of the Boulder Canyon plan is that a high dam would produce so large a lake that the losses by evaporation would be excessive; that the reduction of the floods to a maximum of 40,000 cubic feet per second, as proposed, is not necessary, but that a reduction to 80,000 would answer. A fair summary of the argument is that it is unwise to store this water because the reservoir would lose part of it by evaporation, and that it is better to allow the floods to continue to flow to the sea unused, and to fight them on the way by means of high levees and other expensive and perilous provisions.

The same authority, criticizing evaporation from Boulder Canyon reservoir, proposes to substitute for it a reservoir in Mohave Canyon, which would have a much larger water surface and entail about 75 per cent more evaporation in proportion to the water stored. It would also submerge the city of Needles, a large railroad hotel, roundhouse, machine shops, large icing plants, twenty-four miles of yard track, and twenty miles of double-track main line, and the length of the transcontinental railroad would be increased by about three miles. It would require the reconstruction of a similar length of the Santa Fe Trail Highway, and of two great bridges over the Colorado River. It would also submerge over 30,000 acres of excellent land in the Mohave Valley, susceptible of easy irrigation after the river is controlled, which could not be replaced. It is true that other areas could be irrigated with the same water, but these other areas could be reached only by very expensive canals, long tunnels and high pumping lifts, which would cost from two to three hundred dollars per acre for construction, and incur prohibitive prices for operation and maintenance. Such enterprises are not feasible now, and may never be, and while it is wise not to prejudice their future possibilities, still the argument that they justify the destruction of rich bottom land along the river is untenable and destructive of natural resources.

The dam in Mohave Canyon that would entail all of this destruction would produce very little power, because of lack of head. It would be the most expensive power site in the Colorado Canyon that is seriously proposed by anybody, involving more than double the cost per horse power of the proposed development in Boulder Canyon, aside from its enormous evaporation losses. Its construction would be a signal victory for anyone opposed to the development of cheap power on the Colorado.

The Silt Problem

The Colorado River, in its natural state, is normally a muddy stream, as indicated by its name. It carries to the sea an enormous amount of finely divided, almost impalpable silt, except when this is diverted with the water for irrigation.

The quantity of silt is so excessive as to be an intolerable nuisance in the irrigation canals. As the water is diverted into smaller and smaller channels to carry it to the point of use, its velocity is checked at various points, and it deposits portions of its sediment in the canals and laterals, which necessitates frequent cleaning of the same. It is estimated that the Imperial District expends more than a million dollars per annum in cleaning out of the canals the surplus silt which the water deposits

therein. In addition, the farmers themselves spend two dollars per acre, or a million dollars per year, in cleaning laterals and farm ditches. This silt, accumulating on the banks, is building them higher and higher, and the difficulty of silt removal is steadily increasing.

The Boulder Dam will intercept all of the waters that flow in the river at the reservoir site, and the sediment will settle therein. Thus only clear water will be drawn through the water wheels and pass on down the canyon. The desilting process is a great benefit to irrigation and is absolutely indispensable for the domestic supply, so that this is one of the major benefits promised by the Boulder Canyon reservoir.

Silt Accumulations

The large quantity of the sediment carried by the Colorado River naturally raises the question whether or not the reservoir will fill with sediment too soon to justify its construction.

The estimated amount of sediment passing the Boulder Canyon Dam site averages about 100,000 acre feet per annum. The capacity of the proposed reservoir is about 27,000,000 acre feet. Therefore, if all the sediment were deposited in the reservoir and none of it taken out, it would require 270 years in which to fill, and the dam would still remain a good power site, provided the river were regulated above by other reservoirs.

In order to secure the necessary head for development of power, the lower portion of the reservoir will be held permanently filled with water to about one third the capacity of the whole. This lower part is available for the storage of sediment without any depletion of the storage capacity available for irrigation and for flood control. It would require nearly one hundred years to fill this portion of the reservoir, and until that is done there would be no impairment whatever of the functions of the reservoir by sediment.

Long before the hundred years have elapsed, other dams for the development of power and other purposes will be constructed farther up the river, which will intercept all of the sediment that now passes those points, and the quantity reaching Boulder Canyon will be diminished by this amount. In all probability these developments will proceed to a fair degree of completion within the next forty or fifty years, and it will, in fact, be many centuries before the lower third of the Boulder Canyon Reservoir is filled with sediment. If desirable, this sediment can be removed by hydraulic processes by means of the power to be developed either at Boulder Canyon or at points above, and the life of the reservoir thus indefinitely prolonged without interfering with its functions in any degree.

Salt Deposits

One objection heard is the allegation that the Boulder Canyon Reservoir would be rendered unfit for irrigation or domestic use by reason of salt deposits that occur therein. This question was thoroughly investigated by an eminent geologist of the United States Geological Survey, who reported that the quantity of salt, as compared with the volume of water, was negligible, and that in any event a brief period of solution would so undermine the overlying earth that it would cave in and cover up the deposits before any injurious amount could be dissolved.

All competent experts who have examined this subject are agreed with Professor Ransom in the above conclusions, and their opinions have been

duly published and made available to the public.

Glen Canyon Project

The Boulder Canyon development has been antagonized by a proposition to build a large reservoir in Glen Canyon in the northeastern part of Arizona, nearly twice as far from the markets and much more expensive in construction. Estimates of relative costs show that the development of power in Glen Canyon would be nearly twice as expensive per unit as in Boulder Canyon, and the cost of transmission to points of use would be over twice as great. The power would be much less reliable, owing to the enormous length of transmission line through country remote from construction and maintenance facilities.

The Glen Canyon reservoir would not solve the flood-control problem, because it would leave uncontrolled about 50,000 square miles of mountainous drainage between Glen Canyon and Boulder Canyon, which would cause the flood menace to be very dangerous.

Furthermore, a high dam in Glen Canyon is of doubtful feasibility, owing to the very soft and friable condition of the rock, which resembles that which failed to support the St. Francis Dam in Southern California. It is in sharp contrast to the hard, tough rock which forms the base and abutments of the proposed Boulder Canyon Dam.

Benefit to Upper Basin

The states of California, Arizona, and Nevada would benefit enormously by production of a large quantity of cheap power, which would stimulate the mining and industrial development of these regions. California and Arizona would also benefit greatly by the regulation of the floods, which would render the water available for irrigating the large valleys in those states. There is also a very great and indirect benefit which this storage would confer upon the states of the upper basin. Here there are large areas of irrigated lands, some of which have been placed under irrigation since the Imperial Valley was reclaimed and are junior thereto in the appropriation of water. Under the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, in times of shortage the Imperial Valley, having a prior appropriation, has the legal right to compel the closure of the head gates to the canals in the upper basin in order that the water may flow down to the senior appropriator, the Imperial Valley. These shortages are annually growing more extensive and acute, and the situation furnishes a formidable barrier to any further development of irrigation in the upper basin. Indeed, many of the projects already developed are seriously menaced as to their water rights, and this includes two projects in Colorado and one in Utah already put into operation by the United States Government, which would be deprived of water at times if the rights of the Imperial Valley were strictly enforced.

If a large reservoir were built at Boulder Canyon, the people of the Imperial Valley and the lower Colorado valleys in general would depend upon this reservoir for their supply, and would waive all rights to the natural flow of the streams above and release this for development and use in the states of the upper basin. The Imperial Irrigation District has already offered to make this exchange.

Interstate Compact

If the large enterprise such as proposed at Boulder Canyon were carried

out, the appropriation of water for its development would, under normal operations of law, require the waters in future to run past this point, as at present, for the use of the development there, and thus the future diversion of water in the upper basin would be forestalled unless this right were waived.

To meet this situation, immediately after the proposal by the author of the Boulder Canyon enterprise a movement was started to secure an agreement among the seven states within the Colorado River basin concerning the division of water, and a compact was signed by representatives of all of those states and of the United States, forming the Colorado River Commission, headed by President-Elect Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and representative of the United States upon the Colorado River Commission. This compact provided for the division of water between the two main regions into which this river system is divided — the upper states, composed of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, where most of the waters rise; and the lower division, consisting of Nevada, California, and Arizona. This compact provides in a general way for the equal division of the water at Lee's Ferry, near where the river leaves the upper states and enters the lower states, and gives the lower states, in addition to one half of the waters of the main stream, all of the yield of its tributaries below that point. It virtually leaves the upper states untrammeled in their development, both for power and for irrigation, and leaves the lower states an abundance of water for the development of power and of the irrigable lands adjacent to the river, and also for municipal supplies.

The recent legislation provides that at least six of the seven states shall ratify this compact before the legislation becomes operative. It also provides that the executive officer of the United States must secure firm contracts for the purchase of sufficient power to ensure the financial solvency of the project before the money is spent. Thus the financial end is carefully guarded, and safeguards against injustice to any portion of the basin are furnished by the recent legislation, which removes any valid objections that might be raised on these points.

PASSPORTS — FOR REVENUE ONLY

BY JOHN HANNA

I

When John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, with a record as a tourist that would be considered exceptional even to-day, he gave a fellow citizen who wanted to travel a passport and his commendation, both free. The following is a passport of the time of the Monroe Doctrine: —

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

The Bearer hereof Luther Bradish, Esq., being about to visit different foreign countries with a view of gratifying a commendable curiosity, and of obtaining useful information, These are therefore, in a special manner, to request all whom it may concern, particularly all foreign States, Powers, or Potentates, and their officers, to permit the said Luther Bradish to pass freely without molestation, in going, staying, or returning, and to give him all friendly aid and protection, as these United States would do in like cases.

In faith, etc.,

Done, etc., 15th day of April, 1820.

(*Signed*) John Quincy Adams
Secretary of State

When Mr. Bradish's great-grandson, having obtained his bachelor of arts degree and having received from his aunt a gift large enough to cover an all-expense tourist-third foreign tour, wishes to gratify his commendable curiosity and obtain useful information by visiting Westminster Abbey, Montmartre, and the Roman Forum, he will not find the Secretary of State so sympathetic. His own government will demand $10.00 for a simple statement of his identity. When he has this document he must pay $10.00 each to the British, French, and Italian governments. For this outlay, which is about one tenth the cost of his trip and which will contribute nothing at all to the broadening of his personality, he receives an American passport good for two years, British and Italian visas valid for one year, and a French visa good for two months.

If Mr. Bradish were a German he could obtain a passport valid for two years for $1.20 and could renew it annually for three years more at a yearly cost of 72 cents. His British, French, and Italian visas would cost $2.00 each, unless he could qualify as an indigent person, in which case he could get an Italian visa for 40 cents. If he were a British citizen his passport would cost $1.80 and would be valid five years. It could then be renewed annually for another five years at a cost of 24 cents a year. If he were a Canadian his passport would cost $5.00, but it would be good for five years and could be renewed for a second five years for $2.00. As a French citizen his passport would cost $1.40, and as an Italian $2.00. Each would be valid a year. As an American his minimum passport expense to visit the principal Allied and Associated Powers is $40.00. As a German he could visit his former enemies for a passport cost of less than $8.00. If the young Mr. Bradish were going to Oxford on a

Rhodes scholarship, and if he fulfilled the Oxford expectations in the matter of travel, his passport and visa fees for three years would aggregate about $150.00. One of the writer's friends, who returned to America in 1925, spent $230.00 on passports and visas during his three years as a Rhodes scholar. If the German scholarships were reëstablished at Oxford, a German Rhodes scholar could accompany his American associate on all his European travels with a passport allowance of about $25.00.

Passports were issued gratis by the State Department until 1856, when a charge of $1.00 was imposed for passports issued abroad. In 1888, after a charge of $5.00 during part of the Civil War and most of the currency-inflation period that followed, the regular charge for all passports was made $1.00. An application fee of $1.00 was added in 1917. These figures stood until 1920, when there was an increase to $10.00, of which $1.00 is for the application and $9.00 for the passport. Since 1926, the Secretary of State, in his discretion, may extend the ordinary two-year passport for two additional years to bona fide teachers without extra cost. If a passport application is filed through the clerk of a state court, as permitted in some localities, the state may retain the application fee. Nearly all applications come through Federal channels. The visa fee is the same as the passport fee. The high American charges are directly and solely responsible for the visa fees Americans have to pay to the British, French, Italian, and several other governments. A reduction of the American visa charges to $2.00 would automatically reduce practically all of the high foreign visa charges to the same sum. Congress in 1925 authorized the President to reduce visa fees or abolish them altogether in case of non-immigrants whose own countries would make reciprocal arrangements with the United States. No such reciprocal agreements have yet been announced.

II

The State Department issues about 200,000 American passports a year. This gives the government an annual revenue of approximately $2,000,000, or one third more than the total annual appropriation for the State Department. The appropriation for the Passport Bureau is $63,000. If the cost of a passport is meant to reimburse the government for its expense in giving to its traveling citizens an identification document, the price is extortionate.

If the passport charge is a revenue measure, — and such a purpose is universally condemned by the best international opinion, — it is grossly unfair, because it must be paid largely by a scattered, uninfluential group, mostly composed of persons upon whom the tax is an unconscionable burden. It is scarcely going too far to call it a tax on education. No good reason has ever been submitted in support of a policy that compels traveling college students and schoolteachers to pay the whole upkeep of our ministry of foreign affairs. When the passport and visa fees were raised to $10.00 in 1920 it seemed to be jocosely assumed in Congress that most travelers were going to Cuba and could easily afford $10.00 additional expense for a passport. Neither passport nor visa is now required for a Cuban trip. Another legislative assumption was that the diplomatic and consular service was for the benefit of traveling Americans and that they should help pay for it. Congress now appropriates $500,000 a year for the

immigration work of our foreign representatives. This sum is covered about three times by the immigration fees alone. The affairs of traveling Americans and aliens intending to visit the United States occupy only a small fraction of the total energies of our diplomatic and consular representatives. The passport and visa fees, other than fees for immigration visas, could be greatly reduced and still amply compensate the government for all service rendered. It would be far more appropriate than the present system if a large part of the cost of our foreign service were assessed against American exporters. Needless to say, no such proposal would be considered for an instant.

Passport control in both Europe and the United States is a product of the war. The passport is a modern institution. It was practically unknown in ancient and mediæval times. In the ancient world the stranger was, by definition, an enemy. Roman imperial couriers had a sort of safe-conduct which entitled them to the use of public horses. Similar papers were sometimes given to court favorites as a mark of particular favor. Germany in the fifteenth century developed a kind of passport as a device for dealing with the hordes of beggars and vagabonds that swept the country after the religious wars. Louis XIV of France required travelers on the main post roads to be provided with passports. This exaction was largely for fiscal purposes, although the *passeport des artisans* was required more especially to prevent the departure of craftsmen who might teach trade secrets to foreign competitors. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic era were periods of passport strictness, but the comparative peace that followed saw a gradual discontinuance of passport use on the Continent. The commercial convenience that was responsible for the origin of passports had practically caused their disappearance, except in Russia, by 1914. Writers on international affairs confidently stated that no civilized state could maintain a passport system. Passports could be obtained in each country, but their use was optional. There was practically no frontier passport control.

The war revived passport laws long since forgotten, and produced a new brood of statutes and regulations. The basis of the French regulations was an old law of 1792. In the United States the legal warrant for controlling the conduct of alien enemies was found in the Alien Act of 1798. War restrictions have been modified slowly, although nothing approaching the freedom of international intercourse prevailing in 1914 has yet been attained. Two passport conferences have been held under the auspices of the League of Nations, one in 1920 in Paris, the other in Geneva in 1926. Delegates representing thirty-eight states attended the 1926 conference. The United States was not even unofficially represented. The 1926 conference favored the continuance of passport requirements, but was inclined to work for the abolition of the visa. It was pointed out that pending the discovery of a different kind of document a passport is one of the most useful papers a traveler can have. It enables him to claim the protection of his diplomatic and consular representatives if he gets into any difficulty, and is immediate evidence of his identity if he wishes to receive money, sign documents, or obtain registered mail. A passport makes it easy for a traveler to have access to his own country without delay and without formalities. If there were no passports some other identification document would have to be devised.

Arguments as to the convenience of

passports do not have complete relevance to the system of compulsory passports now in vogue, and have little or no bearing upon the system of compulsory visas. The visa requirement is generally useless and vexatious. The strict application of any passport system in time of peace is exceedingly difficult. Even in war time the control is far from perfect. Unscrupulous persons can always find places easy of access. There can be real control only at the principal ports of entry. Desirable visitors enter at these places, others elsewhere. The protection that passport control offers to the frontiers is nothing. European countries are rapidly eliminating the visa requirement on a reciprocal basis. France requires no visas from the nationals of twenty-seven countries, Great Britain none from the nationals of eleven, and Italy none from those of seventeen. Similar arrangements are common and are being rapidly extended.

American visa requirements are tied up with our new immigration policy. Passport visas and immigration visas are distinct, and it would be entirely possible under reciprocal arrangements by treaty or otherwise to abolish passport visas without relaxing the control over the entry of immigrants. The resulting convenience to a half-million American travelers each year would be a powerful argument in favor of such a policy. Nevertheless it is so easy to misrepresent the purpose and the effect of such a proposal that it would have little chance of approval. There is no good reason, however, why the American passport fee should not be immediately reduced to $2.00 with a visa charge at least as low. The passport should be valid for five years. Great Britain, the British Dominions, and several other nations have adopted the five-year principle, and representatives of other countries announced at the League of Nations Conference of 1926 that the example will be extended.

III

The League of Nations Conference of 1926 recommended the adoption of an internationally recognized identity document for persons without nationality. No nation is under greater obligation to participate in the development of such a document than the United States, which has had such a large responsibility for creating persons without nationality. Under the law of most nations an alien woman takes the nationality of her husband. This rule, essentially international in its application, was changed independently by the United States in 1922. Since then if an alien woman marries an American the law of this country does not give her the status of a citizen, although in nearly all cases she loses her prior citizenship irrespective of her wishes.

This means that she can obtain a passport neither from the United States nor from her own country. If she wishes to go to Europe with her husband she must first obtain from the Labor Department a permit to return. This is good for a year and costs $3.00. Although the permit contains the significant facts about the applicant and her status, no foreign consul will grant a visa on it. She must also execute an affidavit setting out her name, residence, date and place of birth, inability to obtain a passport, personal description with photograph, and statement of the object of her visit. If she executes the affidavit before an officer of the State Department, he may charge $2.00. If she executes it before a notary, he may charge whatever he thinks the victim will pay. This document may or may not be visaed by the consular officer of

the country to be visited. One consul may affix his visa stamp, while the consul of the next country may suggest a trifling amendment in the affidavit which will require it to be reëxecuted, perhaps by a notary recommended by someone in the consul's office. The visa charge is always made on the assumption that the affiant is an American, whatever her own claims or actual loyalties.

Even Switzerland, generally indifferent in passport matters, requires visas from persons of no nationality. If a German or an American goes to Switzerland, neither requires a visa, but if a German girl, married to an American, appears with him at the Swiss border without a Swiss visa on her identification affidavit, he will be admitted and she will be turned back. (It is true that if she is attractive, and if her husband will view the matter in a practical way, she will likely obtain an eight-day police permit. After that she can go anywhere in Switzerland. Since she needs no departure paper, this really means that she can stay as long as she likes.) This is not the end of the discrimination against her, however, for upon her return to the United States, notwithstanding her permit to return, she must pay a head tax of $8.00, irrespective of her length of residence in the United States, the status of her husband, or the number of her previous entries. It is not clear whether the Congressional purpose is to encourage Americans to go abroad without foreign-born wives or whether it is to advise citizens to take their foreign-born wives abroad and abandon them. American girls should be encouraged by the knowledge that there is not only a tariff on foreign brides, but also a recurring tax on peripatetic foreign-born wives.

The survival of the excessive American passport charges so long after the war and the failure to remedy the unfortunate situation of alien wives of American citizens are due largely to legislative inertia. No one is strongly opposed to a relaxation of regulations adopted in a period of war-time hysteria, but there is not enough force behind the demand for amendments to compel Congress to make a thoroughgoing revision. There is no real public appreciation of the possibility and desirability of greatly increasing tourist travel from a prosperous Europe to the United States. It is to be hoped that at the next session a few friendly senators and representatives will care enough for the liberal reputation of this country and for the convenience of American travelers to induce Congress to do a simple act of justice and common sense.

FROM TIENTSIN TO MONGOLIA

BY NORA WALN

I

Mou brought me a calling card — Frans August Larson — and, with the license of a Chinese house steward, observed, 'A Swede by birth, created a Mongolian duke by the Mongols, who speak of him as "the Mongol who knows most about Mongolia." Thirty-five years' residence among the Mongolian people in many capacities. One-time adviser to the Living Buddha. One-time Mongolian representative and adviser to the Government of Yuan Shih-kai. A man in his late fifties. Just returned from eighteen months' work on the Sino-Chinese Scientific Expedition to the desert of Takalama, in which he has been associated with Sven Hedin.'

I went down to the drawing-room. My guest rose, and without preamble asked me to come to Mongolia and write a book.

I gasped, because I knew real writers who had begged for his story and been refused — writers of reputation, who could assure publication simply by their established names. In a slow, gentle voice he told me that he had read the few poems, stories, and articles printed below my name. I confessed that they represented the sum total of my published work, and protested that they were slender recommendation for the ability to write a book. I suggested that it was only fair that he should study the manuscript of the novel over which I had toiled for fourteen months, and in which I had failed so badly that I dared not submit it to a publisher for consideration.

He brushed my objections aside. 'I know what should be written — I know that you can do it — I have already made plans for the German and the Swedish publications — I came this way from Takalama — how soon can you be ready to start to Mongolia?'

I had a double errand at the American Consulate. According to regulations, I must notify the office of my intention to leave the Consular District; and on the annual date of registration I had left my old passport, which had reached the end of its life, to be replaced by a new one, and must remind the Consul I had not yet received it.

The Tsinanfu incident had increased the tension in Tientsin. Representative authorities of France, Italy, England, and Japan met in diplomatic counsel. Cable wires whispered carefully coded messages to and from the capitals of the world. Defense lines crawled out beyond the boundaries of the foreign concessions. American soldiers and marines sweated with 'allied' soldiers to throw up trenches, curl miles of barbed wire, and build sandbag barricades around agreed 'special areas.' Despite the protests of the Chinese, Japan was permitted to cut down trees, level ground, and put into action aeroplane landing stations outside Tientsin and in Peking.

Fear, distrust, and suspicion pressed into every gathering of foreigners. Men and women recounted the terrors

of the Boxer days, of Shanghai, of Shameen, of Hankow, Nanking, and the interior. These stories were supplemented by historic tales from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Dinner guests and chance acquaintances missed no opportunity to stress the deceit and the cruelty of the Chinese. They became the 'yellow peril.' The triple spirits of evil smothered all memories of good.

Chinese farmers, shopkeepers, and gentry, carrying all the material possessions they could transport, swarmed into Tientsin and joined the local native populace, who pressed against the allied barricades and begged for protection from loot, rape, and massacre, which are too often the attributes of Chinese civil war, even when the only battle is change of authority by compromise. Chinese families permanently domiciled within the foreign protected areas, who in reality outnumber the foreigners, filled their courtyards with visiting relatives.

The talk in the courtyards of my Chinese friends ran thus: 'Chang Tso-lin declares he will protect us from these mad Nationalists, but he and his confederates are good business men — they will sell out to the highest bidder'; 'The Nationalists speak with fragrant words, but they are cunning people'; 'Feng Yu Sheng will bite the nose of his allies as soon as he gets to Peking. He may save himself a battle by letting the much respected governor of Shansi accept the keys of the capital, but he will disarm the Shansi soldiers when they have served his purpose — which is Moscow's breath.'

Deeper than this distrust of Chinese military leaders ran the same fear which menaced foreign society, except that the name of the terror was now 'the foreign domination menace.' The people who accepted protection within the lines of foreign soldiers watched each move of the foreigners with suspicion. All the dregs of foreign intercourse since the very beginning were stirred up. Tales of treachery, deceit, and cruelty by 'outsiders' were remembered and retold to children who listened with wide eyes.

Against this background I met my Consul-General, and we parted in baffled misunderstanding at the end of an hour in which he had told me stories of Chinese untrustworthiness with the manner of an indulgent father, and brushed aside my knowledge of the kindly way in which these people respond to trust. He ushered me out without my passport.

So, without it, I left for Mongolia on Sunday morning. Although the lack of a passport often means the delay of long conversations, this may after all be the best way to travel while peoples of different race continue to shift cautious national eyes sideways in mutual distrust.

The morning press, both Chinese and foreign, carried statements that Chang Tso-lin would defend Peking and the Northern territory to the last — one paper even had the picturesque story that Fengtien generals at the front were equipped with steel coffins which they were pledged to use as their only way of return. But the railway yards gave the lie to these statements. They were filled with the rolling stock of all the railways north of the Yellow River — engines, passenger cars, and freight cars all bearing evidence of preparation for departure to Manchuria.

As an omen of good fortune for my journey, the train made the run to Peking on express time, when rumor had told me that every day for weeks the trip had been one long torture of delay. I had been undaunted by this, because I like railway trains and have no objection to spending a week on the trip to Peking.

The Peking railway yards were also filled with engines, and cars from the Hankow, Pukow, and Kalgan roads. Thus we were almost certain of Chang Tso-lin's plans, even before we heard that his Fifth Concubine was superintending the melting down of all tribute gold dust and the putting into solid form of all moneys.

II

No passenger trains were running to Kalgan, the gateway to Mongolia, but many minor incidents were proof that the Fengtien forces would be withdrawn to Manchuria. We knew that extensive military preparations for a long siege had been made beyond the Nankow Pass, and that Fengtien officers would have to go up the line with the orders for evacuation.

At six o'clock on the morning of May 30, we went to the West Gate Station in the limousine of a kind friend. In accordance with previous arrangements, we met a young German farmer and a young American missionary, who also desired to go north. We were prepared to camp at the station until the day and the hour a train, which we believed would eventually go, should be ready. The waiting room and the platforms were filled with soldiers — further proof that troop movements were pending. They crowded about us and expressed surprise that we should come to the station. Soldiers are human, and all Chinese have an easily tickled sense of humor. They were soon laughing good-naturedly.

One hardened ruffian pushed a fair young boy, scarcely taller than the bayonet rifle which hung from his frail shoulder, toward me. 'He will make a good bodyguard for you — he is too slight to fight with the Fengtien, who are fierce soldiers.'

'He is grown straight as a bamboo — give him full rice bowls for two years and he will be a general.' The crowd nodded agreement.

In such simple ways the morning passed, and at noon an engine steamed into the station with three cars coupled behind it, one closed and two open, one of the latter with tying places for horses. Soldiers crowded into the other open car, making themselves comfortable on rolls of bedding and opening gay oiled-paper umbrellas as protection against the sun.

We went out of the station in the closed car as guests of three officers of the Twelfth Army. By reputation among civilians, the Twelfth Army is the worst gathering of rogues among the Fengtien forces. The Chinese have a saying that when one must travel in dangerous places it is best to travel in the worst company. We found these men charming companions.

One was wiry and weathered to leather wrinkles by rough living. We knew he was first in rank because the others stood until he was seated. One had the clear-cut profile of North Manchuria, which resembles the classical Greek more than the southern Chinese. He was an athlete in iron condition. The third was fair and plump, with dimples that danced in each cheek as he talked.

All were dressed in well-tailored uniforms of excellent cloth, with leather belts, shoulder straps, neat covers for their revolvers, and circular military capes. Two wore riding boots of stout leather. The slim, graceful feet of 'Dimples' were clad in trim satin slippers.

'A relative, comfortably berthed as an officer by someone in a high position,' we murmured to each other.

I had noticed that our engine bore the stamp of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, and so I felt close to a friend. The senior officer told

me that the car in which we rode also came from America, but all the American fittings had been taken out and Chinese comforts added. Chinese beds had been built across each end. These the officers' servants spread with rich coverlets.

Fox furs, first, to make them soft. Then layer on layer of silk quilts. Quilts in lovely colors, all immaculately clean. Scarlet, orange, leaf-green, sapphire, heliotrope, sunset-yellow. One place of honor was arranged just a trifle better than the others. This the senior officer graciously requested me to accept, and, as Chinese custom demands, I replied that I should be happier in a more modest place. Then he pulled his cloak about him and lay down so that the rest of the company might also make themselves comfortable.

In reclining positions we thus sped through the green country toward the Nankow Pass. Our talk ranged over the face of the earth and through the philosophies of all time. With that ease which the Chinese have cultivated, we dozed and woke to take part in the conversation when we chose, and sipped cups of fragrant tea which the happy serving boys, dressed like regular cavalry soldiers, kept ever before us, or refreshed ourselves with steaming hot towels rung from boiling water.

Grain in the field, despite the barren unwatered plots, was continuous evidence of the fruitful promise of the earth. As we came into the mountains, my mind flashed remembrance of an old Chinese man to whom I had once talked as he worked in his field. I had pricked him with pointed words about the civil conditions in his country which permitted ever-changing military upstarts to ravage the land. He had worked quietly, digging up the soil about a clump of peanuts, until I ceased. Then he rested back on his heels: 'Before us is the mountain. My fathers have lived in this plot and observed the mountain for generations beyond count. Rabbits run over the mountain. Through the generations the mountain stands.'

Shortly before sunset we came to Huai Lai — the end of our officers' detail of duty. We all got out. Horses were taken from the box car and saddled. We discreetly and privately offered twenty dollars to the servants and to the engine driver. They firmly refused, saying, 'It has been a pleasure to have you — money may not pass between friends.'

But Huai Lai was like a city of the dead. The streets were empty of the teeming colorful life which belongs to a living place of the Chinese people. No compound gates were open even the fraction of an inch. Dogs and children had disappeared. Shops were close-shuttered. Beggars and barbers had fled elsewhere. The only sign that life, other than soldier life, had ever been here was steaming iron pots of rice set out on little tables before many closed homesteads. Food placed as a peace offering against loot.

We knocked long at the doors of the Methodist Mission compound. When the Chinese left in charge discovered we were foreigners, we were welcomed with eager words. We must tell him how we had come. 'Peace — peace,' he murmured thankfully as we told. He talked of the strain and stress of the days since the American missionaries had been recalled from the station, and told us that now he had more than two hundred refugees from the country, with their beasts and chattels, housed within the Mission walls. Many of them were sick because of the close, unsanitary housing and his inability to doctor or to secure simple drugs for the illnesses he understood.

His wife came to the outer court and

insisted that we must not seek shelter for the night at an inn. They wanted to have us with them — it gave them confidence in the future to have foreigners come again. They led us to the upper of three ascending courtyards (their own living quarters), and insisted that we take the only sleeping room. This had built across one end a stone Chinese bed, with a stove under it for winter, used as table and seat by day.

The men went off to pay their courteous respects to the City Elder. With the help of the Mission workers' daughter of seven, I laid out things for supper. Luckily I discovered in the lining of my old purse a little ivory elephant, bought long ago in Ceylon and forgotten, which delighted her immensely. Together we chatted and waited while the sinking sun tinted the courtyard bricks ashy rose.

Supper by candle. Then a few hours of sleep in our clothes in a stuffy room on a stone bed — a surface hard to a body too long accustomed to foreign mattresses. At dawn we were up, breakfasted on Chinese tea and eggs, and watched the passing of the Fengtien troops.

III

First came Dodge motor trucks, heaped high with new, unopened boxes of military supplies, driven at full speed by soldiers. A line so long that I lost count of the number. After the trucks came camels — moulting camels, which are camels in ugly undress. Some were in bare skin — nasty, weak-looking skin. Others were worse, with patches of wool hanging half off. They were heavily packed with burdens of ammunition. It took them an hour to shamble by.

Behind the camels came an assortment of mules, donkeys, and ponies, some hitched to farm carts, all heavily loaded and driven by haggard, frightened peasant owners, commandeered from the surrounding territory by soldiers. Next coolies, also under soldier guard, wild-eyed and trembling with fear, stumbled along with rolls of bedding, stretchers on which lay sick men, chests, and what not of luggage that goes with a withdrawing army. Mingled with the coolies came the foot soldiers at a good pace, but marching in no formation. They continuously dropped out of place to eat from the bowls of food, again steaming hot, which stood before close-bolted courtyard doors, and fell in again farther in the rear.

A percentage of the soldiers were boys just entering their teens. A few looked weary and discouraged, as though they would prefer to drop by the roadside rather than make the journey to Manchuria. The majority were tall, strong men, in good condition and clothed in decent uniforms.

Close behind the foot marchers, so close that there was little opportunity for the straggling which leaves thieves and marauders behind to make trouble in the evacuated country, pressed horses driven at quick speed. Great Russian horses, with muscles swelling under glossy coats; well-conditioned horses of spirit, hitched to gigantic guns mounted on wheels; dozens and dozens of teams of horses such as I have not seen before in China, pulling great guns such as I should not have believed the Fengtien possessed had I not observed with my own eyes.

Cavalry brought up the rear. Men well armed and well mounted. They did not ride with the military precision of Western cavalry, but their horses moved with the frisky grace of animals bred in the wild herd and well pastured. The sun was past mid-heaven before they had cleared the road and we could consider preparations for our further journey.

The streets remained empty, but our host of the night sent his servants on discreet errands. The word spread that we would hire two carts if they were available. Eventually the carts were assembled — a wheel brought from this hiding place, an axle from another, for it is the custom of the Chinese, when in fear of soldiers, to take their possessions apart and scatter the sections. In time miserable, rawboned, sway-backed beasts were attached to the carts with ropes. We could not expect animals of value to be supplied in such a time, even though the carters were willing to come under our escort. We promised that we would not walk faster than they at any time. Our bedding, clothes rolls, and foodstuffs were put on the carts. Burden-free, we were off.

We tramped twenty-five miles before nightfall. Through fields and walled villages without sign of civilian life; fields that irrigation made fruitful — velvet rice crops — heavy-headed wheat — row on row of vegetables. Barren earth, powdery dry, so that the hot wind danced the dust in whirling figures. Villages and towns well walled and well built, with silent streets. The only sign of habitation was a great new gun mounted on the wall of Tu Mu, the ancient city famous for historic wars, through many centuries, between the Mongols and the Chinese; and the lively twittering birds that fluttered unconcernedly through field and town.

Once we crossed a brook of sparkling water, where the horses drank thirstily and one of our party bathed his tired feet. Twice only we came upon straggling Fengtien soldiers. One group had with them two poor old horses and a baby donkey so tired that it tried to lie down, but was beaten and struggled forward on frail, swollen legs.

The countryside was scarred by trenches, built with the thoroughness of Western method. At frequent intervals we saw ambushes finished less than twenty-four hours earlier, because the branches that had been cut to make them resemble a growth of young trees were still fresh. Trees and shrubs lay where they had been felled. Cartloads of stone and sand had been dropped as though from the active hands of workmen. Everywhere there were evidences of extensive preparations for war — preparations suddenly abandoned.

'The Fengtien have made good business. They are wise,' commented one of our carters. 'Chang Tso-lin is an expert merchant. All Chinese people are good merchants when given the opportunity — the Fengtien have been given the opportunity.'

The other agreed: 'All soldiers are keen business men. It is an uncertain calling, but it has its merits, especially if one rises to a position where he has some power. Promises have been made in this deal. The incoming army will approach always one day, at least, behind the withdrawing authority. All faces are saved. The retreating forces take with them all they desire. All the railway engines, cars, and handy freight for trade in Manchuria. They keep unused all their stores of guns and ammunition, which are expensive to purchase or manufacture, and conserve their trained soldiers for future need. They carry away all tribute and all taxes, because a retreating army cannot be expected to keep the promises of good roads, new canals, bridges, irrigation plants, or schools for the people, which they made when they were the government. Even the blindest beggar can understand how they cannot do this when they have resigned office. On the other side, the new army come in with all their men and supplies intact, strong and ready for office. The crops are not yet harvested. The exchange has not placed undue

stress on the populace. Conditions are more prosperous without war. The chests of the new authorities will be filled with tribute — but the burden will be no heavier than if the Fengtien had remained.'

All day the carters chatted thus. They expressed no bitterness, but continuous admiration for business acumen.

At San Chen we considered refreshment for ourselves and the beasts. We came to the door of an inn. Repeated knocks brought a cautious whisper. We were admitted to a stable courtyard and the bolts slid behind us. The place was bare of all furniture — every possible possession having been hidden away. The horses were unroped and fed. Water boiled and tea was made for the carters and ourselves. Eggs were finally secured. From our packet of food we took dry biscuits and one precious refreshing can of peaches.

Then on again through country the same as that we had passed, with no glimpse of human life, and the same frequent empty trenches, until at evening we came to Shin Pao An. Here in the home of kindly Norwegian missionaries we had baths, tall glasses of goat's milk, crisp homemade bread, delicious white cheese, and sleep on spring beds between snowy sheets. Their compound, too, was crowded with country refugees, and the stable yards filled with animals brought to them for protection.

We were up at dawn, breakfasted royally, and were escorted beyond the city walls by our hosts. A Chinese postman, who wished to travel in company, was now one of our party.

A little way beyond the city we came to the dry, rocky bed of a river, through which trickled only a tiny stream of water. 'Just enough to keep the river alive,' explained the Chinese postman.

Away from the arid river bed on either side stretched vivid green crops fed by tiny irrigation canals in careful husbandry, which regulated the exact drop of moisture necessary with miniature dams and tiny gates. Mile on mile the crops marched with the river, so that we feasted our eyes on the promised harvest as long as our trail led the same way. We saw no more Fengtien soldiers, but the fields continued empty of men and beasts. The people waited in silent obscurity for the advent of the Nationalists.

Near noon we sighted the dust of approaching horsemen. Soon we crossed ways with Shansi cavalry wearing the Nationalist colors. They galloped by on good horses, with only a cheery greeting.

Half an hour later riders pressed upon our back trail. Three of the Shansi cavalry galloped back. One dismounted. He apologized in courteous language for the necessity to ask our names, our business, our destination. He looked at the passports of the others and made no trouble about my lack of one. That business completed, he inquired about conditions in Tientsin and Peking and in all the country through which we had passed.

He expressed astonishment that we had dared to travel into the face of a Fengtien retreat, and asked if we had found the officers or the men rude. We told him how gracious they had been to us from Peking to Huai Lai; how we had stood by the side of the road to watch the withdrawing army pass. He asked if the soldiers had shouted at us, and we could reply, 'Yes, but all they said was "Good day" in Chinese, and "Comrade" in Russian. This they did repeatedly.'

He smiled, and assured us that the Nationalists would give us no moment of uneasiness. We asked about the road ahead. One of his companions

answered that he had ridden all the way from Kalgan and found it passably good. The three saluted in farewell.

We stopped for refreshments at Sang Sui Pu, the next town. People were in the streets. The inn door was ajar. 'Peace — peace — peace!' was the glad cry with which we were greeted. All that afternoon we journeyed through countryside and town filled with busy, happy people, who had confidently returned to the normal round of life now that the Fengtien had passed in orderly fashion, and the Nationalists had come in with equal orderliness.

At evening we came to the city of Shun Hua Fu. A city gay with fluttering banners of red and of blue, and white-starred flags waving above every shop, inn, and homestead. In the streets civilians jostled soldiers in comradely swarms. Children squatted around a candy maker, exchanging coppers for the spun-sugar horses, fans, birds sitting on the nest, and fierce dragons which he blew from a bamboo pipe and handed out still warm. In the doorway of an open tea shop a minstrel chanted some historic tale. Traveling barbers were busily at work, shaving faces and cutting hair beside the road. A fortune teller was encircled by customers. Roadside food kitchens sent forth appetizing odors. A blacksmith's forge glowed with warm light. He sang as he shaped shoes for waiting horses.

That night we had two comfortable rooms in a charming flower-filled courtyard, and a good Chinese supper. Sleep on a stone bed the second time had none of the misery of the first. In fact, I did not notice the hardness at all, but slept peacefully until dawn. After breakfast we were off on the last fifteen miles to Kalgan.

This was a walk of half the distance and twice the difficulty of the previous day. A gradual ascent with sliding desert underfoot and hot, wind-driven sand stinging our faces. Our carters had wisely exchanged horses with mail carts bound for Huai Lai, so that our animals had their noses turned toward home and took the road at a quickened gait. We kept pace with them.

IV

In the afternoon of June 2 we came into Kalgan, which is the Russianization, by early tea traders, of the Mongolian word *Halaga* (gateway). The city lies in the dimple of surrounding mountains, from which the sky rises like the canopy of a bright blue tent. The river, Tung-chiao, intersects the city. At this time of year it is a tiny stream, trickling between great rocks. The river bed is spanned by a long bridge.

There is no city wall. Only the Great Wall of China, built about 220 B.C., to divide the borders of China and Mongolia. Two gates break the Wall. Kalgan nestles against it. The way is but twenty long steps. It took us thirteen days to pass.

Nationalist flags fluttered in the streets as we entered. Shansi soldiers were all about. The atmosphere was charged with caution. We soon learned of the incident, some days past, which had struck fear to the heart of the city. In the interval between the departure of the Fengtien authorities and the entry of the Nationalists, Jung San Tieh-er, accompanied by a band of associates, had descended from the surrounding mountains and paid a visit to Kalgan.

Kalgan prospers only as a gateway for trade: skins and hides, furs of all variety, camel and sheep wool, soda and salt, ponies, cattle, and sheep. It has no industry other than that of a centre of trade, and trade has been throttled for many, many moons by exorbitant taxes and impossible regulations. The Mongolian bazaar has

long been empty. No caravans file the long streets as in normal days. The railway lies an idle stretch of steel. The offices of foreign firms are close-shuttered. The American and other consuls have been withdrawn. Poverty stalks in the homes of the people whose hands ache for work, while cargo rots in the North.

Silver dollars were hard to find, but the native citizens got together one hundred and forty thousand. Convinced that there were no more, Jung accepted this amount, with a check for sixty thousand and nine motor cars to carry the heavy coins away. The motor cars were provided — all the cars in the city except one owned by a German trader and two in the possession of an Englishman in the Salt Administration. The affair was closed without loss of life. The intruders drove peacefully away.

Still the Nationalists did not come. Filled with apprehension, the local citizens formed a Committee of Safety. When the Shansi soldiers arrived they brought word that a Commissioner of Affairs was on the way from Nanking. The Committee give guaranty for the wages of the Shansi soldiers, and regulate Kalgan affairs with anxiety against the day when the Commissioner, vested with the power of life and death, shall arrive. Fear makes them timid, and timidity paralyzes their power to act. They were friendly to us, but hampered and delayed us with petty matters, insisting that we have permits for this and that and withholding the permits because they were afraid to sign.

In the meantime we were welcomed by Mrs. Larson, an American by birth, who, because of her Swedish citizenship by marriage, has been able to remain in Kalgan since the withdrawal of all Americans and protect the large Chinese girls' school from the soldiers. News of our arrival spread, and the other foreigners came to talk of the world from which they had been cut off. The Russian Consul; the Russian bank manager; a German trader and his Chinese wife; two Swedish and two Norwegian missionary girls; a young Englishman in the Salt Administration. We played tennis, teaed and dined in different houses. They all combined to celebrate my thirty-second birthday.

The Chinese have an old saying, 'All good comes to those who wait in patience.' All good has come to us. Tall, smiling, burnished-copper Mongols began to trek in a few days ago. Many of them have tramped one hundred and forty days. They are self-confident people, who walk with their heads erect and appear not to know fatigue. Mr. Larson is a Mongolian duke. Thirty of them have now gathered within the walls of his Kalgan compound.

'Permits?' they grin. 'Mere slips of paper. Bandits — poor misguided men.'

These quiet, fearless, unarmed Mongols disdain concern about the regulations of a more complex civilization. Chinese carts, unavailable before, are simply arranged. Escorted by Mongols, we shall set foot on Mongol soil. Suddenly the Committee of Safety has let us know that we may have the permit to take our money through the Kalgan Gate, if we will give a percentage to the hard-pressed city. The percentage has been given. It is June 15. The Nationalist Commissioner has not yet arrived, but the local men have signed our permission to go.

We are off at dawn for the tents of Prince Sennit of Silingal, where the Mongols are assembling to celebrate his acceptance of leadership of all Inner Mongolia. When my foot touches Mongolian soil, outside the Great Wall Gate, I shall put this manuscript into the hands of a courier.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Boys grown tall

Uncles surely are one of the richest by-products of civilization. They have been more important than guilds or charters or colleges, for they have combined in their persons, usually inclining toward the rotund in those of the first water and away from the yoke matrimonial, the virtues of the best colleges and charters and guilds. They have schooled the younglings of the nations with a pedagogy more velvet of touch than that in the schools; they have given their millions of nephews bills of such rights of boyhood as only those who have kept something of the boy in their reins can give; and they have handed on down through the generations the secrets of the craft of making toy boats or whistles or slings, the essentials of the life that shines. By-products, though, they are. For not one of the best of them but has been a man who stood aside from those tussling with the wheels of progress turning in the mire. They have made by-standing into one of the arts. Though they have sometimes begotten sons, it was a careless gesture with nothing of the father elect about it. And they have let their sons grow up like tumbleweeds to be the uncles of to-morrow. They have treated them like nephews, and so won their love.

And because uncles have been by-standers, they have always had time. Time for taking a trout in mid-May, and potatoes yearning with brimming eyes for the loam; time for long stories in haying time; time for a boy with eyes as big as saucers and questions to keep a library busy. And it is the men who have time who have seen the idea behind wheels that fly around, behind waves of the sea and the comeliness of trees. Uncles have known all along the principles Democritus was after with laughing, Heraclitus with weeping, and Pythagoras with beans. But, being uncles, they have refused to become philosophers and to codify or pool their wisdom. They have taken it with them into the grave so that there might be a need still of uncles right up to the doorstep of Kingdom Come.

It is a poor boy that has not had a big sheaf of uncles. It would take a large book to catalogue mine. Not one of them was a success, as the world measures a man, by his acres or the dust he kicks up. And most of them had this added virtue, that they stole away early to a perpetual unclehood in the city where uncles outshine the jasper and emerald of the high seats they warm. For it is the golden uncle who slips betimes away, just when his nephews are putting out pinfeathers to attract the girls and ceasing to ask questions because they have so many to answer.

One of my uncles of the first magnitude had the halo of being unseen by me. He had been mislaid on Sherman's march some thirty years before I was under the sun. But the songs he sang and the kingly things he did I knew better than I knew my multiplication table. I tried feebly to follow him up the trees he shinned and the rivers he swam; but he was always on ahead with longer wings on his head and heels. I knew by heart the land he had gotten away to. Sweet potatoes paved it with amber; Southern porkers fled

squealing, with Yankee bayonets stuck up in them, down its vistas; and the mocking bird sang forever in its trees.

Another uncle was this world's champion as a failure. He started in building wooden ships just when steel ones were coming in. He put his all into a lobster factory just when lobsters were becoming extinct. He invented I know not how many splendid contrivances that had just come upon the market. He succeeded in failing in both directions. He sold his farm just before feldspar was discovered in the ledges on which he had tried to suckle cabbages. And the beauty of it all was that life was all larks to him. If he had once succeeded, it would have broken his heart. Failure kept his hair dark and his step like a panther's. In success he would have turned tabby and purred stupidly by the fire.

I had an uncle who played on the flageolet, made astonishing jew's-harps, and let the cows go over and over his red clover while he chased a black duck across innumerable bays. He had a firearm for every occasion of life but that when the hawk carried off his chickens. He neglected his growing pork for a lean buck-deer. His house was full of stuffed game birds; but his pantry was full of empty platters. His entries on his tallies of ducks he had bagged were legion; but his bank book never turned the second leaf. Yet this man for me was Nimrod, Robin Hood, and Daniel Boone all rolled together. He taught me how to shoot just where the woodcock will be when one can pull the trigger. He opened for me the cabala of wild things' tracks. If to-day I can tell the difference between the lacework of a partridge's foot and a crow's, to this uncle be the glory. From him comes the intuition that leads me to the marsh pool where the only wild ducks on a hundred miles of coast are billing up the wild rice grains. He taught me the art of going through the woods without snapping a twig, and matching my breath to the rhythm of the wind in the pines, with the heart like a candle flame that one shields from the wind with a cupped hand. And when I stalk a creature with ears like microphones and a nose like an angel of light, I am raising this uncle the monument he would choose. For he was quicksilver, the grace of the great blue heron's wing, thistledown, and the mystery of the woods.

Still these uncles do not hold a candle to the uncle of the holidays. Here was a man that was a walking calendar and smelled of hidden gumdrops. Torpedoes for the Fourth and lemonade to give coolness after we had singed our outsides with his bottled brimstone. He made lovers of us at Valentine's and fools of us for All Fools' Day. He kept Santa Claus alive years after he should have been sunning his shins and taking his ambrosia neat with Thor and Hercules in the land where the dead gods go. Jackstraws, turtles that shook wire legs in glass boxes, candy bottles holding a real liquid, popguns with painted broomstick barrels — never a birthday of ours did he miss. Nor did he remember the wrecked kite of the first lustrum when he unwrapped the kaleidoscope of the second. He must have been a master psychologist; a heart set on a thing got that thing with never a word said. He never missed. He was a fairy godmother in pants. The drabbest of Mondays might blossom out at twilight with coaches out of pumpkins and twinkling things to light the way to bed. Crumpled paper that opened out into flowers when you dropped it into water. He did not wait for red-letter days — he was an inventor of gala days of his own. Had he had his way, the modern calendar would have outshone

the mediæval, in which you could scarcely turn a page or set your hand to a task without brushing the gilt off a halo. He was all pocket, and when he left after a visit he was a smaller man, and his clothes hung loose upon him. Folks called him a spendthrift. Folks lied. All the pennies left from food and clothing he laid up in a bank that does not fail. Cornelia could bring forth her two living jewels; this man had a baker's dozen. The shining eye of a child is more worth than the diamond.

But there remains a last uncle, Aldebaran among the lesser stars. Uncle Felix was the phœnix of the genus. Yet I doubt if another thousand years will see him re-created. With other uncles it was a case of bending over ever so little so that they might see through the knotholes where we viewed the world. But this uncle was of our height, for all his breadth of back broadened with the tubbing of ten thousand trawls, for all his moustache that had ridden the gales of Fundy like a banner. His china-blue eyes never had to shift focus. The snow might lie on his temples; there were only spring and bluets on the slopes of his brain. His legs gave one the impression of having just slipped down from a hobby-horse. Fathers might snort to see a grown man on the merry-go-round with the children at Topsham Fair. But Uncle Felix, true to his name of blessedness, rode those wooden horses with the same vigor with which he rode the deck of the schooner he owned and could handle a thousand miles out on the ocean.

He was the sea to us, and tall masts tipping the Polar Star. He had lived the sort of life the best boys would choose. Close to the weather and tides, with no sentimentality about the beauty he moved through, knew like his right hand, and need not explain. Day had meant power and clean going; night, sleep like a soundless fog. He had not looked ahead to the comfort of old age. Life was to-day and this cod at the end of the line. He had taken an occupation for a religion. The catalogues of the kinds of ships, of knots and yards and masts, were litanies of holy names. Somehow God had taken on for him the lines and grace of a schooner full-sailed. He walked dry land with a step that made allowance for a lurch.

It was my fortune that this farmer of the sea had been penned by stiffening joints to smaller waters of the coast, and to one of those farms where fins and feathers consort. He kept cows and chickens, but on a nautical schedule, and gathered in his potatoes with an eye on the wind and a fine respect for tides. His farm was amphibian; if it had lean mows, it had a fat boat shop. Here was blue magic and unicorn's horn; sword of swordfish, jaw of shark, dogfish pelts for sandpaper, vertebræ of leviathan the right shape to accommodate a boy's breech snugly, beaded sea urchins to crumble at a breath, shells to hear all Atlantic in, the figure-head of a woman of very sufficient breasts and eye most unfeminine, a spyglass that curiosity could stretch to ten feet. Objects like incantations; you could not climb a step up a ladder without brushing your back against romance. Baby curls of shavings littered the floor. All hours he could spare from turnips and sleep Uncle Felix spent here. He could whittle out a sloop that made a boy's heart swell. He was one of the last of that race of geniuses that could rig up a six-inch brigantine inside a narrow-necked bottle. He let us children sit knee to his knee, mind to his mind, while he turned out beauty from white pine.

He had to have some dealings with grown-ups, of course. But he never really learned their language. He had courted, married, and bedded a wife,

and raised up some sons. But he had packed them off to sea as soon as ever they began to show signs of manhood. He moved independently of them now. Of his wife he had not the remotest knowledge. Uncle Toby was a master of experienced gallantry to him. He took his wife as he took a change in the wind. When the sun shines, make the most of it and out with all your canvas; when it turns squally, reef all home. It is easy to learn the thousand delicate ropes of a ship; but a woman is not so easy. No, grown-ups were not his choice; he had remained a boy.

The last act of this splendid uncle was like a diadem upon him. Across four thousand miles, from an alien place to which his wife had taken him for his comfort's sake, from a place where there was no Atlantic to turn blue in his eyes, he came at eighty-eight all the way back to the coast that had been his cradle and his hobbyhorse, his religion and his light. Because the rheumatism had twisted his hands and age hung shackles on his feet, he was not able to get more than a cook's berth on a boat. And he who had steered schooners had to take ship on a mean, small mackerel smack. But he had the joy of seeing the land go down in the wake of a vessel again, and the sea curve up like a bowl of blue peace around him. That summer was a perfect valediction. After it, he went back home and died as easily as a child falls asleep.

Among the boys grown tall that all good uncles are, this one was the most successful at the fine art of being an uncle of any that I have ever known. I am very proud that he was mine.

The Voice in the Cellarage

'You hear this fellow in the cellarage,' Hamlet remarked with a trace of exasperation to his friends Horatio and Marcellus. He added significantly, 'Consent to swear.' They swore.

These lines by the Great Bard show a richer reading of life than Mr. Shaw gives him credit for. They assume, in the mouth of an Elizabethan, a prophetic insight, a connotation, not made the subject of a note in Dr. Furness's *Variorum*. The full meaning of these lines is most appreciated by those who, accustomed to apartment life, move into a house in the country. Shakespeare's personal experience here found significant expression, for, though he had an apartment in the city, he also had a country house upstate. Writing for all time, as the critics say, we find Mr. Shakespeare up-to-date even in his attitude toward cellars.

With a bad cold in the head, need for solitude, or some other cause for spending the day quietly at home and possibly at work, there comes a proper appreciation for the articulate cosmos of the spirits of a good lusty cellar. Ordinarily, we are aware of our cellar only when something goes violently amiss with the furnace or a pool of water appears after a heavy rain. As for having enlightened appreciation of its articulate cosmic consciousness, we are, like the cellar, in the dark.

During a day's vigil in a modern house, especially in the peaceful country, it seems as fully alive with haunts and voices as any ancient dungeoned castle. The very walls of our latter-day dungeons have tongues as well as ears, barking from time to time the sharp staccato notes of drying plaster.

Alone in the house, at work, one becomes gradually aware of the first voice, plaintive, intermittent but insistent, as of a soul in pain, a spirit tortured yet bravely trying to suppress its screams with tightly compressed lips. At first bewildered, then more attentive, one finds it growing more plaintive, almost whining in fretful

peevishness. Investigation reveals it to be the chronic complaint of the gas meter going its costly rounds.

The water meter, though only an occasional voice in the cellarly choir, has a different timbre. Its crescendo is robust, brusque, assertive, as though it felt the possibilities behind it of Niagara and the tidal wave.

The spirit of the cellar quickens as the afternoon wears on and tea time approaches. Those accustomed to working at home, like the literary man Shakespeare was, are startled by a muffled snarl in the regions below. This quickly subsides into the harmless, garrulous chatter of the electric refrigerator. Perhaps if one had the gift of tongues for inanimate things, this busy helpmate would prove good company over — or rather under — a cup of tea, with interesting gossip of an exciting episode concerning the milkman and the maid.

Toward twilight on a raw and dark spring day, the lights are turned on early in the house. The sun sets, and the air grows chill. Suddenly the lights falter, and sounds of furious rebellion surge underfoot with a roar that might have attended the first day of Creation. Transfixed, one waits an elastic moment, expecting to be lifted into the air and hurled through space. But above the frightened pulse-beats in our ears we hear the roar subside into a surly growl, rumbling sulkily in the cellarage. There is, after all, nothing to be feared from that blustering but really warm-hearted fellow, the oil burner.

A faint, dry twitter is awakened by the warmth, and with grating insistence strikes now faintly, now more loudly, on the attention. With a rising bicker of triumph, the parched chatter breaks out into a senseless repetition, an empty, silly, endless theme without variations. Beyond doubt, a cricket.

The wretched little fellow somewhere beneath the living-room hearth seems in the room. A vain search of corners and crannies makes him momentarily silent, but he soon returns to the business of keeping up telegraphic communication with another cricket lodged somewhere under the pantry flooring. They raise their voices, perhaps to drown out some insectivorous static.

These two are coy, they are at odds, they stand on ceremony, — heavens knows what, — but something keeps them apart, apart but still on speaking terms. Regardless of the superstition that they are good luck, there is an irresistible gesture toward the exterminator. The gesture becomes action.

Under the stifling fumes of a violent spraying their voices fade. Fade, yet neither die nor sleep. Could it be that the words of the advertisement were incorrect? Surely the cellar is plentifully douched with the stuff, driving those merely mortal into the upper air. But the crickets raise their voices in Oriental indignation against our policy of exclusion.

Suddenly a human note is added to the voices in the cellar. It becomes coherent. It appears, one culls the impression, that some of the exterminator fell on a few silken things hung out below to dry. There is but one safe course — to rise and flee.

For comparative peace, perhaps desk space above a boiler factory, or near the city desk in a newspaper office, might give better opportunities for concentration, work, or reverie. There, among the virile noises of a real and workaday world, one could think pleasantly of the privacy and seclusion of one's own home, as did Shakespeare from his London alehouse, and, with an inward ear half harkening toward the flooring, smile at the deep understanding revealed in Hamlet's final injunction toward the cellarage: 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

On the next page we print a complete list of the Lincoln documents and memorabilia on which the series of Lincoln articles, now concluded, was based. That series was begun and is finished in the *Atlantic* in good faith. Certain terms and statements contained in it have been challenged by Lincoln experts. To every such criticism we have been keenly alive. We have felt that judgment upon the series as a whole should be suspended until it could be read in its entirety. Feeling also that the challenges and criticisms it has called forth should likewise be considered in their entirety, we shall await the comment on the current installment, and in a future issue of the magazine will deal completely with the whole matter. Once the *Atlantic* decided to publish the articles, we thought it necessary to act on two principles: first, that the entire series should be printed, together with all the principal documents on which it was based; second, that all facts of important bearing on the case which came to our notice, no matter how adverse, would be welcomed.

Lest any inference from this discussion seem to reflect upon the owner of this material, it is just to say that Miss Minor has testified to her own good faith through a contract which ensures her return of real value only in case the book is accepted by the public as an important addition to the Lincoln story.

It should hardly be necessary to state that under no circumstances would we have begun the publication of the articles unless we had believed in the genuineness of the original documents. We have striven from the outset, not to prove a theory, but to reach the truth.

For the judgment of Mr. Oliver R. Barrett and Mr. Worthington C. Ford, who have expressed themselves on the subject with great definiteness, we have the regard which we owe to serious and responsible scholars. It is perhaps interesting to mention the attitude of **Paul M. Angle**, secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Association, who has been conspicuous among the critics of the Minor material. He is the author of a Special Bulletin published with great promptness by his society, which has been given wide publicity in the press. It seems pertinent to quote from a printed statement of Mr. Angle's, to which insufficient attention has been called: —

'I was going at it [the Minor material] in a leisurely way, intending simply to write the editor a letter. But Monday noon Alvin Barrett came in the office. He insisted that I give the story to the press. That 's what I had wanted to do, knowing that it would be great advertising for me, and good publicity for the Lincoln Memorial Association. Mr. Hay [president of the Lincoln Memorial Association] had been against it, but Barrett converted him.

'Monday afternoon I gave what I had to the local papers and the Associated Press. The local papers played it big, the **Journal** running it on the first page with a two-inch head. It went out of Springfield, but some Associated Press man in Chicago killed it, afraid of a libel suit. Nevertheless we did get it out East. A friend of Mr. Hay owns the **Philadelphia Record.** He called him and I wired 1200 words which the **Record** printed in a big story.

'Since then I've been fortifying and elaborating my proof. I worked Thanksgiving night until 2 A.M. The other papers, afraid at first, are now hot after the story. The **New York Times** is going to print it to-morrow; the **Chicago Daily News** and the **St. Louis Post-Dispatch** to-night. It's the biggest thing that ever happened to me. One does n't get a chance very often to put the magazine of the country in the frying pan and cook it brown.'

It seems fair that Mr. Angle should have the advertising which means so much to him.

LINCOLN ORIGINALS IN THE MINOR COLLECTION

Books and Keepsakes

Copy of the English version of the Polyglott Bible, dated 1831, bearing Lincoln signature and annotations

Copy of *A Practical System of Rhetoric*, dated 1829, with Lincoln signature and annotations

Copy of *An Essay on Elocution*, dated 1838, with Lincoln signature and annotations

Title-page of *Elements of Geometry*, bearing Lincoln signature

Piece of Ann Rutledge's coverlet

Piece of lace made by Ann Rutledge

Ornamental pin of silver wire given by Lincoln to Ann Rutledge

Original Letters

Ann Rutledge to Lincoln, beginning: 'Pleas do not cum to-nite'

Ann Rutledge to Lincoln, beginning: 'I am t . . . ask me to and'

Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, beginning: 'It greatly pains me to hear'

Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, beginning: 'I am filled with regret'

Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, beginning: 'Nancy has been telling me'

Ann Rutledge to Matilda Cameron, beginning: 'I just can not help teling you about'

Ann Rutledge to Matilda Cameron, beginning: 'Dear Mat — I must rite you . . . this . . . grand hapning'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'If you have in your possession or can'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'Dear Old Friend. Yours of May 6th received'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'Dear John. Yours . . . I regret you feel so'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'You old rascal — I am not risen to such heights'

Lincoln to Sally Calhoun, beginning: 'In perusing your recent letter I am impressed'

Lincoln to F. W. Hirth, beginning: 'Esteemed Friend — Your letter has claimed my'

Lincoln to Jed Weatherby, beginning: 'You old rascal! What fate or sudden decision'

Milinde Whipple to Matilda Cameron, beginning: 'Well we got heer at las it was a auful'

Sally Calhoun to Elizabeth Hirth, beginning: 'Yours of May 2nd at hand. would have answered'

Tow. Anderson to Gibson Holt, beginning: 'Dear Gippy — Yours to hand, wel you old,' and note added by Gibson Holt

Letters Concerning Transmittal of Collection

Elizabeth Hirth to her brother Fred, beginning: 'As I mail this letter I am expressing you a package of keepsakes'

Sally Calhoun to Elizabeth Hirth, beginning: 'I have sad news to write you. last week'

Margaret Morrison to her brother-in-law and sister, beginning: 'Bro. Norman has gone up to Hartford'

Original Diaries and Memoranda

'A Tribute to My Mother,' by Lincoln

Diary of Sarah Calhoun, dated June 2, 1848. Pages I–VIII

Matilda Cameron's diary — 10 entries, 1833–1836

Memorandum from Ann Rutledge to Lincoln, accompanying the gift of the Polyglott Bible

Sketch map of New Salem, 13 by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, drawn in retrospect and signed by John Calhoun in 1858

The comparison drawn by **President Lowell** between Reconstruction and Prohibition possesses a double significance at just this moment. He commands attention not only as President of Harvard University, but also as a leading citizen of a state that has just voted for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by a majority exceeding 280,000. △ More than one hundred thousand *Atlantic* readers, as well as more than one hundred thousand book buyers, already know the people of *Jalna*, which won our prize-novel contest of two years ago. In *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, **Mazo de la Roche** has written a story that in our opinion is no whit behind its predecessor. △ While the rest of us plough our way through slush and snow, **Robert Dean Frisbie** sits warmly ensconced in his Puka-Puka library with no white people to bother him and nothing more serious than an occasional hurricane to disturb his tropical repose. △ The importance of these unpublished verses by **Emily Dickinson** lies, not in the extraordinary fact that a large body of her verse is only now coming to light, but in the extraordinary quality of what has been left to the last. To our thinking, certain of these verses are unsurpassed in any volume of Miss Dickinson's work. The entire collection will be published in the spring by Little, Brown and Company. Requests for the first edition will be filled in order by the Atlantic Bookshop.

Having been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature for his works of fiction, **Romain Rolland** has lately turned to historical and biographical writing. As a champion of Franco-German coöperation, he takes particular pleasure in discussing Beethoven and Goethe and is now preparing a book that will deal in greater detail with the relations between these two Olympians. **Eleanor Risley** tells us that she is still writing — and still taking insulin when she can get it. 'I am quite well, for me,' she says, 'and fluent nonsense trickles from my pen.' △ It will be open season for **Joseph Wood Krutch** from now on. His concluding essay — a veritable Philosopher's Creed — will give dissenting optimists something to think and perhaps to correspond about. Harcourt, Brace and Company will publish his book shortly.

Ken Nakazawa is guest lecturer on Oriental Art and Literature at the University of Southern California. He is also the author of *Weavers of the Frost*, a collection of original fairy tales.

A lifetime devoted to the diplomatic service has not prevented **Sir Rennell Rodd** from serving the Muses with great and continuous distinction. He was British Ambassador in Rome from 1908 until after the Great War, and has written books on European history and modern Greece, as well as several volumes of verse. △ With twenty years as publisher of the *Atlantic* behind him, **MacGregor Jenkins** now spends a larger leisure on his farm in near-by Dover, where he rides, reads, and writes. Under the pen name of 'Rusticus' he has made an endearing place for himself as a familiar essayist. **Elizabeth Case** writes us as follows from Chicago: —

> I belong to a Church which recognizes the authority of Saint Paul's ideas on feminine decorum, and raise my voice from my pew rather hesitantly. And I have felt keenly the limitations of a mind — even a Wellesley-trained one! — which is not at home with the philosophers.

By turning back to the Socratic method, **Irvin H. Myers** has found an effective method of threshing the notions which still fill men's minds.

Arthur Powell Davis is a famous engineer. From 1902 until 1923 he served with the United States Reclamation Service, becoming Chief Engineer in 1914 and Director in 1920. In 1909 President Roosevelt appointed him a member of the Board of Consulting Engineers who passed upon the Gatun Dam, and in 1924 he selected and planned a large municipal water project for nine cities on the east shore of San Francisco Bay. In 1920 he was elected President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and he has twice given lecture courses at Yale on hydraulics. During his twenty years with the Reclamation Service he devoted himself especially to the study of the hydraulic problems of the Colorado River. This work culminated in the now famous Boulder Dam project, which is designed to serve the triple purpose of flood prevention, water power, and irrigation. △ There are

few travelers who will not sympathize with **John Hanna's** demand that the money received for passports shall be collected only with a view to revenue. As he is at present connected with the Columbia Law School, he looks at the problem through legal eyes.
△ When last heard from, **Nora Waln** was in Kalgan, China, whence she writes: —

As Mongolian hospitality will extend invitations from relative to relative, so I am told, it appears that I shall be wandering from one household to another for many months.

Since we have in this office the name, number, and location of the regiment in which the author of the following letter serves, we feel that the stamp of authenticity is upon it. Certainly nothing Joseph Wood Krutch ever wrote brought in a stranger response than this.

November 16, 1928

DEAR SIR: —

Some few days ago I received a copy of the August number of the *Atlantic* among other journals kindly sent me by a friend, I might say my only friend, in New York. I have been reading with great interest Mr. J. W. Krutch's article, 'Love — Or the Life and Death of a Value.' May I venture to criticize? First, I must admit that my experience in literary channels has been more varied and far-reaching than deeply intellectual, and to me much of what Mr. Krutch has to say is meaningless and seemingly useless padding.

However, I gather that in his opinion, supported by various proofs of his own fabrication, Love as a force in this world is gradually dying a natural death, and that we as a race are gradually but surely degenerating into what may quite aptly be described as intellectual and cultured animals who regard the gratifying of their sexual impulses much in the same light as the ordinary average business man regards his after-dinner cigar.

I am (or perhaps 'was' would be the more truthful word) the son of an English nobleman. I fought right through the Great War in the Brigade of Guards and finished up as junior major in my regiment. I may say here that I was distinguished by my complete lack of conscience as regards anything deviating from the straight and narrow way of so-called moral instincts.

One day I met a girl, not beautiful, but extremely attractive. She was married; we liked each other, and eventually we ran away together. Then the thing happened. I fell in love with her, fully a year later. I threw over the traces absolutely; I became extravagant, got into debt, neglected my duties, and capped everything by falsifying some regimental accounts in order to meet a check. This was discovered; I was court-martialed and dismissed from the service. To add to this misfortune, we had a child. Having made over my remaining private income to her, I left the country and joined the French Foreign Legion.

That story is seven years old now. No one in England knows where I am. I know nothing of them in England, as I never read anything connected with my homeland.

There is only one thing that keeps my head above water, only one incentive for me to live. Therefore I champion that thing — Love.

For one whole year I was in Heaven; I could n't have been happier. I loved, utterly, unashamedly, with complete abandon; and now, after seven years of great hardships and of contact with every imaginable type of moral degradation, my love, my perfect love, is as unshaken and fresh as the day it was first conceived. Is Love — real, true, undying love — the thing of the past Mr. Krutch says it is? Am I the only human being left with the greatest of all the virtues? I tell you, no. Love will never die. It is not only the greatest force on earth — it is the only force on earth.

It broke me, but it keeps me alive. True indeed is the motto, *Omnia vincit amor.*

From realism we turn to romance.

November 26, 1928

GENTLEMEN,

Kindly be advised that we are completing a manuscript entitled 'REMORSE' consisting of approximately 17,000 words. The following is a brief idea of what the story consists of: —

Story opens with a superb introduction followed by the body of which is the Life of a Man and Woman with LIFE AND LOVE staring them in the face throughout. It contains romance, murder, desertion, passing of years and reunion.

The reader's interest is held throughout without a boring look, by the smooth flowing words and descriptions.

We are more than sure that this story will be an asset to your magazine because the effect it has upon the reader is rather unusual.

We expect to complete this story in a very short time and will forward it to you upon request.

Awaiting a favorable reply, we are,

Yours very truly,

F. B——

P.S. — If the above enumerated contents of paragraph II does not comply with your requirements, please advise us as to what material you are interested.

Of missionaries and their wives the charitable are often mindful. Here is a lady with a word for missionaries' children, and a suggestion that a celibate clergy in China has at least one practical advantage.

East Falls Church, Virginia

Dear Atlantic, —

I think Louise Strong Hammond in her 'Humanizing the Missionary' of the November *Atlantic* has very well expressed the views of the many Protestant missionaries whom I have numbered among my friends. But has not the cause of celibate monasticism one more defensive voice, a voice perhaps too weak to be heard?

I spent my childhood in a college town and hold a degree from an institution which has always emphasized the value of missionary effort. I have watched the constant procession of outgoing and incoming missionaries, the latter bringing their children home for education or making a home in which to spend their last days.

Alas! There lies tragedy in Miss Hammond's statement, 'We present them [in this instance, the Chinese] with a cross section of what Christianity has come to mean to us, men, women, and *children*. . . .' Am I incorrect in believing that the missionary's child suffers as a result of this demonstration of ideal family life to the untutored peoples of the world? How well the Christian belief in immortality has fortified the many grieving parents who return on furlough, leaving one, two, or three little graves behind them! How well Christian resignation comes into play if the children, maimed by poor nourishment or lack of care, do succeed in reaching maturity!

Where the missionary mother is expected to add her efforts to those of the others in carrying on the work, leaving the care of the children to some well-meaning but ignorant *amah*, can we expect conditions to be different?

A missionary father has just died. His wife continues doggedly on in the place where he gave up his life, determined, as she says, to show their little boy, though ailing, why his Daddy gave his life to those people. It is a question whether the boy will survive to realize it.

Have we any right to sacrifice these children? If a missionary pair must undertake to live under untoward conditions, is it fair to ask their little ones to share the hardships? Individual sacrifice of life and health made by a mature mind are admirable. It seems to me, however, that a child has a right to the best kind of environment his parents can provide, that he too may have health and mature strength to sacrifice, if he so decides, in his turn.

Elizabeth G. Thomson

It appears that compulsory chapel has not made the average son of Eli as familiar with Holy Writ as he is with 'Boola, Boola!' Here, for instance, is a Yale man suggesting that Kalamazoo, where Professor Hoben teaches and preaches, is every bit as heretical as New Haven.

Nashville, Tennessee

Gentlemen: —

It is told of the late Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, that he admonished one of his classes that showed signs of restlessness in the following words: —

'Gentlemen, please be patient. I have a few more pearls to cast.'

The incident is related in the Yale *Annual* of 1916 — at least, I think that is the date, my recollection being that it was the year following Professor Lounsbury's death. The article went on to say that the quotation was so unfamiliar to Yale men that in the introduction to the *Annual* it was necessary to state that the point of Professor Lounsbury's remark might be found on consulting Matthew vii. 6.

I see that Professor Hoben, in the December *Atlantic*, fears that he may be blacklisted because he too made a similar remark to his class. Unless those students are more familiar with Holy Writ than those of Yale seemed to be, he is perfectly safe.

Very truly yours,

Louis D. Wallace

The Ibsen-Shakespeare controversy that was launched by Joseph Wood Krutch in his 'Tragic Fallacy' essay enters upon its second phase. Some of us cannot disentangle the name of Ibsen from the dismal tradition of the problem play. Others can.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

It seems to me that Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his November article on 'The Tragic Fallacy,' considerably misrepresents Ibsen. He sums up *Ghosts* as follows: —

'A young man has inherited syphilis from his father. Struck by a to him mysterious malady, he returns to his northern village, learns the hopeless truth about himself, and persuades his mother to poison him. The incidents prove,

perhaps, that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing. But what a world is this in which a great writer can deduce nothing more than that from his greatest work, and how are we to be purged or reconciled when we see it acted? Not only is the failure utter, but it is trivial and meaningless as well.

'Yet the journey from Elsinore to Skien is precisely the journey which the human spirit has made, exchanging in the process princes for invalids and gods for disease.'

While it is true that *Ghosts* is Ibsen's greatest work, it is hardly true that in journeying from Elsinore to Skien we have exchanged princes for invalids as heroes and gods for disease as catastrophic agents. A prince is the hero of *Hamlet*, but the invalid in the Ibsen play is not the hero of *Ghosts*. The protagonist of *Ghosts* is not a hero at all, but a heroine — the invalid's mother; and Dr. Krutch will find more true nobility in Helen Alving (as in Thomas Stockman, hero of *An Enemy of the People*) than he will find in all of Shakespeare's relatively operatic characters put together.

Neither is it precisely true that we have exchanged 'gods for disease' in the sense that, whereas 'the gods' are supposed to cause all the mischief in *Hamlet*, a disease is supposed (by Dr. Krutch) to cause all the mischief in *Ghosts*. The villainous force which brings about the tragedy in *Ghosts* is no mere disease, but the inhuman institution of marriage; and we are both purged and reconciled by the play in the true Aristotelian sense because in it the case for marriage is annihilated.

Finally, the moral of the play is not, as Dr. Krutch pretends to believe it to be, 'that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing.' James Gibbons Huneker was not a great Ibsen critic, but even he was able to perceive that the issues involved in *Ghosts* are of cosmic significance; and he found the true moral of the play expressed with precision in one of Anatole France's profoundest epigrams: 'If the will of those who are no more is to be imposed on those who still are, it is the dead who live, and the living who become the dead.'

Nor do I find Dr. Krutch satisfactory on Shakespeare. He has discovered that Hamlet's is a 'mighty mind,' possibly on the basis of such characteristically superstitious thoughts of Hamlet's as 'The spirit that I have seen may be the devil; and the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape'! Or 'Would . . . that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! (I wish God had n't said it was against the rules for me to kill myself).' Compare this pious gullibility, uttered by a man harboring criminal intentions upon his uncle — i.e., upon someone *else* — with, for example, the genuine mightiness of mind contained in the Schopenhauerian declaration made by one of Shaw's heroes: 'My *own* life is the only life I have the right to take.' Shakespeare's best friends wisely confine themselves to eulogizing, with all the reason in the world, his poetic eloquence, his superb gift for characterization, and his unexcelled sense of the theatre; when the conversation turns from Shakespeare's undoubted artistry to his gifts as a thinker, they cough behind their hands and change the subject. This is because, as Shaw once pointed out, Shakespeare never so much as found out what philosophy means; and, this being the case, it seems to me that Dr. Krutch's discovery of a mighty mind in Hamlet has not been equaled since, on the occasion of John Barrymore's appearance in the Arthur Hopkins production of the play, a certain critic — who shall be nameless — discovered strength of character in Ophelia.

FRANKLIN NEUMAN

Why not merge the Column, the Contributors' Club, and the Financial Counselor into a single department devoted to business and sponsored by the ever-popular Department of Commerce?

November 28, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

Referring to the article in your December Contributors' Club entitled 'How I Got to the Top,' the same is fully and concisely covered by the advertisement of a brand of cigars some thirty-five or forty years ago.

A TEN-CENT CIGAR FOR A NICKEL!

THE NICKEL-IN CIGAR

The more you smoke, the more you save!

If I had consistently devoted all my spare time to smoking 'Nickel-In Cigars,' by this time I undoubtedly would have piled up 'paper profits' sufficient to purchase one of those extensively advertised coöperative apartments on Fifth Avenue, thereby in turn again saving 25 to 50 per cent of my rent.

It is sad to behold how many golden opportunities are lost by those lacking the courage to assume so small a risk!

I congratulate your contributor who had the courage to accumulate $684.50 in 'paper profits' through special-rate subscription offers. I hope he will reinvest these profits wisely.

Sincerely yours,

(*Signed*) C. J. SCHULLINGER

WITH CHARITY FOR ALL

THE *Atlantic* is a monthly publication which goes to press many weeks before its appearance on the news stands. Persons who expect us to speak with the celerity of a daily or weekly paper are unreasonable. Realizing the interest of the public, we add these pages of explanation a week after the text of the magazine has already gone to press.

The *Atlantic* began the publication of the series of articles entitled 'Lincoln the Lover' in the belief, first, that the original documents on which the series was based were genuine, and second, that they were of public and historic value. Widespread controversy followed the appearance of the first article in December, and the authenticity of the documents was questioned. The *Atlantic* has with its best intelligence studied each criticism as it appeared, and from the beginning has taken the view that the common object of ourselves and our critics should be, not to prove either side of a case, but to arrive at the truth regarding the documents in question.

So far as the criticisms based upon the December article are concerned, we felt, and still feel, that they are clearly susceptible of two opinions. We prepared a statement which we expected to publish embodying our conviction to that effect and the reasons for it. But with the appearance of the January *Atlantic* two specific criticisms were launched, both concerning one letter printed in the article in that issue, which we are not able to refute. The letter in question is dated New Salem, May 9, 1834; it is addressed to John Calhoun and signed 'A. Lincoln.' The letter begins: —

DEAR FRIEND JOHN

if you have in your possession or can tell me where you left the Certificate of Survey of Joshua Blackburn's Claim, there seems some controversy between him and Green concerning that North East quarter of Section 40 — you remember?

It has been pointed out that as early as 1785 the Federal Government established a system of surveying public lands which has remained unchanged. According to this system, townships were laid out in tracts six miles by six, with sections each one mile square, making thirty-six sections in all. Where a lake, Indian Reservation, or other irregularity occurred, a township might contain less than thirty-six sections, but under no circumstances could it contain more. This evidence seems decisive unless it should be possible that some local variation might occur in the application of the system. To determine this point we went much further than the mere examination of the laws governing the survey of public lands; actual section maps were consulted showing the townships as they had been surveyed in the very region under question — Sangamon County, Illinois. From all such maps as we have been able to consult it appears that no variation occurred. Since John Calhoun was official surveyor of Sangamon County, and Lincoln was his assistant, it could only be concluded that Lincoln could not have made such a reference as that occurring in the disputed letter, to the ' North East quarter of Section 40.'

In the same letter occurs the sentence: 'the "Bixbys" are leaving this week for some place in Kansas.' Kansas was organized as a territory in 1854; in the twenty years previous it was an Indian land, where a few whites — missionaries, traders, and land squatters — had established themselves. The name 'Kansas' during this time seems to have been restricted to the Kansas River. A reference to 'some place in Kansas,' therefore, implying a coherent territory to which a name had been given, seems a serious flaw in a letter dated 1834.

We have taken all possible pains to study these two questions, and have consumed many days in doing so, but the only conclusion which we are able to reach is that the letter in which these two references occur does not seem to be supported by the facts. We should be grateful for advice from any quarter regarding these or other points at issue. Under the circumstances, the *Atlantic* will of course not proceed with its plan to publish the whole collection in book form

without being able to substantiate it. We are guided in this decision by what appear to be irrefutable facts. To other criticisms which have been made there are answers.

The same statement, for example, which advanced the two points just cited contained these words: 'In the undated diary entry, written presumably in 1833 or 1834, Matilda Cameron remarks, "Marthy Calhone teched Ann sum new patern of kroshay and she is going to tech me." Martha Calhoun, sixth child of John Calhoun, was born January 9, 1843, about nine years after the diary entry.'

True enough, but, a fact overlooked by our critics, John Calhoun also had a sister Martha, to whom, so far as we are able to see, the reference naturally applies.

The same critics make this statement, which can be answered partially, but we admit not effectually: 'In a letter purporting to be from Ann Rutledge a reference to Spencer's copy book is included, whereas Spencer's first publication on penmanship was made thirteen years after the death of Ann Rutledge.' Spencer was born in 1800 and began teaching penmanship at the age of fifteen. In 1833, when the letter in question would have been written, he had been teaching penmanship eighteen years. It seems well within possibility that he might have published, or at least printed, copy books or leaflets which have escaped notice, although the first formal Spencerian treatise appeared in 1848.

One explanation of its policy in seeking to establish the authenticity of the documents the *Atlantic* would like to make. From the beginning we felt that a forgery a generation or two ago was altogether unlikely. We accordingly sought to investigate as thoroughly as we could the age of the collection as it lay in our hands. We accepted the assurance of the chemists that the paper was old and that the ink had been on it for a long time. We next sought to learn all we could about the reputed owner a generation past, Frederick Hirth, of Emporia, Kansas. We wrote to Washington for Hirth's war record, and ascertained through the Adjutant-General's office that he had twice served as a volunteer, and had been pensioned for wounds received in action. We ascertained from William Allen White, of Emporia, that Hirth had been a well-known and respected citizen there, and a prominent Mason until his death in 1907. We next endeavored to find out whether Hirth had ever spoken of possessing Lincoln letters. In this connection several letters which we have in our files are of interest.

A letter written to the publishers from Emporia by Mrs. Howard Dunlap contains the following words: 'I know of Mr. Frederick Hirth. He was a very old settler here. I know he had some letters that Lincoln had written that he prized very much. I never saw them, but he repeatedly told his friends of them.'

A letter from Mr. C. W. Cleaver, recorder of the Knights Templar in Emporia, contains these words: —

> All the Masons that lived about the time Fred Hirth was on earth have gone to their reward, and none of the later date knew anything about him. I was a kid of about twenty-one or so and Fred was an old man and of very little interest to me. I knew him quite well, but was never in his home. I have a sort of nebulous recollection of one night in the Temple a lot of us sitting round talking of cabbages and kings and a few other things, and in the course of the gab I have a faint recollection of hearing Abraham Lincoln talked of, and among other things Fred Hirth saying that he had a letter or letters from Lincoln, but the recollection is so faint that I could not give you a word of the conversation.

In a letter addressed to the publisher by Wayland A. Morrison, M.D., of Los Angeles, a distant cousin of Miss Minor and nephew of Frederick Hirth's wife, are the words: —

> I have only a faint recollection of Mr. Hirth having some of the material that is in your possession, being a small boy and it having made very little impression on my mind. I could not make a definite statement in this regard.

A letter to the publisher from Mrs. John Healy, the sister of Miss Minor's mother, is dated from Arkansas City. Mrs. Healy writes: —

> I can speak with authority, having known Aunt Fanny (Sarah Morrison Hirth) and Uncle Fred (Frederick Hirth) intimately for years. Several years ago, while convalescing from a period of illness, I was in their home about two months, and during that time Uncle Fred and I discovered we were mutual admirers of Washington Irving, and while he was very reserved and

taciturn in his attitude towards people, he grew quite voluble and confidential during our reading and discussions of Irving, and he told me about having some of Lincoln's and Ann Rutledge's love letters in his possession, and he intended leaving them to Cora — my sister — his musket to Wayland Morrison, and his rifle to me, for keepsakes. He gave me the rifle just before I came home.

Some time after his death, Aunt Fanny was in my home for three months, and during that time she mentioned several keepsakes she was going to give my sister, including a 'Packet of old letters Fred wanted her to have' and I know Aunt Fanny took them to California and gave them to my sister.

These letters seem adequate testimony to the fact of Hirth's possession of letters and 'keepsakes' which he described to his friends and to members of his family as written by or associated with Lincoln. Any reader can judge for himself of the likelihood of the committal of so complicated a forgery a full generation ago. When the first of Miss Minor's articles led to immediate criticism, we felt justified in asking for suspended judgment. This was the more true as some of the early criticisms did not seem to us of serious moment. We should like to quote from the statement previously alluded to, which we prepared for publication after studying criticisms based upon the December article: —

In general, criticism of the collection falls under three heads. The first consideration is the handwriting of the documents purporting to be Lincoln's. The *Atlantic* has departed from a tradition of seventy years against the use of illustrations to place before its readers reproductions of three of the Lincoln letters in Miss Minor's collection, so that some idea might be formed of the appearance of the original documents. Even so, our purpose was partly defeated, for the two Lincoln letters in the December issue were reproduced by the method of line engraving, which inevitably sharpened and altered the writing; a slight reduction in size to fit the *Atlantic* page was also necessary. The frontispiece of the January issue, containing Lincoln's letter which begins 'My dearly valued Ann,' is a reproduction by photostat, and a much more accurate representation of its original. But examination which has not the original documents themselves as its immediate object cannot be final. It is for this reason that before publication the *Atlantic* secured Miss Minor's permission for ultimate public display of the collection.

The second type of criticism applied to the documents has concerned particular traits and characteristics of the letters as compared with known Lincoln correspondence. To illustrate criticisms of this sort, let us select some outstanding examples which have been brought to bear by a noted Lincoln scholar.

1. 'Rarely, if ever, did Lincoln write the name of the addressee in the lower left-hand corner of his letters.' Even a casual and fractional survey of Lincoln's correspondence would show three examples of this practice, which lie before us as we write: (*a*) Lincoln's letter to Mrs. O. H. Browning about his affair with Mary Owens, quoted in Barton, *The Women Lincoln Loved*, pages 205–209; (*b*) letter from Lincoln (original in Barrett collection) to William H. Herndon, speaking of a speech by Mr. Stephens of Georgia; (*c*) letter from Lincoln to a newspaper or magazine publisher, written in 1835 while Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem; reproduced in Tarbell, *Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, page 189, from original in the collection of Mr. C. F. Gunther.

2. ' . . . until the last few years of his life he habitually used a short dash instead of a period.' In the Lincoln correspondence from other sources which we have seen, dashes predominate, but dots are found. In Miss Minor's collection dots predominate, but dashes are found. It would appear that Lincoln's practice was inconsistent, and that generalization is insecure.

3. 'The salutation of the letter of July 22, 1848, — "Dear Old Friend," — is totally unlike Lincoln, who rarely deviated from the formal in beginning his letters. . . . The conclusion, "Yours forever," is as foreign as the salutation.' Part of the peculiar value of Miss Minor's collection is its intimacy, in which it differs from other correspondence of Lincoln. This difference cannot with fairness be used *a priori* against the collection. Curiously enough, however, a letter is before us containing an intimate

salutation and a form of signature identical with that criticized as unlike Lincoln. A letter to be found on page 31 of *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln*, by Gilbert A. Tracy, is addressed to Richard S. Thomas. It begins 'Friend Richard' and concludes 'yours forever.'

The third type of criticism is historical. An elaborate argument is advanced that Calhoun could not have visited Gentryville at a time compatible with the statement in Lincoln's letter dated July 22, 1848, because court records establish his presence in Springfield. But the argument is based on the premise that Calhoun must have visited Gentryville on a given date, whereas Lincoln mentions no date. He simply writes, 'Jed was here and called on me about a month ago. he told me of your trip to Gentryville. . . .' The visit may have taken place at any time, and bears no necessary relation to the date of Jed's visit.

The existence of Sarah ('Sally') Calhoun, daughter of John Calhoun, to whom several of the Lincoln letters are addressed, has been called in question. Sally Calhoun's memorandum is one of the prominent documents in Miss Minor's collection. Doubt of her reality is based on the absence of her name from the list of John Calhoun's children as given in John Carroll Power's *History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois*. But consultation of this volume reveals that this very list of John Calhoun's children contains a conspicuous error. Two of his children are reported as having been born three months apart. This error throws doubt on the infallibility of the list. That one of the daughters of John Calhoun may have been called Sarah, although not so baptized, is a possibility which every reader will recognize, and is strengthened by the fact that their mother's name was Sarah. As affirmative evidence of the existence of Sally Calhoun we have not only her memorandum, but two letters signed by her, and a letter written by Miss Minor's own grandmother, Margaret Morrison, in which she mentions Sally Calhoun by name and speaks of receiving from her part of the Lincoln collection under discussion. (On the other hand, it is fair to mention the supplementary evidence advanced by our critics in the form of a letter written by Mrs. Adele P. McCord, only surviving granddaughter of John Calhoun. Mrs. McCord says that she does not recall that any of her aunts was ever called 'Sally.')

Obviously, every criticism advanced against the documents cannot be individually answered by the *Atlantic*. We think we have shown that typical criticisms advanced hitherto are fully open to rejoinder.

Finally, we should like to recur to the circumstances under which the Minor Collection was published. At our request, Miss Minor and her mother, Mrs. DeBoyer, came on from California to discuss the material. They remained in Boston several days, and repeated conferences were held with members of the firm of Little, Brown and Company, prospective publishers of the book, and with six members of the *Atlantic* staff. The contract made based its considerable returns upon the acceptance by the public generally of the material published in book form. Miss Minor courted the fullest publicity for her material, and in the eleven weeks preceding publication the letters were shown to chemists, to biographers, and to a number of individuals whose judgment was deemed of value.

It is a pertinent fact that among all the people who saw the original books and letters, only one person, a scholar of long experience, expressed doubt, and that doubt was based upon the possibility — which he regarded as only a possibility — of the material having been fabricated sometime before 1900.

To us the letters seemed to furnish a very interesting explanation of the unexplained change which came over Lincoln's character in the formative years, and we think that any person whose prejudice does not blind his judgment will find in this material — particularly in the diary of Mat Cameron — evidence that if it is fabricated, an artist's hand has been at work.

For the criticism of scholars and students, no matter how unfavorable, we are not ungrateful, for the truth in this matter is a source of deep interest. We do feel that multifarious criticism by persons quite ignorant of the merits of the controversy proves once again how inequitably sense and intelligence are distributed in this world.

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VIRGIN TERRITORY FOR MOTOR CARS

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

WHAT would be thought of a manufacturer who tried to sell hammers in a community in which there were no nails, or corkscrews to a people who had no corks? You might commend his optimism, but you would deplore his judgment. Yet witness the spectacle of motor manufacturers, not merely trying to sell cars, but actually selling them, in face of a lack of that most necessary adjunct, a place in which to drive them. A small boy on Christmas morning with a new sled and no snow is no more pathetic than a man with a new car and no roads.

Just how much road is necessary to the satisfactory manipulation of a motor car has not been determined, but the present allowance is eighty-eight yards. This result is obtained by dividing the total mileage of paved roads, 575,000, by the total number of motor vehicles now in operation, 23,000,000, which gives us one fortieth of a mile, or forty-four yards. Multiply this by two, as cars may be assumed to be going in both directions, and we have eighty-eight yards per car. This is small leeway with cars getting bigger and faster each year. New roads are being built, but not at the rate of eighty-eight yards for each car sold, so the headway between cars is being reduced.

The motor car is the wonder child of the twentieth century. Not alone because engineers have perfected it and at the same time brought down the cost, but because, through the effectiveness of motor-car advertising or the eagerness of people to buy, cars continue to sell, although in congested areas the motor car is not so much an advantage as a drawback. It is a less speedy means of transportation than feet.

Someone has estimated that if each of the 23,000,000 cars now running was filled to capacity the entire population of the United States could go riding at once. And apparently it does.

Some years ago automobile economists began to discuss the saturation point and to show by figures that it had arrived, but the public went right on buying and knocked the figures into a cocked hat. The consumption of cars was so small compared with that of today that the question was merely academic, and it remains academic, for the public continues to buy. The only factor considered was the ability to buy. Manufacturers looked at the family budget and decided it would stand another car, and the builder provided garage room for the extra car. Real-estate men say the smallest unit the

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house buyer will consider is a two-car garage. The easy-payment plan was provided and financed on a magnificent scale for those who could not afford to pay cash; advertising was used to foster that state of mind which made a car a prime necessity; but no one gave a thought to the factor as necessary to a motor car as gas or grease — motorable roads.

All the discussions and arguments and researches and statistics centre on the customer's budget, his buying power, his will to buy, his acceptance of the motor-car idea. The willingness of the American public to buy a car, bringing the daily problem of not merely a place to park it when still, but also a place to drive it when in motion, is amazing. The saturation point of roads is reached long before the public buying power has been plumbed. Strange that an industry so forward-looking, so quick to seize an advantage, so ready to adjust itself to trends of taste and fashion, has not considered this matter of more motor roads, and approached it with the same energy with which it has approached and solved mechanical, artistic, and selling problems, especially when the reserve supply of undeveloped roads in the United States is so abundant. But one out of five miles of existing roads has been paved. Nothing would give a greater stimulus to sales than to increase the area of motor driving five times. This means simply that all the roads must be surfaced for motor-car use. It is bound to come in time, anyway, but the wheels of political machinery which now govern such matters revolve far too slowly. Surely automobile manufacturers can, if they will, speed them up. It will take large amounts of money, but large amounts of money do not stagger the motor people. Even without motor cars, negotiable roads are one of the greatest assets a civilized country can boast. The benefit conferred by the six hundred thousand miles of paved roads we now have, outside of and apart from the satisfaction of driving a car over them, is evident. They would have paid in the era of the horse, though it was the car that brought them. They might have been constructed differently had they been built for horses, but they offer the best transportation the horse-drawn vehicle ever had. And we must look forward to the time when the horse will be banned on all roads.

I can remember fifty years ago in Western Illinois when farmers were marooned on their farms for weeks at a time by impassable roads. The heavy farm wagons sank to their hubs in the rich black soil which grows such tall corn. Now the farmer has a car and runs to market in a few minutes, but even without a car he could drive the old family buggy or Studebaker wagon more frequently and in less time than in the old days.

That we could use more and better roads all will agree, but our civil machinery for producing them is cumbersome. Roads are still too much a local matter. There are almost as many ideas about roads, their material and construction, their marking and mapping, and especially whether or not they should be built, as there are states, counties, and townships with a finger in the pie. And they are too much at the mercy of local opinion little concerned with a country-wide highway programme.

The Federal Highway Act, passed in 1916, provided that certain roads, agreed upon by joint commissions from the Federal Government and the state governments, should be built and maintained equally by the Federal Government and the respective states. In the years from 1916 to 1927 inclusive, the Federal Government has appropriated

$544,884,911, or roughly $50,000,000 a year. Approximately 40,000 miles of highways are built each year, and of these from 8000 to 9000 miles receive Federal aid.

Of the 2,887,928 miles of roads, 575,000 have been surfaced and appear on the maps as motor roads. The more recent ones are concrete, but most are obsolete macadam with crowns dangerously high, especially at curves. This leaves 2,312,928 miles of dirt roads, practically four fifths of the total. These are the roads whose destiny is in the hands of local public opinion. They are also the roads which could give the motor car five times the operating area it has now — or, in other words, space the present volume of cars a quarter of a mile apart.

The entire amount of money expended by all authorities on roads in 1927 was $1,123,607,035, less than one half of our annual investment in the next war.

II

Through the ubiquity of the motor car, roads have ceased to be a local matter. They have become a national concern. They are as proper an enterprise for Federal jurisdiction as the post office. The motor car, like the railroad in its day, has broken down state lines; it is possible for a motor car to be in four states in a single day's run. The present interest of the Federal Government is a bureau in the Department of Agriculture created to help the farmer move his crops to market rather than to facilitate the circulation of the automobile. Its motive is economic rather than æsthetic. But the farmer also has a car and is at one with us in desiring room to drive it. He too can be taught that roads built for æsthetic reasons, for the purpose of affording delightful drives, can bring indirect economic returns. An immediate enlargement of the country's road programme would not only ensure the future of one of our greatest industries; it would add to the pleasure and convenience of twenty million car-owning families.

Road building has followed the line of least resistance. The roads given first attention are those most needed — communications between towns and cities, direct highways to places. Opening off these roads and filling in all the intervening country are the old dirt roads, winding up and down hill, passable with discomfort to a motor car in dry weather, closed in wet weather, never quite safe for a car at any time, and only used by the residents bordering on them to get to the highway. The improvement of these roads has been held in abeyance by the fact that they are not much used. To turn that around, they are not much used because they are not improved. In other words, these byroads would take a large percentage of the motor traffic that now congests the highways if they were made available for the car.

When people drive out in their cars, they are either going somewhere or riding for the fun of it. If you are going somewhere, you must take the road that leads there. If you are driving for pleasure, you can take any pleasant road, the pleasanter the better. The use of these unimproved byroads for pleasure driving opens up an almost virgin territory for the motor car. As a rule the dirt roads are more beautiful, more interesting, and open up more attractive country than the highways, which, being direct routes, have followed a more or less straight line. Byroads made accessible throughout the year to the full capacity of the country would not only have effect on country traffic, but would relieve to some extent the congestion in the cities, because a part of this congestion is due to people getting in and out, and the more roads

one can leave by, the quicker the traffic knot unties itself. More than that, attractive roads surrounding the town are an invitation to drive out into the country instead of driving around town. All the roads should be at the choice of the motorist, offering him alternative routes and distributing the traffic to the benefit of the inhabitants as well as the comfort and pleasure of the tourist. We are all car owners, we are all interested in all the roads all the time, we would all subscribe to a liberal and comprehensive road-building programme, except when, as town selectmen or voters, we pass on highway appropriations or bond issues; then we revert to our narrow, provincial, shortsighted attitude, and refuse to build roads for the benefit of tourists passing through.

There will not be abundant roads until the country is aroused to the point of believing that there can be. The country must be made road-minded. It must be made to see as its goal the complete improvement of every road and the laying out and building of new ones, not merely to satisfy the demand of ordinary intercourse, but also to bring a new recreation to the nation.

A factor in bringing about any reform is public opinion, and public opinion is something that can be created. There is immediately available a tremendous nucleus for such a public opinion. The number of people now vitally and actively interested in the success of the motor industry is a large community in itself, larger than has put over a new idea in the past. Including not only manufacturers and workmen, but also retail dealers and their salesmen, garage employees, professional drivers, the gas and oil industry, and workers in accessory lines created and maintained by the automobile, four million people are supported by the motor industry. Four million people are a large fraction of the United States. With their dependents they comprise one seventh of the population. Four million people whose minds are directed toward one end can sway the nation. Less than that number have elected a president. Here is ready a magnificent lobby of gigantic proportions with a laudable object. The thing is to organize it, mobilize it, and make it felt in Washington and elsewhere until a road programme is adopted which will lead to the best system of highways in the world.

As to the effect of even a little systematic and well-organized clamor upon public policy, see how much a small handful of army and navy officers can do when an armament bill comes up. There are not more than seven hundred thousand who work at war for a living; yet the navy claque holds the country steadily to its battleship-building programme. It may be said that army and navy officers have a big 'drag' in Washington and are listened to with more respect than other classes seeking interested legislation, and that preparedness has a body of public opinion behind it. True, but army and navy men act with the promptness and solidarity of men who realize that no wars means no jobs. The future of the motor car likewise depends on preparedness. Four million people have jobs at stake. Alfred Sloan can speak out with confidence of a greater public opinion behind him than Admiral Plunkett ever had. There are more car owners than there are American Legionaries and Daughters of the American Revolution put together. Let the leaders of the motor industry speak for more and better roads, a comprehensive plan, and national supervision. Let them organize the four million workers and the twenty million car owners in a drive for a place to drive. After all, we

need roads at least as much as we need wars, but we now spend two and a half dollars for preparedness for every dollar for roads.

Motor interests now spend $150,000,000 in advertising. The advertising is backed up by an elaborate network of sales agencies and dealers. This powerful correlation of advertising and selling has made the motor car into a staple — almost as necessary as houses or clothes. No such organized effort has ever before been exerted in the interest of one commodity. The industry as a whole, in spite of the fact that it is composed of competitors, has unconsciously acted as a unit. It should act as a unit in creating new roads. The motor-car market needs a new dimension. If more cars were sold by giving purchasers time in which to pay for them, could not the output be further increased by providing space in which to drive them?

III

They order these things better in France, or in England, Switzerland, or Spain, for that matter. Italy does not do so well, and my motor experience does not extend to the north. I take my car abroad frequently because I am fond of motoring — it's an ideal recreation for a deaf man — and I enjoy advantages over there I do not get at home. I can find the way more easily, for one thing, and the things I want to see are more accessible, owing to perfect maps and an intelligent system of road marking. Nor is crossing the frontier a complicated matter. I realize, of course, that France has a small territory in proportion to its population, but consider the wealth of the United States, of which the motor industry is so large a part. Is n't there as much obligation on the part of manufacturers of motor cars to supply roads as there is on the part of manufacturers of radios to broadcast programmes?

French roads are divided into four classes: *routes nationales*, *routes départementales*, *chemins de grande communication*, and *chemins d'intérêt commun*. The national roads are the arteries connecting the large cities. They are quite straight, often built on the foundations of the old Roman roads, and favor traveling at high speed. The departmental roads connect cities of lesser importance with the national roads, and afford alternative routes. The highways of great communication and of local interest perform the same service for smaller towns and villages. They are narrower than the other roads, but all are paved. The difference is mainly one of width, not yet so serious a problem in France, where the motor car is still comparatively infrequent. I have ridden for hours without meeting one. But the principal charm of motoring in France is the choice of routes, the realization that the whole map is yours and you may go in any direction you please.

French roads have deteriorated since the war, naturally, as there is neither money nor men to maintain them. I am speaking of them as they were before the war, and as they will be again as soon as the indomitable energy of the French has caught up. Thousands of kilometres are being resurfaced, but I regret to note that the French have adopted one of our barbarous practices and are tarring them. The sign, *Attention! Goudronnée!* so familiar now, was unknown before the war.

With broad, direct roads connecting the larger cities, commercial traffic, buses and trucks, would naturally follow them. With a choice of alternative routes, not so direct, but well paved and interesting, much of the passenger-car

traffic would be diverted. One turns off into these byroads in England and France with the utmost confidence. They are as comfortable as the main traveled roads, as accurately marked, and much more varied in interest, as they follow the contours of the country. I have driven all day in France from village to village, on third and fourth class roads, never touching the *routes nationales* except to cross them, and found a new world little suspected by those who fly by on the straight roads.

An old Englishman was accosted by a wayfaring motorist and asked the way to a certain city.

'Which'll ye have,' he asked in turn, 'the nighest or the sightliest?'

'Oh, the sightliest, by all means.'

'Wull, the nighest *is* the sightliest,' he replied with a smile of triumph.

The nighest is not always the sightliest, and that is just the point — when riding for pleasure you can exchange the direct road, filled with cars all going somewhere, for the primrose path of dalliance.

The French method of marking roads trains the eye to find the right direction without fault, the same information being in the same relative position at every fork or intersection. Nearly all roads are marked by white stones, a kilometre apart, with nine little ones in between, measuring hectometres. The kilometre stone carries on its front the number and class of the road, rendering identification infallible, and on the near side the distances to the next village and the next large city. The number ties up with your road map. You always know where you are and how far you have to go, even in the loneliest mountain passes.

There is a system of warnings which herald the approach of hills, zigzags, grade crossings, gutters crossing the road, *cassis* (bumps), or a *dos d'âne* (ass's back). The placards are uniform in size and color, about as large as an American street-car card, with an emblem giving the message in poster form — a barred gate for the railroad crossing, silhouettes of *cassis* or *dos d'âne*, the S-shaped figure we use here for *virages* or double curves. Being intelligently placed, they do not mar the highway as disorderly signs do, and because of uniformity they are quickly recognized. One who has driven here and in France will recall how easy a uniform and intelligent system of marking makes finding one's way. An American takes his car to France, where language and customs are different, and finds his way easier than at home, where language and customs are familiar.

This intelligent uniformity is due to the fact that the whole thing is administered by one department. We should take the marking of our roads out of the hands of automobile clubs, local selectmen and highway commissioners, advertisers, and others, each with different ideas which, however good in themselves, tend to produce confusion rather than uniformity. We are grateful to all these bodies for what they have done to help us recognize our roads, but our methods are still in the kindergarten class, and we have as a model a civilized nation that has built roads for two thousand years, and has, by the simple process of survival of the fittest, evolved a plan which is one hundred per cent effective.

After my experience in driving over French roads I am led to lament the absence of good road maps in our country. For France, and indeed for most of Europe, there are road maps so simple, so ingenious, and so efficient that one wonders why in our country, with its car to every five and one-tenth inhabitants, its manufacturers cudgeling

their brains for new and effective ways to advertise them, nothing so good has been evolved as the *Cartes Michelin.* These maps are on the scale of two kilometres to a centimetre — say, four miles to the inch. Every road is given; its number, class, distances, width, paving, elevation, grades, and how it enters and leaves towns and cities. Towns and cities are shown in their actual shape as if seen from an airplane, and not represented by the silly circles inherited from Monteith's Geography, and the best way through them is clearly marked. All landmarks are indicated — rivers, canals, mountains, passes, railroads, tunnels. No map maker in our country has yet grasped the vital fact that, in order to be sure of the right road, all the wrong roads must be shown. But these maps reveal their greatness when they depart from utilitarianism and point the way to beauty. A road that is continuously picturesque is edged with green, and those high spots where it is imperative to stop and look are recognized by a fan-shaped device, the spread rays opening in the general direction of the view. Everything worth seeing is on the map, every peak, gorge, grotto, church, calvary, château, ruin, barrow, cromlech, or cascade, as well as golf links, polo fields, race tracks, cemeteries, customhouses, and ferries. These maps are as full of detail as one of Hogarth's crowded prints.

The maps are accompanied by a book, the *Guide Michelin,* which does for cities and villages what the maps do for the open country. Not even Herr Baedeker can be so explicit in so small a compass. Each town is summed up by means of a graphic system of symbols which you read at a glance — hotels, curiosities, motor-car accommodations, placed, appraised, and classified. A tiny building with one gable indicates the humble village inn, while a row of five gables stands for the Hôtels Splendides; and those primitive hostelries where rooms are not commended, but where satisfactory meals are obtainable, have for their escutcheons a cup with crossed fork and spoon. Bath, running water, repair pit, telephone, railroad station, all have their funny little indices. Crossed mashies show the golf course, a running horse the hippodrome. It is as amusing as a game.

A touch of humor is given by old Bibendum, a human figure constructed entirely of tires, who hovers over the scene, explaining and illustrating, a sort of carnival spirit of motoring. Bibendum is the code address of the Michelin Tire Company. Much of the ingenuity that in this country goes into inventing names for tooth pastes and breakfast foods is expended in France in coining telegraph addresses.

With these books and maps I have ridden some thirty-five thousand miles in Europe, never at a loss to find my way and never missing aught I came to see. And both books and maps are merely advertisements, put out by a manufacturer of auto tires, sold everywhere for a few francs.

The best alternative map of United States roads looks empty beside a *Carte Michelin.* Even the small modicum of motor roads we now have deserves better maps. In the simple matter of folding, ours are without inspiration. A Michelin map folds like an accordion, map outside. Any sector can be opened to, as in a small book. So complete is the detail that one can follow any road on paper almost as fully as one follows it in the car. In many of our maps even a mountain range two miles high is not thought of sufficient importance to be given map room. Finding one's way is but a small part of the pleasure of motoring, but even that requires detail and accuracy. Some at least of the

motoring public are interested in the country they drive through, and would like to know something about it. What is that mountain? This lake? The river we have just crossed? How high are we? Which is the most picturesque road to where we are going? We get no help from the map.

We have excellent government geologic survey maps complete in detail, though not up to date as to recent building. It should be possible in this country, as in France, to secure permission to use them, and then to add the symbols which transform them into road maps.

According to Hilaire Belloc, no country approaches France on road maps. The *Cartes Michelin* offer a hint to General Motors or Standard Oil as to how to render a similar service to their own country. They have already inaugurated an excellent service which motorists in this country will use with ever-increasing satisfaction.

The advantage of a graphic map to the tourist who is interested in the country he is passing through is obvious. I have driven up and down the College Highway many times, and never knew that at Granby was a famous historical landmark — the old jail of pre-Revolutionary times built over the mouth of a copper mine. The mine was worked by prisoners, and when they returned from their toil they were still in jail.

IV

The roads we are now building, while admirable, are too narrow. National roads should be four lanes wide, partly to eliminate danger in overtaking slower vehicles, but mainly to provide two lines of traffic in each direction, the trucks and buses in one, the passenger cars in the other. The coast road entering Maine has an interesting construction. There are two lanes of concrete, widely spaced, with the centre lane macadamized. Perhaps this plan may give the desired width at a lower cost. But width is as essential as length to relieve congestion. The Bronx River Parkway, the finest example of road we have near New York, demonstrates that a rate of thirty-five miles an hour is easily maintained when the traffic is fluid.

Secondary roads should be three lanes wide. These will offer the alternative routes, leaving the more direct routes to those whose destination is more important than entertainment along the way. Many of these roads would be recruited from the dirt roads which, while really vital arteries, have been neglected through immediate expediency and lack of enough money to do justice to an intelligent road-building programme.

The remaining roads would be divided between two-lane and one-lane roads. The latter might have wide shoulders, or, if that is impossible, turnouts for passing; or they might even be one-way roads, as they often are in France, especially in the narrow mountain passes, as, for instance, the thrilling drive up the gorges of the Loup, cut out of the rocky walls of the cliff.

Attention should be given to automobile speedways. The Motor Parkway on Long Island is popular, and I believe supports itself. There need be no fear that the motorist will be unwilling to pay for the privileges of greater lawful speed and freedom from cross traffic. Milan is connected with three of the beautiful Italian lakes just north of it by the auto *strada*, a broad, straight highway, elevated above cross-roads, running like an arrow to Como, with forks branching off for Varese and Maggiore. The Milanese business man

has his villa on the banks of one of these lakes and covers the sixty miles in an hour without fear or favor. The charges are moderate, and the service well worth them. We must soon begin to think of connecting busy centres by exclusive roads, which will further draw off some of the traffic from the sightly ones and leave them freer to us who look upon the motor car as a means of seeing beautiful things—trees, rivers, valleys, and hills—as they compose and recompose themselves in fascinating kaleidoscope. The proposed privately owned speedway between Boston and New York, on which the toll will be five dollars, is evidence of the urgency of this need, and will undoubtedly pay its way, but it should be undertaken and maintained by the Federal Government.

The need of beauty, not only in the country penetrated but in the roads themselves, should never be forgotten. As soon as the economic needs are satisfied, we should begin to beautify the roads we have and plan new ones whose sole purpose — or main purpose, at least — is to penetrate regions that delight the eye. How does it happen, I wonder, that so few of our roads follow the banks of rivers? In Europe this is the rule rather than the exception. There are several in New England that do, notably the lovely drives down the Thames and the Connecticut, but over here we generally leave the rivers to the railroads. It should be noted that the loveliness of the Bronx Parkway was produced by rescuing the river from its squalor. Looked upon merely as an investment, the city and state have already been reimbursed for the cost of this road.

In France, planting trees beside the road is as much a part of road building as the surfacing. What it means can be appreciated only by those who have ridden through those long green tunnels. When the necessities of war destroyed the trees along the roads or they had to be sacrificed for military operations, the contrast between this region and Southern France was pathetic. But one of the first works of reconstruction undertaken was the replanting of the trees, and now one can see between the closely cut-off trunks of the old trees, which were over a foot in diameter, the new saplings already some ten or twelve feet high. A road should be beautiful as well as useful, and the æsthetic work should go hand in hand with the practical.

We talk much about our scenery, and it will bear comparison with the beauties of Europe, but what the world traveler misses is accessibility. You can see Europe because roads a thousand years old lead up to lonely mountain passes, brows of cliffs, through gorges and overhanging rivers and lakes, so that a motor trip is one of continuous beauty and surprises. We have done little in this direction as yet, and it is a part of no civic programme. Take the State of Maine, for instance. Aside from one rather poor road following the coast line, and two or three spurs running up into the centre of the state, Maine is closed to the motorist. Merely from a dollars-and-cents point of view, the income to Maine from motor travelers would be multiplied a dozen times if it were possible for the car to penetrate its wealth of forest, mountain, river, and lake. It need not disfigure the state. If the motor road and the motor car bring desolation in their wake, that is the fault of the motorist, not of the road. Indeed, restrictions should be adopted and enforced as part of the programme of building scenic roads.

Along the Mohawk Trail is a characteristic exhibition of American business enterprise which is entirely lacking in Europe. Over there a view is a view,

and you are left to look at it as you please, but here you are not only urged to look at it by large and ugly signs, but to look at it only from one particular spot, which is the advertiser's 'hot dog' emporium. All these signs cast aspersions on all other spots. Each is the only genuine top — all others are imitations; each has the highest tower, the hottest dogs, the reddest red-flannel pennants bearing the legend 'The Mohawk Trail'; and they manage between them to spoil the pleasure of any mere lover of scenery by their signboard dispute as to what is the real top of the trail. Here is a bit of delightful scenery utterly ruined by the crowd of signboards stepping on each other's toes in their anxiety to point it out to the tourist, and incidentally to sell him souvenirs, banners, postcards, Indian baskets, hot dogs, and sandwiches.

The wonderful roads through the Pyrenees, which make it possible to follow this mountain range from Biscay to Mediterranean almost on the mountain peaks, detract nothing from the grandeur and beauty of the scene. The roads are magnificently made. Someone has said that a good road is the only kind that can be built in the mountains. Beautifully graded, strongly protected by stone parapets, these roads rise up to the cols or mountain passes and then wind down, first on the Spanish side and then on the French side, and they give thrills of which few motorists have any conception.

Most of our through roads are developments of the old stagecoach roads which ran through the heart of the town up to the principal inn. This route has been retained in most improvements, so that the through cars are all tangled up with the local traffic. It is time to begin to change all that. Already in many places directions carry the motor cars through the cities by a roundabout route to avoid the congestion of the down-town district. It seems strange, however, that when a new road is being built this principle is ignored.

I spent last summer in the little village of Washington in Connecticut, one of the most charming holdovers of the past that state possesses. It was up to last summer a secluded village, not on any main road, but reached by a spur turning off from the direct road between New Milford and Litchfield. The authorities planned a link connecting Waterbury with Litchfield, and ran the new road right through the heart of Washington's village green. This barbarism was more gratuitous in that a great deal of this road, instead of using the old dirt road, was new construction. It would have been an easy matter involving but little expense to deflect the road around the village, through the valley, connecting with the highway again at Washington Depot at the bottom of the hill, and leave the sylvan beauty of the green intact. Instead the road, much too large for the green, cut into the banks on both sides, lowered the grade and left cottages perched on a heap of mud ten feet high, uprooted fine old oaks and elms, and then had to make an awkward curve to get around the church. Even to a road builder a church one hundred and fifty years old is a landmark that cannot be easily toppled over.

Washington did not need the road and gets no advantage from it. The inhabitants could as easily reach the new highway if the road had passed through the valley. It is only fair to Washington village to say that it opposed the road, but Washington town was too strong for it, and the town selectmen, with the lack of imagination which town selectmen sometimes show, ruthlessly went ahead with their plans, and the result of this civic mayhem can be seen by any visitor.

V

When the motor-car industry has come to realize that one way to provide a future market for cars is to work together for roads on which to drive them, and has organized itself with that end in view, and appointed men, and made an appropriation and set political machinery in motion, and used both voice and print — public speaking, radio, advertising, and publicity — to educate the public mind and prepare it to take part in and pay for a super-highway programme, it will be working on some such programme as this: —

1. To exert its influence toward placing all roads under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, the head of this department to be an engineer of the distinction and ability of Goethals.

2. To organize a bureau representing and supported by the industry to lay out a programme and to assist and advise the highway departments as they now exist, or as they may be realigned, the bureau to be staffed with engineers, landscape architects, public-relations counsel, advertising men, public speakers, to make plans, sell them to the public, work up public interest, ensure coöperation from groups to be benefited directly, such as chambers of commerce or hotel keepers, and especially to create *esprit de corps* among that great community which lives by making and selling motor cars and the accessories created by them.

3. To make its ultimate end (*a*) the paving or surfacing of all existing roads; (*b*) the laying out and building of new roads, not merely for commercial or utilitarian purposes, but especially to create drives through beautiful scenery and to historic spots, on the margins of lakes, or through mountain passes, until our more picturesque regions are at least on a par with those of Europe in accessibility.

4. To beautify all roads as far as possible by landscaping and planting, and to protect that beauty by laws, but especially to foster a public spirit equal to that found in such law-abiding countries as England.

5. To see that through highways are led around villages, towns, and cities, with by-roads connecting, so that through traffic can avoid local congestion.

6. To establish a system of marking roads uniform throughout the nation, simple, easily comprehended at a glance, and in a form that will not be an eyesore. The numbering of roads has already been adopted to some extent, but there is yet much confusion. There are roads in New England which bear both state and United States numbers, differing from each other and also from the number on the map.

7. To establish national supervision of the licensing of automobiles, or, if that is impracticable, uniform state practice, with complete reciprocity, and especially uniform speed laws. The best speed law is that which obtains in France, with limits only in cities; no limit in the country, but strict accountability. If you want to see speed limits carried to absurdity, try driving in some of the cantons of Switzerland, where five miles an hour is not merely ordained, but enforced.

8. To produce real road maps that will make finding one's way a simple matter and add a new interest to motoring, and give some idea of the beauty and entertainment afforded by this remarkable country, daily growing smaller as the gas-propelled vehicle enlarges its activities.

Before the car buyer realizes there is no place to drive a car and stops buying, the movement should be under way to multiply the available road area by five, and the motor-car industry is the unit to undertake it. It has the vested interest in good roads, it has the money to pay for propaganda, and it is in itself a large enough body to influence public opinion.

AN HONEST DEAL

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

'THERE she is,' said I. Finis Wilson, with a wave of his hand toward the mare. 'Gentle, kind, the ideal horse.' He ran his hand all over her, slapping her. 'One hundred and thirty dollars, cash. I paid a hundred and ten for her.'

The active little farmer looked her over for the seventh time, walked twice round her nervously, and asked, almost hopefully, 'She ain't scared of the cars, you say?'

'No,' said Mr. Wilson. 'As far as the cars is concerned, she'd go to sleep with her tail on the rail. Would n't she, George?'

George was Finis Wilson's forty-year-old stableboy. He lifted a pair of soupy eyes from where he sat on a bucket and said, 'I guess that's right.'

'Sure,' said Finis Wilson, 'it's right.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said the farmer, looking more worried as he fingered some bills in his pocket. 'I'm aiming to use her hauling milk.'

A wide grin overspread Mr. Wilson's thin features. He pulled the ends of his pale moustache together over his chin, then poked the farmer confidentially between the ribs.

'For a milk horse,' he remarked, 'that mare can do about everything but milk the cows.'

The farmer thought a moment. 'Make it a hundred,' he suggested with the air of a man with bold decisions in his head.

'Sold!'

Mr. Wilson stretched out a long arm. The farmer counted the money into his palm, wetting his thumb and forefinger to feel each bill.

'I'll hitch her onto the back of your wagon,' said Mr. Wilson.

The farmer climbed aboard and started his heavy team, and the thin mare shuffled off lazily behind.

Leaning against the barn, Mr. Wilson watched them disappear.

'George,' he observed in his mild voice, 'there was a sale.'

'I guess that's right,' said George.

'You was a witness,' said Mr. Wilson. 'I was strictly honest in all I told him.'

'How about what she done at the depot?' asked the stableboy. He made a thrust with the dungfork with which he had emerged from the barn. Following the gesture, Finis Wilson saw a pair of wheels and splintered shafts piled up on a battered wagon box that lacked a spring and the rear axle.

'George, you'd ought to pay more attention,' — he shook his head sombrely, — 'or you won't never get to be a horse dealer. It was the engine give her that idee.'

George set down the dungfork in order to scratch his head.

'I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson.'

'It's a sensitive point, George; but if he gives her time she may outgrow even that notion about the engine.'

'Yeanh.'

'It was an honest deal,' said Mr. Wilson. 'I always make an honest deal, George, and if you paid more

attention you'd see how I do it and you'd maybe be a successful horse trader yourself when you get to be a man. I've always been honest in trading. Of course, a man can make a little here and a little there by lying and cheating, but that's only small money. He's got to be honest to make a big profit. I'm honest, George. I've never been cheated in a trade to my knowledge. And no man has ever got the law onto me, either.'

He slowly pulled the back of his hand across his lips, and a look of sadness crept into his eyes.

'Oncet in a while,' he went on, 'it's natural that a man don't understand me. The man that bought that black bitch just now may be one of them. But that's what an honest man has got to expect. I've found that out, and I'll tell you why it is, George. It's because the horse himself is the sensitive point in a deal.'

'Yeanh,' said George, 'I guess that's right.'

He stood awhile staring after the thin stooped shoulders disappearing up the alley. Then he picked up the dung-fork and flung its contents on the barn-yard heap.

'I don't know a great lot,' he observed to himself in a puzzled way, 'but I'm real glad that's the last of *her*.'

II

If horse traders have a reputation for being indolent men, it is probably because they are constantly overworking their imaginations. I. Finis Wilson was most familiar to his neighbors in the town of Ava, New York, when they saw him sitting on the porch of Mrs. Edna Brown's hotel, his cowhide boots on the rail and his head lolling against the back of the rocking-chair.

The hotel stood on the main street, which was an enlargement of the highway to Rome, and the porch offered him a perfect observation post from which to watch for strange horses entering the county. It was Finis Wilson's serious statement and pride that no horse had lived and died in upper Oneida County without having passed at least once through his barn on the wings of profit.

On the hotel porch, Finis nodded to one or two of the boarders and sat down to spend an hour till supper in pleasant meditation on the departure of the black mare. The stout man on his right spat leisurely into the ear of an open nasturtium and remarked, 'I seen Whiter driving out with that black mare.'

'Yeanh.'

'Yeanh.'

The man saw no chance of securing figures, so he settled himself to a comfortable enjoyment of the shade and the slight breeze. The hum of bees in the nasturtium vines was lulling. He folded his hands over his paunch and gently rocked himself. Then, without warning, an idea occurred to him.

'Jeepers!' he exclaimed.

'Yeanh?'

'Did you see the mare the doctor drove in with this morning?'

Finis glanced sideways over his thin nose. 'No,' he said.

'There's a horse!'

'Yeanh?'

'Oh, gol! She's pretty.'

Finis grunted.

'She's a dandy animal. He got her from a feller in Frankfort.'

'Yeanh?'

'She's got quite a record for speed down there. She looks it. Bright bay. Bet she's a Morgan.'

'Yeanh? There's quite a few breeds you see that color in.'

The stout man was annoyed and blew out his cheeks, remarking, 'Well, Finis, you'll have to look her over

probably; but I hear she ain't for sale.'

'Yeanh.'

'It's too bad you did n't get the first profit onto her yourself,' said the stout man.

Finis did not answer this. He removed his feet from the rail and ambled inside after his supper.

The stout man still looked annoyed. He turned to the traveling polish salesman.

'I'd hate to be the doctor,' he said. 'Once Finis sees that mare that doctor won't have no peace. It's too bad, at that. He's a nice boy; but he's just out of Harvard College, and doctors ain't got much sense in a money deal, anyhow.'

The vendor of polishes puffed out his chest.

'I'm a pretty good hand at judging a man,' he said, 'and I should n't think your doctor'd have much to worry about getting cheated by that thin hayseed, if he's the one you're talking about.'

The fat lids of the other's eyes seemed slowly to congeal as he gave the toes of his boots a noncommittal scrutiny.

'Well, maybe you're right, at that. Finis did n't go to no college; but he's never been cheated in a deal and he says he's never done no cheating into a deal, to the best of his knowledge. But then he's an ignorant man. Finis is kind of slow.'

'Sure,' said the salesman, affably. 'Just what I said.'

'Course Finis ain't got much polish,' the fat man went on as if to himself, 'but he always was kind of cute. He started out when he was thirteen. He took and sold Riddle's gray mare out of Riddle's back pasture lot to a bunch of gypsies for eighty dollars. Then he went around to Riddle with the money and bought that mare for twenty-five dollars. Riddle never went into the back lot to see if she was there. Finis knowed so much about her, he was glad to get that much. Nobody would n't have knowed a thing about it if them gypsies had n't come back the next week hollering that they'd been cheated into buying a mare with the cold spavin for eighty dollars. That's how Finis has always done. He's kind of slow, so he aims to keep ahead of the other feller. But even then it was a fair deal, except for the gypsies, and we run them out of town.'

The salesman shifted the conversation.

'Funny name he's got. What did you say it was?'

The stout man unfolded his hands from his belly.

'I. Finis Wilson,' he said dryly. 'I. for Ira. His pa named him that after himself. He was his fourteenth child. His ma give him the other name.'

III

When Finis Wilson emerged from supper to take his seat again on the porch in the cool of the evening, he was meditating on the stout man's description of the doctor's new mare. Before he could actually sit down, a thud of hoofs and a rattle of spokes sounded down the street and the doctor flashed past in his surrey, driving his regular horse — one that Finis had sold him when he first came to Ava in the spring. It had been a good sale, Finis remembered, but he had not made as large a profit as he might have, for he knew that most doctors needed two horses and he intended to preserve his patronage for the second also. Besides, the doctor had seemed too much of a nice boy, and was so frankly unaccustomed to horses that Finis had not found it in his heart to disillusion him in the first deal.

'We'll coax him a bit,' he had said to George, 'and gentle him some.'

Finis watched the doctor out of sight. It occurred to him that his absence would afford a first-rate opportunity to examine the mare freely and see how well founded the stout man's enthusiasm had been.

He made his way slowly down the street. Twilight had come in about the trunks of the overarching elms with a touch of dew and a scent of meadows visible between the houses. Finis, strolling along with his hands in his pockets, nodded every now and then to villagers taking their ease on their front porches. At the corner of the doctor's cottage he paused to cut himself a chew. Having stowed it outside of his right molars, he wiped his lips with the back of his thumb, jerked the ends of his moustache, and disappeared behind the house.

In front of the stable door he found William Dewey, the doctor's man, polishing a new light single harness, whistling the while monotonously on three notes. Finis thought he was rubbing with unwonted enthusiasm. He leaned himself against the doorframe and crossed one leg before the other.

'Ain't seen you show so much grit at a job in a long while, Bill,' he observed.

'Got to have a smart harness for a smart mare, Finis.'

Bill breathed on the check buckle and rubbed it tenderly with his handkerchief. 'Genuine sterling plate on them buckles, Finis. Doc bought it particular for his new mare.'

'Yeanh, I heard he'd picked up a new horse somewheres. What's she like?'

'Like? Say, there ain't a horse in seven counties can touch her. She's won in Whitesboro every year for five. She's a genuine pure-bred Morgan. You could trade all the brutes you got in your barn, Finis, all for one horse, and I bet even you could n't get a value equal to her.'

'I been hearing she's fair to middling,' Finis said.

'You don't believe it, by Cripus, but I'll fetch her out.'

'Don't take the bother,' said Finis politely, but his long nose twitched and a tingling came under the skin between his shoulders.

'No bother,' said Bill from within the barn, with the note of a man who is willing to convince a friend of his stupidity.

Finis heard the light, quick steps of a horse affably backing out of a stall and approaching the door, but he managed to preserve his casual pose. Then a bright head came forth and the short ears pricked at him, and he saw her take a breath of his scent. In spite of himself, one hand came out of his pocket to stroke the delicate nostrils. It seemed to Finis that he had never come to a quicker understanding with a mare, and he began to realize that the doctor was n't her natural owner.

But Bill pushed himself importantly between them and, taking the lead rope close to the halter, brought her out into the open. She was all Morgan, wide-chested, a hint of Arab about her head, high-crested, straight-legged, full-quartered. Finis felt cold little ripples of excitement doing circus acts with his heart. One look and she filled his eyes. It gave him genuine pain to know that she was n't his. As Bill trotted her round in significant silence, Finis's hand came up and his lips ran over her good points as if to a buyer; his hand reached behind him for his showing whip. To sell such a horse would be a fitting climax to his long career. He saw himself at the Syracuse Fair turning down eight-hundred-dollar bids; he saw himself in a frock coat and yellow boots and a new gray hat; he heard comment about her on all sides,

and his own voice saying, 'Northern bred, mister. On my own farm. Four years old and a daisy. Ask anybody that comes from Ava.' And all the time, too, he realized that she belonged to a college-bred doctor, no more than a boy, who had pink cheeks and next to no knowledge of the world and horses. If he had been a philosopher, he would have doubted God's existence; being Finis Wilson, he knew that it was n't right and that he would have to do something about it.

So he said in his mild voice, 'She's a pretty clever buggy proposition at that, Bill.'

Bill came to a dead stop.

'Buggy proposition! I thought you knowed a horse!'

'Yeanh. Don't take it hard, Bill. She's past twelve. Let me look at her mouth. Get a lantern.'

Bill sent a shuddering spit directly for the toes of Finis's boots, and led the mare into the barn without a word.

'You ought n't to take it so hard, Bill.'

'Twelve!' Bill's voice came cavernously from the barn. 'She's rising five. Doc's uncle raised her on his own place.'

'Well, a man's relative is apt to make that kind of a mistake in a gift.'

Bill came out of the barn with a lantern and resumed his work on the harness. He kept a scornful silence, and after a few remarks Finis moseyed away to the main street.

He stopped to look in at the string of horses in his barn and said, 'Trash!' bitterly.

His stableboy lifted his head out of the corner manger and looked at him sleepily.

'I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson.'

'You shut up!' said Finis, with unexpected savageness.

IV

If ever Finis Wilson desired anything in his life, it was the doctor's mare. He dreamed about her that night, and the first thing he saw in the morning after breakfast was the doctor driving her out of town on a distant call. The rate at which she took him past brought a grunt of admiration up out of the stout man.

'Did n't I tell you?' he demanded triumphantly of Finis.

Finis declined to answer.

'Something's soured into him,' the stout man soliloquized aloud. 'He'd ought to see the doctor.'

He sat down and said to himself that it was too bad the doctor was n't a sharper man.

But Finis went on to his barn, where he put George through three hours of misery at cleaning the stable. For his own occupation he sat on the grain bin in search of ideas. Little by little these settled in his stomach, and before dinner time Finis had acquired quite a pain. So he went round to the doctor's cottage. There was a string beside the door which he pulled, and a bell rang loudly just over his head. At the same moment the doctor himself opened the door.

'I saw you through the window,' he explained. 'Come in.'

He led Finis into his consulting room. He was a young man with fresh-colored skin and inexperienced eyes. Finis peered up at him shrewdly from under his hat brim.

'Sit down,' said the doctor.

'I don't know that it's serious, Doc. It's just that my dinner ain't been setting so good lately.'

'Let's see your tongue,' said the doctor. He had learned that his patients expected all the rituals of his office, and as a matter of fact they were as pleased to see the diploma

framed on the wall as he was himself.

As long as he would have to pay, Finis extracted the last atom of service, pulse taking, thermometer, and all, and carefully pocketed the doctor's pills. Then, as a natural thing, he brought the conversation round to the mare.

'She's a likely-looking buggy horse,' he said grudgingly. 'I'm wondering if you and me could n't make a deal onto her.'

'Why, I don't know, Finis. I had n't thought of selling her. You see, she was a gift. My uncle gave her to me for a wedding present.'

Finis was properly startled.

'Yes,' said the doctor. 'I'm going out to Indiana next month to get married. I'd have gone out this spring, only I did n't have the money to. I've got enough now, though not much for a honeymoon.'

He smiled, and blushed.

'Well, by gol, that's fine,' said Finis. Then a sly look came into his eyes. 'I'd give you two hundred dollars for that mare. That would give you quite a trip, now.'

'Well, you know what she's worth, I guess. But I could n't sell her. I would n't want to.'

'I'll make it two-fifty, between friends, and I'll find you another horse, cheap,' Finis offered.

The doctor appeared lost in thought. If he had felt of Finis's pulse at that moment he would have been professionally alarmed. But the thin dealer's only sign of excitement was the twisting of the ends of his long pale moustache together over his chin.

The doctor looked up.

'No, Finis, she's not for sale. She's too near the perfect horse for my work, though I guess she would n't go far outside of it.'

'That's right, but she's kind of a clever article, you know.'

'Just the same, I could n't. Take two of those pills after every meal. They're a kind of physic. And they'll touch up your liver. Come around again in a day or two.'

Finis sighed, paid, and went out. He made his way to his barn, where he found George feeding the horses their noon grain.

'George,' he asked, 'have you looked at that mare the doctor's got?'

'Yeanh.'

'What do you think of her?'

'Well, she's kind of pretty,' said George, trying to imitate his employer's accustomed manner.

'Kind of pretty! You poor, abandoned twerp. That mare's the finest piece of horse meat I've seen in this county in twenty years.'

'Yeanh,' George said meekly. 'I guess that's right.'

'Here,' said Finis, suddenly taking the pill box from his pocket, 'eat them. I just bought them off Doc and there ain't no point in throwing them away. They're good for the liver.'

'Thanks,' said George. Finis sat down on a box and filled an old corncob.

'George, I'd give a lot to buy that mare, but the danged fool won't sell. I offered him a good price, at that. What can a man do to buy a horse from a man that don't want to sell?'

'Give him some more money,' said George.

'You shut up!' said Finis.

V

It was the source of infinite sorrow to Finis Wilson that George appeared to have offered the only possible way to deal with the doctor. But in the succeeding weeks he raised his price to four hundred dollars, with no effect. Two days later he had called at the doctor's office and narrated George's symptoms

as his own. Since George had eaten all the pills at once, the symptoms were sufficiently peculiar to warrant Finis's appearance for several times more. 'I feel like a horse taking a heavy load downhill on a high breeching. I can't get no comfort no more.' It occurred to him that the symptoms also described his own state of mind.

But the doctor, while he retained his interest in Finis's digestion, would have none of the deal. 'If he was n't such a danged fool,' Finis complained, 'he'd see I was offering him more than the mare is worth.'

Finally Finis lost all sense of balance. He stopped the doctor in the middle of the main street as he was returning from a Sunday afternoon call, driving his old horse, and he said, 'Doc, I honestly make you my last offer for that mare. I'll pay you five hundred dollars down for her — just as she is. Spot cash for the mare alone. You're leaving to go west for your wife, ain't you?'

The doctor drew a long breath. Five hundred dollars would not only furnish a honeymoon; there would be enough remaining to furnish the upstairs bedroom he had been writing Ermintrude about, which by correspondence they had planned in complete detail. But he preserved his presence of mind.

'Yes, I'm leaving on the evening train. I'll be walking down to the depot, Finis, and I'll let you know once for all then.'

'I'll be on the hotel porch, Doc. I'll have the money in my pants pocket.'

A great calm had settled over Finis's mind. He had tendered his limit — there was no more for him to do.

As for the doctor, he drove slowly home.

VI

Now the doctor was very young, and perhaps he may be excused when it is remembered that a country practice, while more highly considered in the old days than it is now, did not bring in a great deal of money for the luxuries of life. Further, it must be remembered that the doctor was dealing with the slyest man in seven counties, according to repute. And third, and perhaps most important, was a point that even Finis had overlooked. Though he was practising in a village in upstate New York, and though he was planning to marry an Indiana girl, the doctor's blood was of the Yankiest New England strains. He came from Sandwich; and his name was Nickerson. This as a preliminary to destiny. . . .

As he turned into his yard, he looked at his watch and saw that he had an hour till train time. As he got down over the wheel, he made up his mind that he would not sell the mare — even for five hundred dollars. He was so relieved to have reached this decision that his faculties cleared from their dazzlement, and he became aware of his man, Bill, tears streaming from his eyes and strange noises issuing from his mouth.

'Cholera,' was the doctor's first thought. 'Liquor,' his second. The third was a flash of fate. 'The mare.'

'Bill!'

Bill stared at him dimly. 'She's just fetched her last kick,' he said.

'What's the matter?'

'I come in after dinner and there she lay as big as a elephant that's going to litter,' groaned Bill. 'She'd got loose some way. She'd got her head in the grain bin and filled herself bowdacious full, and there she was kicking like a steam engine and roaring like Niagara Falls. I got a pill into her, but it was too late. I done the best I could, Doc, honest. But it were n't no good at all.'

The doctor looked in without a word and saw his mare on her back, all four legs in the air. It was all he needed to see. Though he was not much of a

horseman, he began to appreciate the genuineness of Bill's sorrow when the latter said, 'I been mighty close to prayer, Doc.'

The doctor was dazed again, as if the five hundred dollars had bludgeoned him between the eyes. If he had only closed with Finis, he saw that the sorrow might still have been theirs, but the grief would have been the dealer's.

Then a light came to him, or it may have been the resurgence of the good New England blood that pioneered this great land of ours. He clapped Bill on the shoulder.

'Listen here, Bill. Borrow Mr. Smith's stone boat and his big team, and right after dark you take her round to Finis Wilson's. I'm leaving in three quarters of an hour for Indiana. I'm going to strike a deal with him.'

All the world loves a horse, but there is no one in the world at all who does n't like even better to see a horse dealer trimmed and shaved. Bill looked as if he had been shown the way to hope.

'All right, Doc.'

VII

With one eye on the clock and the other on the window, the doctor packed his carpetbags with wedding clothes. It was getting late, and a shower that had been promising for some time was obscuring the sunset. By the time he reached the station it would be really dark.

He took up his bags and walked swiftly along the main street. Lights from the hotel windows showed Finis sitting on the steps. He got up.

'Doc?' he said. There was a hint of quaver in his voice.

The doctor spoke like a man who has reached a decision against his better judgment.

'I've decided to let you have her, Finis. She's yours for five hundred.'

Finis handed a wad of bills to the doctor, who counted them carefully in the dim light.

'I'm an honest man,' said Finis in a pained manner.

'It's best to be businesslike,' said the young doctor; 'it saves misunderstandings. I've told Bill to take the mare around to your barn in half an hour.'

'Good,' said Finis. 'I'd thought to fetch her myself, but I guess it'll be better waiting for her. More exciting, so to speak.'

He held out his hand, and, though his back was to the light, the doctor felt a twinge to see so plainly joy unalloyed on his thin face.

'Shake, Doc,' said Finis. 'And I'd take it kindly you and Bill would n't say nothing about this deal for a while.'

'I won't,' the doctor promised. 'I'll be gone for a week.'

The train whistled for the above-town crossing, and the doctor sprinted for the station.

Finis watched his fluttering coat tails, and he grinned and grinned. Then he took his own way to his stable. He went leisurely, drawing out his expectation to the last drop. If the doctor had been a keen man, he said to himself, he would have waited for another hundred dollars. And Finis knew that the hundred dollars would have been forthcoming.

'Well, George,' he said to his henchman, 'how be you?'

George got feebly up from his bed in the manger and rubbed his eyes.

'Not very good, Mr. Wilson. Some way I ain't been right since my inwards got a hold on them pills.'

'Cheer up and feel better,' said Finis with surprising boisterousness. 'Tonight I bought the doctor's mare. Here's a dollar for you to feel better on.'

'Thanks,' said George. 'Shall I go fetch her?'

'She's to be delivered. Fix some straw in that box stall.'

George got up and spread some bedding. It was hard for Finis to sit still, and in spite of himself he was unable to keep his eyes from the door. After a while George sat beside him. They said nothing, but the light of the lantern at their feet showed both their heads turned left and both jaws motionless to listen, and up above in the brown dark of the mow their great shadows also listened. Only Finis's hand was twisting together the ends of his long pale moustache.

'There's a stone boat coming down the alley,' said George.

'What . . .'

Finis awoke like a shot to impending disaster. It was revealed to him in the form of Bill, a heavy team, and the four stiff legs of the mare, pointed to the single star showing dimly through the clouds.

Finis came to his feet, walked slowly out with the lantern in his hand, and stared down for a long time. A great and mastering rage was gathering in his breast, but words offered no outlet to it until Bill said with heavy seriousness, 'I told Doc he had n't ought to sell, but he notioned your price was close to being a fair one.'

Then Finis swore. He swore in a low-pitched monotony of sound, from which he emerged only once to demand from George the return of the dollar bill he had given him to celebrate the deal.

But George also was on the point of going mad. He stood in a corner with a dungfork, saying, 'That doctor twerp got enough out of me already. He won't get nothing more.'

'Cripus,' said Finis suddenly. 'He were n't only a boy by his looks.'

'I thought you'd understand,' Bill chuckled, preparing to return the boat and team.

'Bill,' said Finis, 'don't say nothing about this.'

Bill laughed unpleasantly.

'Five dollars,' said Finis.

'A dollar a day,' said Bill.

Finis sat down, and suddenly he was a man again. He was thinking.

'In all my life,' he said sombrely, 'I was n't never done on a deal. And I'll be danged if I'll let this boy-doctor do me. I would n't have, only I was too honest to suspicion him, Bill. I was honest, and here's what come of it.'

The lantern at his feet showed water dimming his sharp blue eyes.

'It's tough,' Bill said.

'I've got to make a profit on this mare,' said Finis in a low voice. 'If I don't I'll have to go to New York, where folks is softer. But I've got to make an honest profit. You see that, boys. If I don't, that pink young hellion is going to have the snort on me.'

'Well,' said Bill, 'I'll leave you think it out yourself.'

He went away. For half an hour Finis clasped his head in thought.

Then he said, as if feeling his way toward something, 'Westernville.'

In the darkness of the barn George felt his jaw come open.

'Westernville,' said Finis. 'Westernville. . . . They're a great bunch to play cards. . . . They've got sporting notions. . . . Quite a lot of boaters over there. They always take a chance, the big bezabors. . . . Westernville.'

He looked over his shoulders. There was sweat on his cheeks, and George saw that the ends of his moustache were knotted squarely.

'I'll do an honest deal,' said Finis loudly, 'and make an honest profit, by Jeepers Cripus! George, you come from Westernville. Don't they play cards in the store real late on Sunday nights?'

'I guess that's right,' said George. 'Hitch up that white trotter to the buggy. I bought him for a stepper. By gander, I'll get a chance to feel out his pulse now.'

It took them a moment to get the snorting beast into the shafts. Finis climbed up with his whip, while George held the horse's head. Before George could get off the ground, the hind wheels had skidded into the main street.

VIII

It was the bride who finally, after three weeks' honeymoon, suggested that they return to Ava.

'You can't afford to lose your practice, Jonathan N.,' she said.

With obvious reluctance the doctor agreed. Perhaps he had a New England conscience, and, now that the deal was over, perhaps it troubled him.

'We'll get in by the evening train,' he said, 'so our neighbors won't know we're back till the next morning. We'll fool them that way.'

She looked at him adoringly.

'I think that's nice,' she said.

So they packed up that night, after they had spent an evening together by the great cataract — an ideal spot for lovers, precluding speech. And they got on the train next morning on the long trip home. All day it seemed to Ermintrude that her husband was unduly absorbed in his own thoughts, but she supposed that he must be regulating them for the return to an arduous life, and she tried to be helpful by assuming a cheerful silence.

So they came back, and the doctor suggested that they get off on the wrong side of the train. She was the first to get down, and it did her good to see that they had been watching for her husband, for there was a man waiting there. He clapped her husband on the shoulder.

'Hullo, Doc,' he said.

She saw that he was a lean man with long yellow moustaches, and that her husband was embarrassed. She wondered if it was because the lean man smelled so uncommonly of horses. But then she heard the doctor say, 'Finis, I've been thinking over that deal we made, and I've been thinking maybe I took too much. Suppose I give you back a hundred.'

She was worried and puzzled by her husband's troubled voice, and she turned appealing eyes on the thin man. He was grinning in a very friendly way at her and twisting together the ends of his pale moustache over his chin.

'Don't you bother, Doc,' he replied in his mild voice. 'I made a profit of a hundred dollars on that mare.'

The bride heard her husband draw a long breath.

'Yeanh,' said the horsy man, 'I made a profit of a hundred dollars on that mare; and I done it honest, too. *I* never cheated a man in a deal.'

The doctor seemed to wince — then he stuttered a question inaudible to his wife, and the horsy man laughed as if to himself.

'When that mare was delivered,' he said, 'I was surprised. But I said to myself, "Of course the doc don't know about it — it's that bezabor Bill. It would be hard," I said, "if the doc was a loser just on account of accident. But," I says, "if I can make an honest profit and deal, I won't say nothing." So I recollected that there was always late Sunday night card games over to Westernville, and that they was a sporting proposition over there. And I knowed for a fact that some of them would want that mare; so I hitched up my white trotter and went scooting over. It was muddy roads, but we got there inside of an hour and a half — which is some night driving, Doc; that

horse is sure a dinger for night driving, Doc, and I could let him go cheap for a cash turnover.'

The horsy man cocked his head, but as the doctor said nothing he went on. And as he went on his voice gained a little in excitement, and it seemed to the doctor's bride that she could see him all muddy bursting through the door and stopping the pinochle games, his blue eyes shining.

'I went into the store,' said Finis, 'and I says, "Boys, drinks." And there was n't one of them bezabors did n't step up. "Boys," says I, "I'm an honest man, and I've come over to make an honest proposition to you. I've gone and bought the doctor's mare," I says, "and I've paid out five hundred dollars for her. That's a big price to get a profit on, and I would n't ask one of you to give it me. But I says to myself, 'Them Westernville boys is sporting,' and I figgered this way. I'll sell seven one-hundred-dollar tickets; we'll put 'em in a hat when the cash has been delivered, and let anyone you say drawr." Believe me or not, them bezabors made up that seven hundred dollars in about seven minutes. The keep drawred, and Jerry Bumstead was the lucky man. Them Irish canawlers is all lucky as the devil. He wanted to come back with me to collect the mare, so I took him. But when he seen the mare lying belly-up in the yard he certainly did cuss. I says, "Jerry, I'm an honest man. I've never been cheated and I won't cheat you. This is an honest deal, so here's *your* hundred dollars back."'

Finis was still grinning. All at once the doctor grinned back.

'Finis,' he said, 'I want you to meet Mrs. Nickerson.'

Finis made a bow.

'Mam,' he said, stowing his cud of tobacco well back and holding her hand in both of his, 'you've married the smartest man in seven counties, barring only I. Finis Wilson. Can I carry your bag?'

ART AND AUTHENTICITY

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

No amateur should be ashamed of occasionally buying a forgery, and a museum official similarly deceived should regard the mishap as an ordinary hazard of his profession, unless he has neglected obvious precautions and spent too much of other people's money. Indeed, the collector who is too cool and patient ever to be taken in by a forgery simply lacks the enthusiasm and audacity proper to his pursuit. No great collection was ever made save by a collector who was willing to live dangerously. Naturally no account is taken here of collections which are not collections — namely, those which are made by dealers. The great dealer occasionally buys forgeries, but never wittingly passes them on to a client. They reappear eventually in the auction room or in the hands of small dealers who guarantee nothing

but first appearances. Forgeries apparently are never destroyed, hence their number constantly increases. But, since fashion and taste change, only a limited class of forgeries is dangerous at any given time.

The dealers and agents who landed the sculptures of the contemporary Roman artist Alceo Dossena in the museums of Berlin, Cleveland, Boston, and New York chose their moment shrewdly. They counted on an inordinate competition for the virtually unattainable — first-class sculpture of ancient Greece and Renaissance Italy. To an anomalous demand they responded with a truly extraordinary supply. That some of these dealers and intermediaries were themselves deceived in no way alters the situation. Had Signor Dossena's graven images looked like three or four figures on the sales account, nobody would have been fooled. But they looked like five or six figures, and pretty much everybody was fooled. What there is about a forger and a forgery that obscures usually sound judgments is my theme. It will lead us into odd byways of human thinking and feeling.

Before coming to grips with the alluring details of the subject, before feeling the bumps of the forger himself and those of his victims, just a word on general and historical principles. Whenever there is scarcity of any sort of object in the art market, and corresponding dearness, there will be forgeries. For example, up to ten years ago there were few collectors of Italian painting of the century before Giotto. What little strayed to the antiquaries was called Byzantine, and could be had at your own price. Twenty years ago I bought a good little panel of this period — it is now in a well-known museum as my gift — for five dollars. For ten years past forgeries of this art have flooded the market — the period having meanwhile become fashionable through study and attribution. Last winter in a single auction sale in New York I saw a dozen such forgeries. The seller believed in them, and the buyers did not wholly disbelieve, for they paid prices which, while low for the appearance, were high for the reality. Forgery, then, follows collecting fashion with the same economic inevitableness that trade follows the flag.

Good forgeries at their first appearance always deceive a large number of experts, but are quickly detected. Here may be comfort for vendors and buyers of Dossenas. In a kindly spirit Dr. John Rubens, father of the great painter, having seduced the feeble-minded wife of William the Silent, wrote from prison to the offended prince a consolatory letter in which he passed in review all the great personages whose wives had betrayed them. Dr. John was really establishing a new order of nobility, and as well qualifying his monarch. So I may cite the Louvre, which some seventy years ago bought a terra-cotta portrait bust by the contemporary Florentine sculptor Bastianini, and stoutly maintained its authenticity against all comers until Bastianini, entirely innocent of the deception, claimed his own work. A little later two pretty profiles of girls by the Italian picture restorer Tricca were bought respectively by Carrand, a true leviathan among collectors, and by Morelli, greatest connoisseur of his times. The second, which was by way of being a Leonardo da Vinci, transiently won the acceptance of Mr. Berenson, whose *expertise* in Italian painting is unique for breadth and accuracy. About thirty years ago a challenge of the splendid gold tiara of Saitaphernes in the Louvre set the archæological world agog. Its defenders did not yield until the maker,

Roukhomoski, came from the Crimea, and repeated in Paris a portion of his masterpiece. About the same time, Professor Ioni was multiplying his clever imitations of old Sienese painters. They were not made to deceive, but I hardly know any private collector of primitives who has not at one time or another bought an Ioni as genuine. No false modesty is going to keep me out of this list. I who write have bought for myself a false Gentile Bellini, a forged Manet, and, for the museum which I have the honor to direct, a more than doubtful Sassetta. If we have erred, we have erred in good company.

II

Back now to our real theme — the forger, his work, and his victim.

I have known only three forgers. One was the late Arthur Dawson, who painted the Homer D. Martins which were the occasion of a famous if inconclusive trial; another cut classical intaglios at Rome; a third still fabricates Albert P. Ryders and occasionally a Whistler. Upon so narrow a basis I am unwilling to generalize, but it is at least notable that all three were relatively unmercenary, the incentive to production being a professional pride in their gift of mimicry. I doubt if Dawson began by intending to pass off his pictures as Martins. It is certain that he never profited greatly through the deception his canvases brought about. He naturally imitated techniques that he admired; had done so always. It is entirely possible that the discovery that his pictures could be successfully offered as Martins was not made by Dawson himself, but by some dealer, and it is also possible, if unlikely, that the dealer or dealers did not know the difference between a plausible echo by Dawson and a masterpiece by Martin. What is certain is that the Dawsons became more Martinlike; and the inference is plain that, if the forger begins innocent, he is rarely allowed to remain so.

The artist who made the classical intaglios and he who makes the Ryders charged scrupulously right prices, never offering even their best imitations at anything near the valuation of the respective originals. The man who makes the Ryders likes to see pompous or merely hopeful amateurs rising to his lure, likes to hear what they say; and his Ryders, inside of one hundred dollars, when the market calls for many thousands, are excellent value, and no buyer has any right to complain. Of course this is the *basse-cour* of forgery, but I believe the psychology is the same all the way up. The forgery is the expression of a naïve vanity of imitation. It would exist even if it were unsalable. It is made in the same spirit as those triolets and villanelles *à la* Austin Dobson which grace the first manner in poetry of many of my literary contemporaries. At this stage there is no forgery, but rather a concrete compliment to some better master. The same object becomes a forgery when it turns out that it can be sold as of its apparent artist and period. Unlike other artists, the forger is not self-made. It is the dealer who makes him, as it is the hasty and extravagant amateur who in turn makes the fraudulent dealer.

The case may be studied in the person of Professor Ioni, now director of the Siena Gallery, who has never been a forger in any sense, but whose pictures have been sold fraudulently by unscrupulous dealers. Professor Ioni began about thirty years ago as a producing archæologist. He studied the technique of the Sienese primitives, made up his panels by combining features from various pictures of the moment chosen, successfully avoided

anachronisms, and achieved handsome decorative effects. These pictures passed into commerce for precisely what they were — uncommonly artistic imitations of Sienese primitives; and then the confusion arose. Amateurs believed in them. Dealers encouraged such belief. The Ionis entered scores of modest collections and a few famous ones. There was a moment when I could stroll up and down the Via dei Fossi, in Florence, and have the Ionis offered to me alternately as modern and as fine originals, according to the dealer's estimate of his own character and of my intelligence. Now it is past. An Ioni to the trained eye is as recognizable as any Sienese old master. And here is a parable. No such imitation holds its own for long. It is soon detected. The assault of the forger on the amateur is always in the nature of a surprise attack.

III

Before we leave the subject of that forgery which is more or less innocent and incidental a word is due on the wholesale manufacture of objects of art in the historic styles. Anywhere in Europe and frequently in America you will see shop windows groaning with carved ivories, sculptured metal and marble, paintings and enamels. The contents of any such window would represent millions, if only half the objects were real. Of course all are factory-made, — mostly at Heidelberg, report has it, — and there is no pretense that they are old. But, oddly enough, there is a type of collector who will buy from such stocks in the hope — nay, in the conviction — that he is landing a masterpiece under the nose of an ignorant dealer. It is hard for the most honest dealer to refrain from fostering such presumption. Or suppose the dealer is less than honest — puts the ivories and bronzes in a compost heap and lets chemistry work, exposes the enamels and marbles moderately to the sand blast, bakes the pictures in the oven to produce crackle, and anoints them with licorice juice to give a plausible patination of time. Suppose he then introduces a few of these pieces into a stock generally genuine. The good company, which would cruelly expose them to a good eye, will sell them to a poor but hopeful eye if the prices are alluring.

This kind of dealer wisely makes no pretensions for such wares. Indeed he tells an intelligent amateur what they are before the question is raised. The reckoning is with the vanity and optimism of the untrained bargain hunter, and it is rarely disappointed. A great New York merchant who had been notably successful in picture collecting unhappily undertook the desperate task of finding genuine ivories amid this shop product. He assembled over two hundred pieces. Through some wavering of taste or through simple working of the doctrine of probabilities, half a dozen pieces were genuine, and of no consequence. He even published an illustrated catalogue which cost ten times the value of the collection and courteously presented me with a copy. I spent much effort in avoiding a survey of the ivories, for I knew it would be not merely disagreeable but also entirely fruitless to tell him the truth, and he was withal a dignified and amiable gentleman. Of such is the salt of the earth for the dealer who occasionally varies his stock with a forgery.

There are still lower depths. The easiest way to make an old master is to varnish any process color print and offer it in an aged frame. A friend once returned aglow from the Rag Market at Rome, bearing a tiny painting by Pinturicchio in an apparently old

frame. The composition was familiar to me, the dimensions suggestive. Begging permission, I removed the panel from the frame, and there appeared a varnished post card. Nothing was amiss with the transaction except the price, which, at two hundred lire, was after all reasonable for the bad off-chance of a Pinturicchio. One can hardly dignify such elementary guile by the name of forgery. Yet there are moments of twilight exhaustion at the end of a day's hunting when a varnished color print will take in the collector who ordinarily knows better.

Old objects improved are a peculiarly insidious class of forgery. Imagine a minor Umbrian panel of Perugino's time and style. A few opportune touches by a skilled restorer will make it, commercially speaking, into a Perugino. Its price goes up from three thousand dollars to thirty thousand. The surface is mostly old, looks right under the lens, meets the usual tests. If put in a corner, the dealer has only to tell the truth — that the picture is somewhat repainted. An entire collection of such improved pictures was brought over here about twenty-five years ago, and is gradually revealing its true character as the repaint is removed. Happily the X-ray, which generally tells the extent and age of the repainting, affords a new safeguard against this dangerous type of fraud.

IV

So far we have had only the 'low down' on our subject, but it is after all a fitting approach, for human foibles and vanities do not greatly change their character when they appear in superior individuals and in sublimated form. The psychology of my modest maker of Ryders and of Signor Dossena is the same. Nothing is different but the prices their works respectively have fetched. And this difference of price is created, not by the forger, but by the dealer, amateur, and museum official — is, in short, a phase of the psychology of the art market and not of the psychology of the artist.

The potential forger of works of art is first of all a passionate antiquarian; next he is a craftsman; and finally he is poor. For the beautiful objects which he is destined to simulate he must have a reverent admiration. His work, however, will generally show that he has really studied his favorite originals quite superficially. His enthusiasm is diffused and vague, sufficient to itself, and does not induce that concentration which study demands. Were he in easy circumstances, the potential forger would become instead an active collector, and probably incidentally an amateur artist. One may be sure that as a collector he would buy many forgeries, lacking the safeguard of a studious habit, and that his art would be negligible. But since he has no money with which to buy antiques, but has a pair of clever hands by which he must live, he makes the antiques instead. In the first instance he makes them for his own pleasure, as an artist; but, since he must live, he sells them — puts on the market an ambiguous production which a little aging or a timely misrepresentation will convert into a forgery. As a forgery, it is worth much more than it is as his avowed work.

At this point the dealers will try to take him on, and they will generally succeed, for their pressure is hard to resist. They can present him with an accomplished fact for which he is not responsible — that his works are being sold as originals. To explain the situation is to spoil his at best uncertain market; to say nothing is to enjoy a relative prosperity. In this dilemma he is likely to wash his hands of the fate of his work after it leaves the

studio, shifting any blame involved to the dealer, who is obviously answerable for his own stock, and to the buyer, who is supposed to know what he is about. Thus, without any positive evil intention, if not quite innocently, a producing antiquarian is converted into a forger. This I suppose to be Signor Dossena's case.

Were the same sort of man not a craftsman, he would probably keep an old curiosity shop, assembling mostly specious rubbish, and indulging the most gorgeous delusions about his wares. For the man who deceives by superficial appearances cares for them greatly, and is himself readily deceived by them. I have known many antiquity dealers of this kidney, of whom one was an occasional forger. They all lived in a haze of hopefulness concerning the most hopeless objects. Their admirations were ready and volatile, but entirely undisciplined. They cared for some good things without at all knowing why one was better than the other, and they invariably loved a fine thing for a bad or merely secondary reason.

Now suppose such a man is an excellent craftsman and has to live by his craft. His art at best will be an enthusiastic but generally not very intelligent imitation of the things he loves. Or, in the rare event that he is scholarly, his imitation will be careful and correct, and rather dry. It is the temperamental and irresponsible forgery that is really dangerous. Under favorable financial and moral conditions, a producing archæologist may remain such. We have had a Bastianini and an Ioni pursuing their work with a kind of amateur zeal. In a higher walk of production we have the greatest of creative archæologists, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, retouching our campuses and countrysides with a Gothic architecture which is as plausible archæologically as it is preposterous from the point of view of our national history. Had Mr. Cram lacked that extraordinary energy and adroitness which have brought him success and fame, I am sure we should find him enthusiastically carving wood or ivory or painting miniatures in the Gothic style — an American Ioni or Bastianini.

We shall do well to shift our attention from the forger, who, as we have seen, is only incidentally so, to the producing archæologist, who is the psychological reality involved in our problem. For him the Dossena case has evoked a generous championship. The plea runs as follows: Signor Dossena's work — say, the 'Mino da Fiesole' tomb bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts — has been accepted by great experts as an exceptionally beautiful Mino. In that capacity it has thrilled admiring thousands, most of whom, being Bostonians, are presumably good judges of the beautiful. Does it not then follow that the tomb is a real æsthetic equivalent for a fine Mino, hence quite worth the great sum paid for it, and a desirable acquisition for any museum devoted to the cult of the beautiful? And if this be so, is it not a mere snobbishness that makes us repudiate the sculptor and his work? If our taste were set on æsthetic realities and untrammeled by fallacies of historic remoteness and of consecrated names, should we not rather hail Signor Dossena as an artist equal to Mino, and commend the experts of the Museum for adding one of his masterpieces to the collections? So runs the plea, and it has as well an interesting sophistication: Signor Dossena is a very great sculptor who has had the bad luck to be born out of his proper time — to wit, the Italian Renaissance.

I am reluctant to combat so magnanimous an argument. Let me rather, provisionally accepting it, extend it to

its logical limits, and then see where we are. Signor Dossena's work has equally seemed the finest product of archaic Magna Græcia, of early fourteenth-century Italy, of fifteenth-century Italy. If his champions are right, he actually commands in his proper person the perfections of two great schools and of four generations widely spaced in time. In short, he must be the greatest sculptor the world has ever seen. No other sculptor has been preëminent except in the style of his own time. Evidently the plea is bad if you push it all the way. And the corollary is also bad. Signor Dossena has had the signal misfortune to be born outside of at least four generations all of which would have been equally proper for his peculiar genius. Again this won't do. His genius must indeed be of a very special nature, and possibly more persuasive than really great. All this will come out more clearly as we pass from the psychology of the forger to the character of his work.

V

A blatant and insistent charm is the essential characteristic of every successful forgery. As I recall the half-dozen times I have been taken in, the false object excited me more, had more 'kick,' than any authentic masterpiece ever has. The forgery was aggressively effective, completely engrossing. It was oddly self-subsistent, failing to evoke the usual analogies with kindred masterpieces. It demanded to be accepted instanter, for itself alone, and did not consent to be compared with anything else. It filled one's entire æsthetic horizon.

Now the masterpiece never has these overtly prima-donna manners. It does not, in the vigorous parlance of modern youth, 'knock you dead.' It keeps a certain aloofness, waits in dignity upon your recognition and understanding, leaves you a leeway for reflection and comparison, reserves much of its beauty for further acquaintance, gains as you study it. In short, the appreciation of a masterpiece of art is in the nature of a courtship, whereas the appreciation of a forgery is in the nature of a rape consented to.

I recall buying the false Sassetta with one of the best connoisseurs in the country at my elbow egging me on. We fell for it instantly and unreservedly, as a superlatively delightful thing. With a real Sassetta we should both have been more circumspect. Respect and reflection would have tempered expansive adoration. This immediate kick all the Dossenas have in a remarkable degree. One of the archaic Greek simulations is said to have been bought because its beauty made the responsible curator tremble. It would have been well if this expert had recalled that he did not tremble when he approached the metopes of Olympia and the Ludovisi throne. The great masterpieces do not assail the nerves to this extent. In short, the forgery is to the masterpiece what absinthe is to an authentic drink. It raises you suddenly very high, and as quickly lets you down. It gives all it has on the instant and has no force in reserve.

It was so with the first Dossenas I saw about eight years ago. They have since been in and again out of the collection of a celebrated journalist. They were marble high reliefs, an Annunciation, purporting to be by the Sienese painter-sculptor Vecchietta. They possessed me utterly, seemed the loveliest Italian sculptures I had ever seen. My response was abject. As I went away I had a curious feeling of being ashamed, of wishing to take it all back. I recalled that before the masterpieces of Quercia, Donatello, Ghiberti,

Desiderio, Luca della Robbia, I had never been lashed into such an abandon of adoration. And Vecchietta, supposing the Annunciation to be his, though a charming artist in his degree, was after all only a good third-rate artist. Why should he shatter me as no first-rate sculptor had ever managed to do? Something was wrong — with me or the marbles, or with both.

After a month I saw the Annunciation again. It still looked lovely, but less so, and it betrayed its secret. It had never been conceived in stone, but cautiously cut in marble from photographs or similar graphic material. It had no sculptural quality. You could have ironed it out flat, and it would have lost nothing; indeed it might even gain if flattened and colored. It was a transcript of a charming picture in marble. It had no real existence, though it had a momentary power to enthrall.

Still a few years later I saw in a famous New York collection another enticing pair of marbles, again an Annunciation, this time by no less a hand than that of the great Sienese painter, Simone Martini. I had had my lesson, and had only to read it over in a new connection. Once more it was plainly a case of photographs blown out into sculpture. Putting two and two together, it did not require the shrewdness of a Sherlock Holmes to infer that somewhere there was a clever forger who drew his inspiration from photographs; and in succeeding years, as I noted the papery character of one alleged masterpiece after another, the conviction of one maker grew. Indeed the case was so obvious that I felt little elation when it turned out that it was Signor Dossena's habit to feed his fancy from photographs before designing freely in their style.

I have cited this personal experience of infatuation and disillusionment because I am sure that it is entirely typical. There is still due an explanation of this instantaneously captivating power of the forgery. It is grounded naturally in the psychology, in the taste, of the forger himself. He gives what he himself sees and understands in the masterpiece — namely, its superficial mannerisms. He unconsciously selects from it what is most easily grasped, and leaves out what needs penetrating study. He captures the charm but not the content. He probably understands the epidermis of a masterpiece better than the best critic or most experienced amateur, but he does not understand or even wish to understand its organism or the psychic experience that underlies and guides the creative act. If he could understand these things, he would be not a forger, but a master in his own right.

If this analysis be correct, it answers the questions, Can the forger be a great artist, and can the forgery be a great work of art? Neither case is admissible in theory, and neither has ever occurred in fact. Bastianini, we have seen, was a producing archæologist and not a forger. His best portraits in the Renaissance style were as good æsthetically as fair second-rate Renaissance sculptures. His sculpture in the style of his own times was entirely mediocre. His gift was a specialized one. In a higher degree the forger's talent is restricted to simulation of other men's styles. I have seen nothing of Dossena's in the contemporary manner, but it is safe to predict that he will never bulk large among his fellow Italian sculptors.

However, every good forgery has a certain æsthetic merit, with the drawback that it looks better than it really is. I have kept for nearly twenty years a still-life which is pretty certainly a forgery of a Manet, because it has always given me the pristine pleasure. My friend, the late John G. Johnson,

most catholic of picture collectors, bought several forgeries and invariably kept them on his walls after the fraud had been exposed. He used to say that he had bought them, not for their name or even for their honesty, but because he liked them, and he still liked them. Such an attitude is exceptional, since the forgery ordinarily goes off under acquaintance and falls below the standard of the collection. Still there are cases where a good forgery may be æsthetically superior to a poor original of the same type. But if these cases are probed I believe they will generally fall rather under producing archæology than under intentional forgery.

Every man of sensitive and confident taste is potentially the forger's victim. The same audacity that bids him surrender himself to an unaccredited masterpiece delivers him unconditionally to its counterfeit. It is the exceptional amateur who does not leap at a forgery of a new type. But the amateur or expert who is most readily fooled by forgeries and stays fooled longest is he who overvalues the kick which he receives from a work of art, and fails to perceive that one kick differs from another in glory. It is the connoisseur who, to mix metaphors, never goes behind his kick who is oftenest and longest in trouble.

Now the immediate and unquestioning response to beauty is the most essential faculty for the connoisseur. Without it he is nowhere. If to this native gift he has added experience, his first impression should be right in, say, nineteen out of twenty cases. But the twentieth case is serious when it concerns forgeries paid for in six figures. What is the safeguard?

The primary safeguard is a critique of kick. I am satisfied that the emotional response to a forgery has an abandon and exaggeration that may be sensed at the time and is different qualitatively from the more disciplined response to a masterpiece. This difference I have tried to elucidate above. In the other arts we readily admit the distinction. One was more thrilled at hearing Lillian Russell sing 'Starlight' than at hearing Sembrich sing the 'Spinning Song,' but one also knew how to discount the bigger but emphatically not better thrill. Any self-critical and honest devotee of the arts will admit that he has often been moved more imperiously by a poor performance than he ever has been by a great performance. There are occasions when the battalion bugler tootling colors will chill your spinal marrow more effectively than any great orchestra has ever done. These are such matters of common experience in all the auditive arts that it is surprising such experiences in the visual arts remain unclassified and almost unnoted.

At least the amateur can study in advance the especial conditions under which he is going to be exposed to kick, and can be made to realize that the nature of the kick will often depend on these conditions. For example, the richest man in the world can view Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love' disinterestedly. He cannot buy it, and he cannot prevent a rival from buying it. He cannot see Titian's 'Three Ages,' in an historic English gallery, with quite the same tranquillity. It might conceivably be sold. He might by some Nelsonic coup snatch it from a rival. Now suppose he sees at a dealer's a Titian apparently equivalent to these masterpieces, sees it alone before plush curtains, under a spotlight, with a mellifluous dealer chanting an appropriate obligato, is assured that it is shown first to him, but that a rival collector is deeply interested in it and cannot long be held off — here are conditions that make for a maximum

of kick and also suggest plainly that the kick should be referred to afterthought and measured by all objective controls.

It is the fiercely competitive spirit among collectors and museums that breeds the forgery. It makes buyers act in a panic lest they lose a unique opportunity. It forces them to premature decisions in affairs that require deliberation. The purchase is made not merely to get the object itself, but to keep a rival collector or museum from getting it. One may be sure that but for the existence of the great Eastern museums and of Chicago, the staff at Cleveland would have found the half minute required to measure the proportions of Dossena's gigantic Athena — proportions unexampled in any early Greek sculpture. And, but for the phantom of the Metropolitan Museum, the staff of the Boston Museum would have found the hour necessary to prove that the heraldry of the 'Mino' tomb was preposterously unhistorical. Or, if they lacked the books and the herald, they would at least have written a letter to the accomplished herald of the Metropolitan Museum. A delay of two days and a two-cent stamp would have saved a considerable humiliation, not to mention a sum reckoned in six figures.

VI

While the real defense against the forger is a critique and analysis of situations and æsthetic responses, a most valuable auxiliary is archæology. In itself archæology cannot tell you whether a given object is a masterpiece or a botch, but it can usually tell you within a quarter century when the piece was made. And this it does, not from total impression, but by objective tests. Compared with the enthusiast who trembles before a masterpiece, authentic or forged, the archæologist, peering myopically about its corners with his lens, seems a mean, ungenerous worm. But he has the chronological goods. He catches an anachronism quickly; he is used to distinguishing the gradual abrasion of mother earth from that of the sand blast; he knows the difference between a crackle baked in an hour and one that has come through the centuries. In short, he commands all the objective knowledge there is in these matters, and while he may seem an unsympathetic fellow for the inspirational connoisseur, he is all the same a valuable ally, and it pays to consult him, for in every forgery, however carefully concealed, there is an archæological solecism.

One of the most alarming features of the Dossena scandal is that prominent American museums make capital purchases without archæological checks of any sort. To be sure, there are not enough American archæologists to man our museums, but there are enough to supply advice when it is needed. Only two professional archæologists accepted Dossena's sculpture, and they stood against many. The pieces were certified and approved rather by dealers, agents, collectors, and foreign museum officials, all so deeply involved in the art market that whatever scholarship they possessed was subject to those commercial and competitive aberrations which I have already described. Where a museum commanded archæological knowledge, its defense against the Dossenas was adequate. This was true of the Metropolitan Museum alone. To be sure, the Museum bought a little Greek marble, reasonably trusting in a minor purchase a veteran agent, one of the two archæologists whom I have mentioned above. But when the statue arrived, it did not satisfy the curator and the staff, and it has been withheld from exhibition

as ambiguous. In archæology, as elsewhere, two heads are better than one.

The root of all this evil is the fallacy of commercial rarity. Of the idols of the market place it is the most insidious. The minor forger will probably always thrive, for the small collector will ever be willing to pay for his hopes, at a safe price. The great forger of Signor Dossena's type will only cease to operate successfully when collectors and curators learn to consider mere rarity only after they shall have dealt with the primary issues of quality and period. To quality there is no safe and objective guide. But study, second thought, comparison, and self-analysis will obviate most of the dangers and uncertainties of an essentially mystical judgment. For period there is safe and objective guidance in archæology, and obviously all the objective tests there are should be applied before one accepts the mystical verdict of beautiful as a finality, or commits himself to the troubled waters of titanic competition. Put mere rarity in third order of thought, and the best forgeries will knock at gallery doors in vain.

We naturally seek material cures for ills that are spiritual. They seem easy. Such remedies are even written into national constitutions. A cure of this sort has been proposed for that *libido* which is caught by forgeries — namely, a great museum of forgeries of all periods. Such a collection would be very interesting in itself. Many museums already exhibit the forgeries they have acquired. If I ever get enough to make the display worth while, I shall do this at Princeton, and meanwhile I am ready to show the modest beginnings of such a collection to any interested person. But such a collection of false masterpieces would not, in my opinion, keep anybody from buying the new forgeries as they come along. It would merely help the uninformed amateur to eschew the falsifications that have been classified and discredited. This sort is not really dangerous. As to new forgeries, it would be no more easy for a museum of fakes to identify them for acquisition than it is for any museum to identify them now for purposes of exclusion. It is the first encounter that is perilous and needs to be safeguarded. And, since the transaction is on the plane of spirit, it admits only of spiritual controls.

Whoever approaches these incalculable ordeals without vanity of opinion and without ambition to outdo another is already well armed, and if he adds to these graces of character long experience and a Socratic self-knowledge, his defense against the forger should be nearly impenetrable.

'INSIDE INFORMATION'

BY HARVEY H. BUNDY

I

THE roaring bull stock market of the last few years and the fortunes reported to have been made on 'inside tips' on the market make pertinent the examination of some of the interesting legal and ethical problems involved.

At a directors' meeting of a corporation the president reported the negotiations for the sale of an unusually large quantity of the company's product at an extraordinary profit. He stated that he believed the contract would shortly be closed, but that if the negotiations were known to competitors they might not be successful. The meeting adjourned. Brown, one of the directors, Smith, the counsel for the company, who was present at the meeting, and the president's personal secretary, all felt sure that the completion of the contract would make the stock of the company more valuable. They at once separately bought more stock in the corporation.

Did any of them violate any duty, legal or moral? If they made a 'killing' on the purchases, was it 'tainted money'?

This sort of question is being asked more frequently every day in the business world, and there is no easier way to start a heated argument than by asking it.

There are almost infinite possible variations of the problem. For example, the methods of purchase may have been different. Does it make any difference whether the purchases were made on the New York Stock Exchange, or as a result of offers to stockholders privately, or by private tenders of stock to the purchasers at a definite price with no questions asked by the seller?

If there are satisfactory answers to these questions, we shall find still further difficulties when we try to deal with 'tips' on the market.

What if the purchase had been made by a friend to whom the director told in confidence the story of the negotiations? And would it make any difference if the friend had not been told the complete facts, but had been told by the director merely that the stock would, in his opinion, go up?

The extent and importance of the information must have some bearing in all of the cases suggested. If, instead of information as to the sale of the company's product, the insiders bought on information that all of the directors had informally agreed to increase the dividend at the next meeting, or that an agreement had been closed for the company to join a merger which would make the stock worth $100 per share, although it was then selling on the market at only $50 per share, the purchases seem more and more open to objection. If, however, the extent of the information was merely that the company's business had in general substantially improved since the last previous public report of operations, few would complain.

There is no active misrepresentation in any of the suggested cases, but if

directors and counsel had withheld the information by agreement, in order to give them an opportunity to buy stock at low prices, we have still another problem.

We are walking on the edge of ethics and of the law. The problem of purchase by a director in its legal aspects has been discussed in the law journals for twenty years, and I shall not undertake an analysis of the legal decisions.

The result of permitting the director and his friend and certain employees to buy freely in all the above cases is to make special information a perquisite of directorship and confidential employment, and an asset peculiar to the directors and those with whom they share it.

The result of forbidding a director and his friend to buy in any one of the suggested cases is to keep them out of the market a large part of the time, putting them in a position less favorable than that of any other stockholder; and if we extend the prohibition from a moral to a legal one, a director would hardly dare buy stock at any time for fear that a judge or twelve wise men might be convinced by able counsel arguing with the advantage of 'hindsight' that the director always had special information affecting values, not possessed by the other stockholders.

The law courts are absolutely divided in their approach. In some jurisdictions — which, however, do not include the large securities markets — courts say that directors cannot purchase stock from a stockholder without giving him the benefit of any official knowledge they possess which may increase the value of the stock. In others, courts say that a director may buy and sell stock like an outsider, provided he does not affirmatively misrepresent facts.

Courts rest their decisions in general upon the statement that a director is or is not a trustee for shareholders, and if he is considered a trustee they apply the ordinary rule that a trustee may not buy from his beneficiary without full disclosure.

II

First consider the alleged duty of disclosure. Much has been said about the duty of directors to tell stockholders what is happening in corporations. Professor Ripley's arguments for corporate publicity in *Main Street and Wall Street* have a wide following, but there are important limitations. Information cannot always be disclosed; for example, negotiations pending, the details of a secret process, sometimes even the existence of a secret process, lists of customers, prices received and paid.

Furthermore, information should, in general, be disclosed at regular intervals from a central source and to all stockholders at the same time. Days must often elapse between the time when the directors are advised and the time when stockholders generally can be notified of corporate developments. Statements by single directors as to company affairs are properly frowned upon. A director making optimistic or pessimistic statements about his company has often seen the truth he has spoken 'twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools.'

A director would often violate important principles if he were to disclose to persons from whom he desired to buy stock all of the facts which might tend to make the stock more valuable.

There is another important angle to this disclosure question. Can directors be trusted to determine the time, the extent and form, of corporate reports when they are buying or selling stock, and when the reports may have an effect on their own profits? It is no simple matter to give a true picture

of a company's business in a public statement. The method of corporate accounting and the form of published-earnings statements and balance sheets have a material effect on the market value of the stock. The history of corporations has not been free from reports withheld or colored for the express purpose of helping directors to profit on the stock market. Even the law gives a remedy in many of these cases. The dangers seem to many a sufficient reason for preventing sales or purchase of stock by directors at any time. Few directors, however, would accept this limitation as a penalty for going on the board.

Then we come to the effect of markets. We cannot light-heartedly dismiss the nature of the market as having no bearing on the problem. When stock is bought or sold on the New York Stock Exchange, no representations are made either by the buyer or by the seller, who deal anonymously. The market price is the result of a multitude of economic forces, hopes, information, and so forth, and many feel that on the Exchange the seller takes his chance on any information the buyer may have, and that stockholders are so benefited by having a broad market on which to buy and sell securities that they have no complaint if the buyer or seller knows more than they do.

It is further said that if directors are kept out of the market this limits the marketability of securities, and thereby injures the stockholder. But the most important thing about a broad anonymous market is that in practice it makes disclosure meaningless. To whom can the director make this disclosure unless he makes a public statement? He does not know from whom he is buying. There is a very natural hesitancy to lay down a rule that a director must make what amounts to a public statement of such personal matters as his business transactions in the stock, and all his reasons for buying.

Assuming for the moment that owing to the anonymous nature of the transaction there is no limitation to trading on the Stock Exchange at any time for any purpose and with any knowledge, what shall we say about a local unlisted market where occasional bids and offers are made; where, for example, the purchase or sale of several hundred shares of a special security is a matter of active effort and 'shopping around' among financial houses? If the personal contact between the agent for the buyer and the agent for the seller is more direct, the opportunity for disclosure is better. The more direct the dealing, the more directors hesitate to take advantage of special information. Some take the middle ground that in such cases there should be at least disclosure that it is a director purchasing.

Should the question whether the seller has asked for information from the corporation's officers have any effect? And if a seller has not seen fit to ask questions, has he any right to complain? One court thinks not. But if the fact of inquiry by a stockholder is to control, a director before buying must canvass all officers and other directors to see whether they have been asked questions by any stockholder; must find out whether the inquiring stockholder is the one proposing to sell — obviously impracticable and an impossible burden if the transaction is on a wide market, and anonymous. A more reasonable rule would be that, if a director assures himself that the information upon which he acts is available when requested by a stockholder, he may buy freely.

Those who argue against any limitation on director purchases except in

cases of misrepresentation say that the only fiduciary duty owed by a director is to the corporation; that there is no such duty directly to stockholders, and the corporation has clearly lost nothing by a director's purchase or sale. They agree that a director's duty in dealing with his corporation is such that he must use the utmost good faith and must disclose everything, and that he must not act to injure the company. But may he not violate this duty sometimes by buying or selling stock? While there is no direct injury to his corporation, the fact remains that, in general, securities in corporations whose directors are known to be trading in and out of the stock on special information for their own personal profit are coming more and more to be looked upon askance by investors. The market for its securities is of importance to a corporation. That which injures this market injures the corporation. The argument in reply is that directors' purchases create a more active market for the securities, and, therefore, benefit the corporation.

Quite apart from the fact of possible injury or benefit to a corporation by purchases and sales of stock by a director, the more rigid moralists contend that the information a director acquires as director is really held by him as trustee for the corporation, and is in its nature a kind of property of the corporation. If, therefore, this is turned into private profit for the director, he should be accountable to the corporation. To support this, the case is cited where a director who is paid money to vote for a certain transaction is compelled to disgorge for the benefit of the corporation, even though it is proved that the transaction would have been consummated regardless of his vote. Is it easier to find a trusteeship of a director's vote than of his information? If a director sold special information acquired as a director, anyone's moral sense would be shocked.

III

This brings us to the general question of tips to friends. The giving of a tip to a friend is not tarred with the money brush, but what if directors in two different corporations swap tips over the luncheon table? If tips are valuable, the director has exchanged information for something of value.

If we try to apply any general prohibition against tips we are confronted with the problem of what is a valuable tip, and how much information can be given; and any general prohibition would in practice almost keep a man from speaking with any enthusiasm about any company of which he was a director. Prohibition of tips would be more difficult to enforce at the bar of public opinion than prohibition of alcohol. It is hard to imagine a rule of law which would be even fairly workable.

The right of a director to sell his stock presents somewhat different considerations. Of course, if there are misrepresentations by the director, there is no room for argument. But suppose the director knows that the regular dividend will not be declared at the next meeting, and says nothing and sells the stock. It is common knowledge that the market price of a stock not paying dividends is often much lower than one paying dividends, far lower usually than the actual asset value of the corporation warrants, for circumstances force many people to sell at a sacrifice non-dividend-paying securities. There is a general feeling in the business community against a director's 'unloading' on the unsuspecting public a stock about to pass its dividends. Yet, in the absence of any misrepresentation, it is hard to

see what obligation is due to the purchaser if the doctrine that the buyer must beware still has any force at all. The instinctive dislike of the transaction is the entirely creditable dislike of betting on a sure thing. The purchase and sale of securities is often considered, and not unreasonably, as a kind of gamble. If two men wager on the result of a horse race which has, in fact, been run, and if the result is known in advance to one of those making the wager, all bets are off. If this is good gambling ethics, should it not be good business ethics? One difficulty is that the number of sure things in this world is almost nil. Hindsight may regard as a sure thing anything which has happened, even though the result was, in the minds of the parties concerned, in the lap of the gods. It is extremely hard to draw the line as to what kind of knowledge is so sure to increase or decrease the value of a stock that to act on it amounts to playing with stacked cards.

The practical difficulties of the problem of purchases and sales on inside information, the lack of any general agreement, and the dangers of distorting innocent transactions to the injury of honest men, lead to the conviction that the law should only try to deal with the flagrant cases amounting to active misrepresentation and possibly those involving a conspiracy of silence, leaving the borderland cases to the business conscience of the community.

The developments in business ethics have been amazing, and a man's standing in the community is more and more affected by the standards he sets for himself in these matters.

An admission that the law cannot and ought not to deal with the problem except in clear cases of misrepresentation does not answer the questions for a man with a specially sensitive conscience. If for practical reasons disclosure is impossible, and if he believes the information he possesses as director so important that it probably will greatly affect values, he will feel that he should keep out of the market, and he will not take comfort in hiding behind the anonymous nature of a stock-exchange transaction. If he ever wants to buy or sell he will struggle with the questions of practicable disclosure, importance of information, probable effect on markets and market values; and the very reasons of self-interest which make him want to buy or sell will be the reasons why, as a matter of conscience, he will feel he ought not to buy or sell.

If such a person wants peace of mind, he had better plan to buy stock before he becomes a director, and hold it until he resigns. Meanwhile the average business man will go ahead as at present, drawing his own line according to his nature.

Tips will still fly around business offices like gossip at a ladies' luncheon, and purchases of stock will be made every day as they are now on inside information, some of which will, to the secret satisfaction of the more sensitive, result in financial disaster to the insider and his friends.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

I

WHAT would I give to see
His face?
I'd give — I'd give my life
Of course,
But that is not enough!
Stop just a minute, let
Me think —
I'd give my biggest bobolink!
That makes two — him and life.
You know who June is?
I'd give her,
Roses a day from Zanzibar,
And lily tubes, like wells;
Bees by the furlong,
Straits of blue
Navies of butterflies sailed through,
And dappled cowslip dells.
Then I have 'shares' in
Primrose 'banks,'
Daffodil 'dowries,' spicy 'stocks,'
Dominions broad as dew,
Bags of doubloons, adventurous
Bees
Brought me from firmamental seas,
And purple from Peru.

Now, have I bought it,
Shylock? Say!
Sign me the bond!
I vow to pay
To him who pledges this —
One hour of her sov'reign's
Face!
Ecstatic contract!
Niggard grace!
My kingdom's worth of bliss!

II

I ROSE because he sank.
I thought it would be
Opposite,
But when his power bent,
My Soul stood straight.
I told him Best must pass
Through this low arch of
Flesh;
No casque so brave
It spurn the grave —
I told him worlds I knew
Where monarchs grew
Who recollected us
If we were true.
And so with thews of hymn
And sinew from within,
In ways I knew not that
I knew, till then —
I lifted him.

III

Where Thou art — that is Home,
Cashmere or Calvary — the same,
Degree — or shame,
I scarce esteem location's name
So I may come.

What Thou do'st is delight,
Bondage as play be sweet,
Imprisonment content
And sentence sacrament,
Just we two meet!

Where Thou art not is Woe —
Though bands of spices blow,
What Thou do'st not — Despair –
Though Gabriel praise me, Sir!

IV

It's easy to invent a life,
God does it every day —
Creation but a gambol
Of His authority.

It's easy to efface it,
The thrifty Deity
Could scarce afford eternity
To spontaneity.

The Perished Patterns murmur,
But His perturbless plan
Proceed — inserting here
A Sun —
There — leaving out a Man.

V

Doom is the House Without the Door —
'T is entered from the sun,
And then the ladder's thrown away
Because escape is done.

'T is varied by the dream
Of what they do outside,
When squirrels play and berries die —
And hundreds bow to God.

VI

If he were living — dare I ask?
And how if he were dead?
And so around the words I went
Of meeting them afraid.

I hinted changes, lapse of time,
The surfaces of years
I touched with caution, lest they slit
And show me to my fears,

Reverted to adjoining lives
Adroitly turning out
Wherever I suspected graves —
'T was prudenter, I thought.

And He — I rushed with sudden force
In face of the suspense —
'Was buried' — 'Buried!'
'He!'
My life just holds the trench.

VII

Most she touched me
By her muteness;
Most she won me
By the way
She presented her small
Figure —
Plea for charity.
Were a crumb my whole
Possession,
Were there famine in
The land,
Were it my resource
From starving,
Could I such a face
Withstand?
Not upon her knee
To thank me
Sank this Beggar
From the sky,
But the crumb partook,
Departed,
And returned on high
I supposed, when sudden —
Such a praise began,
'T was as Space sat singing
To herself and Man.
'T was the wingèd Beggar
Afterward I learned,
To her benefactor
Paying gratitude.

VIII

'T was the old road
Through pain,
That unfrequented one
With many a turn and thorn
That stops at Heaven.

This was the town
She passed;
There, where she rested last,
Then stepped more fast,
The little tracks close prest.
Then — not so swift,
Slow — slow — as feet did
Weary go,
Then stopped — no other track.

Wait! Look! Her little book,
The leaf at love turned back,
The very hat
And this worn shoe
Just fits the track —
Herself, though, — fled.

Another bed, a short one
Women make to-night
In chambers bright,
Too out of sight, though,
For our hoarse Good-Night
To touch her hand.

IX

The doomed regard the sunrise
With different delight
Because when next it burns abroad
They doubt to witness it.

The man to die to-morrow
Detects the meadow bird,
Because its music stirs
The axe
That clamors for his head.

Joyful to whom the sunrise
Precedes enamored day —
Joyful for whom the meadow bird
Has aught but elegy!

X

A wife at daybreak I shall be,
Sunrise, hast thou a flag for me?
At midnight I am yet a maid —
How short it takes to make it bride!
Then, Midnight, I have passed from thee
Unto the East and Victory.

Midnight, 'Good-night,' —
I hear them call,
The angels bustle in the hall,
Softly my Future climbs the stair,
I fumble at my childhood's prayer —
So soon to be a child no more!
Eternity, I'm coming, Sir, —
Master, I've seen that face before.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY

LUDWIG, MAUROIS, AND STRACHEY

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

No feature of the literary history of Europe in the last few years is more remarkable than the simultaneous appearance in Germany, France, and England of a new conception of biography. Emil Ludwig in Germany, André Maurois in France, and Lytton Strachey in England have not only produced a new type of biography, but have made it immensely popular. Each author has multitudes of readers and schools of imitators in his own country, and each has been translated into the languages of the other two and in these other languages found readers as appreciative, as enthusiastic even, as in his own.

The amazing similarity both in philosophical conception and in literary style and structure of the work of these writers constitutes a problem of the highest interest. What is the explanation of this similarity? Perhaps a brief survey of the outstanding characteristics of the new biography may suggest a solution of this problem.

I

In the first place, the new biography expresses itself in the form of the novel, or even of the drama, rather than in that of history. That the biographer may be regarded as a novelist is, in fact, suggested by Maurois. In his introductory note to *Ariel* he points out that his aim has been that of a novelist rather than that of a historian or a critic. To be sure, he adds, the facts are true, and no single phrase or idea has been attributed to Shelley which is not indicated in the memoirs of his friends and in his own letters or poems, but the 'endeavor has been made to arrange these genuine elements in such a way as to produce the impression of progressive discovery and natural development characteristic of the novel.'

How does the novel differ from traditional historical biography? It would be easy to reply that biography describes persons who really lived, whereas the novel pictures creatures of the imagination. But the difference lies deeper than that. Mr. E. M. Forster in his *Aspects of the Novel* draws a distinction between the real man, *homo sapiens*, and the character in a novel, *homo fictus*, and maintains that we know more about *homo fictus*, the character in a novel, than about any human being. Our friends, our wives, our children, remain for us mysterious beings. The character in a novel, on the other hand, is intelligible because the man who narrates the tale is the creator of the character, which is therefore transparent to him. If God would write the history of the universe, this would be a novel.

The new biography has so completely understood the principal actors in the history of the periods portrayed that

it describes them as if it had created them. Thus we reach the paradox that the new biography produces the impression of reality because the principal actors create the illusion that they are the characters in a novel. If the reader of the new biography sometimes feels a sudden doubt whether these people ever lived at all, it is not because they seem improbable, but because they seem too probable to be real.

Fiction does not seek to create mere illusion; it seeks to create the illusion of reality. And it is because the writer of fiction has been so successful in producing the sense of reality, and the traditional biographer, with his appeal to veracity, has been so unsuccessful, that the new biography has adopted the methods of fiction and has, by means of them, brilliantly succeeded in re-creating reality.

The characters in a good novel are three-dimensional: they have not only height and breadth, but depth. Too often the personages in the traditional biography are two-dimensional. They are flat simulacra. The new biography, adopting the form of the novel, is stereoscopic. Its portraits have depth as well as height. They are painted from the life and executed in color.

The new biography, in employing the methods of fiction, does not produce works of fiction. The new biography does not turn out historical novels. It is extremely vivid in presentation, but it is accurate to the minutest detail. It never invents, but it does try to re-create. The lives of the new biography are not like Plutarch's *Lives*. If we wish to find an analogy with the new biography in ancient literature, we must go back to the history of Thucydides, consciously planned as a dramatic struggle of the Fates, or to the last three books of Herodotus, with their combination of veracity and dramatic movement.

II

The second main characteristic of the new biography is its emphasis on design. It often recalls, in this respect, the drama rather than the novel. Ludwig, for instance, divides his *Kaiser Wilhelm II* into three parts, one might almost say three acts, entitled 'Accession,' 'Power,' 'Expiation.' Again, Ludwig's *Goethe* is written in three volumes, constructed like three acts of a play, and his biography of Bismarck is a trilogy essentially similar to the trilogy of plays on Bismarck which he put on the German stage. Ludwig was, in fact, a dramatist before he became a biographer. He wrote a drama in verse on Napoleon nearly twenty years before he produced his biography of him. Ludwig's biographical work is essentially dramatic.

As contrasted with the dull two-volume biography that continues on its way from prosaic birth to prosaic death, the new biography presents the life it chronicles, with a due sense of design, as an organic unity, in which each episode and incident is an essential contribution to the whole. Disraeli, when a discussion was taking place on the subject, 'What is the most desirable life?' suddenly asserted that it was a splendid and continuous procession from youth to the grave. The new biography seeks to represent every life as a procession, as something consciously or unconsciously organized, often indeed not splendid, but always continuous.

Strachey, indeed, sometimes appears to disclaim any conscious design, as when in the preface to *Eminent Victorians* he explains his conception of biography. 'The history of the Victorian Age will never be written: we know too much about it. . . . It is not by the direct method of a scrupulous narrator that the explorer of the past can hope

to depict that singular epoch. If he is wise, he will adopt a subtler strategy. He will attack his subject in unexpected places; he will fall upon the flank, or the rear; he will shoot a sudden revealing searchlight into obscure recesses, hitherto undivined. He will row out over that great ocean of material, and lower down into it, here and there, a little bucket, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen, from those far depths, to be examined with a careful curiosity. . . . It has been my purpose to illustrate rather than to explain.'

But, if we examine Strachey's practice rather than his theory, we shall find throughout his work every evidence of conscious design, every evidence of a strong dramatic sense. It is this sense of the dramatic which leads him to take infinite care with the opening and closing phrases of each essay. There is always an unforgettable picture like the drop scene in a drama. Take, for example, the final paragraph of his essay on Cardinal Manning: 'And he who descends into the crypt of that cathedral which Manning never lived to see will observe in the first niche with the sepulchral monument that the dust lies thick on the strange, the incongruous, the almost impossible object which, with the elaborations of dependent tassels, hangs down from the dim vault like some forlorn and forgotten trophy — the Hat.'

Even more striking is the description of the last moments of Queen Victoria: 'Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history — passing back and back through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories — to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield — to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old king's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down toward her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.'

If the Queen's thoughts were not these, we say to ourselves as we read, they should have been. How perfect the skill of this intellectual creation. How naturally the dying Queen's thoughts — the dying woman's thoughts, for on her deathbed she was a simple old woman — pass back from the recent to the remote, and from the precisely articulated to the blurred dimness which merges into the ultimate mystery.

And Maurois's conclusion to his *Disraeli* is not less remarkable. Referring to the words of Bell, some years after Disraeli's death, on seeing Disraeli's statue covered with primroses, 'They have canonized him as a saint!' he exclaims: 'No, Disraeli was very far from being a saint. But perhaps as some old Spirit of Spring, ever vanquished and ever alive, and as a symbol of what can be accomplished, in a cold and hostile universe, by a long youthfulness of heart.'

Ludwig fully shares with the other founders of the new biography the conviction of the necessity of dramatic scenes at the rise and the fall of the curtain. *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, for example, begins with the poignant scene at the birth of the Kaiser where the anguished

women whispered around the unconscious child-mother and the inert infant whom for an hour and a half destiny hesitated to allow to live.

Most dramatic of all is the final scene. The Kaiser is at the Dutch frontier. He who has never waited six minutes is forced to wait six hours while at The Hague his fate is being decided. And as he waits he looks back on his life. 'Chaos envelops his country, and while millions of wretched folk watch the approach of poverty and slavery, he who alone is responsible steps into a well-sprung car and flies for refuge to the comfort of a peaceful land.' Destiny, which had governed his every action, had forced him to this final indignity.

III

The new biography is characterized by another quality that is not inconsistent with its dramatic sense. It is essentially detached and dispassionate. The biographer of the new school is neither a hero worshiper nor a detractor. His standpoint is that of the spectator, the impartial observer. It would not be possible for the biographer to interpret with perfect understanding the lives of diverse characters if he did not maintain a standpoint of detachment. Ludwig has written not only of Goethe and Byron and Rembrandt and Beethoven, but of Napoleon and Bismarck and Lenin and Wilson; Maurois not only of Shelley and Byron and Mrs. Siddons, but of Disraeli; Strachey not only of Queen Victoria, but of Voltaire and Manning, Rousseau and General Gordon. There is a universality of spirit, an almost superhuman isolation, in the authors of the new biography.[1]

But, though the biographer is an impartial observer, he is always an interested and even inquisitive observer. Strachey, in his essay on Manning, writes: 'It may be instructive, and even amusing, to look a little more closely into the complexities of so curious a story.' This is always the spirit of the new biography. The new biography is not only instructive, but also amusing, and the story it tells is always complex and curious. It is sure that even in familiar country there are interesting and amusing things to be seen, things that have escaped minds less alert and eyes less clairvoyant.

The new biographer observes his field from an aeroplane. From there he can see all over the main features of the countryside; he can discern more easily than the man on the ground the lie of the land, the precise point which divides the watersheds, the main direction of the flow of a stream amid its frequent meanderings. Compare Ludwig's *Kaiser Wilhelm II* with Viscount Grey's *Twenty-Five Years*. Grey is on the ground. As one of the chief actors in the drama, he follows the flow of the stream, now east, now west, now north, now south, and gives the reader the impression that it is by mere chance that the stream finally finds itself south, and not north, of its source. Ludwig, on the other hand, surveying the area of the past as it were from above, not only leaves the reader in no doubt that the stream, in spite of its meanderings, is flowing south, but, by drawing his attention to two or three salient features of the landscape, shows that its southerly flow is inevitable.

IV

But, however detached the new biography may be, it always insists on the enduring humanity of its characters. Its personages are not dead specimens to be examined through the microscope of time. 'Human beings,' says Strachey,

[1] It is only in Ludwig's work that we are sometimes conscious of what seem to be aberrations from this objective standard. — AUTHOR

in his preface to *Eminent Victorians*, 'are too important to be treated as mere symptoms of the past. They have a value which is independent of any temporal processes — which is eternal, and must be felt for its own sake.'

When Ludwig wrote as the subtitle of his *Goethe*, 'The Story of a Man,' he put into this phrase the whole purpose of the book. It was an effort to describe the human side of a man of genius.

It is perhaps the main secret of the popularity of the new biography that those who move across its pages are felt to be no mere marionettes, but ordinary human beings of flesh and blood. Strachey never tires of emphasizing the underlying humanity of his characters. 'Lord Melbourne was always human, supremely human — too human perhaps.' Of the Prince Consort he writes: 'By a curious irony, an impeccable waxwork had been fixed by the Queen's love in the popular imagination, while the creature whom it represented — the real creature, so full of energy and stress and torment, so mysterious and so unhappy, and so fallible, and so very human — has altogether disappeared.'

He frequently corrects tradition by this emphasis on common humanity. Florence Nightingale was traditionally a somewhat amorphous 'ministering angel,' the gentle 'lady with the lamp.' Strachey shows her as a very human woman with a dangerous temper and indomitable will.

Maurois also loses no opportunity of bringing out the common human nature of his personages. What could be more enlightening than his description of Disraeli's and Bismarck's private conversations at the Congress of Berlin? 'They became great friends, taking a curious pleasure in talking shop together. They liked to exchange notes about their relations with princes, ministers, and parliaments. It is so rare for a prime minister to find a confrère. When he does meet him, he can't help being drawn to him.'

The biographers of the new school stress the underlying humanity of their characters because they are all profound psychologists. Ludwig in particular possesses an almost uncanny power of probing actions and discovering the hidden motives that led to them. All his life he has been a student of psychology. At the university he produced a thesis on 'Emotional Murder.' His first attempt at biography was a psychological essay on Bismarck, a sort of crayon study for the more detailed portrait of later years. His elaborate character study of William II is a penetrating psychological analysis, illustrated by striking instances of the Emperor's dominant traits, his arrogance, vanity, Cæsarism, instability, charm, and prodigality.

Maurois also is a penetrating psychologist, and he has an advantage over Ludwig in possessing a keen sense of humor. After describing Disraeli's dandyism, he writes: 'How weary he sometimes was of all this play-acting; how tired he was of being Disraeli. His silences became longer and more pregnant, burdened with drab cogitations which he would suddenly bring to an end with a sarcasm. The years were passing: thirty-two years old: old age — for a page.'

Or take the brilliant character study of Disraeli as he appeared to the country gentlemen in Parliament. 'Although he now dressed in black, the shape of his face alone gave him, in the midst of them, the air of an ibis or a flamingo in an English poultry yard. When the sun lit up the Conservative benches, all their faces became paler, but his more dark.'

Not less keen is Strachey's psychological insight. Of the Queen as a girl, referring to some entry in her diary, Strachey writes: 'One seems to hold in

one's hand a small smooth crystal pebble, without a flaw and without a scintillation, and so transparent that one can see through it at a glance. Yet perhaps, after all, to the discerning eye the purity would not be absolute. The careful searcher might detect, in the virgin soil, the first faint traces of an unexpected vein.'

V

Is it their psychological analysis or some common philosophical basis that leads these three biographers to refer again and again to the manifestations of Fate, of preordained destiny? It is in Ludwig's work that the references are most striking and perhaps most disconcerting, but for the other two writers also Fate plays a rôle of the first importance. One or two instances will be enough to illustrate this.

Referring to the world-chorus of denunciation of the Kaiser as a modern Attila, Ludwig says: 'Even if he were firmly convinced that he was not Attila, he did not forget that he had commanded his troops to follow the example of the Huns. It was then, faced by the terrible results of his childish gesture, that the Kaiser began to appear in a tragic light, for the evil with which nature had afflicted him was due not to any fault of his own, but to Fate.'

Again, Ludwig shows how Fate implacably destroyed one after another of the three rivals for supreme influence over the Kaiser and the German people, and not only so, but how Fate used the rivals to destroy one another. 'First it reduced Eulenburg, through Holstein, to semi-impotence; then Holstein, through Eulenburg and Bülow, to complete impotence. Then it led, through Bülow, to the eclipse of the Emperor, and finally, through the Emperor, to the fall of Bülow.'

For Maurois and for Strachey, while Fate is important, its rôle is not necessarily tragic. It provides an element of incalculability and imponderability. Maurois for instance, moralizes on the strangeness of Fate in that Disraeli always fails to secure election at Wycombe, where he believes himself to be known and respected, and suddenly succeeds at Maidstone, to which a week before he has been a complete stranger.

Strachey frequently reflects on destiny in connection with the amazing figure of Stockmar. Just before the death of William IV and the accession of Victoria, Stockmar was sent to England by King Leopold. 'Thus once again, as if in accordance with some preordained destiny, the figure of Stockmar is discernible — inevitably present at a momentous hour.' Again, he describes Stockmar's reflections on the Prince Consort. 'But had the Baron no misgivings? Did he never wonder whether, perhaps, he might have accomplished not too little but too much? How subtle and how dangerous are the snares which Fate lays for the wariest of men! Albert, certainly, seemed to be everything that Stockmar could have wished — virtuous, industrious, persevering, intelligent. And yet — why was it? — all was not well with him. He was sick at heart.' And finally, when Albert died: 'One human being, and one alone, felt the full power of what had happened. The Baron, by his fireside at Coburg, suddenly saw the tremendous fabric of his creation crash down into sheer and irremediable ruin. Albert was gone, and he had lived in vain.'

No doubt because of its preoccupation with Fate, the new biography reveals an undercurrent of melancholy. Life may, indeed, be full of gayety and high spirits, but is it not, in the end, an empty mockery? No passages in Maurois's *Ariel* or *Disraeli* make a greater impression on the mind than those in

which he shows his two subjects alone but for the memories of the past. All those whom they had loved were dead. Shelley and Disraeli had both lived lives full of sound and color, and yet both felt that life was hollow; that it was a disappointment, and perhaps a deception.

Describing Disraeli at the zenith of his power, Maurois writes: 'At last he has in his grasp the object of his lifelong desire — power. . . . A princess of the blood royal is just a woman for whom he refuses to be disturbed. The Queen is a familiar figure, an old friend, a little difficult perhaps, but with whom he is on the best of terms. Now he has really reached the summit. He no longer feels the restless need to mount ever higher. At last he should be happy.' But he is not happy. Success has come too late. 'Hardly has he formed his ministry than his old body begins to give way; he has gout and has to go to Parliament in slippers; he has asthma and it tires him to speak. And no one but the faithful Montagu Corry to look after him.'

Compare with this, as an essay on the vanity of human wishes, Ludwig's description of the Kaiser. 'For William the days of his brilliance were past. He had reigned twenty years and was now fifty years old. He was becoming slightly gray, and although his subjects did not perceive it, things around him were also becoming gray. . . . His friends were proscribed, and with them his last advisers had disappeared, the brilliant chancellor and the devoted confidant, both of whom had witnessed the struggles of his youth and the pomp of his maturity. The very court, with its icy brilliance, seemed more of a desert, and more than one prince of the blood fled the capital. Hunting and processions, even the beloved journeys, were now nothing but a twice-told tale. A fourth-act atmosphere enveloped this monarch who till then had known nought but happiness and exaltation.'

In Strachey, too, we find an underlying touch of melancholy, which sometimes develops into cynicism. Of Sidney Herbert he writes: 'In the end, the career of Sidney Herbert seemed to show that, with all their generosity, there was some gift or other — what was it? — some essential gift — which the good fairies had withheld, and that even the qualities of a perfect English gentleman may be no safeguard against anguish, humiliation, and defeat.' And, again, of the English Constitution and the Prince Consort: 'But what chance gave, chance took away. The Consort perished in his prime; and the English Constitution, dropping the dead limb with hardly a tremor, continued its mysterious life as if he had never been.'

VI

If now we pass from the philosophic basis of the new biography to its outward expression, we find its style to be one of conscious and sustained brilliance. There is nothing haphazard or pedestrian about it. It has an instinct for exact values. Pains are taken to make every word tell. Sentences are constructed like mosaics, like brightly colored mosaics. Sometimes, indeed, particularly in Strachey and Maurois, the choice of words is almost too precious. In such a passage as the following, where Strachey is writing of Newman, the effort to get the right word becomes too obvious: 'A dreamer whose secret spirit dwelt apart in delectable mountains, an artist whose subtle senses caught, like a shower in the sunshine, the impalpable rainbow of the immaterial world.' Or take a passage from Maurois: 'Hughenden, solitude, books, the past. . . . Disraeli likes to warm his old limbs in the sun, and in the evening to walk beneath the stars at

the Shakespearean hour when the bats begin their gray gliding.' But such exaggerated phrases are the exception. In general, the style of the new biography is brilliant indeed, but restrained and economical.

The French of Maurois, the English of Strachey, and the German of Ludwig all embody the three qualities which Maupassant claimed as specially characteristic of the French language — 'The nature of that language is to be clear, logical, and animated.' 'Style,' John Addington Symonds long ago remarked, 'is not so much a matter of linguistic resources as of the art and tact with which those resources are husbanded for use.' The resources of the English, French, and German languages are very different, and very different also the national styles, but art and tact have enabled each biographer to fashion his own language into an almost perfect instrument for his needs. The art of the three writers so transcends national idiosyncrasies that their books read as well in translations as in the original language.

The new biography exploits every means of securing vividness. Epigram, paradox, irony, antithesis, rhetorical questions, and *obiter dicta* all serve to vivify the narration, to give it light and shade, to introduce color and sound. No reader's attention can wander when he finds that Ludwig entitles his chapter on the Kaiser's accession 'Too Soon'; that Strachey writes of the virtues of Victoria, 'Even the very chairs and tables had assumed, with a singular responsiveness, the forms of prim solidity: the Victorian Age was in full swing'; and that Maurois says of Disraeli as leader of his party in the House of Commons, 'The Whigs sent Stanley such reports on him as a colonial official might send on a native chief who had lately submitted.'

The new biography loves also to paint brightly colored tableaux. Take, for instance, Maurois's description of Hyndman's interview with Disraeli. 'Hyndman was taken into a room with walls of red and gold in which the gilt chairs were covered with red damask. He was kept a moment waiting, then the door opened and a strange figure made its appearance. An old man, clad in a long red dressing gown and a red fez, his head bowed on his breast, one eye completely closed, the other only half open. Under the fez showed the shiny curve of the last black curl. . . . The old man sat down and remained without a movement and without a word.'

All three writers alike give free rein to their impulse to paint pictures: Shelley's funeral pyre on the seashore near Viareggio, Gordon alone in the Residence at Khartum, Napoleon's escape from Elba.

In this respect the new biography is undoubtedly akin to the best traditions of the cinematograph. The aim of cinematographic art is to concentrate on brilliant images, on significant incidents, on episodes trivial in themselves, but important for the comprehension of the character portrayed. This is precisely what the new biography does. It omits 99 per cent of the dull, humdrum, everyday occurrences, and emphasizes the high lights. If the great French film 'Napoleon' be compared with Ludwig's *Napoleon*, the similarities immediately leap to view.

But, though the new biography uses images, it does not think in images. However episodic its structure may sometimes appear, the episodes are never isolated. They are always carefully coördinated. Style, it has been said, consists in the art of transition — that is, the art of moving easily and convincingly from point to point, supplying the needful correlations without clumsiness. These three writers all excel

in their transitions. This is, in fact, implied in the similarity of their works to novels or plays. In a novel or a play the story moves from point to point by almost unnoticed transitions. Real life, however, appears to have its ragged edges, its false starts, its gaps and lacunæ. The traditional biography emphasizes these loose ends. It is the mark of the new biography, while being intensely realistic, to view its subjects *sub specie æternitatis*, and to show each incident in its proper perspective as a necessary element in the whole.

VII

We have seen that the new biography, as practised by Strachey, Maurois, and Ludwig, is extraordinarily uniform in conception, in structure, in philosophy, and even in literary style. How can we account for such singular similarities? How explain the practically simultaneous emergence in the three great languages of Europe of an identical literary form?

Is there perhaps some common origin, or is one of these writers the *fons et origo*, and the other two merely brilliant imitators? Historically, Strachey's and Ludwig's work appeared before that of Maurois. *Eminent Victorians*, in which all the characteristics of the new biography appear, was published in 1918, and *Queen Victoria* in 1921. Ludwig's *Goethe* appeared in 1919, and his other great works, *Napoleon*, *Bismarck*, and *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, at intervals in the next six or seven years.

Both writers, it is true, had produced books before these. Strachey, before the war, had written a book on *Landmarks in French Literature*, and Ludwig had produced, in addition to large numbers of plays, two biographical essays, that on Bismarck already mentioned and a study of Wagner. But, while these early studies already contained some of the characteristics of the new biography, it was the post-war works which really created the new tradition.

Maurois entered the field definitely later than the other two. His *Ariel*, an imperfect example of the new biography, appeared in 1923, and his *Disraeli* not until 1927. (Maurois's first book, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, not a biography, was published in 1921. Before the war he had published a few articles in reviews.)

Historically, therefore, Strachey and Ludwig were first in the field. Is there any evidence of direct indebtedness of one to the other or of Maurois to either? It would be difficult to claim this. There is certainly no indication of any mutual influence exerted by Strachey and Ludwig. The ingenious critic might, however, attempt to prove that Maurois sometimes owes something directly to Strachey. Among the sources he quotes for his life of Disraeli, he mentions Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and *Eminent Victorians*. Although his view of Disraeli is more favorable than that of Strachey (he would never have referred to the old man on his deathbed, as Strachey does, as 'the strange old comedian'), he clearly made a good deal of use of Strachey's chapter on 'Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield' in *Queen Victoria*. But Maurois's general attitude to Disraeli differs greatly from Strachey's. Maurois would never speak, as Strachey does, of Disraeli's 'rococo allurements,' his 'phrases of baroque convolution,' and his 'strain of charlatanism.' In their descriptions of the unconventional audacity of the Prime Minister in proposing the health of the Queen-Empress at the dinner at Windsor on the day of the Delhi Proclamation, the differences in style between the two biographers emerge in an interesting way. Strachey, after referring to the ease with which Disraeli had always read in women's hearts, says

with regard to the Queen, 'He surveyed what was before him with the eye of a past master, and he was not for a moment at a loss.' Maurois, alluding to the same circumstances, says, 'He looked with an expert eye on this august widow, with her white tulle cap, waiting for him at the top of the state staircase, and he felt delightfully at his ease.' A comparison of the two sentences immediately indicates the two characteristics which differentiate Strachey and Maurois. Strachey is more economical of his words. Maurois, while loving an epigram as much as Strachey, often lets his pen run away with him. Again, Maurois is more colorful and less restrained than Strachey. The meaning of the two sentences quoted is precisely the same, but Maurois adds two touches of color, the white tulle cap and the state staircase.

There is no evidence whatever, if we compare the work of the three biographers, that any one is in any sense the master, the founder of the school, and the other two his followers.

More plausible is the second hypothesis that we have mentioned, the possibility of a common source of inspiration. This common source exists, at any rate in the case of Strachey and Maurois. It is to be found in the French biographers of the eighteenth century. Strachey is a profound student of French literature, and his crystalline, epigrammatic, and nervous style undoubtedly owes much to it. In his preface to *Eminent Victorians* he refers to the 'Fontenelles and Condorcets, with their incomparable *éloges*, compressing into a few shining pages the manifold existences of men.' His appreciation of French literary structure and style had been shown before the war in his *Landmarks in French Literature*, and it is interesting to note that he revealed in that book, and particularly in the sketch of Voltaire, some of the qualities that were later to attract wide attention in his *Eminent Victorians*.

Maurois, writing in his native French, breathed the atmosphere in which the style had been perfected. If his works, biographical as well as imaginative, have been mainly about natives of the British Isles (I cannot write 'Englishmen,' for was not Disraeli a Jew, Colonel Bramble a Scotchman, and Dr. O'Grady an Irishman?), he has written of them as a Frenchman, with a Frenchman's brilliance and clarity, a Frenchman's epigram and paradox.

It is more difficult to account for Ludwig's conception of biography and his literary style. Nothing could be more different from the traditional German biography than his *Goethe*, his *Napoleon*, his *Bismarck*, and his *Wilhelm II*. Instead of metaphysical abstractions we have concrete facts; instead of hazy voluminousness we have transparent compactness; instead of clumsy syntactical complications we have precise literary simplicity. What is the explanation? It is, without doubt, that Ludwig, like Maurois and Strachey, has been influenced by the classical moulds of French style. The life of France has always had a special attraction for him. At the age of twenty-four his interest was first concentrated on Napoleon, and from twenty-six onward most of his life has been lived out of Germany and in close spiritual touch with the French historians and essayists of the eighteenth century.

The roots of the new biography, so young, so fresh, and so vital, are to be found embedded in the literature of France of two hundred years ago.

THE REGIMENT OF WOMEN

A Plea for Equal Treatment

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

THE woman's movement in America is flowing on its natural course. There are now few occupations which are not open to women: they have entered politics; they have become legislators and administrators as well as voters; they have founded churches and cults; they practise most of the professions, and indeed monopolize some; and they are strongly organized in powerful social bodies. All that they ask is equal treatment and equal opportunity, and no doubt in a few years there will be quite as many women as men in all walks of life. Indeed, one reason why women are still in a minority in public and business life is that women themselves do not seem to desire otherwise; this appears to be quite as effective a hindrance to women's advance as any prejudice of the men. But soon both prejudice and unwillingness will be overcome, and women will take their proper place.

It is true that early prophecies have hardly been fulfilled. Once we were assured that women freed would inaugurate an era of social reform and purity; the bad man-made laws under which women and children suffered would be swept away; honesty and earnest endeavor would reign in politics. None of these things has happened yet. Women politicians have not cleansed politics. Women as religious leaders do not seem to be more spiritually-minded than men, though no doubt very successful in this line of business. There has been no great moral or social regeneration in America since women began to exercise power — and they are exercising power, very great power indeed.

But as a question of justice this is quite beside the point. If women are entitled to equality of treatment they are entitled to it quite regardless of the result. So far as we can judge, if their fuller entrance into public life has been followed by no particularly good results, it has been followed by no particularly bad ones. The women seem to be very much the same as the men — a little more extreme, perhaps, but on the average neither better nor worse. First, of course, American life is already so much 'woman-made' that a few women in prominent places can make little difference; secondly, the fruits of a reform are never gathered by the reformers. The women now in power are not the enthusiastic reformers who led the women's movement; they are practical women who know how to adapt themselves to practical conditions. The reformers are already forgotten, and their reforms with them.

Although women have very greatly increased their power during the last few years, yet it is usually assumed that they are still under serious disadvantages. The man still has opportunities for a better education and a

broader, fuller life than his sister. This assertion is freely made and generally accepted both by men and by women. Some regard it as the proper state of affairs. That men should dominate women is justified both by experience and by religion. Some regard it as wrong, but few doubt its truth. But is it true to-day? Do men to-day in America have a better opportunity for the full, rich development of their lives than women? Not, be it understood, a better opportunity for earning money, but for leading a full, varied, and enjoyable life, and for cultivating those talents with which they have been born.

II

We shall consider the careers of two children, a boy and a girl, belonging to a good average American family. The father is well established in business, the mother takes her part in the social life of the community. Both have the usual ideals of the American middle class and belong to numerous societies and clubs. Their means are sufficient to provide a good education, high school and university, for both children and to start them in life as well as their parents were started. The two children are to have equal opportunities, as such things are understood to-day. Which of them, the boy or the girl, will have the better chance in life?

At birth, Nature appears to favor the male, for it is well known that more boys are born than girls. But dispassionate Nature takes with one hand while she gives with the other. Baby boys are more delicate than baby girls; more of them die, so that more girls grow up than boys. You will have a better chance of life itself if you are born a girl, for, although physically weaker, women are constitutionally stronger than men.

There was a time when this physical strength gave man the leadership. As recently as the Middle Ages we lived shorter but more active lives, so that physical strength counted for much, constitutional strength for less. But the medical science of to-day has greatly increased the span of life and the period of activity, thus giving to the strong constitution the full advantage of its strength. Most of us lead rather sedentary lives, in which a good constitution is better than powerful muscles, and so the old conditions are reversed. Woman is probably better suited to modern life than is man; the stronger sex has become the weaker. Indeed, in some cases we shall see that the man's superior strength may act to his disadvantage.

The conventions which we call 'chivalry' grew up in the age of physical superiority. They were then necessary to protect the weak childbearers of society from the physical violence of the strong men. To-day they are still active to protect the strong and often celibate woman. Women maintain these standards because women are thorough realists and maintain everything that helps them. Men maintain them because to abandon them would, in the first place, outrage their consciences, and, in the second place, imply that women were really their equals, and this the average man will never acknowledge. But this combination of natural constitution and chivalrous convention gives to the woman a distinctly better chance of survival.

A couple of years ago a boat with two young men and a girl was blown adrift in a storm on Lake Ontario. Days afterward searchers found the girl wading blindly along the shore. She was almost exhausted, but eventually recovered. The boat was found. Both men were dead of exhaustion and exposure. They had, of course, done all they could to shelter the girl, and

rightly so, yet in the end she was left to herself and survived even greater hardships than had killed them. Very few men can compete with the stamina of a healthy girl of seventeen. Now one would not desire to abolish the conventions of chivalry. They contain elements of beauty and nobility which we could not sacrifice, but in honesty we must face the fact that to-day they give an advantage to the woman.

Even physically the well-nurtured girl of to-day is quite as strong as many a man. Our popular fiction and our movies still maintain the tradition of the frail and shrinking maiden whom the villain masters easily with one hand. In real life the villain to-day would have no such easy task; that frail maiden would probably lay him out quite effectively if he tried on any of his games.

III

So brother and sister grow up with this advantage on the side of the girl. They go to school together, for coeducation is not only cheaper, but is now considered a necessary part of equal treatment. It is true that this coeducation is 98 per cent in the charge of women, who can understand the girl, but who cannot understand the boy. In infancy and early childhood, woman is the natural guardian. Children are then neither boys nor girls, but just babies. But by the time a boy is five or six years old he is becoming a boy. He is male, and if true equality is to be granted he should be taught by a man.

Many women — and, I imagine, most mothers — are under the impression that they can understand boys, particularly their own sons. They will tell you that they know every thought in the boy's head. They do not, they never will, and every son knows it. Every boy requires and should get the guidance of a man. His education should be in men's hands.

Educationalists agree that boys and girls take teaching and discipline differently. Girls are more docile, more easily taught, and more easily overworked. Boys are more independent, more difficult to teach, and more inclined to follow their own interests. But our existing system of education, mainly by instruction and conducted by women, favors the girl throughout. The weak discipline has a far worse effect upon the intractable boy than upon the docile girl. So the boy generally learns as little as possible, and comes to college with an untrained mind and convinced that intellectual effort is an affair for women.

For one branch of his education has not been in women's hands. His athletics have been under men. Here he has experienced that life of physical contact and physical violence which is natural and pleasant to most boys. So he leaves school, having been taught that mental culture is a womanly thing, but that physical prowess is the principal manly virtue.

In college, coeducation has even worse results. The boy is now a man, and man is a more actively sexed creature than woman. A girl may be able to work well in a mixed class and to regard her classmates of both sexes simply as human beings, but this is much more difficult for a man. There can indeed be nothing better for most young men than a partial seclusion from women for the first few years of their manhood. It is good for them in these years to be thrown into intellectual and physical competition with their fellow men without the distraction of sex. It is reported that an American scholar who had been to Oxford, when asked what had struck him in the English university, replied that he had never known before that

the conversation of men could be so interesting. The opportunity given to young men to sharpen their intellects against one another is one of the most valuable gifts which a university can offer. It is not very prominent in American universities, and coeducation tends to discourage it. Coeducation may or may not be good for girls, but there are reasons for believing that it is bad for men.

We may suppose that our boy is a manly young fellow with plenty of physical strength and already with some reputation as a schoolboy athlete. So he becomes a college athlete. In most colleges he will be given very little choice; he will be told very plainly that he has a 'duty to his college' and that that duty is football. To him, naturally, this seems a pleasant duty, and he rarely hesitates.

So he enters a world of popularity, where he shines as a hero. Endless attractive girls run after him. They 'make dates' with him, make him feed them and dance with them with that complete absence of modesty which is characteristic of their sex. He is fêted and he is disciplined. Provided that he does his 'duty' on the football field, his merely scholastic tasks will be made as easy as possible for him. Very few have the strength of character to withstand popularity, and if the exceptional boy attempts to do so, social pressure of a very severe kind soon brings him back to the right path. It is on the whole a misfortune for a boy to become a star athlete, and particularly a star football player. His strength and his pleasure in using it are turned into a trap. If he emerges uncrippled he may turn to bond selling while his popularity lasts; then, his name forgotten and his strength useless, he may make what he can of his life. It says a great deal for many athletes that they do make something of their lives, but every university teacher knows of men whose careers have been spoiled by star athletics.

His sister, meanwhile, is an active athletic girl. But she is not compelled to play any particular game for the credit (and profit) of her college. She is actually allowed to play games for pleasure. If she plays well it is counted to her credit; if not, then she is a 'womanly' girl, and it is certainly not to her discredit. She is not compelled to undergo rigorous training or to take the risk of dangerous accidents; girls' games attract no 'gate' and provoke nothing more than a friendly rivalry. There have, it is true, been signs of more strenuous competition, particularly in lawn tennis, but these conditions have affected only a few, and even now it seems clear that women will neither wish nor be asked to enter commercialized competitive sport. They are both wise and fortunate.

Girls take their exercise under healthier conditions than do men. The football player is clad in a padded armor which in itself is sufficient to condemn the game. I am assured by those who have had experience of both that American football is an excellent training for trench fighting, but surely we have agreed to have no more trench fighting for a while. The girl plays her games in light, easy clothing that permits her to get the greatest good from the exercise. In field sports, running, and jumping, the boy exercises under better conditions, but only in these minor sports is he on an equality with the girl.

As another instance take a healthy and popular exercise in which both boys and girls take part — that is, dancing. It has many good qualities, it is not competitive, there are no intercollegiate dancing contests or dancing teams, we dance simply for pleasure. For this sport the girl dresses

suitably in light, loose clothing, but the man must put on stiff starched armor and heavy, tight, black cloth clothing, utterly unsuited for the purpose. It is no wonder that at the end of a dance a girl is usually much fresher than a man.

IV

This brings us to clothes and to an interesting phenomenon. We generally recognize, if we are not professional moralists, that modern woman's dress is healthy, comfortable, and becoming. It is indeed probably the best clothing devised since classic Greek times either for men or for women. But we do not often realize that every improvement has been made by appropriating something already originated by men. I do not mean by men dress-designers, but originated as a male fashion. Short hair, the open neck, short skirts, the loose jumper, rolled stockings, are all good features which long ago were worn by men. The other day I saw a girl who might have walked the streets of ancient Athens without attracting much notice to her clothes, but she would have been a Greek boy. A century ago the sailor found it comfortable to loosen his collar and leave his neck free, and so he developed the sailor jumper with its broad easy collar. To-day in America this is so much a girl's dress, though it has assumed commissioned rank and become a 'middy,' that most boys would object to wearing it on the grounds that it is girlish. The rolled stocking and the short skirt were long ago invented by the Scottish Highlander, who was certainly not a 'sissy' person. To-day an American boy would object to wearing them on the grounds that his sister wears them.

Girls may and do imitate men, not only without fear of blame, but even with a good deal of approbation. To be a bit of a tomboy is all to a girl's credit. But a boy must never, never, never imitate a girl. To do so would be effeminate, unnatural, and repulsive. So, having little creative power of their own, the women continue to appropriate the good things invented by men. As soon as the women have appropriated them they become tabu to the men. (I understand that in some parts of this continent knickerbockers are already regarded as rather sissy.) It must be granted that women show good taste in their stealings. They have not yet appropriated the starched shirt, the dress suit, or the thick cloth trousers. But it is a little hard on the men to be left only with the ugliest and least comfortable of their clothes. These they would probably have discarded or altered long ago had it not been for the influence of women. From the early days when he is thrust all protesting into an unsuitable velvet suit to the time when his wife says, 'John, the Joneses are coming to dinner — you had better put on your tail coat,' man is, in the matter of his clothes, in the hands of women. To her is due that monstrosity of ugliness, the modern 'well-dressed man' — to her and to man's natural modesty, which forbids him ever to differ from his neighbor.

It will be asserted that man's clothing is comfortable and that it looks 'smart.' It will also be objected that in any case it is not proper or suitable for a man to like to look well. As to the first, I would recommend any woman who asserts it to try one evening in a stiff shirt and a wing collar before asking her husband to do so. It will be looked upon as very 'smart' in her. As to the second, this is just one of the tabus which women are establishing over men. The men of Tudor days were quite fond of their clothes, and they were certainly not effeminate.

Man has as much right as woman to a reasonable enjoyment of beautiful clothes.

V

But we must revert to the college career. Only a few students after all take part in the most highly organized games; most of them are left free to indulge in minor, less credit-bringing, but probably healthier sports. There is generally in every college a small group who devote themselves to study. Yet the wrong ideals are always before them; if they escape the athletic ideal, the commercial one now rears its ugly head.

At the time when practically all professional men were in the Church, the university was a place for educating 'clerks.' (In memory of this, university folk still wear clerical gowns.) During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this clerical learning became identified with the education of a gentleman, and the universities became seats of culture. Since then, especially in America, they have expanded to include instruction in practically all branches of knowledge, from Greek to pig culture, and so the cultural aspect has rather fallen into the background. It is still, however, possible to obtain a 'cultural' degree in most universities, but the popular demand is all for technical instruction which can be put to practical financial use later. The ideal of a university as a place where the student will learn to use his mind, to appreciate the past, and to value attainment with a sane and human scale, is a fine one, but it is no use disguising the fact that the majority of students desire rather to make useful friends and to learn a gainful profession with as little highbrow addition as possible.

The student who chooses to study literature or pure science and to train his mind by rigorous methods will probably enjoy it. He will probably lead a full and happy life, but he will find himself unclassed in American society. In our larger cities he will find a few friends with whom he may be on terms of intellectual understanding, but to the majority he will be highbrow, eccentric, and suspect. Public life will be practically closed to him, and he will probably become a college professor and live forever under the reproach of having an 'academic mind.'

So the average boy takes a practical professional training whose primary end is to enable him to earn money. In the view of many 'women's rights' advocates he has all the world to choose from. Practically he has no such choice. He is urged into the path where family influence will help him. He becomes a doctor or a lawyer because his father can give him a good start in that profession. In fact, he soon finds that there is only one profession really open to him — he must become a money-maker. The average boy has very little choice indeed as to his future, and, to tell the truth, after his devastating training he rarely has any desire to choose. But if his rebellious mind should stray to the fine arts, to music, or to pure science, he is soon reminded that to gain the approbation of society he must make money. He is soon brought to understand that complicated system of tabus, of all the things a man must do and a man must not do, which rules our woman-made society. These prohibitions have a strength and a result far stronger and more far-reaching than mere laws. For a law, as Americans must surely now realize, can be effective only if it has public opinion behind it; it has almost no strength in itself; whereas a social tabu requires no law to support it. Almost all these social tabus owe their strength to the support of women. The

tabus which hedge in the ordinary business man, — the church he shall attend, the clubs he shall join, the society he shall frequent, the entertainments he shall give, the clothes he shall wear, the hobbies he may indulge in, the kind of profession he may follow, even the thoughts he is expected to think, — all these things are subject to conventions and prohibitions which have been carefully taught to him by women and are enforced upon him by women.

A very nice old lady once told me of a nephew of hers who wanted to be an artist, and indeed started upon that career, 'but he soon saw how impossible that was, so, like a sensible young man, he went on the Stock Exchange, and in five years had made enough money to live comfortably. So now he paints as much as he likes.' The story affected me as utterly immoral, and I could not help hinting that, if the nephew were really an artist, he had wasted five precious years. But the old lady was so evidently pained that I recanted hastily. There are some opinions that one must not press.

A girl may cultivate any literary or artistic gifts which she has and only be praised for doing it, but for a boy to do the same is to run a danger of being regarded as sissy. This is true of the average middle-class boy. He must first make money, then he may indulge in any unprofitable tastes he has. As a rule he has no intellectual tastes, — they have long ago been trained out of him, — and so by the time he is twenty-five he is a money-maker. If he is a successful one he will have no difficulty in getting married.

VI

I have spoken of the middle-class boy, but in Europe it is noteworthy that many intellectual men, artists, and men of science have risen from the poorer classes. How many men of this character have risen from the ranks in America? A large public dinner was given recently in America in honor of a number of men who had risen from small beginnings to great position. A celebrated American educationalist was in the chair. He proudly announced that not one of the guests of honor had ever attended a university. He might have added that not one of them had contributed anything to the intellectual or artistic culture of his country. In America humble genius is strangled at once.

So our money-maker gets married to a nice average girl and settles down to a comfortable married life with a couple of children and an uneventful old age. Their mutual parts in life are accepted contentedly and as a matter of course, for we are dealing with average folks, not with enthusiasts or reformers.

So every day at 9 A.M. the husband goes to business and stays there until 5 P.M. He has reasonable intervals off for exercise, and possibly plays golf or goes fishing. But nothing intellectual ever sullies the simple annals of his life — nothing more intellectual than a bridge game.

During early married life both the man and his wife are probably hard-worked. The man has to make his way and build up his position; the wife has her housekeeping and the care of her children. But while a man's responsibilities have a way of increasing as he grows older, his wife's decrease, so that for the greater part of her life she has abundant leisure. This she employs in social and cultural activities. For woman to-day is more than ever the organizer of society. The pleasure life of the uneducated rich is no doubt very vapid, but it is very highly organized and it is a woman's world. Far greater and more important is the world of social and cultural work,

a world of societies and committees and lectures. This is the American world of art and literature, and it is a woman's world. Everyone who has ever lectured on cultural subjects knows that his audience is one of women. As for the corresponding activities of men, I would invite any open-minded observer to attend a meeting of the Kiwanians or the Rotarians and consider whether the men or the women at present are the better educated. The men's activities are those of schoolboys; no women's society ever descends to the intellectual standard of the business man. Women work hard and with abundant energy at social work. This may at times degenerate into interference with the lives of people less fortunate than themselves, but, whatever its results, it will be well organized. So woman to-day is moulding our organized life to her ideal, the perfect organization, and she is dragging man behind her.

American culture to-day is distinguished by the low value given to creative work and by the high value given to organization, regulation, and efficiency. It is distinguished by the predominance of material ideals and material success — and it is the work of American women. Man plays only a very secondary part in this drama; he is in the main a money-making drudge, kept to his work that his wife may be free. He may indeed have freedom in his business life, but how limited is that life, with its constant pressure for success, its everlasting competition.

The wife is probably ambitious; she wants her husband to be recognized as able and successful. For a man this means to be wealthy and to conform in every minute respect to the uneducated conventions which rule the man's life. She wishes herself to take her place in the life of the community, and it is a life of far greater richness than is the man's. Her life and that of her husband do not mix; he spends his in supporting hers, but he rarely enters into it. He would not be really welcome there.

Woman takes, but she never gives back, for, as we have seen, what woman takes becomes womanly and therefore forbidden to men. So we may expect in time a civilization in which any qualities peculiar to men will disappear.

It can be shown from past experience that creative imagination and abstract thought are manly qualities, while organization and administration are womanly ones. So we may expect that the former will slowly give way and the latter increase. It is a commonplace to say that this is exactly what is taking place in America to-day. Even in the fine arts the purchase of old masters and the formation of museums and collections are regarded as more important than the encouragement of creative talent. The connoisseur is rated above the creator.

Most women are convinced that women have higher artistic ability than men, yet nothing can be further from the truth. It is perfectly clear from history that women have not lacked full opportunity in the fine arts and that, in spite of this, very few women have ever shown high creative ability. Yet to-day they throng our art schools, they fill the lower steps of the artistic professions, they draw advertisements and fashion plates, teach music and become minor concert stars. So, by stamping the fine arts with the ban of effeminacy, they prevent men from having their proper opportunity. Nine tenths of these women art students have indeed no intention of ever becoming serious artists. They only seek that spice of adventure which they believe is to be found in the so-called 'bohemianism' of incompetent art.

VII

The position, put shortly, is this. Until about thirty years ago men and women lived under a system of conventions such as (*a*) that women were weaker and more delicate than men and required protection; (*b*) that a lady must not earn her livelihood — to do so was unladylike; (*c*) that women must not copy men or ape men's habits — to do so was most unladylike; (*d*) that women's place was the home. And, conversely: (*a*) that men must give way in all things to women; (*b*) that men must earn a livelihood for their dependent women; (*c*) that men must not copy or ape women in any way — to do so was unmanly and indeed monstrous.

Some of these conventions were no doubt good, some were bad, and some simply untrue.

Since the beginning of this century, aided by economic changes and probably by the war, women have broken and are breaking every convention which they do not like or which has in any way fettered them. But they have enforced all the old conventions which fettered men. So that to-day free woman is living in the twentieth century, while men are bound by all the conventions of the Victorian age. To-day woman never hesitates to break a convention and never permits man to do so, for the unconventional woman is a brave creature, defying the lightning, whereas the unconventional man is an outcast.

Thus, if a woman enters a profession and succeeds, she is a heroine; if she fails — well, she is a woman, and she will not be blamed for it. But if a man fails he is simply a failure, and that is all there is to say.

Some men may rebel against this woman-made civilization, may claim that they too have a right to ignore a few conventions, but they will soon be tamed, regulated, and disciplined to do what is good for themselves and agreeable to their women.

So future generations will lead peaceful, well-regulated, busy social lives, full of efficiency, of 'service,' of 'citizenship,' and all the other virtues of the hive. For in the most highly organized community life that we know the active workers are all women; the bees have put their men where they belong. It is true that the life of the hive seems to lack some spiritual values; perhaps the poor drones might have contributed something — now they can only buzz in chorus.

The world we live in to-day is a world in which the highest qualities of man have very little opportunity, while those of woman have full scope. Equal opportunities we do not possess, and it is improbable that the women will ever give them to us. They do not know what equal opportunity means.

Is there, then, any hope? None, unless — but it is a wild thought — man may exhibit a little of the virtue which was once regarded as peculiarly manly — courage.

WANTED — PERSONALITY

BY H. D. HILL

WANTED, by all the seekers for success who make it possible for all the How-To-Get-On Institutes to advertise in every monthly magazine. Wanted, by all the paid-up enrollments in the Charm Classes of the Y. W. C. A. Wanted, by all the book buyers who have fostered the boom in biography. Wanted, by all those who have changed the word 'it' from an impersonal neuter pronoun to the symbol of personality. Wanted, by all America.

What have they, the people to whom we refer as 'real persons,' that causes us to feel as though we had missed some essential possession and impels us to resort to these means of recapturing it? Our work does not make us real persons. In the factory where we form one of the interminable links in the chain of production, in the office where we put through the orders for the product, we do something in itself quite easy at the rate of so many times a day. And when we go home we go to standardized houses quite easy to manage in standardized means of transportation quite easy to run. But we believe profoundly in all this. We believe in the reduction of manual effort by mechanical means, and in the widest possible distribution of the means. In order to achieve this we willingly accept standardization and the type of production which it involves. We ourselves wish to have and to do the same things as everybody else. And yet, when we come right down to it, we don't quite like to be the same thing as everybody else. We like groups. We like constantly to belong to more and better groups. And yet the 'life stories' which seem to us to have the happiest endings are those which deal with getting beyond groups to stand alone. In the lonely figure there is mystery, and in the sense of mystery we feel an answer to our half-conscious lack.

The type of production whose results we approve is steadily diminishing the number of people who can feel a sense of mystery in their work. The pioneer years were an epic of facing the unknown: they have their heroes. The agricultural period was less stirring, but the seasonal march of the crops gives to the man who follows it an independence, a sense of certain things infinitely understood by the man himself — what we mean when we say 'weatherwise.' It puts a touch of envy into the summer tourist's voice even while he shows his city contempt for the farmer by calling him a 'quaint character.' He acknowledges the character in spite of the qualifying adjective.

But what sort of wisdom is coming to the farmers' sons who to-day are going to work in the city? The passing of the apprenticeship system has meant the end of any mystery of métier. Skill, in the old days, was a sense of the mystery of the inanimate. It was the adaptation of one's own movements to the stuff of one's own trade. It was an adaptation only possible with patient practice; it ended in the creation of a new sensitivity, developed through one's body and spirit, and this sensi-

tivity became a part of one's personality. A father apprenticed his son to learn the mysteries of a trade. To-day it is a question not of skill but of speed. The foreman can show the boy how to set screws in half an hour. The boy has no problem of how this thing can best be done. There is only one way to do it, an obligatory way which has been worked out by the time-study man. All that the boy is to think of is, How fast can I do it? The central fixation of his life becomes, How fast can I operate the numberless rather simple devices around me?

We read an enormous amount to the effect that the mysteries of science are known to-day to the common man. The mystery of science does not lie in knowing what to do to secure a certain result; it lies in finding out what to do. The radio which arrives with a clearly printed set of directions does not mean the introduction to science of its owner. The mystery of science is known only to the man who dreams and tries and dreams again in his laboratory. The Steinmetz myth, the Pupin myth, the Einstein myth, show our fundamental appreciation of such men. We believe in them. We also believe in the strange people, mostly with foreign names, whom we engage to give us our opera, our movies, and our art. We believe that art and science are hard. We respect them. Vicariously, we live a great deal through the personalities of the artist and the scientist. But what of personality in ourselves, in us who form, after all, the great mass of people?

When we come to ourselves we relinquish the old spiritual meaning of the word 'mystery.' We allow it to represent the fatuous factual mysteries of the tabloid: on the grave of its old significance a cross (X) marks the spot where the body was found. Deep down, unadmittedly, we question whether the conditions in which we live offer a milieu in which to grow the fibres of personality. Furthermore, we know to what extent the conformity which we have so rigorously demanded has made our neighbors like ourselves; if we are seeking personality, then are not they also?

Our mechanical democracy has cried for normality, has set the mean before us as a model — in these latter years of our prosperity, perhaps the golden mean. Our hero of the market place is consequently a Platonic idea, for the norm is an abstract; no living being was ever quite like it. We therefore confer honor on ideas, not men; our assumptions do not permit any real living man to embody our ideal. The wreaths of our war epic do not crown the foreheads of Roland and Oliver; they are laid on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We seek for personality, but we do not dare to bestow the dignity of being a person upon the men and women whom we know, upon This Woman and This Man, unless we first make of them a disembodied Embodiment of All. The British press, when Lord Asquith dies, speaks of his life in terms of an outstanding manifestation of the statesmanship of the first quarter of the twentieth century. We dare not; we excuse our public men on the ground that they are individuals, 'just one instance.' We refuse to admit that the instances are the only possible concretions of the ideal, that beyond their mortal persons there is — nothing. And thereby we reject the very personality we seek.

Our view of life must change radically before we shall be able to do otherwise. We shall have to realize the partial character of the conquest we have sought so whole-heartedly, the conquest which has brought this impersonal uniformity upon us. Part of the tragedy of life is removed by possession

of the material things which we have multiplied, by what we have done to disease, to the worst of the slums, to the length of the working day. But part, the greater part, remains. We have not recognized it. In the midst of the Dark Forest we have made for ourselves a little clearing of security. Around it is still the unknown, the unpredictable, the mysterious, the empty scene awaiting the manifestation of the person who is a man. We can treat it in two ways. We can turn our backs on it and face each other in a comforting circle, concentrating on the wheels of our facility, turning them faster, faster, shouting to each other above the noise that everything is for the best, that it will all come out all right, that if something from behind enters our midst it is an accident, an unmentionable, which our system requires us to ignore. If we shout enough we can perhaps even anæsthetize the sting of death by group discussion. Or we can turn around, and each, on the periphery of the circle, face his unique segment of the unknown. Turned inward, we feel our uniformity, our emptiness. It takes great courage to face the other way. So mostly we stand looking without admiration at one another, and buying vicarious personality from the hawkers on the street.

AN AMERICAN WEDDING JOURNEY IN 1825

Being the story of the marriage of Eleanora Wayles Randolph, granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and her wedding journey from Monticello to Boston, as gathered from letters in the possession of her descendants and for the most part hitherto unpublished

BY HAROLD JEFFERSON COOLIDGE

THOMAS JEFFERSON finished his second term as President in 1809, and retired to Monticello, where he spent the remaining seventeen years of his life busily engaged in developing his estates, carrying on a continuing, voluminous correspondence with friends and political acquaintances in every part of the world, exercising a hospitality to all comers which has become proverbial and which markedly increased the financial embarrassments that clouded his last years, and giving unsparingly all the while labor and thought to the conception, construction, and inauguration of the University of Virginia, which in his own opinion was the most notable achievement of his long and active life.

During his later years his daughter Martha, who had married Colonel Thomas Mann Randolph of Edgehill (Governor of Virginia, 1817–1822), made her home with him, Jefferson himself being then a widower. Things had not gone well between Colonel Randolph and his wife, and she was obliged to raise her large family of ten children under the roof of her father at Monticello. Jefferson took the greatest personal interest in the education and welfare of these grandchildren, and

they looked upon him more in the light of a father than a grandfather. This was particularly true of his granddaughter Eleanora Wayles Randolph, afterwards always called by her family Ellen, who was born in 1796 and was therefore thirteen years old when Jefferson came back to Monticello to live. From that time until her marriage in 1825 she lived constantly with him, accompanying him on his trips to Poplar Forest and Natural Bridge, and she seems to have been to a great extent his intellectual companion, as well as a much-loved and favorite granddaughter. In fact her correspondence all through a long life suggests in its style the clarity of thought — with perhaps a tendency to long-windedness — of her grandfather, and gives a clear indication of the marked influence which he had in forming her character.

There is no record of when Ellen Randolph first met a young man named Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, who came of a family sufficiently well known in his native town. He was born in 1798, and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1817. He had had the advantage — unusual in those days — of having traveled extensively in Europe, where, thanks to his introductions, he had met a large number of distinguished men, with several of whom he had become friendly — among others, Lord Byron, who mentions him in his correspondence. Mr. Coolidge was two years younger than Ellen, and, so far as can be judged by their appearance in later years, they must have both been very handsome.

Jefferson, who acted as a sort of guardian to Ellen, appears to have received most cordially this young man's intimation that he wished to marry her, as may be gathered from the following letter: —

To Joseph Coolidge, Jr., Esq., Boston

Monticello, *Oct.* 24, '24

Dear Sir:

I should not have delayed a single day the answer to your interesting and acceptable letter of the 13th inst. but that it found me suffering severely under an imposthume formed under the jaw, and closing it so effectually as to render the introduction of sustenance into the mouth impossible, but in a fluid form, and that latterly sucked thro' a tube. After 2 or 3 weeks of sufferance, and a total prostration of strength, I have been relieved by a discharge of the matter, and am now on the recovery; and I avail myself of the first moment of my ability to take up a pen, to assure you that nothing could be more welcome to me than the visit proposed in your lre, or its object. During the stay you were so kind as to make with us, my opportunities were abundant of seeing and estimating the merit of your character, insomuch as to need no further enquiry from others. Nor did the family leave me uninformed of the attachment which seemed to be forming towards my granddaughter Ellen. I learnt it with pleasure, because, from what I believed of yours, and knew of her extraordinary moral qualifications, I was satisfied no two minds could be formed, better compounded to make each other happy. I hold the same sentiment now that I receive the information from yourself, and assure you that no union could give to me greater satisfaction, if your wishes prove mutual, and your friends consenting. What provision for a competent subsistence for you might exist, or be practicable, was a consideration for both parties. I knew that the circumstances of her father, Gov. Randolph, offered little prospect from *his* resources, prostrated, as they

have been by too much facility in engagements for others. Some suffering of the same kind myself, and of sensible amount, with debts of my own, remove to a distance anything I could do, and certainly should do for you. My property is such as that after a discharge of these incumbrances, a comfortable provision will remain for my unprovided grandchildren.

This state of things on our part leaves us nothing to propose for the present, but to submit the course to be pursued entirely to your own discretion and the will of your friends; under the general assurance that whenever circumstances enable me to do anything, it will be directed by justice to the other members of my family, a special affection to this peculiarly valued granddaughter, and a cordial attachment to yourself. Your visit to Monticello, and at the time of your own convenience, will be truly welcome, and your stay, whatever may suit yourself under any views of friendship or connection. My gratification will be measured by the time of its continuance. . . .

I expect, in the course of the 1st or 2d week of the approaching month, to receive here the visit of my antient friend Gen'l La Fayette. The delirium which his visit has excited to the North envelopes him in the South also. The humble village of Charlottesville, or rather the County of Albemarle, of which it is the seat of justice, will exhibit its great affections, and unpretending means, in a dinner to be given to the General in the buildings of the University, to which they have given accepted invitations to Mr. Madison also, and myself as guests, and at which your presence as my guest would give high pleasure to us all, and to none, I assure you, more cordially than to your sincerely attached friend

TH. JEFFERSON

On May 27, 1825, Joseph Coolidge and Ellen Randolph were married in the drawing-room at Monticello. Family tradition has it that the best man, Mr. Harrison Ritchie, who had come down from Boston with Mr. Coolidge and was staying with other guests at the house, had gone out for a morning fox hunt with several others on the day when the circuit preacher, who had been counted on to perform the ceremony, arrived most unexpectedly, saying that he had but a few hours to spare. The wedding, therefore, took place immediately, regardless of the absence of the best man and several of the company, who had been waiting days for the preacher to arrive. However this may be, Albemarle County, Virginia, must have been looking its loveliest in the latter part of May, and the wonderful situation of Monticello — a fine, simple brick house literally on the top of a 'little mountain,' with a superb view of the Blue Ridge on its westerly side and the Rivanna winding around its base — offered a very beautiful setting for a wedding of great interest, not only to the whole neighborhood, but to a large number of people throughout the entire country.

The Journey: Monticello to New York

A series of letters to and from the young couple as they traveled northward gives some idea of the conditions of the time in our northeastern states as they appeared to them on their extended wedding trip. The journey took about six weeks, starting at Monticello and ending at the house of Mr. Coolidge's parents in Bowdoin Square, Boston. They appear to have stopped at Montpelier, the home of Jefferson's lifelong friend and supporter, James Madison, and from there to have made their real start by way of Fredericks-

burg, — incidentally losing their baggage en route, — Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia to New York, where they met General La Fayette, then almost seventy years old, on his way to make his famous last visit to Jefferson at Monticello. From Fredericksburg we have what might well be called a joint letter written to Mrs. Randolph, which tells its own story of the joys and drawbacks of a honeymoon trip in those days: —

To Mrs. Randolph, Monticello,
Charlottesville, Va.

I have ruined the sheet on which Ellen has been writing; and the day is so warm and her black 'Isaacs' so uncomfortable, that she has gone to lie down awhile, and has left me, a poor substitute, to continue her letter; — before doing so, I will transcribe what she had written.

Fredericksburg, *June* 25, '25

Contrary to my expectations, my dearest mother, I am enabled to write to you from this place by the accident of being delayed a day. We were so late in getting from Mrs. Madison that it was past eight before we could leave Orange Court House; still as the roads were good, and the hack had four horses, we might surely have reached Fredericksburg by six, which would have left us full time to go on to the steamboat; but the driver was so tender of his cattle, that neither threat, nor entreaty, would prevail on him to move out of a slow ox-trot, which got us on at the rate of three miles an hour, or scarcely so much. Cornelius and his mule cart travel with the speed of light in comparison to the Fredericksburg hack with four horses, and the kind-hearted charioteer. *En revanche*, they charged only eight dollars for the use of the equipage for two days; reasonable enough, in contrast with Richmond prices. We were out in two very heavy rains, and arrived a little before eight o'clock in the evening; too late to think of going farther. Our quarters here are comfortable, and we shall leave the place this evening, and arrive in Washington tomorrow morning; there again we must be detained by the absence of our luggage, which we were in great consternation at not finding here. I presume the stage was too much crowded to admit of its being taken on at Charlottesville. I have my black silk frock, which I find fits me infamously, after all my trouble; and a single *berege* hkf; a single black petticoat, and a few changes of linen. I shall shine with all the *braveries* in the metropolis, which — at this season — is, however, little better than a dirty country village.

[Here ends the transcription of Ellen's writing.]

The old horses carried us very well to Gordonsville, where we were glad to find Nicholas. Mr. and Mrs. Madison met us with the utmost kindness; and their manner to me, seemed to say 'for Ellen's sake we feel an interest in you.' Mrs. M did everything to induce us to remain some days with her, telling us that Mrs. Cutts, and Mrs. Decatur, were expected to arrive on the very evening of our departure; but we were obliged to leave them, with the promise never to pass their house at future visits, without calling upon them. Nicholas accompanied us to the Court House, and left us there, with the most affectionate wishes of both for his health and success. We were more than 11½ hours on the road, though the distance is but 35 miles, and we stopped but once. At an inn kept by a Mr. Robinson, we met two gentlemen, one of them no longer very young, who were on their way to Mr. Madison's, and mean to visit Monticello, also. I did n't take to them; the younger was

silent, and the other self-satisfied and intrusive. He seemed to think that Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson were under many obligations to those who called upon them; at least, that the obligations were mutual. He told me a strange tale wh has n't been confirmed here, 'that a committee of the Georgia Legislature had in answer to the Gov'r advised him to prepare a separation of the states, and that the Potomac be the dividing line!' On the road we met the ladies who were expected at Montpelier; Mrs. Decatur very much agitated at the meeting, Mrs. Cutts was more calm, but still a good deal affected.

This day is very warm and we have acted wisely to remain here till the evening. I have just heard that my eccentric Bro. remained in Fredericksburg 2 or 3 days, and the portfolio has been sent from the inn where he lodged containing letters, to and from himself, and also one from me to my father, wh he had carelessly left behind. Of course these have been read by the crowd of listless saunterers who frequent a village tavern; and I feel something like indignation at perceiving on a loose sheet wh was designed for a letter to his friends in Boston, *an elaborate description of Ellen* — her personal and mental qualities; a minute dissection as far as circumstances permitted, of her head and heart. This is intolerable, certainly. . . .

Affectionately

Yrs J. C. Jr.

The eccentric brother referred to in the letter was Mr. Coolidge's younger brother, Thomas Bulfinch Coolidge. This young man was somewhat of a scapegrace, and was engaged to a girl whom the family may not have approved of as highly as they did of Ellen. He was undoubtedly present at the wedding, and appears to have turned up intermittently at various points on their homeward journey in a sort of combined capacity of companion, courier, and body servant. The allusions to him are not always as grateful as his services would seem to demand.

From Washington Ellen wrote a long and rather dispirited letter back to her mother, taken up mostly with accounts of the kindness of some of her friends and the lack of it of others. There were the usual worries about luggage, and solicitous letters to everyone at home, with rather condescending reference to the servants (slaves). She was evidently tired after a hard journey, and Washington in 1825 did not offer the distractions that it would have offered a century later.

Washington, *June* 26, 1825

. . . I have not spoken of my journey which was like other journies, with the usual quantum of trouble and fatigue, and the usual monotony of what is called a safe journey. If our trunks arrive, we shall leave Washington on the morning of the 28th, and you will hear from us in Baltimore. . . .

We spent last afternoon with Aunt Randolph and the evening with Mrs. Bulfinch. I think in the show of relations, as far as this city goes, Joseph has the advantage of me. His are neither very elegant nor fashionable, but amiable and kind, and have treated me with great cordiality. . . .

Mr. Bulfinch, the lawyer, is drawing up a power of attorney which Joseph will sign empowering Jefferson to dispose of Sally and to protect her. Her own wishes you know, my dear mother, must direct the disposition that is made of her, for I would not for the world that after living with me fifteen years, any kind of violence should be done to her feelings. If she wishes to be sold, let her choose her own master; if to

be hired, she should have the same liberty, or at least not be sent anywhere where she is unwilling to go; but why should I say anything to you on this subject, who are the very soul of gentleness and humanity.

Adieu, dearest, dearest mother. I think of the servants even with affection, and wish them to know that I do so. . . .

Your own devoted daughter,

ELLEN

A short letter from Mr. Coolidge from Baltimore tells of the further progress of the journey northward, but there is unfortunately no record of the stop either there or at Philadelphia.

New York City in 1825

Three letters from New York tell Ellen Coolidge's story while there in her own way. They give a diverting suggestion of hectic, hurried days, overcrowded with bustle, shopping, officialism, and social circumstance, and their attendant fatigues, which might well be true of the same place to-day. The central interest of these days, not only for this particular young couple, but for the whole country, was the stay of General La Fayette and his reception in New York, on his way to visit Jefferson at Monticello. By a lucky chance, this coincided almost exactly with the time when the Coolidges arrived on their way North, and Ellen's ready pen gives a clear-cut description of what was a great event not only in her own life but in that of the young nation as well. Thanks to her personal relation to the General himself, arising from his lifelong intimacy with her grandfather, and thanks also to the fact that she happened to be in the city for the first time in the sentimental position of a bride on her wedding trip, she had an exceptional opportunity to tell dramatically the tale which these three letters disclose.

NEW YORK, *July* 7, 1825

Engagements of one kind or other multiply upon me, dearest Mother, and every spare moment seems valuable. . . .

In the morning, when I first opened my eyes, there has always been some journey to prepare for and commence, or a variety of engagements to visit places and persons so numerous and pressing as scarcely to leave me time to dress & breakfast. The days have passed in the fulfillment of these engagements or in the excitement of rapid traveling through new countries, where everything was unknown, and of course to a certain degree interesting, generally too on crowded stages or steamboats with a variety of strange objects to attract my attention and arrest my thoughts in spite of myself. Then at night I have gone to bed exhausted and fallen almost immediately to sleep overcome by mere bodily fatigue. . . .

Gen'l La Fayette called on us yesterday, but finding us out left word that he would come again today. He spoke very affectionately to Thomas who received him, made many inquiries after both our families, and in presence of the admiring envying crowd took both his hands & led him into the street to repeat his assurances of friendship for us & his wish to visit us at any time when it might be convenient *to the lady* to receive him. Thomas diverted himself a good deal at the gapes and stares of the multitude who wished to see who it could be that received such marks of attention from the *General.*

We shall remain in New York nearly a week longer. How very sorry I am you cannot know this in time to write to us again here. I have seen some of

the sights of the place, walked on the famous battery, gazed on the bright and beautiful bay, with its forts and islands & shipping, visited the Castle Garden so celebrated in the Fayette annals, & driven the length of the city which is so immense in comparison with anything I ever saw, of such magnitude and such population with such an appearance of life & activity that I can scarcely recover from my surprise. The streets literally swarm, the noise is incessant, & overpowering, & I can never look out of the window without fancying there must be some extraordinary occasion for such rapid & hurried movements; such throngs of people; such ringing of bells and hurrying to and fro of men, horses, carriages etc. etc. but it is always the same. We shall visit Miss Morris probably tomorrow. . . .

Your own,
ELLEN

Joseph begins the following letter.

July 9th

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been at the office, and found there yours of July 5th. It was wholly unexpected, and has given great pleasure to Ellen, for her fears respecting Elizabeth have made her anxious to hear from Ashton. We are going out, and the carriage is now waiting at the door, but yours shows such a wish to hear from her by every post that while she is putting on her bonnet I write to tell you that she is well, notwithstanding her constant exertion, for there is so much to be done and seen here that we are obliged to be up early and late.

[The following is in Ellen's handwriting.]

Joseph is putting on his cravat and I have taken up the pen dearest mother to say how happy I am to hear of Elizabeth's safety. I have had many fears on her account & her melancholy face, as I saw it last so pale & apprehensive, has haunted my imagination since we parted. I am well and going out this morning to do my shopping in company with Mrs. Henry Rogers, a great friend of Joseph's, & a lovely elegant creature. I shall get a bonnet, veil, scarf, india muslin dress, and some more lace if the money holds out. This will complete my wedding paraphernalia and set me handsomely afloat. I shall write to one of you tomorrow or the day after. This evening I am going to see the ascent of an aeronaut in a balloon at Castle Garden. The Marquis called on us yesterday, seemed very glad to see us, and thinks he will be at Monticello by the end of July or beginning of August. Adieu, dearest mother, the carriage waits & *it is a hack.*

Love to all from your own devoted
ELLEN

N.B. [by Joseph] 'ts not a hack; tis a 'glass coach'!!!

NEW YORK, *July* 16, 1825

I have risen an hour or two earlier than usual, my dearest mother, to write you a few lines, as it is nearly a week since my last letter to Mary, & I fear you may become uneasy. We have been detained much longer in N. York than we expected, which I regret exceedingly as the expense of living in a boarding house is enormous, to say nothing of the most excessive charges for washing, hack hire &c &c. There has been so much to see & do, that it was quite impossible for us to have got away sooner without defeating the objects for which we came. I have been in more constant movement than I ever was before, visiting, shopping, & seeing of sights.

We have been attended to by many persons but by no one more than our dear excellent La Fayette. He went so

far as to remonstrate with the common council for occupying his whole time with their arrangements 'whilst,' said he 'the grand daughter of one of my dearest friends is in N. York knowing scarcely any one but myself, and I am prevented from visiting her & paying her the attention I wish to pay.' Upon this the recorder of the city who is also attached to the municipal body, waited upon us, introduced himself & having mentioned this circumstance invited us to meet the General at his house that evening, & to accompany him the next morning on a visit to Staten Island, whither he went to see Mrs. Tompkins, the widow of the V. President. These arrangements were accordingly carried into effect, & it was on board the steamboat the following day after our return from Staten Island that I took leave of this truly amiable & excellent man. . . .

Mr. Ricker, the common council man and Recorder, who introduced himself to us, is a great friend of my grandfather's. Under his *patronage* we were led through the City Hall, & to its summit, commanding perhaps the finest view I ever saw, the whole city of N. Y. the adjoining country set thick with villages & farm houses, the Bay which is said to rival that of Naples, with its islands, forts and shipping, the Hudson River, two miles wide, stretching far to the North, the East River flowing off towards the Sound, the New Jersey shore, the Town of Brooklyn, the settlement at Paulus Hook, the graves and walks of Hoboken, in short more beautiful objects than I can write the names of. The *municipal father* himself is a true picture of a good humored, self important, (vulgar) alderman, and the good dame his wife, with misses his daughters, form altogether such a thrifty family of cits as you read of in English novels. I was very much amused at the extreme deference he showed me, in union with a deep sense of his own dignity & importance, his erect little person, head set back upon his shoulders, his formal bows and bustling courtesy, the respect with which his brothers of the municipality approached him, & his own corresponding politeness. He was in agonies lest his daughters should in any way forget what was due to the granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson and the friend of La Fayette, & he bustled and hurried around me, herding me from place to place with perpetual admonitions to his womenkind, 'Betsy, my dear, you crowd Mrs. Coolidge;' 'Anne, get out of that window, my child, Mrs. Coolidge cannot see;' 'Girls, fall back. Mrs. Coolidge is distressed by the heat,' etc. etc. with constant references to my dear grandfather which delighted me even from the lips of a dutch common-councilman. We have been to Morrisonia and were very kindly received. The spot is one of Nature's favorites, & bears marks of having been once the abode of wealth and luxury, though at present the very abomination of desolation prevails through manor, house & garden. . . .

Love to all
Au revoir, dearest mother.

New England and Boston

Further letters tell the story of the remaining journey through northern New England and down the Connecticut Valley to Springfield and Boston. The route seems to have been up the Hudson River to Lake George and Lake Champlain, and across the latter to the Vermont shore, and then down the Connecticut to Springfield, and easterly to Boston.

BURLINGTON, *July* 26, 1825

We reached Burlington on Saturday evening after enjoying the sight of some

grand and beautiful views, the scenery on Lake Champlain quite different from that of Lake George, is nevertheless exceedingly fine. The Vermont shore is not particularly interesting, except in some points where one catches a distant view of those green mountains which have given their name to the state & to some of the most gallant revolutionary defenders, but the New York side is one continued range of grand mountains, which lying in different ridges give you every variety of colour from the deep garter blue of the nearer and lower, to the dim pale tinge of azure so faint as scarcely to allow you to distinguish the outline of the distant sierra from the sky against which it rests. . . .

The pleasure I enjoyed met however with a sad interruption; when we were about six or eight miles from Burlington, there came up a storm of wind and rain which drove us all below. This was bad enough, but presently the waves began to run quick and short, the boat rolled and tossed, & the female passengers became almost all of them exceedingly sick. The cabin presented a sad scene. One poor lady who had taken a heavy dinner, will, I venture to say, never follow the example of Mrs. Duck again, that is if she is capable of learning from experience, how much greater is the pain of disgorging than the pleasure of swallowing. Another unfortunate creature was dragged on deck during a temporary cessation of the rain, and Thomas who undertook the management of her (there were not more than two female servants on board) began by forcing half a glass of brandy down her throat. For myself, fortunately having breakfasted late, & eaten again in the middle of the day, I had declined taking any dinner, so that the foul fiend of sea sickness, finding my stomach strong in its emptiness, after administering a few qualms, turned its force against my head. I had gone to the door for air, and Joseph was at my side, when a sudden dizzy stupor came over my brain, my recollection seemed for a moment to desert me, the ground gave way under my feet, & I should have fallen but for my husband who immediately raised me in his arms, & carried me to a berth, where after some time I recovered so far as when we reached Burlington to be able to rise and walk. . . .

Burlington is the most beautiful village I have ever seen. It is built on the very brink of the lake, which is here at least ten miles wide, and commands a full view of the mountains, & rich scenery of the N. Y. shore. The streets are wide, not paved, but of a fine grey clay which would scarcely soil a white shoe. The 'grande place' or courthouse square is large and has not a single bad house fronting upon it, whilst there are some very fine ones. Indeed the private houses generally are among the best I have ever seen; some are large, well-built, surrounded with handsome gardens, and fine trees, & I am told quite elegantly furnished within; others with less pretension, and belonging to persons of smaller fortunes, are extremely neat and apparently comfortable, with green lots, and pretty simple paling. They build pretty generally with brick, which is sometimes covered with stucco, but even the little wooden houses of the common people have an air of cleanly comfort that is delightful to witness. The inhabitants to the number of about 3000 are well looking & of very respectable appearance, and the whole village has a most pleasing look of quiet & neatness & order; but the country round seems to me exceedingly sterile, and the good people surely deserve great credit for overcoming the obstacles which I think must have stood in their way; there are some green fields & grassy dells, and here and

there knolls with trees which the eye rests on with pleasure, but in spite of the beauty of the season and the scenery, the industry & regularity of the inhabitants, there are some things, many things, which tell harsh tales of a barren land & dreary climate. The principal growth about the city is of miserable, pinched, & poverty-stricken pines, so ragged and wretched that it makes your heart ache to look at them. The clayey soil has a most weary stale flat & unprofitable countenance; in the houses you are alarmed at the sight of stove-pipes running in every direction, and when you go out, great piles of wood already cut and prepared for winter's use, speak volumes of the horrors of a climate where such precautions are necessary. Then the southern eye is shocked by finding those barbarous machines of sleighs constantly associated with other carriages & my blood runs cold as I read a sign 'such a one, carriage and sleigh maker' so true it is that in the midst of summer we are in winter, in the middle of life we are in death. The house maid, a bright, intelligent, little girl, with whom I like to chat sometimes, tells me that the snow falls every year 5 or 6 feet deep. How terrible. . . .

Remember me affectionately to all at home including the Ashton and Sutton families, and believe me dearest mother ever your own daughter. E

Next follows the most important letter of the group, sent by Ellen not to her mother or sisters, but to her friend and teacher, her grandfather, Thomas Jefferson. This letter, written in a style similar to and quite as vigorous as his own, and marked by the same tendency to wordiness, shows the deep intellectual companionship that had for years existed between these two persons of the same blood, but differing in age by nearly fifty years. It is reprinted by permission of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

BOSTON, *August* 1, '25

Having reached Boston in safety, my dearest grandfather, one of my first cares is to write to you, to thank you for all the kindness I have received from you, & for all the affection you have shown me, from my infancy & childhood, throughout the course of my maturer years; the only return I can make is by gratitude the deepest & most enduring and love the most devoted; and although removed by fortune to a distance from you, yet my heart is always with you. I shall write as often as the fear of troubling you (who are already so much troubled by numerous letters from others) will permit, and return to see you whenever I possibly can, and this I hope will not be unfrequently. The facility of traveling is now such that I have myself passed over about 1000 miles in 12 days; for, of the five weeks that elapsed between my leaving Monticello & reaching Boston, we have stopped more than three in different great cities on the road. Mr. Coolidge wished to give me an idea of the beauty & prosperity of the New England states, & instead of taking me from New York to Boston by sea, he planned a tour, which we have accordingly made, up the Hudson as far as Albany, from thence to Saratoga, Lakes George & Champlain, as far north as Burlington in Vermont, from Burlington across the country to the Connecticut River, & down this river to Springfield, from whence, through the interior of Massachusetts, to Boston. The journey has been long & somewhat fatiguing; but it has made me acquainted with probably the fairest & most flourishing portion of New England, and I do not regret having taken it; it has given me an idea of prosperity & improvement, such as I fear

our Southern States cannot hope for, whilst the canker of slavery eats into their hearts & diseases the whole body by this ulcer at the core. When I consider the immense advantage of soil & climate which we possess over these people, it grieves me to think that such great gifts of Nature should have failed to produce anything like the wealth and improvement which the New Englanders have wrung from the hard bosom of a stubborn & ungrateful land, & amid the gloom & desolation of their wintry skies. I should judge from appearances that they are at least a century in advance of us in all the arts & embellishments of life; & they are pressing forward in their course with zeal and activity which I think must ensure success. It is certainly a pleasing sight, this flourishing state of things. The country is covered with a multitude of beautiful villages; the fields are cultivated & forced into fertility; the roads kept in the most exact order; the inns numerous, affording good accommodations, & traveling facilitated by the ease with which post carriages & horses are always to be obtained. Along the banks of the Connecticut there are rich meadow lands, & here *New* might, I should think, almost challenge *Old* England in beauty of landscape. From the top of Mount Holyoke, which commands, perhaps, one of the most extensive views in these States, the whole country as you look down upon it resembles one vast garden divided into its parterres. There are upwards of twenty villages in sight at once, & the windings of the Connecticut are every where marked, not only by its clear & bright waters, but by the richness & beauty of the fields and meadows, & the density of population on it's banks. The villages themselves have an air of neatness & comfort that is delightful. The houses have no architectural pretensions, but they are pleasing to look at, for they are almost all painted white, with vines about the windows & doors, & grass plots in front decorated with flowers & shrubs; a neat paling separates each little domain from its neighbor; & the outhouses are uniformly excellent, especially the wood house, which is a prominent feature in every establishment, & is, even at this season, well nigh filled with the stock for winter's use. The school-houses are comfortable looking buildings, & the churches with their white steeples add not a little to the beauty of the landscape. It is common also to find the larger of these country towns the seat of colleges, which are numerous throughout the country.

The appearance of the people generally is much in their favor; the men seem sober, orderly, & industrious. I have seen but one drunken man since I entered New England, & he was a South Carolinian. The women are modest, tidy, & well looking. The children even are more quiet & civil than you generally find them elsewhere; they are almost all taught to curtsy or bow to passers-by; and it is an amusing & not unpleasant sight to see a group of these little urchins returning from school with their books in their hands, draw up by the side of the road & gravely salute the traveller, who rewards their courtesy only by a smile & a nod.

I have visited only one of the great cotton factories which are beginning to abound in the country, & although it was a flourishing establishment, & excited my astonishment by its powers of machinery & the immense saving of time & labor, yet I could not get reconciled to it. The manufacturer grows rich whilst the farmer plods on in comparative poverty; but the pure air of heaven & the liberty of the fields in summer, with a quiet & comfortable fireside in winter, certainly strike the

imagination more favorably than the confinement of the large but close, heated, & crowded rooms of a factory, the constant whirl & deafening roar of machinery, & the close, sour, & greasy smells emitted by the different ingredients employed in the different processes of manufacturing cotton & woollen cloths. Also, I fancied the farmers & labourers looked more cheerful & healthy than the persons employed in the factories, & their wives & daughters prettier & neater than the women & girls I saw before the looms & spinning jennies. There are two little spectacles I liked much to look out upon from the windows of the carriages; the one was the frequent waggons laden high above their tops with hay (the country through which I have passed being principally a grass-growing one), drawn by the largest, finest, & handsomest oxen I have ever seen, & driven by a hail, ruddy farmer's lad; the other was a country girl driving home her cow, for the girls, as I have said before, are well looking, healthy, & modest, & the cows laden with their milky treasures might, any one of them, serve as a study for a painter who desired to express this sort of abundance.

I have written badly, I fear almost illegibly, for I am not yet recovered from the fatigue of my journey, & my hand trembles; after this long letter, then, my dearest grandfather, I will bid you adieu. I have been received with great kindness by my new relations, but my heart turns towards those who love me so much better than any others can ever do. I am anxious, however, to conciliate those with whom I am hereafter to reside, & shall strive to make friends, particularly as I have every reason to believe that my husband's family & circle of immediate friends are persons of uncommon merit. Mr. Coolidge prays to be permitted to express his regard & veneration for you, & will attend immediately to your memorandum. Once more adieu, my dear grandpapa, love to all, and for yourself the assurance of my devoted love.

ELLEN W. COOLIDGE

The arrival in Boston and reception by Mr. Coolidge's family was perhaps just what might have been expected.

BOSTON, *July* 31, 25

The post goes out immediately, dearest mother, but I will if possible write a line to let you know of our safe arrival here. We reached Boston in the stage coach between ten and eleven o'clock last night, the family had given up expecting us for that day & had all retired except Joseph's father, who was still in the drawing room. His mother and sister were down, however, in less time than it would have been possible for any Virginia lady to accomplish such a business — the whole family received me affectionately, but I remained with them a few moments only before Joseph and Thomas sent me off to bed; this morning I felt fatigued & feverish & determined not to rise by Elizabeth's advice until towards noon, and I write this to you from my bed. I am not at all ill, but only tired. This being Sunday the whole family have gone to Church leaving me in charge of the 'bonne' a very respectable looking old lady. . . .

Love to all my dear ones. Mrs. Nichols hurries me with my letter & I have inked the sheet all over. Adieu my own beloved mother

Ever your own

ELLEN

The whole trip and its impressions are summarized in a letter to Mrs. Randolph by Mr. Coolidge written from Nahant in August, with a postscript by Ellen. This last letter gives the reverse side of the picture so far

as the wonders of the wedding journey are concerned, and makes fairly plain the sort of difficulties which the delicate, high-strung Virginia bride had to contend with in adjusting herself to the atmosphere of Boston in 1825.

BOSTON, *August* 1825

MY DEAR MOTHER:

We are at Nahant, and I devote a leisure hour to my friends at Monticello. Our journey became at length fatiguing, owing to the excessively warm weather, crowded inns and coaches; so that we were glad to arrive at my father's house where they had long expected us. Several days were necessary to recover from the exhaustion of our ride, and Ellen, then, received the visits of those who called upon her. Of course she can, as yet, have formed no friendships, having had opportunity only to see the faces of the circle in which she is to live. I do not think that she is so much pleased with Boston, or its inhabitants, as I thought she would have been; both were praised too highly by those we met on our route; and who, learning her destination, thought to ingratiate themselves by speaking well of her future residence. As for the city, long drought had destroyed everything like verdure, so that the environs of Boston were as dry and dirty as its streets, and then we arrived at midnight, on Saturday, and were too tired to look upon the fronts even of the houses we passed by moonlight. . . .

Our journey will not furnish a subject for pleasant letters; but I ought to write you more particularly about herself: First (it will interest you, I know, to hear it) *my* friends all like her, and secondly she will I am certain be a *general favorite;* many will love her for my sake; more for her own. The climate, too, of wh she had heard such accts will, I am sure, be of more benefit to her health than she can imagine —and our habits will be found to nearly resemble those to wh she has been accustomed; moreover, she will soon acknowledge that the reports of inconvenience and independence in our domestics are very much exaggerated. . . .

I am most sincerely glad to hear of Mr. Jefferson's improving health; the crowds of uninteresting men among whom I have been moving of late make me think of *him* with increased veneration, and public opinion in this section of our country has changed, of late, much, very much, in regard to him; public and private testimony to his patriotism and character, are no longer infrequent; to his literary merits they have never been so.

Yrs

J. C. JR.

The following is in Ellen's handwriting.

NAHANT, *Wednesday*

I have received your letter of Aug. 2 my dearest mother, and will write very soon. I am staying here to recruit after a journey too long and too rapidly made not to be exceptionally fatiguing. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor who are staying here also have been the very soul of kindness to me. Were it not for them I should have but a melancholy time, for I know nobody, and am too homesick and pining after all I have left behind me at Monticello to make myself amiable to persons who having no interest at all in forming an acquaintance with me, are careless about seeking me. Love to all and for yourself, dearest mother, the assurance that each day adds to the tenderness of my love since each day makes me more sensible of all I have lost in a separation from you.

Ever your own,

ELLEN

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

BY MAJOR A. W. SMITH

THIS is the story. Some day I shall know the ending.

I

It is very unusual to find an Indian seaman — and a fireman at that — taking an interest in horses. Indians don't care for animals as a rule, and unless they are of a race or caste used to horses they are frankly scared by them.

I was traveling by the Domena to Bombay, and I was taking back with me two English hunters. They were in the boxes in which they had been slung on to the fore well deck starboard. The boxes had been secured to ring-bolts on the deck, and there the horses would stay to the end of the voyage. They could get no grooming on board, and all I could do was to see that they got the proper feeds.

I found him standing by one of the boxes feeding pieces of bread to Prudence, the chestnut mare, and talking to her in a language of his own which she seemed to understand perfectly. Now Prudence does not take kindly to human beings. She has a nasty temper, and she is as hot as chestnuts can be. She bites a bit sometimes. She seemed, however, to like the big Pathan in singlet and dirty white trousers. He did not see me, for I was behind him, and I could only take in the breadth of back and depth of chest fining down to the loins, and the abnormally high development of the deltoid muscles which comes from shoveling coal. All ships' firemen have those arms. Then the bell struck for the watch, and as the serang's pipe shrilled he moved forward and disappeared into the fo'c'sle.

I did not see him again until we were halfway down the Red Sea. We had what the Chief Officer called a 'Paddy's breeze,' a following wind, and the smoke from the funnel went straight up into the air. Both horses felt the heat a lot, and the stokeholds were on half watches. I took a look down into the boiler room and found a dripping engineer in nothing but a boiler suit and slippers, shouting bad Hindustani with a Glasgow accent to a fireman serang, and pointing at the wavering needle of a pressure gauge.

This time I met him face to face when I found him rubbing Andy's nose. He tried to bolt for the fo'c'sle, but I addressed a remark to him in Pushtu, I forget quite what, something about the horses finding it a bit hot. Hearing Pushtu seemed fairly to set him off. It appeared that he had not heard his language in months, that his name was Baz Khan, an Orakzai, and that he came from somewhere up the Tochi Valley.

Now Pathan firemen are not unusual, but they are not of the type of Baz Khan. They usually come from lower down in British India, and I was curious to know more of him. I drew a bow at a venture and asked, 'Baz Khan, what cavalry regiment were you in?' It was not really a very blind shot, for, of course, most of those men who

come into British India from the Tochi Valley come to join the army, and if he had not been in the cavalry the horses would not have interested him. After I had asked the question, I read what was going on behind those deep-set eyes of his as well as if he had told me. He was wondering how much I knew, and if I was worth a good lie. As I watched him I grew convinced that he must have had some trouble to bring him to sea. 'Trouble' on the border is generally a euphemism for murder — a thing not usually mentioned between gentlemen.

I got his story at last, and at considerable length. He did not tell it as a straightforward narrative, but it all came out in conversation during his watches below at our meeting place by the horse boxes, with Andy nuzzling at his shoulder and Prudence wrinkling her lips when he scratched her nose.

II

It seemed that he had in fact been in the cavalry, in 'Mukwan ki Chaliswan Risala' — that is to say, the Fortieth Cavalry. The Fortieth when I knew them were a crack regiment, always on the frontier and on semi-active service, which sometimes bloomed into real war. They were raised by a Captain Macklewhame in the Mutiny, but little is known of him beyond his name, which is still preserved by the regiment as 'Mukwan.' Indians find it hard to get attached to a bare number, and many a regiment preserves, for sentiment, the name of an obscure first commanding officer. Anyway, everyone knows the Fortieth. People sometimes call them the Forty Thieves, which they consider a compliment, but generally they are just 'Mukwans.'

His village was Al'Stupr at the top end of the Tochi Valley in the Wana Wazir country. It is not entirely accident that the Hindustani word for a fort and the Pushtu for a village are practically the same, for the Pushtu village is always a fort. In the case of Al'Stupr there was a group of three or four solid blocks of stone buildings standing foursquare to the valley, each with its tower at one corner. The walls were probably fifteen or twenty feet high and the tower another twenty on top of that. The sides would probably have been a hundred feet long or so. Each block was a fort in itself, and in the centre of each would be kept such beasts as the family owned.

The brown bare hills rise high all round, but wherever there is any level ground patches of cultivation are put in. In this country the men go out to plough with a rifle slung over one shoulder, and there is never a time when someone is not looking out from the tower, which can be climbed only by a ladder from the outside.

Baz Khan as soon as he was old enough went into the army as a matter of course, and, equally as a matter of course, into 'Mukwans.' His father was then Dafadar Major of the regiment, a rank which corresponds to that of sergeant major.

His grandfather, who had been one of the first to join on its formation, had been Rissaldar Major, the highest Indian commissioned rank in a cavalry regiment. The grandfather was still alive, a pensioner with a long string of medals and decorations, with an eye as keen as ever and a wrist as strong.

In those days, about 1907, as everyone knows, all the cavalry in the Indian army was silladar. That is to say, the recruit had to pay for his own horse, saddlery, and clothing, which were provided under regimental arrangements. All that he was provided with free were his arms, which, in the case

of Mukwans, consisted of lance and rifle. These terms, one would think, would discourage anyone. The pay was nothing, only about seven rupees a month, and there was no attraction in that. The terms of service had, however, the opposite effect, for each silladar regiment could command an unending supply of recruits, and it was not everyone, even though he had the physique and money, who was allowed to join. Most recruits had some connection with the regiment, and influence of some kind was required to get a man in.

And so he left home. Old Zaffer Khan, the grandfather, gave Baz Khan his blessing and pushed him off down the valley to join. Faiz Ullah, another lad of his own age, from the house a few hundred yards away, went with him. Faiz Ullah was going to join the same regiment if he could.

They were probably dressed in their best — baggy white trousers caught in at the ankle and embroidered velvet waistcoats. Their hair would be worn long enough to frame the face, and well oiled. They would be wearing the blue and white striped puggree wound turban fashion around the gold-thread kullah, the pointed cap of the hills.

I need not repeat to you all that Baz Khan told me of joining the regiment at Risalpur, of learning the drill and how to ride. Weapons, of course, would come easily to his hand, and I have no doubt that he spoke truth when he said that from the start he could shoot better than the stout Sikh musketry dafadar who taught the recruits. Those fellows from the Tochi Valley take to soldiering like ducks to water. Faiz Ullah, however, was not, apparently, much of a success and would have been in trouble frequently if Baz Khan had not taken him in hand and big-brothered him generally. He could not keep either himself or his horse clean, and Baz Khan once even stood a guard for him because he had not taken steps to get ready.

III

Baz Khan's first taste of service, he told me, was when a wing of his regiment — consisting of two squadrons — was ordered up from Nowshera for a show in the Black Mountains. Some of you may remember the one I mean; it was about 1911. It was only an affair of a couple of infantry battalions and two squadrons of cavalry, but it was the first time that he had reason to suspect Faiz Ullah, who was in the same section, of cowardice. I can see what happened. The squadron was forming the advanced guard to the force, — the spearhead, in fact, — and out in front their section had been pushed along the road at the point of the spear. Away ahead again, the tip of the point, were Baz Khan and Faiz Ullah. You can imagine how they would move — the one with his rifle, the other with his lance across the saddle, one of the two ready for instant action in any event. The lance would have a khaki cap over the head to prevent the glint of the sun on the burnished metal, and the red and white pennon would be rolled and tied. The rifle would be loaded with a full magazine, cocked, and with the safety catch forward. Faiz Ullah was leading with the lance, Baz Khan following a horse's length or two behind and somewhat to one side. Baz Khan was, from what he told me, a deadly shot and loved his rifle.

As it happened, they ran into nothing, but there was no doubt that Faiz Ullah hung back. The two were pushing on at a trot, and continually Baz Khan, who rode five or six pounds heavier and had the lighter horse, would come level with Faiz Ullah.

Now in war time there are as few opportunities for superlative cowardice as there are for superlative courage. Generally speaking, it is all amazingly dull, with a few moments of excitement thrown in. You don't usually have a chance to judge a man's courage by more than a succession of tiny incidents coupled with your instinct. Baz Khan told me that, though he knew that Faiz Ullah was not a good soldier, it had never before occurred to him that he had not the normal amount of courage.

In the course of a few days he was convinced of the true state of affairs. Their troop was ordered out on patrol. There was a good deal of risk attached to the duty, although actually, I gathered, nothing much did eventually happen. Anyway, Faiz Ullah's horse unaccountably dropped a shoe. It may have been coincidence, but Baz Khan thought not, and it was only then that he realized that Faiz Ullah had up till that time escaped most of the more risky duties in one way or another. At all events, the show ended, and they went back to barracks with nothing more for Baz Khan to go on than that. He kept his own counsel, did his duties, and helped Faiz Ullah when he could. In fact, he carried on as usual.

IV

At this stage I had to fill in a lot for myself. Women are seldom mentioned by North Indian Mahomedans, and if any of you have had anything to do with pensioners and next of kin you will know how impossible it is to get them to mention even their womenfolks' names.

The pay office requires the name of the next of kin, generally mother or wife. Occasionally you fail to get the information required, but if it is given to you it is whispered under promise of secrecy, or the name is written on a dirty slip in scrawly Urdu and passed across the table. You have to fill it in and then comfort yourself with the reflection that the Pay Office Babus will file the papers as mechanically as machines, with never a thought as to who Nisa Bibi of the village of Pir Pial may be. We should never get the names if they thought that they would ever be even read by Hindu Babus in Command Headquarters.

I gathered that Baz Khan went home and got married. He was then a junior noncommissioned officer, and that, I suppose, must have been 1913, because in the hot weather of 1914, say about April, Faiz Ullah went on leave back to the Tochi Valley and Al'Stupr. The next thing Baz Khan heard was that Faiz Ullah had stolen his wife.

Baz Khan's first feeling would have been one of absolute shame. He may or may not have loved his wife, but here was proof that he was not man enough to keep her. His father, the Dafadar Major, probably tried to comfort him with the Pathan proverb, 'Trust a snake before a Brahmin, and a Brahmin before a woman,' but the main thing to be done was to keep the affair absolutely secret, for two reasons. The first was, of course, to save the family honor in the regiment, the second to keep the news from the ears of any British officer. A native officer would have been sympathetic, but if it once got beyond to British ears any chance of getting leave to go home to deal with Faiz Ullah would be gone. Never would either Baz Khan or his father be allowed away at the same time as Faiz Ullah. In the regiment he was safe, for that is Pathan custom. Wherever there are Pathan companies there are men serving in them amicably who, once over the border, would cheerfully carry on the family

feud. After all, with people like that some convention of the kind is the only possible one.

The secret was well kept, and both Baz Khan and his father applied for leave. The latter's position got his almost immediately and he left for the Tochi two days ahead of Baz Khan. Before they left they made arrangements to pick up good service rifles and a supply of ammunition over the border. It would have seemed odd to no one in those parts who might have known that those same rifles had been stolen a few weeks before, and had belonged to a British infantry regiment newly arrived in Rawalpindi.

Baz Khan got away early in July, 1914. He followed his father as fast as he could. As luck would have it, the father had been delayed in getting his rifle, and Baz Khan overtook him at sunset, only a mile or so from home and in sight of Faiz Ullah's house. They should have been careful, but hearts were heavy, and they embraced Mahomedan fashion, hands on shoulders, and stood a moment like that in the dusk.

Baz Khan was facing up the valley, and as his father removed his hands from his shoulders Faiz Ullah stepped into the path from behind a rock not twenty yards away. He raised his rifle and deliberately shot the Dafadar Major through the back. Faiz Ullah snapped the bolt to reload as Baz Khan unslung his rifle. They must have fired at each other simultaneously, Baz Khan shooting from the hip. Faiz Ullah missed, and Baz Khan's rifle clicked harmlessly. The cartridge had misfired. He did not get a chance for a second shot, for Faiz Ullah dodged back behind the rock, and when Baz Khan saw him again he was a flying white figure, too vaguely seen in the dusk to justify a shot. Cartridges on the frontier at a rupee a time are not to be wasted. Faiz Ullah had done his best to make sure that neither father nor son got home.

Taking his father's rifle and ammunition, Baz Khan made his way home and told his news to old Zaffer Khan, who, having heard the shooting, must have been prepared for something.

There was no cover within some hundreds of yards of Faiz Ullah's father's tower, and even if there had been, no one was likely to venture out by day while Baz Khan was known to be in the Tochi Valley. Nor could they move at night, for Baz Khan would be sure to come in close to watch the only gate. There was only one thing to be done — to make it appear that Baz Khan had fled to his house and dared not show his nose abroad.

Between them — old Zaffer Khan, now nearly eighty, and Baz Khan — they lifted the Dafadar Major and carried him home. Then Baz Khan took his place. As I told you, the place was within sight of Faiz Ullah's house, and though the range was long, about eight hundred yards, Baz Khan knew he could shoot. On the next day Faiz Ullah would look out from his tower and see the corpse apparently still there and would think from that that Baz Khan and his grandfather were afraid. Then perhaps he would move.

Dawn came up over the brown hills and Baz Khan watched, but nothing stirred. It was July, and Baz Khan lay in the open. The Tochi Valley in July is hot. Probably the thermometer, if there had been one, would have stood at over 125 degrees in the shade of the houses, and the rocks in those valleys radiate the heat. The houses would begin to dance and shimmer and the grease would run from under the rifle barrel, which would be far too hot to touch. The pool of his father's blood

turned brown and cracked. Then Baz Khan got thirsty. By eleven o'clock he wondered if he could stand it, but the memory of his shame and of his father kept him to it. He wanted only to kill Faiz Ullah. By noon nothing had stirred, and Baz Khan still watched.

When sunset came mercifully to Baz Khan, light-headed and worn, Zaffer Khan sent word to tell him that last night Faiz Ullah had fled back to the regiment for safety. Frontier honor would have been satisfied with any other males of the family, but there was only Faiz Ullah's aged grandfather left at home, and Baz Khan scorned him. It was Faiz Ullah he wanted.

He got back to his regiment almost simultaneously with orders for mobilization, and explained that his father had died from an 'accident.' This was accepted without question or request for explanation, as is usual, which saved Baz Khan from bothering to invent a story.

V

The regiment was ordered to France, and they entrained themselves and their horses for Karachi. At the station at Nawabshah on the line to Karachi and just before you get to Kotri Junction, Faiz Ullah, who was standing picket in a freight car loaded with horses, got down to fill a canvas bucket with water at the stand pipe, and there he tried, in broad daylight, to desert. Baz Khan, however, was too quick for him, and pulled him on board as the train was gathering speed. Faiz Ullah was not going to escape as easily as that, and he spent the rest of the journey on his knees at Baz Khan's feet begging for mercy, with only the horses in the car to see.

It was at Neuve-Chapelle that Baz Khan brought Faiz Ullah in wounded. The cavalry had been employed dismounted, and they had pushed their attack home with a fury that overshot the mark. Thus it happened that Faiz Ullah lay out in front of the line with a shell splinter in his leg. Baz Khan, now a Dafadar, the equivalent of sergeant, noticed his absence and went in search of him.

He found him eventually in a ruined barn, and Faiz Ullah begged him to let him be. Baz Khan dressed his wound and carried him in under heavy fire, not forgetting his good frontier training and bringing back both rifles and sets of equipment with him. Baz Khan was not going to leave Faiz Ullah to anyone else; he wanted him himself. While bringing in Faiz Ullah he got a bullet through the arm. They gave him a medal for it.

They lay in neighboring beds in the Indian hospital at Brighton, and the nearest thing I ever saw to a laugh on his face was when Baz Khan described the way they commended him for his care of his friend. When they took Faiz Ullah away for a small operation he waited outside the theatre and must have been a nuisance to everyone.

They went back together to their regiment, which eventually was sent to Mesopotamia. They disembarked at Basra at the end of 1916, and it was here that Faiz Ullah finally gave Baz Khan the slip. He deserted and got clear away.

Baz Khan took his discharge in 1920, and when he got home he heard that Faiz Ullah had gone to sea as a fireman in a British India liner. Baz Khan followed. He did not intend to give up Faiz Ullah now, and only this thought could have sent him, Squadron Dafadar Major, Distinguished Conduct Medal and all, to do work like that. He joined

a British India steamer, the Godra, in Bombay in 1924 and thought he had found Faiz Ullah in Penang about six months later. Whoever it was, it was not Faiz Ullah. Then, acting on impulse, he joined the Domena, and two months before I met him he had missed Faiz Ullah by a day, in London. There could be no doubt about him, for the superintendent of the Indian Seamen's Home in East India Dock Road described him even down to his scar.

Baz Khan is still looking for Faiz Ullah, and I think that some day he will find him.

OUR SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION

BY WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN

I

It is remarkable to see how many college professors in the United States are writing protocols for a new religion. It may be a healthy sign, as solicitude for souls always is. Or it may be an academic episode without any significance at all, as it is bound to be if it is only another exercise in the millennialism which is so extraordinary a feature of the humane sciences in America. These sciences one might fairly interpret as being jealous of the achievements of physical science and bent upon matching its discoveries with revolutionary inventions of their own; and, since they cannot point to results so tangible and practical as physical science is forever producing, they appeal to futurity in vindication of the value of their finds.

There are psychologists, pedagogists, and sociologists among us who seem to aspire to the office of fortune teller. They promise us everything, from a transfigured nursery in which the child shall be almost as wise as its parents to a supersociety in which the parents shall be quite as happy as the child. Messiahism does not live any longer in the prosaic house of religion; it has deserted that for a lyric habitation in the senates of the learned. How far this disposition to mediumship has gone we may see from a recent prediction of a champion of behaviorism, who says that in fifty years philosophy will be dead and buried, leaving the unencumbered earth to behaviorism and its dominion. Now before so stupendous a happening the most brilliant performance and the most exultant hope of physical science sink to triviality. The extinguishing of the lords of thought, from Socrates to Hegel and Bradley, and the waving of the banner of behaviorism over their forgotten ashes, is a spectacle and consummation that, we should say, only the Day of Judgment can surpass.

We are bound to observe that if it is in this temper, so frequent in their fraternity, that our professors are formulating a new religion; if in substance they announce, 'We have provided for the rearing of the child-paragon; we have arranged for the adjustments, responses, reactions, and habituations that will assure such a society as the

sun never shone on; we have destroyed philosophy; we have given an outline of schools that will offset the incompetence of parents and redeem the blunders of the ages; we have driven through the wilderness of politics a highway to the perfect State; so now, while we are about it, let us complete our apocalypse with a religion as flawless as all the rest' — if in such a spirit they assume the prophet's mantle, we may dismiss them at once. And this, not because they tell fortunes, but because they tell nothing. The building of a millennium without first building souls that are fit to possess one is the primary and radical romantic disease. It is the idlest exercise of any individual mind, and the most ruinous possible to the collective mind. And when a scholar descends to it he cannot expect that mature people will take him seriously at all, or that even the light-minded will take him seriously very long.

There are pitfalls, then, in the way of a founder or a reformer of religion, and especially dangerous ones in the way of a learned doctor who aspires to that dignity. So perhaps our present adventurers in that path may allow us of the laity respectfully to address them, and even bear with us if we admonish them. It is, I know, more formidable to offer suggestions to the professionally learned than to a synod of theologians. For these latter believe that we have souls to save, and this invests us with a mysterious and wistful dignity. To the doctors of the chair, however, we are given credit for no such secret habitation of possible wisdom. For them we have no souls to save, but only raw minds to instruct. There may be in them, consequently, a tendency to resentment when the petitioner for information turns into a dispenser of counsel. Yet there is something to be said for us if we stand on our feet before them without having raised the hand for permission in a Fascist gesture of subjection. For one thing, if these eminent men, by the administering of whatever oxygen the laboratory holds, succeed in making their religion live, it is we who shall have to practise it. Surely, then, it is not unreasonable that we should have something to say about it.

And for another thing, we ordinary persons walking the streets meet with needs and occasions pertinent to religion which seem to be seldom encountered in the cloister. We do not know so much of history as our learned guides, but we experience more of it. When facts hit us, they hit us with bare knuckles. We have not the art of padding these knuckles with the cushions of theory so that we cannot tell whether it is a fact that hits us or an aerial abstraction that caresses us. We are not the *x*'s, *y*'s, and *z*'s which are the mummified representatives of us in the formulas of the schools. We are not the abstractions with which thinkers have traffic in the respectable witchcraft that is so often called scholarship. We are not the mournful ghosts that haunt the museum of philosophical or psychological hypotheses, that unsung sanctuary of the ever so dead. We are, in immortal phrase, the people. We are Tom, Dick, and Harry, flesh and blood, heads and hearts, with care and remorse, mirth and sorrow, and unfathomable experiences for which we hardly have names inside these hearts and heads. We are centres of life immersed in vast transactions and expectations, every one of them a prodigious mystery — like the innocence of the child, the shame of the sinner, the darkness of pain, the resurgence of aspiration, the joy of birth, the dread suspense of death.

In a word, we are homespun human nature, the thing precisely which has sustained so many religions and wrecked

so many philosophies. For the religions understood it, the wrecked philosophies did not. The unlearned have often profoundly known it, the learned as often profoundly perverted it. The man who only analyzes us passes away and is forgotten. The man who, in Dante's mighty saying, eternalizes us lives for our perpetual inspiration. This, in large phrasing, is what we are. And since religion has usually enriched us and the schools have frequently impoverished us; since, too, we take crushing revenges for the impoverishment; and since in consequence of all this we are to the learned not only a necessary subject but a terrible risk, we may presume to address our present instructors, and in terms as plain-spoken as they use in speaking to us.

II

We shall begin by setting forth two specimens of religious reconstruction lately offered for our healing by scholarly men. The first is from a professor in the State of New York. He has been impressed, he says, by the desolate condition of many students who lose their faith while in college. There are professors, he goes on, who take no interest in them, give them no help, and care nothing at all what becomes of them. This, he feels, is a mistake. For these students are not only in misery; they may be in danger. In illustration he mentions one student known to him who, from having lost God in the lecture room, lost, as it were, his soul also. The unfortunate youth announced that since the eternal ground of right had vanished he did not see how any weaker ground could logically support right as an authority valid against the claims of passion. So he pitched into immorality. And the final outcome was that he committed suicide. Our professor, stirred by so painful an event, recommends that his fellow teachers hold out a hand to the young derelicts of faith around them. For himself, he cannot resist the call of charity, and declares that he has found a satisfactory religion, or substitute for one, and bestows it upon many confused and anxious minds.

It is this: First of all, there must be no nonsense or evasion; God must go, and when gone no time need be spent in the effort to bring Him back. We must turn to something that will strengthen and inspire the character as the thought of God once did. And this we shall find, he assures us, in 'bio-social relationships.' Once a man gets hold of these, he will feel himself refreshed and at peace, or at least protected from despair. Bio-social relationships seem to mean our connections with the boundless unity of living things, and especially such of these living things as are human. The sense of our contact with them, of our sharing in their common lot, and of our place as a unit contributing to the whole, will save us from dismay at the loss of Deity and repair any disaster that may be caused by this denial. There are sharp-witted students, he concludes, who now and then object that bio-social relationships are all very fine in their way, but, after all, what obligation can they impose, and what right have they to impose one? On what logical basis can bio-social relationships demand, as they often presume to do, that I sacrifice my inclinations and forgo my opportunities? To this the professor answers that our own self-interest requires this; for at the last self-interest is the foundation of our moral as well as other actions.

Comment deferred, we pass to the other example. It is given us by a professor teaching in Pennsylvania. He does not display the pastoral solicitude of his colleague in New York. He is

harder; if possible, more assured; and he sweeps toward more extended horizons. He asks why people suffer in surrendering belief in God, implying that he cannot understand so curious a form of anguish. A great many learned professors have cast away God, and do not suffer. They get on, indeed, very well, and remain respectable citizens. Why should persons of lesser minds, with these models before them, fall into grief and pain? Since, however, they evidently do so, they must be informed of the satisfactions that will make life, though Godless, as splendid as before. These satisfactions will come from the sciences. Physical science will increasingly relieve us of labor and surround us with comfort; psychology will guide us to the work we are most fit for, and make us happy in it; sociology will purify the organism of society; pedagogy will train us ever more usefully; and other wise disciplines now in the process of perfection will lift our earthly life to the peak of our desires. With the planet we live on swinging on to these goals of expectation, why should we indulge in useless sorrow because in the heights above it is emptiness, and in the depths beneath it death?

III

These, not unfairly summarized, we think, are two of the religious ideals offered to us from the academies. What is the matter with them? We ask the question at once, because it hardly seems possible that any other question should come to our minds ahead of it. Believers or unbelievers, we shall acknowledge, provided we have ever known religion or ever had an imagination, that something is the matter with them.

We see straightway, for instance, that everything affirmative in these proposals is very old indeed. Everybody wants and has always wanted the gates of Eden to reopen upon earth wide enough to let us all in. Though a man be illiterate and living in the woods, he desires an earthly paradise as fervently as any doctor living in a campus. And our bio-social relationships, also, the whole mass of mankind would no more speak ill of than they would of the aurora borealis. These things are venerable, not new — and, indeed, are nobler in their ancient than in this their modern form; for, as they have been presented by religion to the motives and hopes of men, they are coherently rationalized, they are part of an organic system, they have the firm structure of inherent authority because spoken from Soul to souls, calling for will as well as wish, a high obedience as well as the emotional salutation of a benevolent temperament. As we have them here, however, they are not systematic, but sentimental. Pleasantly and desirably sentimental, it is true; nevertheless, not coördinated with anything universal, not rooted in a principle, destitute of intrinsically moral sanctions, and helpless against a skepticism that should reject their naïve credulity concerning progress and the value of a comfortable human life. They are, in fact, a weak reproduction of something that was sinewy when it was old.

In the second place, these proposals do not pretend to release the full energy that religion sets free. Religion is rapture, because it is the union of the partial with its kindred universal. It catches up in its fiery car every faculty of man — reason, imagination, and will. Its creative resource is inexhaustible, its hope deathless, its world of imaginative forms spacious and magnificent. It is the complete soul realized in a Perfection which ignores no power or splendor of aspiring man. It gives

the illimitable to our limitation; it extends to eternity the hour that we lease from death.

No such discourse of power is possible to the meagre schemes of our two professors. These learned men do not presume to say that they will re-create the glory that for them is vanished. They state or imply that they cannot re-create it, but only enable us to forget it. And this is the poorest possible foundation for a religion. Religion is not a refuge from despair. It is a fulfillment adequate to a nature that, not by mere wish or any other sentimentality, but by the inherent structure of reason and conscience, demands the universal and the perfect. A religion that is devised in order to be a shelter for disillusion, a place of forgetfulness for a forfeited sublimity, is like a code of morals based on the principle that we must not get caught. It misunderstands the whole essence of a spiritual ideal. It substitutes a furtive excursion for a glorious adventure, opportunism for obligation, contraction for expansion, and the uneasy apprehension that somebody may ask us embarrassing questions, or recall heroic memories, for the joyous confidence and health of a spirit as rich in hope as it is in patrimony.

If grandeur is to be given up, is it too much to ask that it be given up, if not with sorrow, then at least with candor? If the shining universe of spirit in which the ages have found life; if an everlasting Perfection to which the constellations are a threshold and the heart of man an adoring habitation; if a Right eternally to be worshiped and a Beauty eternally to be loved; if the fellowship of those who seek, and obey, and aspire, and its final end that makes death trivial and the pure service of a deathless glory alone significant forever — if these are to be swallowed up in the black waters of a great doom, let us stand for our mortal instant on the bleak shore, confessing that we shall be visited by the former splendor no more. That would be rational, and by the rigor of its veracity might be majestic. But it is frivolous to say that we shall be compensated for the supreme sublimity by bio-social relationships, by a morality of self-interest, and by a millennium in which our expropriated souls and our silenced aspirations shall be guided by a pedantocracy to a *politique du ventre*.

I am not, it will be observed, maintaining, just now, that those faiths and truths of the ages are valid. I am only saying that they are glorious, and that when something commonplace in imagination and emaciated in thought is offered us as a fair exchange we are being put upon when we should be treated most seriously. I should not wish to use words too harsh for the proprieties of serious discussion, but it is impossible for me not to feel that in surrendering magnificence with such levity these men are surrendering something that they have never known. It is impossible, also, to repress a question prompted by the spectacle of what is proposed in compensation for what is rejected, and it is whether the first curse of the Eternal on those who deny Him is not to destroy in them the sense of humor.

IV

There is, however, another defect in these devices for a new religion, upon which I suggest that we especially reflect, for it seems to be the most serious of all. It is that they ignore man as having an inner life, a moral will, an aspiration, and a responsibility to a Right that holds him answerable. This is serious, I repeat, for it brings before us an infection that is seated deep in our education, literature, morals, and

religion. All these, as their own representatives are copiously informing us, are unhealthy. They are missing something. They are bewildered, making false starts, and blindly experimenting. Our philosophy is lean and desolate; our learning spiritually sterile; our morality threatened with anarchy; our literature trying to be serious with the inconsequential, lurching now to the sty and now to the formless and insane; our education trying hard to keep the swarming traffic of pedagogical theories head to tail, yet confused as to where the whole procession is going and why it is there; our religion timorous, unimaginative, quick with comment upon the contemporaneous, but unable in the authentic manner of its great tradition to judge the contemporaneous by categories that are eternal. In all these we are struck by the appearance of intense effort and uncertain purpose; of energy without peace; of fevered occupation with details unguided by any sense of the whole; of how rich we are in earnest men and women and how destitute in great ideas; of heaped sensations and experiences without a principle that would order them to the service of our nobler happiness.

For a bewilderment so extensive it is, I know, hazardous to suggest a cause, for to do so is to suggest a cure, and one cannot lightly wish to add one more to the empirics now displaying their nostrums outside the sick room of civilization. Still, one is impelled to do something, even though he will be damned for doing it.

After all, there is a reason for this condition of things, and why should not moderately intelligent persons seek it out and set it forth according to their light? It is not an accident that our higher thought is spotted with pessimism and, still worse, broken out with sentimentality intended to disguise the pessimism. It is not by chance that our schools are doing little or nothing to prepare young Americans for the cynicism and other moral dangers that await them in the world, or that our philosophy is impotent profoundly to interpret or even straightforwardly to see these dangers. It is not without cause that corruption never had so many clever apologists as now, nor despotism so many advocates. It is not an isolated and miraculous phenomenon that we have lawbreaking that terrifies us by its prevalence and lawmaking that staggers us by its levity. It is not a detached visitation like a witch's curse that we may come out of college illiterates in the spiritual history of mankind, though that is the energy which drives the blood through the body of civilization; nor that we may wear the laureate honors of academic degrees and yet be hopeless of finding any worthy aim in life or any principle that places ideals beyond the reach of disillusion. It is not an unconnected and lonely prodigy that the American home, that ancient subject of our pride, should wear, as it were, a placard giving notice that a fatal disease is within; and that thoughtful men and women are wondering how long loyalty to the soil — that is, to country — can survive the wreck of the primary loyalty to the hearth. And, finally, it is not a thing rootless and past finding out that liberalism, in learning, in politics, and in religion, is barren, unable to check eccentricity, ready to compromise with opportunism, and near to the anarchy which is the foredoomed fate of liberalism whenever it deserts a spiritual principle.

There is a reason for these desolations, and until somebody gives a better one I make bold to offer for reflection what is implied in the criticism just passed upon our two professors —

namely, that we have nowhere an adequate teacher of man's inner life as primarily a moral will as austere in its responsibility as it is exalted in its aspiration. A moral will implies that even more important than a universe of matter, given with its binding laws to the mind, is a universe of Right, given with its binding laws to the conscience. It means that as moral beings we are under the law of perfection and its correlative, retribution. It sees the chief dooms of history in individuals and societies as examples of that retribution. It requires that when we have outgrown a spiritual ideal we create a new one at least as great, or perish in recreance and decadence. It denies fate, that refuge of the weak, and sees liberty lost because those who inherited it were too feeble to sustain it. It regards every philosophy that debilitates resolution, hope, and vigor less as an intellectual error than as an exhaustion of spiritual understanding and resource. It never cultivates the wish without cultivating still more carefully the will. It never propounds a right without a duty, a privilege without a responsibility. It judges of education chiefly by this question: What, after you have finished it, do you find luminous, beautiful, and austere when you look within? It considers history as a stern testing and probation, and life as a joyous loyalty to the transcendent manifested in the transient.

That is something of what a moral will is, and what we say of it is that without it man is wrecked. Without it none of the great literatures in the world is intelligible, for it is central to every one of them. Without it history loses the warning which is its message, thought the action which should be its issue, and States the inward vigor which is their one security.

V

This is no homiletic extravagance. It is the teaching of the first geniuses of the world everywhere. Consider an Æschylus, a Sophocles, a Dante, a Milton, a Shakespeare of the tragedies. What is the story that they tell but of responsibility and retribution? The tragic moment in their action is man's rebellion; their solution is the vindication of the Right, which is the order of the universe, in one of two ways — either by inexorable penalty to the utmost, or by reconciliations won from despair by the expiations of a recovered fidelity. The Orestean plays portray under what dread sanctions man's lapses fall and by how hard a path his restoration is achieved. The *Divine Comedy* extends to eternal consummations the good and evil begun on earth. The *Paradise Lost* reveals that the rival standards on the field of our moral warfare are held in unearthly hands and are symbols of everlasting causes. A *Macbeth* or a *Richard III* recites that iniquity succeeds until the eternal voices speak, and then in a crash of ruin falls forever. Every one of them makes the lips of unseen justice utter the last word in the discourse of existence. Every one of them enlarges the text of human life into the tremendous context of overruling Right. None of them plays with man as a bio-social curiosity. None of them enchants a wondering animal full of wishes with a millennium in which the wishes will be automatically fulfilled. None of them regards him as a weird psychological mystery or as a moral neutral to be led to a wooden perfection by mechanical habituations. The brightest glow of the genius of their authors would have been extinguished if such nonsense had entered their heads as, under the prestige of resounding names, has entered ours. They are sublime because

they teach *come l'uom s'eterna*, how man in his moment of time has awful and glorious transactions with the Timeless.

It is so with genius in all its expressions. What are a Parthenon, a Pantheon, a Chartres, a Burgos, a Salisbury, and fifty more, but sanctuaries as fit as our most marvelous minds can make them for the solemnity of man's contrition and the exaltation of his triumphant hope? What are a Last Judgment, a Descent from the Cross, and all their kindred in immortal canvas, but the moral will furnishing to Beauty its conviction of the supremacy of Right, the costliness of our service of it, and the glory of the sacrifices made that we might know how to love it?

Furthermore, by the most remarkable confluence of genius that exists, the monarchs of thought are one in this with the monarchs of art. The thinkers of first rank from Socrates down make spirit the key to existence, and the discipline of the spirit the first privilege and obligation of man. And when they falter it is because they lose for a time their grasp upon that highest subject of thought and surest guide to truth, a moral personality fitted to a moral universe, the only kind of universe that could possibly produce or contain it.

This it is, though thundered from the ages, upon which our two professors have nothing at all to say. They are dumb upon man's inner life. They do not explore our moral nature, though there is nothing else for religion to explore. They seem never to have heard of aspiration. They are unseeing when they confront responsibility and judgment. They shrink from the austere as if it were haunted, as indeed, in a majestic sense, it is. The last feeling that could enter one's mind as one studies their synthetic religion is awe. They universalize nothing but a wish; they eternalize nothing but defeat and extinction. On their principles, we should never have had a Saint Francis, a Savonarola, a Huss, or a Pascal, nor any of the noblest works, from the Furies to *Macbeth*. If we accept their view of man's nature, we must find unintelligible every genius that has meditated upon it, every literature that interprets it, all the history that exalts it, and the whole company of spiritual masters that transfigure it. And this is too high a price to pay. We cannot give up genius for something conspicuously lower. Its testimony is too massive a reality to run away from. It is in itself too splendid and strikes in us too deep a chord to be dropped into oblivion in exchange for so exiguous a counterfeit.

But, as a preceding paragraph implied, our two doctors are not alone in their poverty and confusion. The disregard of inner life and moral will is everywhere, and often there is not only disregard for it, but contempt. Our specialists in corruption select for their scorn every chivalry, every loyalty, that has ever guided man in his precarious excursions from the sty, as they select for morose contemplation every animality that has kept him in it. An aggressive naturalism is prompt with ridicule for anybody that speaks of a soul. There are becoming manifest round us a decadence that exercises the terrorism of an infallible sect and a cynicism grown into the haughtiness of a superior fashion. The kind of person presented to us as emancipated is one utterly useless for man's nobler life, and a type from which none of the stateliest achievements of civilization could possibly have come.

And much of the same quality that is not so manifest is but little better in its results when we fetch it into the

light. One fears that our education, for example, is in a flight from moral reality. One observes in it a dread of the austere and a disposition to conceal it. Yet it must teach the great literatures, though many curriculum experts and other formidable persons of that persuasion are trying to expel them from the schools. It must teach history also, although again there are symptoms of a movement to put it into an insignificant place. While, however, we have them, how can we but devitalize them without a moral sense and a spiritual emphasis in the instruction? What can we understand of liberty unless we are taught how often it has perished and how many times it has been democracies that have destroyed it? What appreciation can we have of the constant menace to democratic societies, including our own, the gratification of immediate impulse to the neglect of principle, without insight into the moral nature down to the darkest depths of it?

We do not get these lessons, however — for the reason, it seems, that they are too stern for us. They are too charged with responsibility. They are too close to the will, a faculty that we have conspired to neglect. They imply more of a soul, and a soul upon whose rise or fall the last determinations of history depend, to suit the secularity in which we have agreed to nullify in education the profoundest human experience. As for our higher learning, it is not without evidence that it conceives a scholar to be a dilettante of opinions, not a being with a will that resolves and aspires. Our intellectual life all around passes into the hands of the will-less. We are to have ideals without obligations, duty without sanctions, a law eloquently celebrated for its rigor in material processes but nonexistent in the field of Right which is the universe of souls. The will-less rise to control, the critical symptom of a society endangered, and with them the fortune tellers, the millennialists, the apostles of the wish. Led by them, we covet enrichment, but not at the cost of sacrifice, and gratification, but not burdened with responsibility. To such a mind history is not a process by which humanity puts the stamp of a progressively elevated inner life upon outer circumstance. It is a mass of aimless and incoherent episodes. And the individual life becomes, not a responsible realization of perfection, but a forlorn mystery whose worst delusions come from its highest faculties.

The results are inevitable, and they are already evident enough for half an eye to see. We are destitute of great teachers; we bestow remarkable cleverness upon mediocre conceptions in philosophy and letters; we are incurring the danger of having a grin of mockery become the face-mark of a culture that has nothing to revere; and we see religion stripped of majesty, staggering from inveracity, and revealing nothing more glorious than the extremely questionable views of its inadequately educated spokesmen. Yet that there is anything profound to be done we have not one impressive voice in church or state or academy to tell us.

VI

We conclude, therefore, that this is not a happy time in which to expect a new religion which should be beautiful and rich. Our thought is yet too thin, our culture too jaunty. Our psychological and philosophical theories are too bent upon thinking man away, not thinking him out. We have too great a fancy for millennial raptures to comprehend the pure joy of the realistic spirit. We give the universal to the intellect; we dare not give it to the soul.

We exalt reason in its operation; we are afraid to exalt it in its nature, its origin, and its end. We do not know liberty, because we do not know the terrible beauty of a free man's obedience. We speak of socializing our sympathies, yet have no rational, but only a sentimental, ground for not imperializing our passions. We are broken in two. We are caught in contradictions. Man is wonderful, we say; and yet we destroy him when he is most wonderful. We would give him the earth; yet when he asks why a terrestrial episode should satisfy aspirations that go beyond it, we have no answer but to attack these aspirations. We would make him happy; yet when he says that our doomed solaces are but a mockery of the central happiness he craves, we can but call him a superstitious fool.

We are at war with man, and most at war when we would bring him peace. In his invincible aspirations, in his passion for the Transcendent, in his search for the sun that will make life and eternity and the inmost chambers of his soul luminous, he is a scandal to us. He will not listen to us, therefore. He has heard other voices, and he cannot forget them. These voices stir the centuries. They have transformed history. They have done something to souls for which we have no words. Remembering them, he regards our parochial apocalypses and our bio-social paradises and is stupefied at our hebetude. He turns away wondering how we can play such frivolous music in the hope that iron Destiny will march to it. Certainly his spirit cannot sing to it.

Nevertheless, no people are richer in resource than we. Our hope, therefore, is that we shall one day ask seriously why our public and private standards are not higher; why we are tossed between the growing coerciveness of law and the mounting anarchy of habit; why, with so many dangers at their threshold, our schools do so little to prepare young Americans against them; why we have captains of industry, but none of the spirit. When we ask these questions we shall be momentously tested as to whether, despite seductions this long time acting on us, we have kept that foremost energy of all existence, a moral will. For it will require a moral will at the utmost of its resolution to do what has got to be done if the soul of America is not to be lost.

REINSURING INSURANCE

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

THE drift of the comment on my article, 'Hamstringing Insurance,' in the October *Atlantic* was that, if possible, it would be highly desirable for insurance companies to stabilize the purchasing power of the potential estates they create, by investing a reasonable portion of their policyholders' money in good common stocks, but that it is financially unsound, if not morally wicked, for the policyholders themselves to attempt such stabilization by dedicating the loan value of their policies to the purchase of such stocks.

There is a sort of special sanctity surrounding the equity built into an insurance policy. Sentiment militates against the thought of this equity as a usable asset and makes the employment of it even in a worthy cause seem profane.

The efforts of the two policyholders mentioned in the article, merely as illustrative, met with some condemnation, and their plan for preserving the purchasing power of the potential estates represented by their insurance policies came in for criticism.

I

Now, what is the situation they or any other policyholders have to face? Well, this: —

1. Ninety per cent of all life insurance is paid in lump sums and the proceeds consumed within that Biblical period of seven years.

2. Owing to the fluctuating purchasing power of money, the cash payments when made may or may not provide the necessities, comforts, or luxuries which the policyholder expected to provide.

3. Less than one per cent of the assets of life-insurance companies chartered in the United States consists of common stocks.

4. Common stocks are the only form of security which can be counted on roughly and in the long run to vary in value directly with the general price level.

5. The insurance trust makes it possible, within limits, for a policyholder to preadminister his estate when it becomes actual, but it does not afford an opportunity of administering now his potential estate.

The policyholders whose plan is criticized are not speculating in the stock market; they are merely trying to insure their insurance.

II

Familiarity with the history of one of these cases makes it possible for me to give the substance of the things hoped for. This particular potential estate consists of seven life-insurance policies taken out at different times. The oldest, now paid up, was purchased for the protection of those who had advanced funds for educational purposes. From time to time the potential estate has been increased up to the maximum amount which the income of the policyholder justifies. Insurance premiums constitute the biggest single savings claim against that income.

Had the earliest of these policies become an actual estate shortly after taken out, its purchasing power would have been about twice as much as

if the potential estate represented by it should become actual to-day. The total cash value of all the policies would scarcely offset the loss in purchasing power caused by the rise in prices. The policyholder has done a good deal of saving which has resulted in precious little real savings. About all he was getting from his insurance savings was protection, and that might have been had at less cost. Like Alice in Wonderland, it was taking all the running he could possibly do to stay under the same tree. Again like Alice, wanting to get somewhere else, he had to run twice that fast. Hence his plan. I am not advocating the plan, but cite it only as a means of self-defense.

III

The essence of the plan is that the policyholder attempts on the basis of the cash value of his policies to get in and stay in debt for good stocks, in an amount equal to the insurance he carries. The stocks as a group have been bought at such prices that the dividends received pay the interest charges.

No stock from the list has ever been sold. Paper profits are ignored. Real profits are considered enhancement in capital assets of the potential estate. When seeming profits have been tried as by fire, as they are being tried on this eventful Saturday morning of December 8, 1928, and the real have been separated from the paper, the policyholder arranges with his banker to buy for him additional stock which has been the subject of months of study. Gradually indebtedness is thus incurred equal to the face value of the policies.

IV

The holding consists of some twenty of the best seasoned stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Most of these have more than a monetary value; they are members of the family, for whom there is real affection. To sell Sears Roebuck, bought at $55, would be like selling off the oldest boy because he got a little puffed up just as he reached maturity. To part with good old American Telephone and Telegraph common purchased so as to average $115 would be like giving away Doc, the children's faithful watchdog. To let the latest acquisition, Consolidated Gas new, which cost $81, go for the sake of the $32 a share profit when it reached $113 in a crazy stock market would be like parting with a newborn baby.

V

Should this potential estate become actual, the administrator could take the proceeds of the policies, pay off the indebtedness, and have an estate as large as reasonable frugality can provide and as sound in character as the judgment of one who is a careful student of investments can select.

The policyholder has administered his potential estate. He has preadministered it when it becomes actual. He has hedged the general price level. He has out-insured his insurance companies.

Yes, a widow *would* be left with common stocks, and this is contrary to all the accepted canons of finance. But it is a little difficult to understand how a supposedly unfortunate widow possessed of a group of seasoned common stocks which have increased in value as time has passed would be any less unfortunate if paid an amount of cash fixed in the past, and available out of interest received on farm mortgages held by insurance companies.

'But,' reply my critics, 'few policyholders can select common stocks so carefully.' True, and that's why their insurance companies should do it for them.

THE SUDAN CHALLENGES THE SOUTH

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

THE Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, or Black Country, is a distinct menace to the American cotton market. It is an immense area. It is practically as long as the distance from the Canadian border to New Orleans. It begins at the twenty-second parallel (North) and runs to the fifth parallel (North). Without irrigation no crops can be grown in paying quantities north of the thirteenth degree. But England has ordained that hundreds of thousands of acres of this rainless zone shall be converted into a cotton paradise. The carrying out of this programme calls for intimate coöperation between practical politics, engineering skill, and business acumen. Great Britain has statesmen, engineers, and men of affairs. The work that this ideal combination has now well under way is such a challenge to the South that it is of compelling interest to the readers of this magazine.

I

When Sir Herbert Kitchener, at the head of British and Egyptian forces, reached Khartum in 1898, he found a country laid waste by war and disease. Agriculture had been destroyed. Commerce was practically nil. Confusion reigned supreme.

On January 19, 1899, an agreement was entered into between England and Egypt which provided that the conquered territory should be reconstructed and administered by an Anglo-Egyptian condominium. This means that the British and Egyptian flags were to be used together throughout the Black Country. They still fly there side by side.

Egypt is the daughter of the Nile. Without the waters of that stream it would be a desert. Lord Cromer, therefore, insisted that the conquest of the Sudan was essential to the very existence of the state ruled by him. He feared that if the Black Country remained 'no man's land' European nations might seize it and divert the Nile to other parts. The Anglo-Egyptian condominium, accordingly, emphasized the fact that the Nile was Egypt's river.

So jealously did the great proconsul adhere to this principle that when, during his reign, the Sudan desired to use a small quantity of Nile water for experimental purposes Lord Cromer insisted upon the authorization of Cairo being first obtained. This permission was granted for a specific acreage. It was accorded as a favor, not as a right. It was renewed from time to time. When the British Protectorate was abolished, in February 1922, the Sudan had various permits, most of them issued after Lord Cromer's departure, which allowed it to draw enough water wherewith to irrigate 300,000 acres. But the lid was never removed.

It thus came to pass that when, on February 28, 1922, England abolished the British Protectorate over Egypt the Sudan was naught but a viaduct which conveyed water to Egypt. But the unilateral declaration which proclaimed Egypt's independence created

what the eminent English historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, calls 'a diplomatic fiction.' This language is probably used by the editor of the *Survey of International Affairs* because Egypt was declared to be independent 'with reservations.' One of these 'reservations' applies to the Sudan.

It was officially announced by Britain that 'until such time as it may be possible by free discussion and friendly accommodation on both sides to conclude agreements in regard thereto between His Majesty's Government and the Government of Egypt' the status quo should remain intact. This, of course, meant that until London and Cairo got together the Sudan continued to be nothing but a canal dedicated to carrying Nile water to Egypt.

But on November 18, 1924, stupid Egyptian extremists killed Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar or Commander in Chief of the Egyptian army. In the British ultimatum to Egypt of November 22, 1924, there appeared the following clause: —

'His Majesty's Government, therefore, require that the Egyptian Government shall: . . . (6) Notify the competent department that the Sudan Government will increase the area to be irrigated in the Gezira from 300,000 feddans [acres] to an unlimited figure as need may require.'

'This demand,' writes Toynbee, 'was subjected to prompt and vigorous criticism in Great Britain on the triple ground that it was irrelevant to the assassination of Sir Lee Stack, that it was an unwarranted repudiation of a pledge, and that it was likely to alienate the mass of the Egyptian peasantry and to confirm the conviction in Egypt that there could be no adequate guaranty for Egyptian rights to Nile water without exclusive Egyptian control over the Sudan.' England, therefore, took steps to attenuate the sweeping terms of this ultimatum.

Correspondence passed between the British High Commissioner in Cairo and the Egyptian Prime Minister. In January 1925 the English Resident wrote: —

'His Majesty's Government are disposed to direct the Sudan Government not to give effect to the previous instructions as regards the unlimited development of the Sudan Gezira, on the understanding that an expert committee, to be composed of a neutral Chairman, a Dutchman, Mr. J. J. Canter Cremers, an Englishman, and an Egyptian, shall meet not later than February 15 for the purpose of examining and proposing a basis on which irrigation can be carried out with full consideration for the interests of Egypt and without detriment to her natural and historical rights.'

The Commission met. Its work was on the eve of completion when the Dutch chairman died. It is said that the Englishman and the Egyptian submitted in March 1926 what is called a 'unanimous report.' But the Egyptian ministry then in office was moribund. It allowed the recommendations to slumber. Its successors — and there have been several cabinets since then — do not appear to have disturbed this repose. But Sudan irrigation has not been affected by these soporific tendencies. It seems to have progressed, or rather to be in process of progressing, considerably beyond the 300,000 acres dead line.

II

And there is a reason why British statesmanship thus favors the Sudan. It is because Manchester calls for Empire-grown cotton. The Sudan can answer this demand. Egypt cannot. In these last eight words lies the kernel of the entire problem. With it is

inseparably connected that of the limited amount of available Nile water.

This relative drought is emphasized by the fact that not one drop of liquid from the Nile reaches the Mediterranean during May, June, and the early part of July. Dams are erected across the mouths of the Nile to prevent the sea from flowing upstream. Every molecule of the precious fluid is used for irrigation purposes. It happens, not infrequently, that the total summer supply does not suffice for the existing needs of Egyptian, to say nothing of Sudanese, agriculture. But there is never a year when Egypt can afford to waste the slightest quantity of its life-giving elixir.

Egypt now has 7,200,000 acres under cultivation. Its total of arable lands aggregates 9,100,000 acres. Should this latter extent be put under the plough, saturation point will have been reached.

Egypt has a population of over 14,000,000. This figure is increasing by leaps and bounds. These mouths require food. To feed them, sugar, corn, wheat, onions, and household vegetables are grown, which cuts down the available cotton territory to an eventual total of not more than one third of 9,100,000 acres. This means that Manchester cannot look to Egypt as the means of quenching that appetite which craves for Empire cotton, and implies that the cotton-growing interests of the British Commonwealth of Nations view with displeasure an Egyptian Nile-water monopoly which restricts the expansion of the Sudan.

III

It was in 1913 that the first decisive step was taken to harness the Nile for the benefit of the Sudan. In that year Lord Kitchener, then British Diplomatic Agent in Egypt, the Sudan Government, and the Sudan Plantations Syndicate took up a project for irrigating the Gezira District of the Sudan with gravitation water to be obtained by constructing a barrage across the Blue Nile near Sennar.

The Great War delayed this project. It was not until 1925 that the work was completed. The dam cost more than $55,000,000. As many as 25,000 laborers a day were often employed on the job. The barrage is nearly two miles long. Connected with it there are 9286 miles of canals in the first 300,000 acres brought under irrigation. The amount of water stored behind the dam is slightly under 800,000,000 tons. Some of it is below the level of the land. Some is wasted through evaporation. It is stated, however, that something over 400,000,000 tons is available.

This gigantic undertaking serves what is known as the Gezira, or Mesopotamia, which lies between the Blue and White Niles and which forms a big triangle with its base on the railway from Sennar to Kosti and its apex at Khartum. The whole area contains approximately 5,000,000 acres. It is estimated that 3,000,000 acres can be brought under the plough. At the end of 1927 more than 300,000 acres were under irrigation. It is affirmed by trustworthy English authority that by 1930 this area will be increased to nearly 500,000 acres. This foreshadows a time when the entire 3,000,000 arable acres will be under cultivation.

IV

British brains have devised a plan whereby maximum efficiency is certain to be derived from these Gezira lands. What is known as the Gezira Plantations Syndicate is a trust headed by Friedrich, Beit and Company of London. The active member of this group is also English. His name is Einstein.

It is said that the stock in this company is rather closely held.

This well-managed corporation went about matters most methodically. Before it delved into its pocket, the Sudan authorities took possession of all of the Gezira under an ordinance dated October 20, 1921. This proclamation gave the Government the right to rent the lands from the owners of the soil at an annual rental of fifty cents per acre.

Those thus expropriated were given the first claim to take up holdings, as nearly as possible equivalent to their own properties. Yearly cultivating tenancies were granted them, with a right of renewal if they complied with specified conditions.

On the other hand, the Syndicate, under the supervision of the Government, manages the letting of the lands and the cultivation by the tenants. The Einstein group gives the latter whatever technical assistance they may require. It grants them loans when and as their needs may necessitate. It sees to it that two thirds of each holding are planted with fodder and grain crops for the tenant's own consumption. This is tax-free. The remaining third is devoted to cotton. The Syndicate markets the fleecy staple. The gross profits are divided as follows: the tenant gets 40 per cent, the Syndicate 25 per cent, and the Government 35 per cent, respectively. The Sudan gets this large share of the receipts because it built the dam.

The original franchise granted to the Sudan Plantations Syndicate will expire in 1939. In 1926 the concession was extended from 1939 to 1950. The latest available official *Report on the Finances, Administration and Condition of the Sudan* states that the following principal changes are involved in the new grant: —

1. The area of the concession is substantially increased.

2. On completion of the full additional area, the Government's share will be changed from 35 per cent of the proceeds to 40 per cent, and the Syndicate's reduced from 25 per cent to 20 per cent.

The Report adds that it is expected that 'the full area' will be in cultivation in 1930. But nothing is specifically said as to what is meant by 'full area' or to what extent 'the area has been substantially increased' by the 1926 agreement.

All of this tends to show that there is a working alliance between British diplomacy, the Sudan Government, and Cisjordanian brains of German origin and English nationality. Its objective is to get plenty of cotton out of the Nile Valley. It is doubtful whether a parallel can be found anywhere else in the world for this happy partnership between statesmanship, administrative efficiency, and high-grade promoting skill. It does credit to England. It strikes at the American Cotton Belt.

V

As a result of the foresight, resourcefulness, and perseverance of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Lancashire mills are now receiving 100,000 bales a year of the highest grade long-staple cotton. The Sudan produces what is known as Sakellarides cotton, which is the equal of American Sea Island. This latter variety is practically extinct. But, with a potential expanse of 3,000,000 acres upon which to count, the day may not be far distant when these 100,000 bales of Sakellarides will jump up to over a million. Britain needs cotton. Downing Street, the Einstein organization, Sudan sweat, and Nile water have combined to see that Manchester is adequately supplied.

It is difficult to overestimate the agricultural significance of this coöperation between statesmanship, capital, brawn, and irrigation. It means that scientific farming upon a large scale will become a reality. It guarantees adequate financial support to the farming interests. It assures intelligent salesmanship.

It is true that the Sudan Plantations Syndicate — which is more than Wall Street, for it is Downing Street — seems to control but 3,000,000 arable acres. This gives it but 1,100,000 more acres than the potential expansion of Egypt. It might, therefore, be argued that, after all, this departure from the Nile-for-Egypt polity of Lord Cromer represents nothing more than an extra annual supply of 366,666 bales of cotton.

There are at least two answers to this objection. The first is that the redemption of these 1,900,000 Egyptian feddans might have been delayed indefinitely: the improvement was in the womb of time, where it might have remained until the end of time. The second is that, now that Egypt's Nile-water monopoly has been broken, it is not impossible that other Sudan Plantations Syndicates may arise with other Geziras. The British Empire needs cotton. The Nile is beneficent. The Sudan is both big and thirsty.

At the present moment the Sudan is producing 1.12 bales of 430 pounds per acre. It was thought that the Syndicate or its tenants would not be able to get the necessary labor to meet the expansion opened up by irrigation. But it is set forth in the official report before cited that 'labor has presented no difficulty, and the general well-being of the natives in the thickly populated Gezira area is manifest.' And Fort Sudan is there to get the crop to the Red Sea and the oceans of the world.

The South should therefore reconcile itself to certain salient facts. They may be summarized as follows: —

1. Manchester desires to supply its looms with Empire-grown cotton.

2. British diplomacy is endeavoring to further this ambition, and has but recently supported a certain financial group known as the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, which is coöperating with Manchester.

3. The present drift of events in the Valley of the Nile appears to foreshadow that the Sudan Plantations Syndicate will get whatever Nile water its requirements may necessitate.

4. This diversion to the Sudan of the waters of the Nile has already opened up more than 300,000 acres, containing at least 100,000 devoted to cotton culture.

5. An incomparably efficient scheme has been elaborated by the Syndicate which assures the systematic, economical, and widespread development of what is known as the Gezira District of the Sudan.

6. The arable zone controlled by these financial interests totals 3,000,000 acres.

7. If the past and present may be accepted as a gauge for the future, it may be assumed that Nile water will, at no distant date, irrigate this immense area.

8. This means that the cotton market of the 1930's will, in all probability, be called upon to absorb annually 1,100,000 more bales of long-staple cotton.

9. The fact that the Nile has apparently ceased to be a monopoly of Egypt seems to point to the query as to whether the more distant future may not see even more Sudan cotton menacing the agricultural welfare of the Southern states of the United States.

TURKEY, ROMANCE, AND A DIARY

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

TIME was and a young man, rather sentimental, rather imaginative, and very romantic, took up his pen and wrote. His mood was to write of color and light and shade, of great trappings adorning a stage of pomp and circumstance, of despots and intrigue, of the loves and revenges of princes; and his mind instinctively traveled to the Orient of Hajji Baba, the Barber of Ispahan, and of Harun-al-Rashid, the Caliph of Bagdad. So he wrote of a Constantinople he had never seen, of aigretted Sultans wallowing in luxury, of mysterious Grand Vizirs haunting Royal Corridors, of multicolored Janissaries bristling with daggers, and of an Imperial Harem where he staged incidents of an improbability which to-day calls a blush to his no longer unshaven cheek. The story was refused by fourteen publishers.

Time passed and the young romantic became a soldier and went East to fight the Turks. The night before he landed in Gallipoli, his now khaki-clad romanticism had another fling, this time in verse, an effusion of eight quatrains, of which time has happily effaced the recollection of all save the last couplet:—

> Where the dome of Saint Sophia
> Catches the rising sun.

The masterpiece was rejected by seven periodicals. Then its author met Turks for the first time. The few he saw were dirty, undecorative, and unpleasantly fierce. Romance faded in a haze of dust and flies.

The war ended, and at last he did see Constantinople — not the Constantinople of his youthful dreams, but a Westernized garrison town, Levantine and brazen with exotic cafés managed by ladies of the Russian court. True, he saw the last Sultan making his weekly Friday progress to prayer: a pathetic, preoccupied, black-coated figure crouching in a rather dingy landau and escorted by soldiers, — could they be the Janissaries? — slovenly, ill-uniformed, and as depressed as their Imperial Master. 'Ichabod' was written on the face of Stambul. He left it with Oriental romance dead in him.

Eight years later he steamed comfortably into the Dardanelles. During those eight years his calling had changed. New employers, with a passion for accuracy and facts and a coldness for romance and flights of fancy, had instructed him to revisit Turkey as a cosmopolitan stranger; and as such, in the darkness of a wonderful Eastern night, he landed at Chanak on the Asiatic shores of the Narrows. The landing was easy, for his passport was in order and he had been forewarned to have enough photographs of himself wherewith to satisfy the inordinate desire of New Turkey's officialdom to register the likenesses of its visitors in triplicate on every possible occasion. Next morning he awoke to a Chanak eloquent of all that he had expected from the modernity of New Turkey.

In the East it is so easy to make

casual acquaintances who in half an hour are one's friends that on the same night he was in no whit surprised to find himself one among the many guests of the leading Moslem lawyer of the little town, who was celebrating the second anniversary of his marriage. Previous experience of Moslem hospitality to the stranger within the gates removed from him all tinge of conceit that he was invited exceptionally. He entered the house idly anticipating, from the analogy of other chance Moslem invitations elsewhere, a Gargantuan meal in a company which might or might not be enlivened by the presence of a few Greek and Armenian ladies. He was quickly aware that he was years behind New Turkish times. The reception room was full. Officialdom from the Vali downward was punctiliously represented. There were the few Greek and Armenian matrons, but, far outnumbering them, bevies of Turkish ladies, mostly young, all unveiled, smartly dressed and shod, full of inquiries about the world at large, of whose doings — mainly social — they appeared to be intense students.

A gramophone was playing loud tunes, dance tunes, but, luckily for the traveler, a sense of bewilderment overcame his instinctive inclination as a cavalier to invite his next-door neighbor to take the floor. To have done so would have violated every convention laid down by New Turkey for the conduct of mixed parties. He sat tight in his chair and, in a heightening mood of amazement, watched the Vali invite the host to open the ball. The host, with almost eighteenth-century grace, begged his wife for the pleasure, and amid the applause of their guests they danced straight through a facetious record of 'The Bachelor Blues.' The next dance was also 'solo,' the host with the old nurse of his bride, who could not dance a step, but took the floor with the air of one enjoying a prerogative that was hers and hers alone.

Convention being thus satisfied, it was open house — now a fox trot, now a waltz, now a round dance in which all took part to the rhythm of a sharply marked refrain such as one finds only on the shores of the Levant. 'Stamp with the left foot, kick with the right, two shuffles to the side, and then all in the centre.' The traveler, despite the impediment of rubber-soled shoes, footed it valiantly and finally mastered the steps. And as the party progressed he mastered other things as well. His first adventure on the floor had been with his host's cousin. He brought her back to her chair along the wall for the orthodox tête-à-tête conversation *à l'occidentale*. But New Turkey has not advanced thus far. He was immediately joined by the lady's brother, and conversation was with him. The emancipated woman of New Turkey is not yet wholly trusted by her menfolk, especially with a stranger.

The traveler was due to catch a boat for Constantinople at midnight, and tore himself from his sympathetic surroundings to make his way to the quay, where he was to meet the shipping company's agent. The quay was empty of all life. Eventually he found the house of the missing official, who was extremely angry to be awakened. In justification of his nonappearance, he resorted to arithmetical calculation. The ticket cost fifteen dollars. His commission worked out at one dollar and a half. 'It is ludicrous to expect a father of a family to rise from his bed at such an hour for so little. Good night.' The traveler slept uneasily on a sofa in the only café still open, and realized that in twenty-four hours he had seen two separate exhibitions of New Turkey — the emancipation which revolution brings in its train, and the 'old Adam' of the Imperial régime.

Next morning, seven hours late, he sailed for Constantinople in a clipper-bowed vessel which had started life as an American millionaire's yacht, had later been a pleasure steamer in the Baltic, and now, an ornament of the new Turkish mercantile marine, was to carry him and seven hundred sheep to the Golden Horn.

II

So lengthy a preamble is only justified by an exposition of its intention. Our traveler might be anyone. He arrived in Turkey with some vague ideas of what he was going to find. Others like him in their turn will experience his reactions, the baffling type of feeling which cannot make up its mind what to deduce from this infiltration of the West into the East. In the end the traveler set himself solely to register facts, to appreciate the new, and to explore for surviving traces of the old. It was a fascinating but inconclusive study. Mustafa Kemal has been making history for the last nine years with Napoleonic zest. History will pass its judgment on his work. But the moment for the onlooker to prophesy or appraise is not yet.

Constantinople is a geographical name covering the existence of two towns: Pera on the northern and Stambul on the southern slope of the Golden Horn. Stambul is the old capital of the Byzantine empire; Pera the predominatingly non-Moslem product of the old régime and of the Capitulations. Though Stambul is still, as it has always been, entirely Turkish, the better-class Ottoman has of recent years tended increasingly to migrate across Galata Bridge to the greater amenities of Pera. Both towns are still somewhat 'in amazement lost' over the changes which the new régime has brought into their lives. Both resent the degradation of the old capital of the Empire. 'Angora? Yes. Perhaps it was necessary. The Ghazi could not set up the Revolution in Constantinople. The Allies were here. The Sultan was here. Before the Treaty of Lausanne there was no room for him. But to-day? Why this bolstering up of Angora? It is miles away, a *parvenu* town, and a poor one at that. How would Paris like to be supplanted by Marseilles? Or London by Liverpool? Or New York by Chicago?' So speak, on the one hand, the Turkish merchants settled in Stambul, who have been and still are, in principle, ardent Kemalists; and, on the other, the non-Moslem business men of Pera, who have lost their European protection with the abolition of the Capitulations. They do not love each other, these two classes, but on this issue they are at one. Both are suffering financially; for Angora is being created out of money drained from Constantinople and Smyrna, and these two once predominant towns have become mere ports of Anatolian Turkey and its infant capital.

Of the two, Pera, always the richer, has suffered less. Its life goes on outwardly as it did — in some respects better than it did. Many of the main streets have been repaved; religion is tolerated; the police — now regularly paid and properly equipped — are more efficient; there are fewer beggars; the trains are clean and punctual; the Bosphorus ferry services are remarkably regular and comfortable; while in the somewhat hectic atmosphere of the new régime, which not only preaches but practises the equality of all men in the eyes of Turkish law, it is to-day far more pleasant for the non-Moslem inhabitant to be one among many Trilby hats than a solitary panama bobbing about in a sea of red fezzes. But these outward amenities do not compensate

for what Pera has lost. The day of the non-Turkish superiority complex is over. The Capitulations are gone; Turkish discipline applies equally to all; and the non-Turk has been forced to descend from his pedestal in deference to an authority he used to despise as inferior and impotent.

Stambul's preoccupations are more subtle. They are the outcome of a sudden invitation from a master, who brooks no refusal, to dance to a tune which the Turks themselves had called without in the slightest realizing the difficulty of the measure which they would have to tread. The tune was a *danse occidentale.*

Mustafa Kemal's nationalist programme is a combination of two policies. His first object was to destroy local non-Mosiem interference of the days of the old régime, which had, according to his diagnosis, undermined all Turkish initiative and progress politically, socially, and economically. His success has been only partial. Economically, the Turk has yet to evolve a degree of commercial aptitude which will enable him successfully to conduct for himself the trade of the country which, before 1919, he was willing to leave entirely in the hands of the now-expelled non-Moslem minorities. But socially and politically Mustafa Kemal has succeeded; and in the new Turk of his creation has been revived a pride in himself and his country which had long been dormant.

This newly regenerated Turk was by nature idle, uneducated, and conservative. His instinct was not for change or violent effort, and the Ghazi well knew that if his countrymen were left to themselves they would relapse into decline. The risk of their proving unmalleable under his proposed treatment was offset by the fact that he was their idol; that his accomplishments, in their interests, were patent; and that he had stifled all centres of possible opposition to the measures which he had in mind. The Caliph-Sultan had disappeared during the first phase of his programme. So also the Sheikh ul Islam, the highest Moslem dignitary in old Turkey, whose position carried with it the rank of cabinet minister and executive power over the administration of the vast religious funds which pious Moslems throughout the centuries had bequeathed to Islam for the education and assistance of coreligionists.

But at the beginning of this year the Ghazi, now in unfettered control of the State, was ready to take in hand the education of his countrymen so as to ensure them against relapse *à la turque.* In January he embarked on a policy toward the modernization of their Oriental outlook. The great stumbling-block was Islam, emblematic of a dynastic régime he had destroyed; of a religious hierarchy which, for reactionary purposes of its own, had barred the way to national efficiency and education; of a ritual whose superstitions and practices were fatally prejudicial to his dreams of Turkish equality among the nations of the world. So he proceeded to degrade Islam by a summary alteration of the New Constitution which disestablished it as the religion of the State, and he assumed the right to dictate changes in its ritual. The liturgy of worship is unchanged, but henceforth it will be accompanied by music; pews are to be introduced for the comfort of congregations; and the worshiper need henceforth no longer take off his shoes when he enters a mosque to pray. These innovations may sound paltry, but they imply an acute break with a long past.

III

The first lesson in the training of the child of a wise parent has to do with

himself — the folding of his clothes, the brushing of his teeth and hair, and the use of buttons. Reading and writing follow long after. Mustafa Kemal began sartorially. The fez was both uncomfortable and useless, and, apart from the odd and now forgotten fact that it originated not in Turkestan but in Greece, it had come, during the period of non-Moslem ascendancy in Turkey, to be the mark of the Turk, and had, as such, fostered an inferiority complex. Nor was the veil Turkish. It was but a modern compromise with a convention of the desert, where the charms of woman are safer hid. Both fez and veil were, according to the Ghazi, anachronistic and out of keeping with his aspirations toward a new and modern Turkey. The discarding of the veil, although optional, has been in Constantinople, Angora, and the other town centres practically general; but farther east public opinion has hitherto rejected the innovation. The fez, on the other hand, has gone for all time. Rumor has it, however, that many, especially among the older men, still wear the old headdress of their fathers concealed somehow under the stiffness of a Homburg; while others, who have resorted to Western caps as the lesser of two evils, turn the brim over the nape of the neck lest it might interfere with their proper prostrations when they turn to pray toward the birthplace of the Prophet.

The Ghazi saw his sartorial reform through in 1925, but waited another three years before he put the child to his books. The Sheikh ul Islam being no more, the control and the finances of the religious schools had passed into state administration; the personnel of the Government was solidly behind him; his hand was over commercial Turkey so that it would do his bidding. And his bidding was that Turkish script and numerals should be Westernized. 'How would Paris like to wake one day and be told that henceforth it would read its newspapers in Arabic type? Or New York that its business correspondence was to be conducted in Coptic writing? Or the boys of Eton and Harrow that they should submit their next essay in Japanese characters?' An old hodja of Kavak on the Bosphorus spoke thus to the traveler on a ferryboat, and spoke low because he knew that what he was saying almost amounted to treason. But publicly he, like everyone else, subscribes to the change, for the word of him who must be obeyed is final. So the Ghazi has started an A B C class in Constantinople, and attends it himself; his suite has already passed an examination in the new alphabet. The Prime Minister, Ismet Pasha, who won the Treaty of Lausanne, has officially informed the Government that he has mastered the new characters and is ready to sit for the Ghazi's certificate.

Doubtless the change is for the good. Turkish was doubly puzzling to the average Westerner because of its script; for the same reason European languages were doubly difficult for the Turkish schoolboy to assimilate. Mustafa Kemal intends that the Turk of the future shall be found more approachable at home, and shall find easier avenues to understanding of the West abroad. Meanwhile the Turkish language will survive. The yolk of an egg is always yellow, even though, at Easter time, the shell is painted all the colors of the rainbow.

The youth of New Turkey in Stambul, as elsewhere, is with the Ghazi in his innovations; for modern youth the world over is to-day inclined toward indifference to religion, be it Christian, Moslem, or Jewish. With regard to education, the Turkish schoolboy, the bank clerk, the junior official, may find the learning of the new alphabet

an irksome amusement; but it is an amusement, for it is a novelty, and youth loves novelty, and everybody in Turkey is doing it, and youth likes to be in the swim. But the reaction of the older generations is less enthusiastic.

There are many grandfathers in Stambul. Talk to them in the silences of the night in the privacy of their own homes. They will tell of accessions, of the state processions of Abdul-Hamid, of Rashid, of Vaheduddin, and of poor Abdul-Mejid — the pomp and circumstance of the brilliant cavalcade from Dolma Batche Palace on the Bosphorus, the passage of Galata Bridge and the steep climb through old Stambul, past the Sublime Porte, and finally to Saint Sophia itself. There, the public exhibition of the sacred relics of the Prophet — the hairs of his beard, his sword, which the new Caliph girded on, his robe, which he donned. Those days are gone and the relics are — who knows where? Are they in Angora? Are they destroyed? The Government took them into its charge in 1924. Memories alone remain of the great days of the social and religious pomp and glory of Imperial Turkey and of the old aristocracy, not only of Imperial days, but also of the period of Enver Pasha's supremacy. To-day a trip up the Bosphorus shows how the glory has departed. Palaces that were once show places — and, maybe, nests of intrigue — are rotting emptily into decay. The Yildiz Kiosk was licensed as a casino until reckless gambling produced such a crop of Turkish bankruptcies and suicides that it had to be closed. The Dolma Batche Palace is where the Ghazi holds his A B C classes. Bebek is a desolation. Top Kapou, standing high behind its ramparts overlooking Seraglio Point, is a museum where the trappings of past Imperial glory are exposed for view of all and sundry. And, saddest and most ominous feature of all, this year the new Government actively discouraged the 'true believers' from making the Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Such are the reflections of the old men, but it must not be inferred therefrom that there exists in Turkey any sincere desire for the return of the political power of the House of Othman. In no quarter was there any demur when it was decreed that the word 'Sultan' must no longer be heard in Turkish speech. But these Sultans were also Caliphs. The expulsion of the two last scions of the House — Vaheduddin to die in poverty and, after many wanderings, to find a stealthy tomb in Damascus; and Abdul-Mejid (Caliph only, not Sultan-Caliph) to eke out an ignominious existence on the Riviera, supported by Indian charity — provoked a sympathy among older Turks which has become almost reverence since Islam was attacked. Once Caliph of Islam, always Caliph, even though Angora may publish a decree banning the use in general Turkish parlance of what is the commonest phrase of all Mohammedan conversation: *Insha'allah* ('Please God').

IV

Constantinople is depressing because it is depressed. The traveler became subconsciously oppressed by the atmosphere of resentment and disillusion; and this resentment was all the more unpleasant to witness because his previous experience of the barrenness of the *laus temporis acti* of the Faubourg St.-Germain left him with uneasy doubts as to whether its Turkish counterpart was altogether justified. But his task was to investigate facts, not to draw conclusions; and, having seen one side of the picture in Constantinople, his next duty was to see the other, New Turkey in New Angora.

Angora lies some three hundred and fifty miles eastward from the Bosphorus. A sleeping-car train makes the journey in fourteen comfortable hours, and the new Angora Hotel is luxurious almost to the point of dissipation. Angora is a curious place. It has a long history written on the ruined walls of a Roman temple dating from Augustus, and on the castellated battlements of the Byzantine fort which crowns the rocky hill on the slopes of which clusters the old town. This old town — a squalid, rambling Oriental hamlet — was all that there was to Angora in 1919 when Mustafa Kemal chose it as his capital. It is true that it had two assets — its railway connection with the West and its strategic inaccessibility — to offset its total unsuitability as a centre of government; but lying, as it did, in the middle of a malarial plain, the old town otherwise possessed absolutely no potential advantages. It had neither housing nor sanitation, and certainly offered no prospect of adaptation to any scheme of more modern town planning. But it was safe, and to a revolutionary government safety compensates for much. So, with the full force of the Ghazi's dynamic energy behind the effort, New Turkey set itself by Turkish endeavor to build out from the old mediæval village a capital worthy of the New State.

That was nine years ago. During the Greek war there was little money other than for military needs; but victory not only brought military reductions in its train, but also opened the coffers of Constantinople and Smyrna; and in 1923 the active work of construction began. The old town has been left intact on its hill with its dirty narrow lanes, its smelly hovels, and its peasant population; and it is only where it ends that the new town has been projected across the plain, which had, as a first necessity, to be drained clear of malaria. Once across these now mosquitoless flats, it spreads out on the slopes of a low ridge of hills where the Ghazi has planned the residential quarter of his new capital. But progress was slow, for the task was immense; and Angora since 1919 has not always been the bed of roses it appeared in May 1928.

'It is all very well for you to be enthusiastic. You have only been here a day. I have been here three years. In the early days we Europeans had to lead a Klondyke sort of existence. I remember, when I came here first in the winter of 1924, the railway carriage had no windows and was infested with legacies of the war of all shapes and colors. The journey took fifty hours. The only hotel had six beds in every room and a single washbasin. When we went to the restaurant, we took a newspaper with us as a tablecloth; and a candle (which we supplied) stuck in a bottle (which we supplied) was all the light we had for steering tough goat-steak from our tin plates to our mouths. There was a mail — sometimes — and a train — sometimes. Things are better to-day. This is a decent hotel, but it 's awful to be stuck here. These New Turks are so suspicious that one can't get anything done. They talk and talk and tie up everything in such a tangle that it takes years to get a decision; and when you get it, as likely as not it is not what you want.'

'But they are doing all right, are n't they — I mean for themselves?'

'Rather. Trust them. I was n't thinking so much of them. I was thinking of myself. I wish I could get a transfer to Paris or New York. This place is on my nerves. It 's so deadly dull.'

There is no need to prolong the conversation. Angora, even to-day, is socially devastating, and from the business and diplomatic point of view

it must be often exasperating. For the New Turk is at bottom still the Old Turk, with all the gentle evasiveness of the old régime. To-day he excuses his dilatory methods. They are not due to incompetence or slackness; they are intentional. For the predominant instinct in Mustafa Kemal's official attitude is a determination not to be exploited as Old Turkey, in the days of such wily concession hunters as the Baron Hirsch, was systematically exploited.

The traveler, however, found an Angora far from dull, and exciting almost beyond his dreams. The climb to the Byzantine citadel is steep. Aimless donkeys, twin-slung with petrol tins carrying water from the valley, block the narrow twisting thoroughfares; the hide and grain markets, thronged with noisy buyers and sellers, splay all over the roadway; ubiquitous bootblacks, vendors of sweetmeats and lemonade, importune vainly. But there are no guides and no touts; for the West and tourism have not yet come to Angora. From the ramparts of the citadel, the old and the new lie exposed in panorama. A string of camels laden with stone for new construction is holding up a violently hooting contractor's lorry in the valley four hundred feet below. Halfway up the hill a peasant, who has ridden in on his donkey from a neighboring village, is talking to a friend who leans out of a yellow motor-bus window. On a wall, across which the minaret of the town mosque throws a tapering shadow, is a brilliantly colored notice of the imminent arrival of a new film, 'Abdul, the Damned.' And away south, across the waste of what was the Christian quarter of Old Angora before it was burned out during the war, stretch the broad black ribbons of the Ghazi's new arterial roads, which are the backbone of New Angora's town planning.

The cleavage between the old and the new is sudden and arresting. Old Angora had a main street. It has been widened, is flanked with modern — all Turkish — shops, has a taxi rank, and is the terminus of all motor-bus services. Where it ends, the new town planning begins, and at the point of junction is a huge equestrian statue of the Ghazi. It doubly epitomizes New Turkey's break with the past. In the first place, statues were taboo in Turkey; elsewhere in Islam they still are. But the Ghazi regarded the restriction as an anachronistic superstition, and to-day he is celebrated in no less than four statues — one in Stambul on Seraglio Point, the other three in Angora. The second demonstration of the emancipation of Turkey is revealed by a study of the monument itself. The Ghazi, astride his horse, is facing west to Europe, not southeast to Mecca. On the plinth are two reliefs, the first depicting him as generalissimo in the Greek war, the second as President of the new Republic, signing the National Pact. Round the pedestal are three figures. Two modernly equipped soldiers, rifle in hand, scan the western horizon. At the rear is a peasant woman, carrying a shell on her shoulder and 'doing her bit' by helping to feed the guns. It is the recognition of woman in the new State.

Below and facing the statue is the old Parliament House where the Pact was signed, which is now preserved as a national monument and as the headquarters of the Popular (the only) Party in Turkey. It proved to be too small for the new Government's needs, and just below it the present Parliament was completed this year. It is an unpretentious building, — more like a country villa than a Chamber of Deputies, — standing in artificial grounds which were created richly on a slope which was once Old Angora's rubbish

heap. Within, the traveler found proceedings — as is ever the case when there is no opposition — so decorous and dull that it might have been a well-drilled shareholders' meeting rather than a state assembly. The Strangers' Gallery commands an oblong and very commonplace hall, set with rows of desks, rather like a school, all facing the Speaker's rostrum. He, conspicuous in evening dress, presides from the uppermost tier of a three-decker type of pulpit; below him a row of parliamentary secretaries; on the lowest tier, the forum whence members address the House. And over his head, blazoned in gilt *and still in Arabic characters*, the legend of the State: 'The Sovereignty belongs to the People.' It was all terribly orderly. Speeches were short, but intently followed. There was a division. Two silver ballot boxes were carried into the House and placed before the Speaker; and, one by one, the members were summoned from their seats by a secretary and rather sheepishly recorded their vote. The Ghazi, as President, opens each parliamentary session; but otherwise he appears only when some exceptional legislation is under debate. Then, from the recesses of an almost royal box, he supervises with a paternal eye to ensure that nothing goes wrong with his plans.

The Parliament, the Club, and the Hotel are the heart of Angora; with the government offices and the banks, which are all new buildings and in the neighborhood, they constitute the Whitehall of Turkey. But they are only the beginning of New Angora, which the traveler had yet to see.

'I said good-bye to the Secretary of the Chamber, and told him I wanted to visit the new town in a motor bus. He handed me over to a uniformed usher, and, thus gallantly escorted, I was dumped in a fine bus where my introduction from such distinguished sources made me at once the cynosure of all eyes. Everyone was very nice and there was a sort of "general post," which I did not understand until I found myself seated by a pleasant young man who addressed me in French. Apparently the usher had told all and sundry that I knew no Turkish, and the "general post" was to ensure me intelligible company at my side. The young man explained how much I had to pay, and then started telling me what we were passing. They are very proud of the Ghazi's new road — and well they may be. It is about twenty-five yards wide, paved like a French *chaussée*, only far less bumpy, and most of the way divided into "up and down" traffic channels by a row of trees in the middle. First we passed the New Museum, which is fronted by another equestrian statue of Kemal; then a dip under the railway and a long run across the flats. My Cicero pointed me out the drains which had been dug to do away with the marshes and the mosquitoes.

'The new town had the appearance of a young garden city. Wide byroads branched off our main boulevard. At least a thousand houses have been already built, and more are under construction, all of the villa type, with stucco walls, red roofs, and loggias facing north for coolth during the summer. My friend grinned rather maliciously when I asked who lived in one very conspicuous mansion, designed rather on the lines of a German cubist film creation and positively bristling with wireless masts. It was the Bolshevist Embassy.

'Soon we were climbing wide well-designed sweeps up the hillside, which was green with fruit trees planted in the last five years. It will be lovely. As the road got steeper, the zigzags were shorter, and at every turn I was

pointed out the house of one or another notable — Ismet's house, Fewzi's house, and the British Legation. What I wanted to see was the Ghazi's house. We reached our terminus, and still I had n't seen it. I inquired somewhat diffidently — *et pour cause. No one*, my informant told me, sees it. He pointed to the summit and to two policemen. "He lives up there, but you're not allowed to pass."

'My friend, Orientalwise and somewhat embarrassingly, placed himself entirely at my disposal. We stood on the roadside waiting for the bus to start off again and looked back across New Angora to the old town, which showed up gray-pink in the afternoon sun. He lived in Old Angora. The rents of the new houses are high and his salary was low. But he was getting along fine in the New Government, and his French gave him a grand start, as he already knew the scheme of our A B C. On the way home we talked of Palestine. It was very jolly. He had been a Turkish soldier in Jerusalem when we got in in 1917. I rushed back to the hotel, got out my diary, and wrote like fury.'

V

Angora leaves an impression of brave beginnings. There are also concrete accomplishments; but there is still much to be accomplished. The traveler is aware of two emotions as his train carries him back to the Bosphorus — first, the hope that Angora will succeed, for it is a great effort and its daring evokes sympathy; secondly, an overmastering curiosity regarding the personality who, on the one hand, is author of its creation and, on the other, is turning all Turkey topsy-turvy.

A description of the Ghazi reveals him as a physically sturdy figure of patent military type. He is neither tall nor short; he is polished rather than good-looking, and powerful rather than rugged. His jaw is firm and his temples wide; his forehead high, his nose long and straight, and his complexion sallow. His character lies in his eyes, which are hard and piercing, save when they relapse into a twinkle, and in his lips, which are ominously thin. His appearance proclaims him to be what he has proved himself to be — a good friend or a very redoubtable enemy. To-day, to explain rather than to condone the many questionable stories which are current about his private life, it is well to remember that from 1910 to 1922, through the Italian and the two Balkan wars, through the Great War, and finally during his campaign against the Greeks, he was practically continuously on active service, living the hard life of a soldier and not the easy existence of the palace courtier.

As a soldier, he made his reputation both by his bravery in the field of battle and by his competence and outspokenness in the councils of war; and a soldier he still is in outlook and in habit. Be his habits what they may, since he entered civil life he has increased and not marred the reputation that he made for himself as a soldier, which is a tribute that can rarely be paid to the soldier turned civilian. The secret of his success lies in his long study of men. He watched and learned from the rise and fall of others in Turkey; he studied the reasons of their successive eclipses, and learned his lesson from their inconsistencies, their disloyalties, their intrigues, their self-seekings, and, above all, their indifference to the fate of the Turkish 'man in the street.' His post-war policy had two distinct phases — the destructive and the constructive. In the first he had periodically to enlist the support of the normal agencies of revolution. He had to legislate ruthlessly, to punish

ruthlessly, and to obtain revenge ruthlessly; and he used these agencies indiscriminately as his creatures according to the needs of the moment, but always within strict limits prescribed by him, and only for as long as their utility for the particular purpose in view remained. He rewarded those who served him well; those whom a momentary importance tempted to aspire higher, even to the point of risking a challenge of the supreme control, he dealt with inexorably.

There was a row a year ago. Two of the Ghazi's temporary lieutenants challenged his authority. They bearded him at his house in Angora after a session of Parliament. One of them called him a blackguard. Kemal kept very cool and replied: 'Right. Now my turn. I'll *prove* what you are.' A week later the man was arraigned before the courts for corruption, which Kemal did prove; to-day he is doing two years' imprisonment in Constantinople.

But throughout the Ghazi was aware that after destruction must come the positive programme of construction, and he chose his men early and well for this second phase. It is to his and their credit that through all the vicissitudes of the post-war nationalist movement in Turkey he held to them and they to him. To-day the country is governed by a triumvirate — the Ghazi; Ismet Pasha, the Prime Minister and President of the Popular Party; and Fewzi Pasha, the Minister of War. Their rule is a dictatorship. And it is a fine combination of qualities: the Ghazi's popular appeal; Ismet's disarming adroitness, a mixture of genuine deafness and (as the Allies found at Lausanne) of apparent innocence; Fewzi's sphinxlike devotion to discipline and efficiency. Turkey is luckier than Italy, who has only Mussolini; and the fact that there is a triumvirate and that it is harmonious assures continuity in any event. Events are not uncommon in Turkey. There have been three, if not more, attempts on the Ghazi's life.

'When they shot at him and attempted to blow up his train, he laughed. "Why do they want to kill me? I'll die of my own accord one of these days." He is a wonderful fellow, and must be the hell of a tiger.'

The traveler opened his diary as his boat for Athens was slipping past Seraglio Point out into the Marmora. Past Prinkipo he was still reading. The sun was setting as he closed the book. He looked over the stern to the north, where Stambul had faded into purple haze. The last sentence he had read contained the only conclusion he had reached during his meanderings: —

'Before coming I wrote of disillusion and the fading of romance; that Modern Islam and Modern Turkey were bound to be vulgar and sordid; that I wished I was going to see old Imperial Turkey and all its glory. I was miles wide of the mark. I've seen the new romance of energy, and it has not been unsympathetic. I'm cured, and I'm coming back again.'

THE INVESTMENT TRUST

BY PAUL C. CABOT

I

ALTHOUGH there have been investment trusts in operation in this country for over forty years, they have not until recently enjoyed any prominence, nor have large amounts of capital been invested in them. The idea was really first developed in Great Britain and had already attained considerable proportions as early as 1880. The investment-trust plan as conceived by Mr. Robert Fleming, who is now possibly the most important English investment-trust manager, is more or less typical of the entire movement at that time. Coming from Dundee to New York as a mercantile clerk, Mr. Fleming was greatly impressed with the possibility of investing funds in this country, particularly in our then rapidly growing railroads. It was possible for him at that time to borrow money in England for as low as 3 per cent and then turn around and lend it to the American railroad companies, taking their first-mortgage bonds for as high as 6, 7, and indeed 8 per cent. Obviously the profits for the promoters and common shareholders were very large, and the movement expanded rapidly. By 1888, eighteen of these trusts with a capital of over £23,000,000 were listed on the London Stock Exchange. By 1890 a trust 'mania' was under way. For some years the British debt had been steadily reduced; capital had continued cheap and abundant; the investment trusts had been uniformly successful, paying large dividends, and there had been rapidly mounting quotations for their securities.

Referring to this 'boom' in the investment-trust plan, the London *Economist* for April 6, 1889, remarks that 'although successful with the public, the companies have not in some cases been able to make a very favorable start in business, for they have followed so fast upon each other's heels that they have experienced great difficulty in purchasing proper investments. The supply of really sound securities is in many directions so very limited that any decided increase in the demand at once causes a considerable advance in prices . . . indeed so rapid has been the advance that it is stated several of the new trusts have been unable to effect purchases and are rather doubtful as to the direction in which their money shall be invested.'

These words have certain interesting applications to the present situation. As a result of the conditions described by the *Economist* a variety of abuses arose. The pyramiding process, or superimposing of one company on top of another, increased rapidly. For example, the Anglo-American Debenture Company was responsible for the creation of thirteen different but interconnected trusts at this time. This in itself might not have been objectionable had it not resulted in the manipulation of accounts, the creation of corners, and a great deal of general manœuvring in order to sustain and increase the market value of the securities of the various trusts. In my

opinion there is to-day in this country a large and well-known investment trust whose shares are selling for far more than their intrinsic or liquidating value, which has continually managed its portfolio so that it can show the greatest possible profits and thereby obtain the greatest market value for its shares, regardless of their real worth. Generally speaking, in this trust during the past year the good securities that have appreciated in value have been sold and the poorer ones retained or increased, simply to show profits.

The *Economist* tells us that this is exactly the game they were playing in England almost forty years ago. In 1890 the Baring crisis marked the beginning of a long period of difficulty for the investment trusts. It is interesting to note some of the expedients resorted to by the managers of the tottering trusts at this time. Mr. J. Edward Meeker, economist of the New York Stock Exchange, in an interesting paper on the subject, cites the following instance. 'The "Imperial and Foreign Investment and Agency Corporation," with a "strong board" of directors, saw fit to carry the valuations of their holdings at cost instead of at market prices, and on this basis to declare a dividend which absorbed £20,000 of their fictitious revenue balance of £32,409. The long-suffering auditor revolted and refused to shoulder further responsibility for the company's accounts.' By April 1891 the ordinary and deferred shares of ten of the more important trusts had declined in the market on an average of 34 per cent. In February 1893 the *Economist* made the following commentary: 'It may be said with truth that, having sown the wind, they (the trusts) are now reaping the whirlwind. Week after week evidence accumulates proving only too forcibly that those responsible for the management of these trusts have based no inconsiderable part of their operations upon false principles, with the inevitable result that, after a more or less brief period of apparent prosperity, losses and difficulties have arisen.' Scandal followed close on the heels of financial difficulty. It turned out that the banking house of Murietta and Company 'had agreed to subscribe for 12,000 shares of the "Imperial and Foreign Investment and Agency Corporation" provided the latter would purchase from it certain securities which it had been unable to sell elsewhere. These depreciated £114,358 while in the trust's possession. What stirred the ire of the shareholders was that despite their losses the trust, directors, and managers had made fortunes.'[1]

It was not until 1896 that the *Economist* noted 'the upward movement in prices of trust securities generally.'

I have given at some length the history of the difficulties of the investment trusts in England because I strongly believe that unless we avoid these and other errors and false principles we shall inevitably go through a similar period of disaster and disgrace. If such a period should come, the well-run trusts will suffer with the bad as they did in England forty years ago. Of course, the honest and ably managed companies would emerge from the difficulties eventually. Even during the worst period in England 'proof was afforded of the innate soundness of the investment-trust idea when properly administered.' Of the thirty-one leading trusts of the time studied by the *Economist*, seven were able to make headway against the completely adverse current of conditions. In the hope and belief that we shall profit by the example of the older trusts and escape the worst of their difficulties, I shall now try to point out what in my opin-

[1] 'Some Notes on Investment Trusts,' by J. Edward Meeker

ion are some of the present dangers. Before doing so, however, I should like to emphasize the fact that the honesty and ability of the management are paramount and that good practices can be completely vitiated by dishonest and unsound investments.

II

Of the investment trusts of which I am speaking I propose to recognize two broad classes. First, those whose primary idea is the borrowing of money at a rate lower than that at which they can lend or invest it, and which in their investment programme follow a very wide diversification. Second, those that do not follow such wide diversification and that buy with the idea of appreciation, or that have attempted to buy securities which are cheap and will go up over a period of years. In England these two classes are generally differentiated as 'trust companies' and 'finance companies.' In this country we have tended to group them all under the general category of investment trusts. Both types have advantages and disadvantages that appeal variously to different investors. The broadly diversified trust has relatively small holdings in a great many issues. It attempts to secure a cross section of the various securities of the United States or of the world. Its particular advantages are that it permits small investors to participate in the ownership of a widely diversified group of securities, thereby obtaining such benefits as go with wide diversification. By its very nature, however, it is attempting to secure a representative average; it cannot, therefore, hope to turn in more than an average performance. Now the primary object of buying into an investment trust should be the desire to have expert and constant management which can do better than the average. As we have seen, however, a very broadly diversified portfolio means average results, and therefore the purchaser of the securities of such a trust cannot expect the full benefits of managerial ability. Of course, in fairness it should be said that poor management cannot do as much harm following wide diversification as otherwise.

There is a restriction in the by-laws of one investment trust which provides that as soon as the trust has $5,000,000 it shall have at least four hundred different issues. In contrast to this, the trust indenture of the Investment Managers Company of New York provides that it shall not have more than thirty issues. The first company has by its policy of diversification attempted to obtain security. The Investment Managers Company by its opposite policy has, however, obtained greater security. No one can get an issue into the portfolio of the Investment Managers Company without proving to the directors that it is not only good, but better than one of the existing issues for which it is to be substituted.

In the other company almost any security will get by. The pet issue of each director and officer can find its way in. Director A passes director B's security, although he may not be very enthusiastic about it, so that director B will not blackball his issue. Another disadvantage to the highly diversified portfolio is either the inability of the management to follow closely so many issues or the expense of so doing. One of the worst of some of the present abuses is the ignorance and lack of attention of some investment managers. An investment-trust manager should know far more about the companies in which his money is invested than the average investor. This, I am afraid, is not always the case, and obviously it is far more expensive to follow closely and thoroughly a list of securities spread all

over the face of the globe than a list restricted to a limited group of the best investments. I think it fair to say that the average highly diversified trust does not closely follow its list, but relies on its policy of diversification to save it, and, therefore, cannot produce more than an average showing.

In pointing out the difference between these two types of trust, I have already touched on one of the cardinal abuses — inattention. Of course, this evil may apply to the trust with a more limited and selected portfolio. I should also like to point out that it may apply to those trusts run by the big banks and brokerage houses. They may be honest and they may be able, but before their securities are bought one wants to be sure that they will continually apply and reapply that ability to the running of the trust into which one may be buying.

I think the worst cases of lack of attention come where the managerial control rests in rather numerous hands. Concentration of control with extensive powers is a feature of the utmost importance, avoiding the delay and lack of positive action that usually result when many individuals holding diverse opinions attempt to translate their ideas into action.

Some months ago I was asked by an investment house if I would consider running an investment trust that they had sold to the public some time before. During the course of the discussion I asked if I might see the portfolio. In examining this, I noted a very large block of the shares of a company which, as a banking house, they had recently acquired and sold to the public. I asked the gentleman with whom I was talking whether, if I were to advise them on their portfolio, and if I could convince the directors that the shares of another company in the same industry were a preferable investment, they would make the exchange. He replied, 'No, not necessarily. This trust is part of our general machine, and if the selling of these shares adversely affected —— and Company we would not make the sale.' And yet the securities of this trust were sold to the public, whose money was being used not for the best interests of the men and women who had supplied the funds, but for the best interests of —— and Company. This case brings up two common abuses to which the investment trust is now being put. First, that of being run for ulterior motives and not primarily for the best interests of the shareholders; second, that of being used as a depositary for securities that might otherwise be unmarketable. There are, of course, certain trusts that have been formed with avowedly ulterior purposes. Such procedure is obviously beyond reproach. It is only when a trust says it is formed to accomplish one thing and then attempts to do another that it becomes an abuse.

The practice by which a house of issue sells a part of its own underwriting to its own trust, although not necessarily unethical and unsound, is extremely dangerous. Those trusts run by banks and brokers are particularly subject to this temptation. In my opinion such companies should have a provision or a firmly established policy that they will in no way deal with themselves as principals; that if they wish to acquire part of an issue in which they as a house may be interested they will have to acquire it from some entirely outside source.

III

Some months ago, in testifying before a committee of the New York Stock Exchange, I was asked to state briefly what were, in my opinion, the present abuses in the investment-trust

movement. My reply was: (1) dishonesty; (2) inattention and inability; (3) greed.

It is of the last of these that I now wish to speak. You may be asked to subscribe to a trust that is both honestly and ably run, and yet find it inadvisable to do so simply because there is nothing in it for you. All the profits go to the promoters and managers.

There are an infinite number of ways whereby this unduly large slice of the spoils is kept by the insiders. They may own all or a very large percentage of the equity stock; they may have warrants and options; or, more rarely, they may be able to take out the money in the form of expenses or managerial fees of one sort or another. There certainly is no ethical objection to promoters and managers getting away with all they can in the way of profits. Free competition is bound to keep this down to a reasonable figure. The objection comes when the amount so to be taken out is not clearly set forth. The most common method of accomplishing this result on the part of promoters is an exceedingly complicated capital structure. There are many investment-trust prospectuses in which it takes literally hours to figure out just how profits are to be divided. To those not trained in finance the task becomes impossible, and the promoters have accomplished their purpose. Certainly a clear statement of how the money is supplied and the profits divided, together with a simple, straightforward capital structure, is highly desirable.

Another danger, usually the result of greed, takes the form of a very large funded or floating debt or an excessive issue of preferred stocks. Very often the managers and promoters receive their compensation and profit in the form of common stock for which they have paid little or nothing. There is nothing to criticize in this procedure if it is clearly and simply stated so that all can easily understand. As is pointed out in such cases, the management receives nothing until it has earned and paid some fixed percentage on the senior securities. In other words, the compensation is dependent upon the success of the enterprise. But the difficulty is that the management or promoters have put up only a very small percentage of the total funds. If the enterprise is a complete failure, they have little or nothing to lose. It is natural, therefore, that they should take the attitude of 'Let's either win big or win nothing.' This they accomplish by a very heavy pyramiding process. I do not believe that there are many people who with only $100 equity would, as a general practice, proceed to borrow and buy anywhere from $800 to $1000 worth of securities, and yet this is exactly what many investment trusts are doing to-day.

There is another difficulty to which pyramiding leads. With very heavy fixed charges and preferred dividends to meet, the management is under the constant necessity of producing a large dollar income the first and every succeeding year of operation with which to meet the relatively large fixed charges. This pressing necessity to produce immediate and constant income forces the investment of a large proportion of the funds in securities of a less desirable type.

A danger that I have already spoken of I should like to touch on again. There are a great many trust indentures, by-laws, and more or less formal policies that provide a variety of restrictions, the basic purpose of which seems to be to prevent, in the case of dishonest or incapable management, a complete dissipation of the funds.

Such a motive is praiseworthy, but all the restrictions in the world will not

mitigate the evils of poor management, and about all they can do is to restrict the efforts of good management. Is it not probable that excess restrictions which we may place on the investment-trust manager during a period of rising prices may be entirely wrong for a changed period of declining prices? I believe that no principles and restrictions should be developed so rigidly that they may not be changed at any time in order to conform with the best judgment of the management.

There are a great many other dangers confronting the investment trusts, but there is only one other I wish to mention here, and that is the excessive market price to which, in my opinion, the shares of certain trusts have been bid. To say what is a fair price for such securities I find extremely difficult — indeed, I do not know. I do think, however, that there are a few principles which may aid us in this determination.

Where the assets of an investment trust are not grossly overvalued, I should say that its various securities are at least worth the net liquidating value, or what would be realized in actual liquidation. The difficulty comes in saying how much more than the liquidating value the securities may be worth. I can think of only two factors that might bring this out. The first is the factor of management, and the second is the ability of the trust to borrow money at low rates of interest. If, for example, the X Trust can borrow $5,000,000 at 5 per cent for twenty years, that ability undoubtedly has a present market worth. Similarly, the ability of the management to make money in excess of the current rate of return over a period of years also has a present value. When, however, I find the shares of a very large trust selling in the market for nearly three times their liquidating value, particularly when that liquidating value is figured from a grossly inflated portfolio value; when there is no possible value to be added through funds borrowed at a low rate; and when, on top of it all, the management has in my opinion demonstrated inability and possibly dishonesty, I am inclined to think the shares somewhat high.

IV

What can be done about these abuses? I should say that the remedies are publicity and education. Every industry has its abuses and dangers, and many industries present far more alarming hazards than the investment trust. Before touching on these remedies I should like very briefly to say a word about what purports to be remedial legislation. There has been much discussion of this topic, and many states have already gone far in setting laws on their statute books. Just as in the case of charter restrictions, about all these laws can do is to hamper able management and fail to protect the public against inability and dishonesty. No law can replace the necessity for investors to think intelligently and to investigate a situation before investing their money. We have had many examples of the evils of overregulation in other fields, and it would indeed be unfortunate to hamper by laws that cannot accomplish their purpose so valuable an instrument of finance as the investment trust. All that legislation should do is to require a degree of publicity that will enable any investor to form a sound opinion. It should not require publicity that would interfere with the honest and successful operation of the trusts.

For the publicity that not only should be required, but is good policy for the trust, I should suggest the following provisions. First, a clear statement should be made showing

exactly where the control lies and who constitutes the active management. Second, it should be shown exactly how and in what proportion profits and losses are divided, particularly the existence of options, warrants, calls, and the like. Third, the investment policy of the managers should be made plain by figures giving the percentages invested in the various classes and types of securities.

There has been much discussion of the advisability of requiring that complete portfolio holdings be revealed. Arguments in favor of revealing them include the following points: —

1. The trust cannot be called and ceases to be a blind pool.
2. Dishonest or mistaken investment policies are more quickly revealed.
3. Public confidence is increased; the trust is ashamed of nothing and has nothing to hide.
4. The security holders of the trust can better appraise the trust investment policies and attune the rest of their investment procedure accordingly.

Among the disadvantages of portfolio publication are these: —

1. The results of the costly investment research paid for by the security holders of the trust are revealed to all, and an outsider by following the list can get the same benefits free of charge.
2. Where a trust is either selling or buying a security with a limited market, that market can be seriously interfered with to the detriment of the trust.
3. Investors may be misled. An investment that is good for a trust may not be good for an individual, particularly when the individual does not know and cannot follow the risks and hazards involved.
4. Publication of a list can seriously hamper the managers in their investment research.

Generally speaking, I should say that for trusts pursuing a very wide diversification the publication of their lists is advisable; whereas for that type which tends more to concentration and the selection of a few outstanding issues it is inadvisable. The best English practices have tended away from the publication of holdings.

Every trust should publish complete balance sheets and income accounts. The balance sheets, of course, should reveal all liabilities, contingent or otherwise; securities should be carried at cost, but their present market value should be clearly revealed. Such a policy permits anyone to determine exactly the liquidating value which is essential in a determination of the value of the various securities. The income account should be detailed and reveal exactly from where the income was derived. It is essential that interest and dividends received should be clearly separated from profits from sales. Similarly, the expense account should be broken down, showing how much is paid in salaries and other overhead expenses. The compensation of management should be segregated.

If the investment trusts of the country pursue this policy of complete information, bad practices, simply by revelation, will be eliminated.

V

In pointing out some of the present abuses of the investment-trust movement, I have indicated by inference rather than directly what can be considered sound and constructive practice. It only remains briefly to suggest what can and has been accomplished in this field when these dangers and abuses are avoided. Without enlarging on the various possible benefits accruing to investors in this movement, I should merely like again to say that far and away the most important contribution that the investment trust can make is to supply honest, constant, expert, and

unbiased management, and that if it pursues too extensive diversification it indicates that it will not or cannot supply that management. For investors to pay a heavy loading charge, in the form of management charges and sales commissions, to the managers and promoters of a 'fixed trust,' who by its very charter are restricted from using any judgment whatsoever, is in my opinion ridiculous and unjustifiable.

I am often asked what will happen to the investment trusts during a period of declining security prices. In my opinion it is during that period that the real value of the investment-trust movement can be demonstrated. The investment-trust manager should be a financial expert similar in his profession to the doctor of medicine. When we most need a medical doctor is when we are sick. Equally it should be, and I believe is, true that when the investing public most needs expert assistance is during a period of falling security prices. Almost anyone can make money during a period of rising prices, but it will take real skill to curtail losses when things are moving in the opposite direction. I should not go so far as to say that the well-run trusts will not lose money during a period of deflation; but certainly they should, and I believe will, lose less money than the average investor. With conservative capitalization, sound policies, and able management, the investment trusts will make more money than the average investor in good times and lose less in poor times. Such a performance not only justifies but ensures their existence and growth.

A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ROBERT KEABLE

SOME of us who have been interested in the papers by Robert Keable, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, have waited, to pass comment, until we could read his more fully developed study in book form, *The Great Galilean*. Miss Case, who writes on 'The Middle Way,' in the February number, has put her finger on the real weakness of Keable's solution of the problem of Christ.

Suppose we try to translate Keable's thought into homely everyday phraseology. What is his argument? It sounds absurd, as thus translated, but here it is: —

1. We must distinguish between the *historical* Christ and the *traditional* Christ — the Christ whose story is told in the Synoptic Gospels, and the glorified Christ in whom, very early, men found an unveiling of the heart of God, to whom they came to give worship and pay divine honors, and about whose birth miraculous accounts were given.

2. As for the *historical* Christ, Keable says that we cannot discover enough certain information about him to write a biographical note of decent newspaper length. The material in the Gospels cannot be accepted, he declares, as trustworthy; we know less than nothing of the facts.

3. As for the *traditional* Christ, he declares that much of what the Church has taught is pure myth, without foundation of fact — a lovely lyric, a poetic ideal.

4. Nevertheless, we do know (somehow, but just how we are left to guess) what this Christ taught, about sin, sex, and so forth — all of which is told by Keable most fascinatingly, by taking from the Gospels what may be twisted into support of his views, leaving out the rest, and at best studying the whole most superficially. In passing, let it be said that he displays but the slightest knowledge of the assured results of the most careful critical study of the Gospels, and that he draws his picture by falling back upon the very Gospels which he has discarded as discredited and as not furnishing enough fact to fill the space of a newspaper obituary notice!

5. Nevertheless, again, we need the *traditional* Christ. We must have a God to worship; we must have an ideal to lead us on; we must have certain divine values. Well, there are no 'values' finer, purer, truer, more winsome, more compel-

ling, more worship-inspiring, than those we find in the traditional Christ. We cling to them, therefore, as myths, as thought-forms, even though we cannot root the tradition in historic fact.

There are just two questions one may ask about this curious piece of Christology: —

1. How can we expect plain, everyday folk to follow its logic? Why suppose that they will worship a Christ who does not now exist and never did exist, who is fancy, not fact, even though the fancy be wonderfully beautiful? We do not worship mythological figures; we do not bow low before lovely statuary, or adore beautiful pictures, or do homage to printed pages of poetry. You can't tell your little children, who have believed in Santa Claus, that the story is a fairy tale, and then expect them to continue to send their childish notes to Kriss Kringle through the mail. If they do continue to send him letters, after you have assured them that 'Santa Claus is only father and mother,' you soon have a suspicion that there is something they want, and they understand perfectly well, if they can still play at the delusion, that somehow 'the right party' will send the desired gifts. But what sort of character will issue out of such practice? And what sort of character will be produced by the hocus-pocus Mr. Keable, in all seriousness, proposes in this plea for a mythical Christ?

2. Why does Mr. Keable, after tossing aside as unreliable the only records we have of Christ's life and teaching alleged to be historical, weave out of the story he has rejected a summary of the teaching Jesus gave on sin, sex, and so forth, which does, indeed, emphasize some things which Christ taught, though leaving out much that counterbalances and modifies it? Why but because Mr. Keable's conscience demanded that he draw up some apology for his own life?

If his book is an apologia, and at the last he felt that he needed to make it, perhaps he was, indeed, coming back to God at the end and regaining Christian faith. There are indications that this may be the fact in the very last of his writings — the chapter, 'From the Known to the Unknown,' not contained in his book, but printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* of April 1928, describing the challenge he had just received to tell what he still believed, after all his years of doubt and wanderings. Here is his confession of faith: —

'I give my allegiance to the beauty and honesty and simplicity of that figure who is symbolized among us as Jesus Christ, Son of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, who rose again the third day from the dead.' Maybe then, in the extreme end of life, wearied by much thinking, but buoyed up by the creed and stimulated by the beauty of that almost mythical figure, men might be found who would breathe with perhaps their last whisper, 'I believe in God.'

If there is any living man who can say, in the face of the living world around him, that he does not believe in the irresistible, enabling, marvelous certainty of Life, he can be left to his own devices. It does not in the least matter that Life is inexplicable and incomprehensible. The fact is that, the more a man is alive, the more he knows that he's alive. The more he thinks and reads, the more he is struck by the achievements of Life on earth. . . . Life *everlasting* seems more difficult, but the adjective is one upon which science, however reluctantly, is being more and more desperately driven. . . .

Christ himself was not annihilated, whatever happened on the third day after the crucifixion. His life has not merely been continuous — it has been ever-increasing. His thoughts, his message, his spirit, are enormously more alive to-day than ever they were when he lived on earth. When he died, a few thousands only had ever even heard of him; to-day as many millions think of him as a living personality. That he is a living personality I do not doubt. One need not be a spiritualist for that. It is literally true that that insignificant change which we call death has had no dominion over him. It will have no dominion over any of us, and less still has it had dominion over the finest of the sons of men. . . .

Such is the known. And the unknown? It is wonderful how the perfect simplicity and matchless rhythm of the old words chime in one's head. Despite the temptation to paraphrase them just that little which would make them more intelligible to modern minds, I shall not do so. 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'

What if Life is God?

A man who could write words like these may have walked stumblingly even to the last, but he was not far from the Kingdom of God.

CHARLES FISKE

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IV

ONE afternoon, a month later, Finch was standing among a group of amateur actors in the narrow passage between the stage and the row of dressing rooms in the Little Theatre. They were dispersing after a rehearsal of St. John Ervine's *John Ferguson*, and Mr. Brett, the English director, had just come up. Hands in pockets, he lounged over to Finch, and, with an eager smile lighting his clever, humorous, actorish face, observed, 'I want to tell you, Whiteoak, how awfully pleased I am with your performance to-day. If you keep on as you're going now, you are going to make a really splendid Cloutie John.'

'Thanks — Mr. Brett,' stammered Finch. 'I'm glad you think I'm all right.' He was crimson from embarrassment and deep joy. Praise! Warm praise, before all of them!

Arthur Leigh broke in: 'Yes, that's just what I've been telling Finch, Mr. Brett. He's simply splendid. I'm certain of this, that I'm doing my own part better since he's been playing Cloutie John. He brings a feeling of absolute reality into it.'

Finch stared straight ahead of him, his fixed expression a burning mask for the confused elation of his spirit.

'Well, I'm very, very pleased,' reiterated Mr. Brett, pushing toward the door — he was yearning for his tea. 'To-morrow at the same hour, then, and everybody on time.'

The door at the end of the passage was opened and a gust of crisp December air rushed in. The players drifted in a small body on to the stone steps. The walls of the university rose about them, showing here and there a lighted window. The arch of the Memorial Tower glistened in a bright armor of ice. Leigh turned to Finch as they reached the last step.

'I wish you lived in town, Finch,' he said. 'I'd like to see something of you. But there's always that beastly train to be caught.'

'I'm afraid I've missed it to-night. I'll have to take the late one. Ten-thirty.'

Leigh looked rather pleased. 'That's good news. You'll come home with me to dinner, and we can have a talk. Besides, I'd like my mother and sister to meet you. I've been talking about you to them.' He turned his clear, rather feminine gaze eagerly on Finch.

'Sorry. . . . Sorry,' muttered the boy.

'What utter nonsense! Of course you can come. Why not?' He slipped his arm persuasively through Finch's.

'Oh, I don't know. At least — well, my clothes are n't right. And besides . . . you know I'm no good with women — ladies. Your mother and sister'd think me an awful dud. I'd have nothing to say, and — and — look like — Cloutie John.'

Leigh broke into delighted laughter.

'If only you would! If only you would both look and act like him! They'd throw themselves on your neck and embrace you. Come along — don't be an idiot!' He drew Finch on through the delicate drift of snowflakes, the air on their faces icy, yet somehow crisply caressing. Other young figures were moving quickly through the park, silhouetted against the whiteness.

[1] The thread of action will be readily apparent, but for those who wish to remind themselves of the earlier adventures of the turbulent Whiteoaks, living on their declining estate of Jalna, a brief synopsis appears in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

Finch had, from the first moment of acquaintance, liked and admired Arthur Leigh, been flattered by the attraction he so evidently had for the other, but now he experienced a sudden outrush of warmth toward him which filled him with wonder. He felt that he loved Leigh, wanted to be his near, his closest friend. The pressure of Leigh's slender, small-boned body against his made him feel stronger than he had ever felt before. 'Very well,' he said, 'I'll go.'

They boarded a street car and stood together, swaying, hanging by the straps, smiling into each other's eyes, oblivious of the other passengers. They recalled amusing moments of the rehearsal, muttered lines of their parts, were almost suffocated by laughter. They were so happy they scarcely knew what to do.

But as Leigh put his latchkey into the lock, and Finch stood behind him before the imposing doorway, young Whiteoak felt again an overwhelming shyness.

'Look here,' he began, 'look here! I — I —'

But the door was open and he was inside the hall, where bright firelight was dancing over the surfaces of polished wood and brass, where there was such a look of immaculacy and order as Finch had never before beheld.

In the drawing-room they found Leigh's mother and sister. Two sisters, Finch thought at first, the mother looked so young.

'My friend Finch Whiteoak,' Leigh introduced him, a protective hand on his arm. 'This is my mother, Finch, and this ill-looking young person my sister Ada.'

In turn their soft hands lay in Finch's bony one. In turn he saw the soft pale oval of each face, the drooping locks of bronze hair, the heavy-lidded gray eyes. But the mother's hair had a tinge of gold, her eyes a tint of blue, and the amused and tolerant expression of her mouth made him afraid of her.

'Brothers will say such cruel things about their sisters,' she said, with an adoring smile at her son. 'I suppose you do it occasionally yourself.'

Finch, breathing heavily, stammered, 'Well — I suppose so — at least, I really don't know.'

'Honestly now,' said Leigh, 'don't you find Ada distressingly ill-favored?'

She returned their gaze serenely, and Finch stammered again, 'Oh, look here, Leigh . . .'

Mrs. Leigh observed, 'Arthur has talked of you a great deal. He thinks your acting of the idiot boy quite wonderful.'

'Ah, that's easy for me,' grinned Finch. 'The idiot part.'

'Mother,' broke in Leigh, 'how can you? Cloutie John is n't an idiot. He's mad. Absolutely, gloriously mad.'

Ada Leigh said, in a low, deep voice, with a look into Finch's eyes which set them definitely apart from the others, 'Is that easy, too, for you? The madness, I mean.'

Her brother answered for Finch, fearing that he would give another stammering, grinning reply. 'The easiest thing in the world, my child. All he has to do is to be himself. He's absolutely, gloriously mad also. Just wait until you see the play. When Cloutie John comes on the stage, madness, like an electric current, is going to thrill the soul of that simple-minded audience. We're all thrilled by him, even at rehearsals.'

Ada continued to gaze into Finch's eyes as though Leigh had not spoken.

'I expect I am a little mad,' he answered, feeling now not shy, but oddly troubled.

'I wish you would teach me how to be mad. I am far too sane to be happy.'

'I could n't teach anyone anything except how to play the fool.'

Mother and son were leading the way to the dining room.

Finch saw that the table, delicately bright, was laid for four. Evidently Mrs. Leigh was a widow, though she did not look at all like Finch's idea of one. Perhaps her husband was merely out of town.

Nothing could draw him into conversation. With set face he ate his way slowly and solemnly through the intricacies of the meal. Leigh, depressed by the sense that his friend was making no impression but one of stupidity on his mother and sister, talked little. Ada seemed to make no effort to please anyone but herself, and her pleasure apparently lay in making Finch aware of the insistent gaze of her long, heavy-lidded

eyes. Mrs. Leigh alone kept the talk from dying into silence. Her voice, lighter and higher than her daughter's, flowed brightly on, though Finch had the feeling that her thoughts were far away. Across her brightness a shadow fell once when she referred to the 'time of my husband's death, five years ago.'

When dinner was over she left them, returning only for a moment to the drawing-room in an ermine evening cloak to say good-bye before she was whirled away in a dove-gray limousine. They had followed her to the stone porte-cochère to see her off. Leigh had tucked her in and kissed both her hands.

'Is n't she the most adorable mother to own?' he demanded, as they returned to the fireside.

'Rather,' agreed Finch, his eyes on Ada. She had settled herself among the cushions of a deep couch, her narrow sloping shoulders, her slender arms, from which open filmy lace sleeves fell away, seeming almost transparent in their whiteness. Between her rather pale lips she held a Chinese-red cigarette holder.

Leigh suddenly found his tongue. He talked eagerly of the play to Finch, criticized Mr. Brett's directing of it, rehearsed one of his own important speeches, appealing to Finch for criticism.

'Come, Finch,' he said at last, determined to show off his friend before his sister, 'let's do our scene together where you come to the house at night, after I've killed Witherow. Have you got your whistle here?'

'Oh, no. I can't possibly. I'd feel a frightful fool.'

'If it's because of Ada, I'll send her away.'

'I wish you would do it to please me,' said Ada. 'I should love to see it.'

'She's likely to fly into a passion if she does n't get what she wants. Are n't you, Ada?' asked her brother.

'You can't make me believe that,' said Finch.

'Just the same, she's a very determined young person, so you may as well give in. Wait! I know what we need to loosen things up. A whiskey and soda. That wine at dinner was native and there's simply nothing to it but gas on the stomach. Come along to the dining room. You won't want anything, will you, Ada?'

'No, thanks. I'll just wait here.'

In the dining room Leigh said, 'I don't think we need whiskey, Finch. Nothing so common. A nice little *crème de menthe* or Benedictine, eh? I said whiskey before Ada merely to put her off the scent; she does n't like it. But she does like liqueurs, and I don't think they're good for a young girl, do you? I really have to look after Ada, you know, my father being dead. What will you have?'

'Oh, I don't care.' Finch stared at the glittering array of glasses in the cabinet Leigh opened.

'Benedictine, then. We'll both have Benedictine. Is n't the color glorious? I want you to come and stay the week of the play with me, Finch. You can't possibly go home at night after the performance.' At that moment he definitely made up his mind to take young Whiteoak into his intimate circle, to make him his most intimate friend. He perceived his sister's intense interest in him. She recognized something peculiar, different, beautiful in Finch.

'I'm afraid I can't.'

Leigh was astonished. He had expected Finch to be most gratefully eager to accept any offering of friendship from him.

'But why not?'

'Oh, I don't know. But I think I'd better not. Thanks just the same.'

Leigh had been accustomed all his life to doing exactly what he wanted to, to having whatever he desired. His face showed the calm brightness of youth whose will has never been crossed.

'What nonsense! Of course you'll come. You're only shy. We need see very little of my mother and Ada, if it's that you mind.'

'No. The truth is,' Finch burst out, 'I should never have gone into this thing.'

Leigh said nothing, only looked at him with bright questioning eyes.

'I believe I'll have another glass of that — er — Benedictine.'

'I don't think I would if I were you. It's rather potent. . . . You were saying —'

Finch carefully set down his empty glass, fragile as a bubble. 'You know I failed in my matric, Leigh.'

'Certainly. Consequently you'll not need to swat at all this year. Take it easy.'

'But my family —'

'Tell me about your family, Finch. You've never spoken of your parents to me.'

'They're dead. My eldest brother runs things.'

'Your guardian, eh? What sort of chap is he? Hard to get on with?'

'Oh, I don't think so. He's sharp-tempered if you don't toe the mark. But he's awfully kind sometimes.'

'What makes you think he won't be kind this time?'

'He's got no opinion of theatricals and things of that sort. He's all for horses.'

'Ah, I remember. I saw him ride gloriously at the horse show. I'd like to meet him. I might be able to persuade him that play-acting is good for you.'

'You're quite wrong there, Leigh. He stopped my music lessons because of the matric business.'

'Good heavens!' Leigh restrained himself from saying, 'What a beast!' He asked, 'And you were keen about music?'

'Awfully.'

'And you've never mentioned it to me!' His tone expressed hurt.

'We were always talking about sport or the theatre.'

Leigh, with a gesture almost of petulance, turned to the sideboard. He refilled his own glass and that of Finch. 'You are amazingly reticent,' he said coldly. 'I thought we were friends.'

Finch sipped his Benedictine. He did not question why it was so suddenly given, after having been withheld. He saw Leigh in a glittering aura, a beautiful and desired being who would go through life choosing his paths, his friendships, with princely ease. He exclaimed eagerly, 'But we are! We are! At least, I am yours — I mean, you are mine. . . . Only, you can't understand. I did n't think you'd be a bit interested in my family or what I cared about. Like music, you know. . . . I'll be awfully glad to spend that week with you, Leigh, if you want me. I'll manage it somehow.'

His long, hollow-cheeked boy's face was flushed with emotion, his eyes glistened with sudden tears.

Impulsively Leigh put his arm about his shoulders. 'We are friends, then — for always. I can't tell you what you mean to me, Finch. I've been attracted by you from the first moment I saw you. You're unlike any other fellow I know. I'm positive you've genius, either dramatic or musical. We'll see. Tell me all about it, anyhow.'

'There's nothing much to tell — Leigh.'

'Call me Arthur.'

Finch's eyes lighted. 'Oh, may I? Thanks awfully. I'll like that. . . . There's nothing much to tell, Arthur. I can't play decently yet, but I'd rather be doing it than anything. I think it's chiefly because I can lose myself doing these things. Forget that I'm Finch Whiteoak.' He stared in silence at the floor for a moment, his hands thrust in his pockets; then he raised his eyes to his friend's face and asked ingenuously, 'It's wonderful when you're able to forget yourself completely, is n't it?'

'It must be. . . . But I could n't do it, Finch. I'm so damned self-conscious. I'm always posing. I don't want to forget myself. My great joy in life is watching my own stunts. But,' he added, seriously, 'my feeling about you is not self-conscious. It's real. As real as you are, and you're as real as one of those spirited horses your red-headed brother rides so well.'

Finch uttered one of his sudden guffaws. 'I'm real enough, but I'm no more spirited than a — than a — why, I guess Renny'd take a fit if he heard anyone call me spirited.'

'Well, I suppose I should have said sensitive, highly strung. . . . And this — Renny — stopped your music lessons, eh? Because you failed to pass your matric. Had he given you a good teacher?'

'Splendid. When Renny does anything, he does it thoroughly — even if it's swearing. I've never heard anyone who could curse like Renny.'

'He seems a thoroughgoing beast, but I like him in spite of myself. Is he married?'

Finch shook his head, and he thought of Alayne.

'Does n't care about women?'

'They fall for him.'

'Are any of your brothers married?'

'Yes. Eden's married; that is — well, he's separated from his wife. She's in New York. Her name is Alayne. Piers is

married, too. He and his wife live at Jalna.'

'Jalna?'

'Yes, that's the name of our place. Indian military station. My grandfather was stationed there.'

Leigh exclaimed, 'Look here, Finch, you must ask me out. I'm eaten up with curiosity to meet this family of yours. You're like a picture without its frame. I want to be able to see you in that frame. Just give me a chance to use my charms on your Renny and there'll be no trouble about the week in town. We'll even have him in to see the show.'

Ada's voice came from the drawing-room. 'If you are not coming back, I wish you'd tell me. I'd find a book to read or go to bed.'

'What a shame to desert her so!' exclaimed Leigh. He returned with his quick, graceful movements to the couch where she lay, and bent over her. 'Sorry, little one. Finch has been telling me about his family. He's invited me to go out to meet them. Are n't you jealous?'

'Frightfully.'

'Now we're going to rehearse our scene for you. . . . Come, Cloutie John, rumple your locks, and show Sis how truly mad you are.'

But the rehearsal was a failure. It was impossible for Finch to abandon himself to his part in that room, with Ada Leigh's critical eyes fixed on him. Leigh, after a little, saw how impossible it was and gave up the attempt.

He asked Finch to play. Time after time Finch's eyes had been drawn to the shining ivory of the keyboard, flushed by the rose-shaded light. He longed for the feel of it under his hands. He longed to feel the sense of power, of freedom, that always came with that contact. And this was a noble-looking grand piano. He had never touched one in his life. . . . His awkwardness fell from him as he slid on to the polished seat and laid his hands on the keys. Leigh noticed then what shapely hands he had despite their boniness. He noticed the shape of his head. Finch was going to be a distinguished-looking man some day. He was going to help Finch to attain his full spiritual growth, foster with his friendship the genius that he felt sure was in him. 'Play,' he said, smiling, and leaned across the piano toward him.

The piano was a steed. Finch's hands were on the bridle. A moment more and he would leap into the saddle and be borne away over wild fields of melody under starry skies. The steed knew him; it thrilled beneath his touch. His foot felt for the pedal. . . . What should he play?

He raised his eyes to Leigh's face, smiling encouragement. He saw Ada's eyes on him, too, mysterious behind a faint veil of smoke. He wished she were not there. Her presence dimmed the brightness of his contact with the keyboard, as the smoke dimmed the brightness of her eyes. He felt confused. He did not seem able to remember one piece from another.

'What shall I play?' he appealed to Leigh.

'Dear old fellow, I don't know what things you've done. Can you play Chopin? You look as though you could.'

'Yes. I'll try one of his waltzes.'

But, though his fingers ached to gather the notes, his brain refused to guide them.

'Oh, hell!' he muttered to Leigh. 'I'm up against one of my fool fits!' . . .

Late that night he wrote in his diary, at the end of the account of his day's doings, not the usual item concerning Joan, but in black, desperate-looking characters, the words 'Met Ada.'

V

In the days that followed, the friendship between Finch and Arthur Leigh strengthened into one of those sudden, passionate attachments of youth. They wished always to be together, but, as Finch was still at school and Leigh was a second-year student at Varsity, this was impossible. Leigh, however, had a car of his own, and he made it his habit to call for Finch every noon hour and take him out with him for luncheon. After the rehearsals it became the custom for Finch to return to the Leighs' house for dinner and to take the late train home. Finch explained this to Renny by saying that he had made a friend of a clever Varsity fellow who was willing to help him with the mathematics which were his weakness.

This was partially true, for Leigh would now and again work with him for an hour. At the end of these periods Leigh, who had a bent toward mathematics, found himself nervously exhausted. It was impossible to make Finch really understand even simple problems. The most that Leigh could do was to teach him certain tricks, and to show him how to make use of his excellent memory.

Finch never forgot the lines of his part. The director of the Little Theatre told him that if the stage were not in such a bad way he would advise him to make acting his profession. Finch could not feel any great elation over Mr. Brett's praise because he was at the moment greatly harassed by the necessity of spending the last fortnight before the play in town. More and more rehearsals were demanded. At last he agreed that his friend should come with him to Jalna to see what his influence could do toward softening the heart of the eldest Whiteoak on the subject of play-acting. He had put off the visit several times when Leigh had suggested it, but at last, in desperation, he threw himself on Leigh's protection and resource.

It was a Saturday afternoon in the New Year. The January thaw had come and gone. The weather had become cold again, but there was no snow. It was an iron day. An iron sky and iron earth, a wind the metallic iciness of which might well take the heart out of even a strong man.

Leigh gasped out, the words whistling between his teeth, 'I say, Finch, do you do this walk every day — in all kinds of weather? Deep snow — and sleet — and all that?'

'Of course I do. Are you cold, Arthur?'

'I've been warmer. Don't they ever send a car for you?'

'Good Lord, no. Sometimes I get a lift. We'll soon be there now.'

They strode on.

A little later Leigh exclaimed petulantly, 'I was never made for such a climate. As soon as I get through college, I'll cut these winters out.'

'Atlantic City, eh?'

'Oh, my dear, no! The south of France. The Lido. You and I'll go together, Finch.'

Finch grinned at him lovingly. He did not see where he would ever get money for traveling, but the thought of being in Europe with Arthur was beautiful.

Leigh was looking so chilled that Finch was glad when he was able to steer him at last up the driveway behind the shelter of the spruces and hemlocks. 'Here we are!' he announced. 'We'll sprint to the stables. It's warm enough there.'

Running together, they passed a young fellow in leggings with a fine color in his cheeks. He picked up a frozen winter pear from the ground and sent it after Finch's legs.

'That is my brother Piers,' said Finch, as they entered the stables.

They found Renny in a loose box, arranging the forelock of a coy-looking mare with great exactness. Finch made the introduction without enthusiasm. He hoped little from this meeting.

'How do you do?' said the eldest Whiteoak, with a sharp glance at the visitor.

He was indeed formidable, thought young Leigh. He did not blame Finch for being afraid of him. His face, under its peaked tweed cap, looked as though wind and weather, strong passions, and a high temper had hammered into it a kind of fierce immobility. . . .

The youths discussed the mare together, her master — rather ostentatiously, Leigh fancied — turning his back on them, and continuing his caressing arrangement of her mane and forelock. No admiring comment or carefully provocative question from Leigh drew more than a monosyllable from him. Still they persisted. He could not spend the entire afternoon over the mare's toilette. . . .

No, apparently he was satisfied. He looked her over; then, taking her head quickly between his hands, he pressed a kiss on her nose. 'My pretty one,' Leigh heard him say. The mare's eyes were two beaming orbs of contentment, her forehead the very throne of love. She uttered a deep sigh.

A stableman was carrying buckets of water along the passage to the various stalls. He placed one before the occupant of the stall nearest them, and a long gray head was thrust forward, yearning lips were plunged into the cold drink. Renny

pushed past the boys and went around into the stall.

'How is the leg, Wright?'

'Fine, sir. Could n't be mendin' better.'

They bent over a bandaged hind leg.

'It was wonderful, sir, you getting him the way you did. He's going to make his mark, I'm sure of it. And, for my part, I don't believe he's spoiled for flat racing, say what they will.'

Renny and the stableman stared with concentration at the bandage. The water in the bucket was lowered three parts of the way down. Coaxing whinnies, the indolent jangle of buckles, the petulant stamp of a hoof, were the only sounds.

'How did he get hurt?' asked Leigh, in an attempt to draw nearer to the master of Jalna through the horses which were so plainly his absorbing interest.

'Kicked himself.' He was pressing a practised thumb along the dappled gray flank.

'Really! How did he happen to do that?'

'Shied.' He straightened himself and turned to Wright. 'How is Darkie's indigestion?'

'Better, sir, but he'll have those attacks just as long as he bolts his oats the way he does. He's more like a ravening wolf than a horse with his feed.'

A shadow fell across Renny's face. 'Has he had his oats?'

'Yes, sir. I divided them into two lots, like you said to. After he'd had the first lot, I made him wait ten minutes. I've just give him the last half now.'

Renny strode with irritable swiftness to a stall farther down the passage, where a tall black horse was feeding with ferocious eagerness. He ceased champing his oats for a second to look back at his master entering the stall, then, with his mouth full, the oats dribbling from his lips, he plunged his face once more into his feed box.

Renny caught his head and jerked it up. 'Cut out that guzzling!' he ordered. 'Are you trying to kill yourself?'

The horse tried to shake him off, straining desperately toward his oats, his great eyes rolling in anger at the interruption. He snorted his outraged greed. Renny became suddenly hilarious and broke into noisy laughter.

'I should think that such irritation would be worse for the beast's digestion than bolting,' observed Leigh.

'Should you?' grinned Finch, highly pleased with his brother.

The horse now was showing his big teeth, as though he too felt a kind of grim amusement.

Finch whispered to Leigh, 'Now would be a good time to speak to him about the play. At least,' he added, rather pessimistically, 'as good as any.'

Leigh looked toward the red-haired master of Jalna with some apprehension. 'I suppose so,' he said. Then he had an idea — impulsive, extravagant, but one to break the ice between himself and Finch's brother.

He said, 'I wonder, Mr. Whiteoak, if you could tell me where I might buy a good saddle horse. I have been wanting one for some time,' — he was in truth afraid of horses, — 'but I have n't found — have n't been quite able' — his sentence broke down weakly.

There was no need for him to finish it. The arrogant face before him softened into an expression of almost tender solicitude. Renny said, 'It's a good thing young Finch brought you out. It's a serious matter, buying a horse, if you are inexperienced. Especially a saddle horse. I was talking the other day to a young fellow who had paid a fancy price for one and it had turned out not only nasty-tempered but a wind-sucker. A handsome beast, too. But he'd got badly stung. I have —' He hesitated, examining a bleeding knuckle which Darkie had jammed against the manger.

'Yes, yes,' said Arthur, eagerly, though he felt a certain resentment at the ease with which the barrier between had been swept away when the possibility of a deal in horseflesh had appeared.

Renny took the knuckle from his lips. 'I have a lovely three-year-old here — by Sirocco, out of Twilight Star — the image of his sire. You've seen Sirocco, of course?'

Arthur shook his head.

Renny regarded him pityingly. 'You have n't? Well, I'll take you around to see him. Every stallion, you must know, — that is, every really great stallion, —

reproduces himself absolutely only once. And Sirocco has only done it once. But perhaps' — he had been about to lead the way down the passage, but he wheeled, as if seized by an arresting thought — 'perhaps you don't care much about breeding points, and just want a —'

'Not at all,' interrupted Arthur. 'It must be a real beauty, everything you say —'

'Horse like that can't be bought cheaply, you know.'

'Oh, that does n't matter.' Then he reddened a little, thinking he might appear pretentious, too affluent, and added, 'The fact is, I've been saving up for a saddle horse for a very long time.'

The eldest Whiteoak had already heard, though without great interest at the time, that Leigh had inherited a large fortune, and that he would shortly be of age. He said, cheerfully, 'Well, in that case' — and led the way to the stallion's loose box.

Finch followed, wondering what all this would lead to, worrying over the thought of Arthur in Renny's grip for the sake of him.

From the loose box to the stall where the three-year-old was they proceeded, and Leigh learned more about saddle horses in half an hour than in all his preceding life. He thanked God that the day was wild, for otherwise he knew he would have been forced into a trial ride on the scornful-looking beast that cast suspicious glances at him down its nose.

The sound of small feet running came to them, and Wakefield dashed along the passage, a coat thrown over his head beneath which his face looked out, bright-eyed and scarlet-cheeked.

'I simply *flew* over,' he panted, 'to tell you to come to tea. It's five o'clock and there was a perfectly 'normous cake and it's nearly gone and there's a fresh pot of tea made for *you*, Renny. And for Mr. Leigh, o' course.'

The snow had come at last. He was feathered all over with it.

'You should not have come out in this gale,' said Renny. 'Was there no one else to send?'

'I wanted to come! Which nag is that? Is he a good jumper? I must run around and see my pony. Should n't you like to see my birthday pony, Mr. Leigh?'

Renny caught him by the arm. 'No. Don't go around there. Wallflower is in the next stall and she's feeling very nervous to-day. Go to the house, Finch, and tell Aunt that Mr. Leigh will follow you in a little while. Tell her to keep the tea hot for him. Send Rags over with a pot for me, and some bread and butter. I'll take it here.' He picked up Wakefield as though he had been a parcel, and deposited him on Finch's back. 'Give this youngster a ride. He's got nothing but slippers on. You deserve a good cuffing, Wake. And see that you keep that coat over your head.' He raised his voice and shouted, 'Open the door for this thoroughbred, Wright!'

Alone with Leigh in the stable, Renny remarked, a shadow on his face, 'A delicate boy, that.'

'Yes, so I gathered,' returned Leigh. 'Perhaps he'll outgrow it. They often do, don't they? I was n't a very strong kid myself.'

Renny looked him over. 'Hmph,' he observed, without any note of encouragement; then added, more cheerfully, 'I'd like to take you to my office and show you the horse's pedigree.' He led the way to a small room partitioned off from a corner of the stable. He switched on a dangling electric bulb, and, after placing a kitchen chair for Leigh, seated himself before a yellow oak desk and began to look over a file of papers.

As he sat engrossed, beneath the hard white light, Leigh studied him with an access of interest. He tried to put himself in Finch's place, to imagine how it would feel to be obliged to ask this stern-looking fellow for permission to do this and that, to face him after failure in an exam. . . . He wished very much that he were not going to buy the horse. It would be necessary to board it out; it would be necessary to ride it, and he did not care for riding. Renny Whiteoak's performance at the horse show had left him quite unmoved. He had been driven to buying the horse in order to create a meeting place where he and Finch's brother could talk about Finch.

But how was he to begin? He shivered, for the room seemed to him very cold with

a damp chill that he supposed penetrated from the stable.

'Ah, here we are! Now, just draw your chair up to the desk.'

Leigh obediently drew toward the desk, and the two bent over the pedigrees.

They were still absorbed when a tap came at the door and Wragge entered with Renny's tea. Leigh began to feel desperate. His chances for pleading Finch's cause to the head of the clan seemed to be lessening. With a sudden nervous decision he closed the bargain. The payment was arranged.

Renny observed, while he washed his hands in a basin on a small washing stand in a corner, 'It's too bad to have kept you from your tea so long. I wish I had had Rags fetch enough over here for two.'

Leigh shivered. He was nervous, he was cold, and the thought of eating in a stable disgusted him.

'Thank you,' he said. 'It does n't matter at all.' He shivered again, as he noticed how Renny rubbed yellow soap on his hands regardless of the raw knuckle.

Rags set the tray on the desk. As the door closed behind him, words came more easily to Leigh. 'I think, sir, that Finch' — he had the good sense to use moderation in his statement — 'is really a very clever boy. I think he will be a great credit to you — to Jalna.' His subtle mind had discovered that, more than his horses, the eldest Whiteoak loved his house. He went on: 'I am sure he will, if he is allowed a little margin — a chance, you know, to develop in his own way. There are some fellows who can't stand the grind of study unless they have some kind of outlet —'

'Oh, he's been telling you about the music lessons, eh? Well, I thought it best to stop them for a while. He was always strumming, and he failed —'

'It was not necessarily the music that caused him to fail. Any number of fellows fail the first time who don't know one note from another. If he'd had more music in his life, he might not have failed. It's quite possible.'

Renny, pouring himself more tea, burst into laughter.

Leigh hurried on: 'But music has nothing to do with this. This is about acting.'

'Acting!'

'Yes. Finch has great talent for acting. I'm not sure that it is not greater than his talent for music.'

Renny threw himself back in his chair. Good God, was there no limit to the extraordinary talents of this hobbledehoy? 'Where's he been acting? Why have n't I been told about it?'

'I'm afraid I've been to blame about that. I felt that the expression of — of some art is so necessary to Finch that I persuaded him — made him promise not to let anyone put a stop to it.'

The fiery brown eyes were on him. 'His promises to me are worth nothing, then!'

'But they are! I give you my word that he has not been neglecting his work.'

A knock sounded on the door.

'Come in,' said Renny, and Wright entered.

'The vet's here, sir.'

'Good,' exclaimed Renny, rising. With a movement of suppressed irritation he turned to Leigh: 'What do you want me to do?'

He was faintly suspicious of Leigh. He felt that Leigh had cornered him. He supposed that Finch had got Leigh working on his behalf. Finch had a way of enlisting the sympathies of susceptible people — intellectual people. There had been Alayne. How she had pleaded for music lessons for him! The thought of her softened him. He added, 'I don't expect Finch to plug away and never have any fun. I don't object to anything so long as it's not going to interfere with his studies.'

A feeling of weakness stole over Leigh. His efforts seemed suddenly futile. The life of this place was too strong for him, the personalities of the Whiteoaks too vigorous. He said, with an effort, 'If you would only let Finch feel that. If he could know that you don't despise him for needing something — some form of expression other than the routine of the school curriculum — of school games —'

Wright's round blue eyes were riveted on his face. The eyes of all the horses in the glossy prints and lithographs that covered the wall were riveted on him, their nostrils distended in contempt.

Outside in the stable a man's voice was

raised, shouting orders. There was a clatter of hoofs.

Leigh said, hurriedly, 'Mr. Whiteoak, will you promise me something? Let Finch spend the next fortnight with me. I'll help him all I can with his work, and I honestly think I can help a good deal. Then I want you to come, if you will, to our place for dinner one night of the play and see for yourself how splendid Finch is. My mother and sister would like to meet you. You know you're a hero to Finch, and consequently to us, too. He's told us about what you did in the War — the D.S.O., you know.'

Renny showed embarrassment, as well as impatience. 'Very well,' he said, curtly. 'Let him go ahead with the play. But no slacking, mind.'

'And you'll come one night?'

'Yes. And I hope you will like the horse.'

'I know I shall.'

They shook hands and parted.

VI

The opening night of the play Finch was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that he wondered if he would ever feel natural again.

Leigh was nervous, too. He had the part of the hero, mixture of courage and cowardice, to play, and his soul yearned over Finch, who had not only to make his first appearance at the Little Theatre, but to make it before Renny. Leigh had intended that the elder brother should see the performance late in the week, but Mrs. Leigh, unadvised by him, had sent the invitation to dinner, naming Monday. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, induce a complacent state of mind in the difficult guest by good wine and charming feminine companionship. For the latter, Leigh put all trust in his mother and sister. In his haste and perturbation, he took time to speculate as to which of them would interest Renny the more, upon which his quick glance might linger. For himself, the two so claimed his life, his love, that he wondered whether he should ever care for any other woman. He hoped not. His mother, his sister, Finch — these were enough.

Finch, coming into the drawing-room, where he now felt happily at ease, found Ada Leigh already there. She said, with her peculiar, slanting look at him, across a lighted candelabrum, 'I suppose you're awfully nervous.'

He was in one of his moments of elation. 'Oh, I don't think so. I don't believe I'm as nervous as Arthur is.'

'I think you are. You're trembling.'

'That's nothing. It doesn't take anything to make me shake. Why, I can't pass a teacup without slopping the tea over.'

'Ah, but this is different. You're afraid.' She was smiling teasingly. He felt that she wanted him to be frightened. He drew nearer to her and saw the reflection of a pointed flame in her eyes.

'Afraid of what?'

'Afraid of me.'

'Afraid of *you?*' He tried to look astonished, but he began to feel afraid, and yet oddly elated.

'Yes . . . and I of you.'

He laughed now and he ceased trembling. Quick pulses began to beat all over his body. He took her hand and began to caress her fingers. He examined her pink nails as though they were little shells he had found on some strange shore. . . .

Then she was in his arms. He who had never kissed a girl! He felt suffocated. . . . It seemed to him an unreal dream that he was kissing her. She was snuggling under his chin. . . . Over her head he looked out into the darkness beyond the window, and saw the cluster of candle flames reflected like a cluster of golden blooms. He saw the reflection of his own head, the pale green of her dress like a shimmering pool in the darkness, over which his head was bent. How unreal it all seemed! He embraced her, excited by the beautiful reflection, by a new sense of power, of daring, but he felt that he was acting a part. They kissed in a tremulous dream.

Mrs. Leigh and Arthur were coming down the stairs together. There was plenty of time for the two in the drawing-room to draw apart, he to pick up a book and she to rearrange some flowers in a black bowl. No longer the darkness beyond the window reflected the entwined figures of the impassioned pursuers of experience.

Arthur went to Finch and threw an arm across his shoulders. 'Darling Finch,' he said, in his low, musical voice, 'I'm so glad you're not nervous any more. You've a beam of absolute assurance in your eyes. I'm the one who is nervous.'

How comforting Arthur's caressing arm was! Finch rejoiced in the yoke of friendship thus laid across his shoulders. He saw Ada's eyes fixed on them, dark with jealousy.

If only Renny were not coming to dinner, he should be happy, he thought. He could not conceive of Renny's fitting into the delicately adjusted contacts of that group. Yet, when Renny came, looking distant and elegant to Finch in his dinner jacket, he fitted in marvelously well. More strangely still, he did not adjust his conversation to the light current which usually flowed easily about the table, but brought with him something of the more vigorous, harsh atmosphere of Jalna. His red head, his shoulders that had the droop of much riding in the saddle, his sudden, sharp laughter, dominated the room.

Finch was so exhilarated by his experience of love-making, so proud of Renny, that his face was full of brightness. He looked charming. An observer would have found it interesting to compare him with the slouching, deprecating, often sullen youth who appeared at home.

Renny ate and talked with zest. Arthur, delighted with the success of his plans, found his dislike of the elder brother turning to appreciation of his generous and fiery temper. He felt that it would be good for him to have a man of this sort coming to the house, good for Ada, too, who was beginning to expect admiration from all males.

Arthur and Finch were leaving for the theatre before the others. Mrs. Leigh and Ada were upstairs preparing to put on their evening wraps. While Arthur was ordering a car, the two brothers were left alone in the drawing-room for a moment.

In a burst of nervous excitement, Finch whispered, hoarsely, 'What do you think, Renny? I kissed Ada Leigh in this room to-night!'

'The deuce you did! Did she like it?'

'I think so. We were reflected in the strangest way in the window. Ourselves, only more beautiful.'

'H'm.' Renny regarded him with genial amusement. 'Are you sure she did n't ask for it?'

'Of course I am.' He reddened, but he still leaned over Renny's chair in a confidential attitude.

'Well, it's an experience for you. She's a pretty girl.'

Leigh's voice called from outside.

'Coming, Arthur!' Finch hastened out to his friend. . . .

Renny sat puffing at his cigarette, the glow of amusement still brightening his eyes. Young Finch making love! And it seemed like yesterday when he had turned Finch across his knee and warmed his seat. And now he was getting to be a man, poor devil!

He looked about him. An unreal room. Not a bit like the drawing-room at Jalna. Nothing homelike about it, with all these little pictures speckled over the walls, all the delicate furnishings, the fragile ornaments. But it suited the two pretty women. Odd, mysterious women — attractive, yet uncomfortable.

Later, in the theatre, seated between mother and daughter, Renny experienced a feeling of exasperation, of being trapped. The two pretty women seemed like jailers, and this place a prison. He hated the 'arty' atmosphere, the cold, chaste walls, the curtain. The lack of an orchestra depressed him. For him a theatre should blaze in gilt and scarlet, the curtain should present some florid Italian scene, and his spirit should be borne on the crash of music as on an element. He began to be unaccountably nervous for Finch. He had not wanted him to go in for anything of this sort, but now that he was . . . His throat tightened. He had trouble in taking a deep breath.

The play began. It increased his low spirits. The religion of the old man, his quoting of the Scriptures, made Renny want to howl. And Finch, when at last he appeared! His wild hair, his dirty face, his rags, his bare feet! Something deeply conservative in Renny disliked very much the sight of bare feet on the stage. The legs of a chorus girl, that was quite different,

but a man's — his brother's — bare feet were distinctly ugly. And the way Finch blew on his whistle, the mad way he danced about, and sat on the floor and jumped up again, and begged for scraps of food, and slept in the chimney corner, and was always appearing suddenly and disappearing! And his Irish brogue!

The applause thundered. Finch was the bright star of the evening. His face was white and wild with exultation as he was applauded again and again.

After the play there was a little gathering in the director's room. Friends crowded about the actors. Finch, not quite rid of his make-up, showed a dingy smear on his cheek. He trembled when he came to speak to Mrs. Leigh and Renny.

'Oh, my dear,' cried Mrs. Leigh, her hand squeezing his arm, 'you could not have been better! We are all thrilled by you.'

Renny said nothing, regarding him with the same grin of disapproval. To Finch it seemed to say, 'Wait until I get you alone, young man.' His feeling of triumph was gone. He felt that he had been making a fool of himself for the amusement of the audience. Not again during the week did he recover his buoyancy and complete abandon in the part.

Returning home in the train next day, Renny thought about Finch, and not only Finch, but all those younger members of the family who were his half brothers. What was wrong with them? Certainly there was some weakness, bred in the bone, that made them different from the other Whiteoaks.

The face of their mother flashed into his mind. She had been governess to him and Meg before his father had married her. They had given her rather a rough time both as governess and as stepmother. He remembered her sobbing with exasperation over his misbehavior. But when she had become their stepmother she had held herself somewhat aloof from them, encircled by the love of her husband, absorbed by her too frequent motherhood.

Renny recalled vividly now the fact that when he had come upon her she had nearly always been reading. Poetry, too. What a mother for men! He had come upon her reading poetry to his father, who stared at her, listening, his eyes enfolding her. She had loved him, and had not long survived him. Poor young Wake had been a posthumous child.

Poetry in them — music in them — that was the trouble. Eden was full of poetry, and he had inherited his mother's beauty, too. . . . Where was he now? They had heard nothing of him in the year and a half he had been away. How ghastly to think that Alayne was tied to him. . . . At the thought of Alayne an ache struck him in the breast, an ache of longing for something that he could not possess. His soul groped, searching for a way to turn aside from the longing. He wondered at himself. He, for whom it had been so easy to forget. . . .

He shifted his body on the seat, as an animal, puzzled by pain, changes its position, bending his lean red face to stare out of the window on the far side of the car. He saw a frozen stream there and the rounded black forms of a clump of cedars.

Of what had he been thinking? Ah, yes, the boys! Eden. A damned fool, Eden. But Piers was no fool. Sound as a nut. A Whiteoak, through and through. Then Finch, the young whelp, deceiving him! Posturing, play-acting before a parcel of highbrows. And mad about music, too. Well, he'd got to work in earnest now if he were going to amount to anything. . . . There was Wake, fanciful little rascal. No knowing what he'd be up to in a few years. . . .

Like an eagle whose nestlings were turning out to be skylarks, Renny regarded his brood, his love, his pride in them, clouded by doubt.

At the station Wright was waiting for him with a dappled gray gelding harnessed to a red sleigh. The drifts were too high for motoring. Wright had brought Renny's great coon coat, in which he enveloped himself on the platform.

When they arrived at the stables Piers was there. He asked, as Renny alighted, 'Well, how did the matinée idol get on?'

'He took the part of an idiot. Too damned well.'

'He would,' said Piers.

VII

Besides Arthur Leigh, Finch had one other friend. This was George Fennel, the rector's second son. But his friendship with George lacked the sense of adventure, the exhilaration of his friendship with Arthur. Arthur and he had sought out each other. They had bridged barriers to clasp hands. But George and he had been thrown together since infancy. Each thought he knew all there was to know about the other. Each was fond of the other and a little despised him. Their bonds were hatred of mathematics and love of music. But where Finch toiled and sweated over his mathematics, and ached with desire for music, George made no effort to learn what was hard for him, concentrating with dogged purpose on the subjects he liked, early determining that, square peg as he was, he would be fitted into no round hole. He played whatever musical instrument was handy without partiality. He liked the mouth organ as well as the piano, the banjo as well as the mandolin. He made them all sing for him of the sweetness of life.

He was a short, thickset youth, yet somehow graceful. His clothes were always untidy and his hair rumpled. Arthur Leigh thought him boorish, commonplace, a country clod. He did what he could to draw Finch away from him, and Finch, during that winter, till the time of the play, had never seen so little of George. But after the play he had yearned toward George. For some reason which he could not have explained, he was no longer quite so happy at the Leighs'. Not that his passage with Ada had made any palpable difference. He did not follow his advance by another step or by a repetition. She seemed to have forgotten it. Arthur had become oversensitive, exacting, critical of him. Finch was now often finding out that he had, by some gruff or careless remark, hurt Arthur; that he had, by some coarseness or stupidity, offended him; that, when he loudly aired his opinions, Arthur winced. Yet they had hours of such happiness together that Finch went home through the snow joyous in all his being. The trouble was, he decided, that Arthur loved him so well that he wanted him to be perfect, as he was perfect, not knowing how impossible that was.

How different with George! George expected nothing of him and was not disappointed. They could spend an evening together in his tiny bedroom in the rectory, working at an uninspired level of intelligence, chaffing, telling each other idiotic jokes, littering the floor with nutshells, and finally descending to the parlor for an hour of music before Finch must hasten home.

George, like Finch, was always hard up. Sometimes they had not between them two coins to rub together. When Finch was with Arthur he was continually accepting favors, continually being given pleasures which he could only repay by gratitude. At times he felt that the fount of his gratitude must dry up from the unceasing flow.

How different with George! There was nothing about which he need be grateful to George. They were both about as poor in this world's possessions as they well could be. Each owned a few shabby clothes, his schoolbooks, his watch, and a cherished object or two, such as George's banjo and an old silver snuffbox which Lady Buckley had given Finch. When he was going to the rectory, Finch would fill his pockets with apples; Mr. Fennel would carry a plate of crullers to the boys; they would both rifle Mrs. Fennel's pantry. It was a pleasant and inexpensive give and take.

One evening George said to him, 'I know a fellow who would rig up a radio for us for next to nothing.'

'H'm,' grunted Finch, tearing a bite from a russet apple. 'If we only had that next to nothing!'

'They're any amount of fun,' sighed George. 'You can get wonderful concerts from New York, Chicago — all over, in fact.'

'Good music, eh? Piano playing?'

George leaned forward, his square, roguish face twinkling. 'I know how we can earn some money, Finch.'

Finch flung the core of the russet into the waste-paper basket. 'How, then?' His tone was skeptical.

'By getting up an orchestra.'

'An orchestra! You've gone dotty, haven't you?'

'Not by a long shot. Listen here. The

other day my father was making a sick call in Stead, and I drove him there. These people have a greenhouse, and while I waited outside I strolled about looking through the windows at the plants. A fellow came out and we got to talking. He was a grandson and he'd just come out from town because of the sickness. I soon found out that he plays the mandolin. He's got a friend who plays it, too, and another who plays the flute. They've been thinking for some time they'd like to get up an orchestra if they could find some fellows to play the banjo and piano. He was awfully excited when I told him we might go in for it.'

Finch was staggered. 'But your father — what will he say?'

'He won't know. You see, I did n't tell this fellow I was Dad's son. He thinks I'm just employed by him. I thought it was better, because one's people are so darned silly about who you go with.' And he added softly, 'One of the chaps is a tailor's assistant — he's the flutist — and the other works in the abattoir.'

'Gee!' exclaimed Finch. 'Do you mean to say he *kills* things?'

'I did n't ask him,' returned George testily. 'The point is that he can play the mandolin.'

'So you've met them!'

'Yes. At the noon hour. They're awfully decent chaps, and they're quite old, too. The one I first met is twenty-three, and the other looks about twenty-six or so. They're awfully anxious to meet you.'

Finch began to shake with excitement. 'There's no earthly use in talking about an orchestra to me. I should n't be let go to town for practising or playing at places. There'd be a hell of a row if I proposed such a thing.'

'No need for you to mention it. I've got it all arranged. You don't object to making five dollars every now and again, do you?'

Finch sat up and stared. 'Should I get that much?'

'Certainly. Lilly, that's the leader's name, says we can easily get twenty-five dollars a night for playing at dances in restaurants. That's five each. It'll be the simplest thing in the world for us to work it. By bolting a bit of lunch, we can get in an hour's practice at noon. Sometimes we can do it after five o'clock by staying in town for the seven-thirty train. That's easy. Now, for the dances. You remember my aunt, Mrs. St. John, has been widowed lately.'

Finch nodded.

'Very well. My aunt was saying only yesterday that she would like me to spend a night with her once a week for company. She would be pleased if I were to bring you along, and, seeing that she's a favorite of your darned old family, I don't suppose they'd object to your spending a night in her house, when she's widowed and all that, and I guess Renny thinks you're more likely to study when you're with me than with that Leigh chap.' George, in his quiet way, thoroughly disliked Leigh.

'But your aunt, won't she be suspicious?'

George smiled gently. 'It all fits in beautifully. Auntie is ordered to bed by her doctor at eight every night. She'll see us get our books out — the library's downstairs — and then toddle off to her bedroom and go bye-bye. The dances begin at nine. We'll see life in those restaurants, too, mind you. And five bucks apiece.'

They whispered, planning together, till it was time for Finch to go home. There he sat, wrapped in a quilt, studying, to make up for lost time. But between him and the page returned again and again the vision of Ada's face with mouth tremulously smiling, quivering from the kisses he had given her. With an effort he would put these pictures away and drag his mind back to its task. . . .

Difficult, unlikely as it had seemed, the orchestra came into being. It flourished. Lunches were bolted and the noonday period was spent in practice in the parlor above the tailor shop, into which penetrated the pungent smell of hot iron pressing damp cloth. The tailor's assistant was cousin to the tailor, and he and his girl-wife and puny infant lived also above the shop. He was the oldest member of the orchestra, being twenty-six. His name was Meech. Finch soon became well acquainted with all the family, and, as they were kind to him and admired his playing, his affection rushed out to them. Often, when the practice was over, he would stay awhile, making himself late

for school, to play Chopin or Schubert before the friendly circle. Then the thin girl-wife of the young tailor would crouch at the end of the piano watching his hands as he played. She was so close to him that she was in his way, but he would not ask her to move. Sitting so, with her eyes on him, music springing up beneath his hands, he felt firm and strong, free as air.

Finch now saw a new kind of life, the life of shopgirls and their beaus seeking pleasure at night in cheap restaurants. On the mornings of the days when the orchestra had engagements to play, he awoke with a start, excited in all his being. He found it was the easiest thing in the world to lead a double life. Aunt Augusta would send a box of little cakes or a pot of marmalade to Mrs. St. John. His aunt, though she looked at him coldly, her head drawn back with her air of offense, had a tender spot in her heart for the boy. To his amazement, he had won the prize canary in the raffle, and had smuggled the cage to her room, swathed in paper, a present for her on her seventy-fifth birthday. She had told him that his winning the lottery was a good omen for his future. The two were drawn together. He often visited her room to see the canary, and they gloated over the prize together. She soon grew to love it extravagantly. Finch would have liked to buy presents for the family from the wealth that poured in so fast, but where would they think he had got the money? But he could not resist a necktie for Renny's birthday, which fell in March. He spent a long time in the haberdasher's choosing it — two shades of blue in a gorgeous stripe. Renny's eyebrows flew up in surprise when it was presented. He was touched. But when he appeared at Sunday tea wearing it, the vivid blue blazing against the highly colored flesh of his face, his red hair, a storm of protest arose from the family. Renny's beauty — which, they declared, required dark colors to set it off — was ruined by the tie. Now it would have become Piers, with his blue eyes and fair skin. And the next time Finch saw the tie Piers was wearing it.

He had better luck with the box of water colors he bought for Wakefield. To avoid suspicion, for it was a very good box of colors, he said that it was a present from Leigh. Wake, who was condemned to his bed that week, was delighted. He painted pictures day in and day out. Renny, finding his bed littered with them, thought, with a moment's heaviness, 'By God, this poor youngster's going to be a genius, too!'

Engagements for the orchestra came thick and fast. The young musicians played with such untiring gayety; they were so obliging. Finch conscientiously slaved at his books, and, between practising and studying and loss of sleep, grew so thin that even Piers was moved to concern.

Just after Easter, George announced an engagement in a restaurant in which they had played several times. The members of some athletic club were having a dance. The two boys had spent the Easter holidays with Mrs. St. John, and the orchestra had worked very hard learning new dance music. They had played at four dances, so Finch had twenty dollars to add to the hoard hidden on the top shelf of his clothes cupboard in an old fishing basket. Since the opening of school he had studied late into every night, apprehensive of again failing in his examinations.

On the night of the dance he was very tired. There had been trouble over spending the night in town, and only a passionate appeal to Aunt Augusta to intervene for him had made it possible. The rector, too, was beginning to think that his sister should be able to get on without George, and even Mrs. St. John herself had become a little less yearning toward her two young visitors. Finch felt that he could stand the strain no longer, that for a while the orchestra should take no new engagements or that someone else must be found to play the piano. Yet he loved it. It was life — making music, watching the dancing, the love-making, being in the streets late at night, the freshly earned money in his pocket.

The dance hall was hot. The room was full of young men and girls — the men, hockey players, lithe and strong; the girls, bare-shouldered, silken-legged, with laughing red-lipped faces. Some of them knew Finch by sight as a member of the orchestra, and waved to him as he sat sounding one note while the musicians tuned up. There was something about him that they liked. 'I say, Doris, there's the boy with the blond

hair! I think he's a lamb. Should n't mind dancing with him.'

The flute, the two mandolins, the banjo, the piano, gave voice. They sang of the joy of the dance, of strong limbs, of supple backs, of touching electric finger tips. All the brightly colored crowd galloped like huntsmen, led by the five hounds, in pursuit of that adroit fox, Joy.

When the time came for supper, the members of the orchestra rose and stretched their legs. They had been playing for three hours. A waiter brought them refreshments. Finch, trying not to seem ravenous, was irritated when a tall black-haired girl came up to him. 'My, you boys can play,' she said. 'I'd sooner dance to your music than any of the big orchestras.'

'Oh, go on!'

'Honestly, I would.'

He took another sandwich. His gaze did not rise above her shimmering shins.

'You're a funny boy. Gosh, your eyelashes are almost a mile long!'

He blushed, and raised his eyes as high as the marble whiteness of her chest.

A stout fellow came up and took her arm. 'Here, Betty,' he said, 'none of that.' He led her off, but her bold greenish eyes laughed over her white shoulder at Finch.

He boasted to Meech, the flutist, of the advances she had made, while they hurriedly consumed cake and coffee. 'That's a good sort to steer clear of,' Meech counseled. 'There's a lot of bold-looking hussies here, and no mistake.'

The dance went on, the dancers displaying even more freedom of movement and brightness of eyes than before supper. They had been drinking a little, but they were not noisy. At two o'clock Burns, the mandolin player, who worked in an abattoir, passed a flask among the players. They were very tired. A little later they emptied it.

'One dance more!' the dancers begged at three o'clock. 'One dance more!' They clapped their hands vigorously. Finch felt ready to drop from the stool. A tendon in his right hand ached horribly. The dancers seemed to him like vampires, sucking his blood, never tiring of the taste of it.

A waiter appeared with a glass jug and glasses. 'Have some ginger ale?' he asked, smiling.

Finch took a glass. Something stronger than ginger ale, he discovered. A pleasant glow passed into him with the first half of the glass. After the second half he felt stronger, firmer. He looked over his shoulder at the others. George Fennel's eyes were shining under his tumbled hair. Meech, the flutist, showed a pink flush on his high, pale forehead, Lilly and Burns were laughing together. Burns said, in a heavy bass voice, 'Lilly, here, can't see the strings. He's pipped, are n't you, Lilly?'

But now they discovered that they could go on. A little gush of energy swept them into 'My Heart Stood Still.' The dancers moved in silence, holding each other tightly, the sliding of their feet sounding like the dry rush of autumn leaves. The cruel white lights showed them as people growing old. A blight seemed to have fallen on them.

At last the dancing feet stood still. It was past four o'clock when the members of the orchestra descended the narrow stairs and went out into the darkness of the morning.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE HUMAN COCKTAIL

'THE Noble Experiment' has created many new and picturesque occupations. The bootlegger and hi-jacker are now national institutions. But the most novel, and in many ways the most interesting, is the Human Cocktail. I beheld it in action once, and it was an unqualified success.

I had occasion to attend one of those functions known as Banquets, which was graced by the presence of several hundred American Business Men. It was just as stodgy and funereal, in its early stages, as all such functions are.

As the American Business Man was addressing himself to a minute portion of broiled chicken, I reflected that the zero hour would soon come and floods of oratory would be turned loose. I was one of several who sat cowering at the Speakers' Table. From this vantage point I saw a young woman suddenly appear at the far end of the room. She had evidently emerged from behind a screen placed conveniently near a door. She was dressed in scarlet, and from the remote distance looked attractive. She walked slowly down one of the long aisles between the tables. I thought she assessed the gathering with an appraising eye. As she passed along, surprised and somewhat terrified glances were directed toward her by the banqueters. When halfway down the room she began to sing softly and liltingly. Presently her figure began to sway and she broke into a cakewalk, with arms outstretched and palms turned down. The broiled chicken was forgotten; the American Business Man was thinking of something else. She made the entire circuit of the room. She nodded and smiled to the more responsive faces, and waved her hand to distant beholders.

Her circuit brought her to a small raised platform upon which was a piano. She sat down at it and her fingers moved silently on the keys. I was preparing myself for the inevitable outburst of jazz, when she struck a chord and sprang to her feet. All her languor had disappeared; she was incarnate fire and flame. 'Sing — everybody sing!' she cried. She sang the first few lines of a familiar sentimental ditty. She sang alone — not a masculine voice joined her. She left the platform and swept up and down the room. Presently a few of the bolder found voice and there was a feeble chorus. Suddenly she pointed a long finger at a shamefaced diner.

'There is a voice. Who is he?'

A dozen willing friends announced that it was Bill.

'Come here, Bill — you can sing,' she commanded.

Bill was hoisted from his chair by his admirers, and he sheepishly followed the lady. She took him by the arm and dragged him along. Bill, anxious to have others share his fate, identified more voices, and they were dragged from their seats. Presently she had a roughly extemporized double quartette, and they all returned to the piano. In two minutes she had set them in their places, told them what to do, and made them her willing slaves.

With the aid of her octette, she ran through a programme of familiar songs. Little by little the others began to respond, and the choruses became more substantial and less tuneful.

'You all know this one,' she shouted, and, stepping to a table, she took a glass and a knife. Then she began to sing 'Jingle Bells,' tapping the glass with the knife. The American Business Man was on sure ground now, and over and over again this song, in praise of a now almost unknown vehicle, was repeated. I looked down upon an inspiring sight — four hundred men of mature years, smiling like cherubs, beating time on empty water glasses, and singing their hearts out, with swaying bodies and wagging heads.

From then on it was plain sailing. She called for request numbers. She could sing and play anything they could suggest. How or where she had learned the words of songs long buried in oblivion I do not venture to explain. I waited to see how soon the choice would turn to more modern and less innocent numbers. I had forgotten for the moment — what the lady knew — that the American Business Man likes a little naughtiness, but adores sentiment with all the fervor of a starved boy. How they sang, bellowed, and roared! One rubicund gentleman near me melted into tears. They were having a perfectly lovely time.

The viands were forgotten, but we got through the dinner somehow, and the lady disappeared. The speeches were as bad as usual, and quite as long. The diners paid scant attention. They watched the end of the room furtively, with knives poised in mid-air. The ordeal was over, and again the lady in scarlet swept in, more animated, more eager than ever. The spectacle was repeated. More howls and roars, more tears, more laughter. She had forty men around the piano now, perspiring, ardent, vocal.

It seemed likely to go on forever. There was limitless vitality in that slender little body, and how she did give it out! The evening wore on. There was nothing stodgy or funereal about it now. The diners were like schoolboys vying with each other for a word of approval, an admiring glance or smile of appreciation from teacher.

It was long past midnight, but no one thought of going home — I least of all. There came a pause in the tempest of song. The lady sat, smiling, at the piano. Her mood changed; pensiveness replaced 'pep,' and her fingers strayed over the keys. Then softly, very softly, there reached my ears the refrain of the one song dearer to the Business Man's heart than any other. It was 'Seeing Nellie Home.' The lady had the remnant of a voice, and she used it with consummate skill. In the tense silence the whispered words reached the remotest limits of the room. That trivial little air became a haunting, beguiling, bewitching thing. The diners all rose to their feet. The lady sang louder; she sprang to a chair, and waved her arms in time with the melody. With a roar, they followed her.

Like an inspired conductor she led them along, through every variation of tone and volume, from tearful, sepulchral whispers to howls of delirium. It was an emotional orgy, and the American Business Man was having the time of his life. They sang, and then sang again:—

On my ar-r-um a soft hand rest-ted —
Rest-ted light as ocean foam.
And 't was from Aunt Dinah's qui-il-ting party
I was see-e-ing Nellie home.

And then, all together, pianissimo: —

I was see-e-ing Nellie ho-o-ome,
I was seeing Nellie home.
Ad infinitum

At last it was all over. The lady made a dramatic exit with much hand-waving and smiling, and the American

Business Man mopped his beaded brow and hunted for his overshoes.

I went to bed in the small hours, but I could still hear belated diners going down the street, announcing to all the world that they were 'seeing Nellie ho-o-ome,' even as they sought the drab environs of their emotionally sterile abodes. It was a great night.

I rose and breakfasted early the next morning. As I came out of the dining room I saw a tiny feminine figure in a great leather chair in the hotel office. It was a pallid reflection of the Lady in Red.

An indescribably thin little chin was buried in the palm of a thinner hand. Lacklustre eyes stared unseeing at the floor. Every line in her body shouted fatigue, utter and absolute.

'Well,' I said, 'you gave us a great party.'

'I am glad you enjoyed it,' she answered.

'It must be very hard work,' I added, in genuine sympathy. 'Do you do it often?'

She rose and gathered her coat about her.

'As often as I can secure engagements,' she said; 'and I have a good many. It is hard work, but I enjoy it. The poor dears do have such a good time, and they must have something to make their dreadful banquets go.'

As she passed me to go to a waiting taxi a wan little smile appeared upon her weary lips, and a faint shadow of the Lady in Red appeared as she said: —

'To-night I am with the Plumbing Fixtures. It's a great life, if you don't weaken.'

I thought it certainly was.

Defiance

Fat legs, thin legs,
Bowing-out-and-in legs —
All along the Avenue,
  Silk, silk, silk.

Pale legs, dark legs,
Out-for-any-lark legs,
Weaving down the Avenue
  A restless braid of silk.

Here come my own legs,
Walking-all-alone legs —
Straight along the Avenue.
  Not at all of silk.

Cotton legs, black legs,
Don't-give-a-crack legs —
Rebels of the Avenue,
  Scoffers at the silk!

Country Cousin

I am from the country.
  My shoes are dusty, dusty.
My squirrel fur ran wild once.
  My mind is rough and rusty.

I can break a fresh colt.
  I can kill a snake.
I can chop a white pine through.
  I can swim a lake.

I cannot tip a waiter
  Without a silly start.
I put no trust in Broadway
  Without a thumping heart.

City lips are coral . . .
  City glances level . . .
I am from the country;
  And prouder than the Devil!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Earnest Elmo Calkins has varied his distinguished career in the business of advertising by motor trips abroad, and has become a connoisseur of highways. As a footnote to his latest paper, we may quote from a letter regarding it: 'The emptiness of our maps compared with the full detail of the French ones is striking. I've groused about it for years and finally decided to say something.' He suggested to a national automobile association that better maps be issued, but 'they made the absurd rejoinder that people would not pay for them. As if there could be anything the people would not pay for!' △ Up-state New York has provided **Walter D. Edmonds** with an inexhaustible store of characters one would like to know. 'Finis Wilson (God rest him) was an actual man,' he writes, 'and no greater than I have attempted to paint him.' Mr. Edmonds's new story appears alongside his first novel, *Rome Haul*, a tale which in our deliberate opinion will make a name for itself. **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.**, is director of the University Art Museum at Princeton. He has had a long career as editor, author, critic, scholar, and university professor. △ Member of a firm of Boston lawyers, **Harvey H. Bundy** describes a province in which neither law nor ethics has charted a recognized course.

The unpublished poems by **Emily Dickinson** which the *Atlantic* has been privileged to print have been drawn from *Further Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by her niece, Madame Bianchi, soon to be issued by Little, Brown and Company. The whole collection is remarkable for the number of new poems which have come to light, but even more remarkable, it seems to us, in maintaining the standard which has placed Emily Dickinson's name among the immortals. **George Alexander Johnston,** who writes us from Geneva, is a contributor to English reviews. Those who think that the modern biography, along with modern psychology, sprang full-grown from the heads of the modern Joves will be interested in Mr. Johnston's suggestion that the three musketeers of the new biography have studied early French models to advantage. **Ramsay Traquair,** a professor of architecture in McGill University, speaks from honest masculine conviction. 'The paper gave me considerable amusement to write,' he tells us. 'I really think that the conclusions are true and that man to-day in America is not having a fair chance to live and enjoy life. But I am going to be accused of being a reactionary woman-hater!'

H. D. Hill is intellectually versatile. Her studies began with physics and history, but she later devoted herself to economics at Oxford and at the University of Chicago. She became interested in the workers' education movement, and taught at the Bryn Mawr summer school for women in industry. She now lives in Geneva. **Harold Jefferson Coolidge,** a Boston lawyer, is a direct descendant of Thomas Jefferson. We can think of few girls as spirited or as keen in observation as Jefferson's favorite granddaughter. **Major A. W. Smith** has had wide opportunity to observe the peculiarities and codes of his fellow creatures. He served six years as an officer in the British army, in France, Belgium, and in Russia, and is now associated with a trading corporation in Rangoon. **William L. Sullivan,** protesting against the ease with which new religions are summoned from the vasty deep by the academicians, reminds us of Hotspur's rejoinder to Glendower. **Howard Douglas Dozier** has served as head of the School of Commerce at the University of Georgia and as professor of economics at Dartmouth. The brevity of his retort to his critics is not a measure of the significance of his new concept of insurance.

From his post at Cairo as representative of the United States on the Mixed Tribunals, which have jurisdiction in cases involving foreigners living in Egypt, **Pierre Crabitès** is well situated to observe the development of cotton growing in the Sudan. △ Cairo has been the headquarters of **Captain Owen Tweedy** both in military and in diplomatic capacities, but his experiences have carried him far afield. December of last year found him at the first stage of a journey which, as he writes, was 'planned to take me through the Sudan, Uganda, and Kenya to Zanzibar; thence back to Equatorial Sudan. There a friend of mine — a great game hunter — is waiting for me with a lorry and we hope to be off westward about March the first through the Belgian and French Congos to Lake Chad, Northern Nigeria, and Timbuctoo, and thence northward, a six days' run across the Sahara to Algeria. All being well, I hope to write a book on my return home in June. . . . The fun is that it is a practically unknown route.' **Paul C. Cabot** is treasurer of the State Street Investment Corporation in Boston. Through the Management Corporation of this fund, he has been employed by the Shawmut Bank Investment Trust to advise them with regard to common stock purchases. He is a director of the Sterling Securities Corporation and the National Investors of New York, and of the Chain Stores Investment Corporation of Boston. Mr. Cabot describes the purposes and achievements of the State Street Investment Corporation, of which he was one of the founders, as follows: —

It is a straight common stock investment corporation, having no capitalization except common stock, which can be bought by everyone and anyone alike at its current liquidating value with no premium or commission added for sales. There are no warrants, options, calls, or anything of that kind, and the managers and directors have bought stock in the Corporation exactly like any other shareholder. The fund was started in the summer of 1924 with $100,000 entirely subscribed by the officers. As of December 31, 1928, this fund had grown to over $12,000,000, and the shares that were originally bought at $25 had a current market valuation of $194, which represented an appreciation of 676 per cent as against a similar increase of 200 per cent in the *Dow Jones Index of Industrial Stocks*. During this period, dividends amounting to $21 per share have been paid to stockholders representing an average annual yield on the initial price of 19 per cent.

The outstanding success of this fund has, in my opinion, been due to the intensive and careful research work carried on by the management, on top of sound policies and a conservative capitalization. Small amounts of money have been borrowed from time to time when opportunities appeared favorable, but at all times this borrowing has been extremely conservative.

The Right Reverend Charles Fiske, outspoken but devoted churchman, criticizes Robert Keable's exegesis, but extends the hand of fellowship to a brave and seeking spirit.

The trail of evidence behind the Lincoln letters has led us to Los Angeles, to Emporia, Kansas, to Springfield, Illinois, and other widely separated localities. The results of long and careful investigation will, we hope, be included in the April issue, or certainly in May.

Miss Mazo de la Roche, creator of the inimitable Whiteoaks, has just sailed from New York for a vacation in Europe. For the convenience of our readers, we print below a table of the four generations of the Whiteoak family, together with a résumé of the action of the story up to the present installment.

In 1848, Captain Philip Whiteoak was married in India to Adeline Court, and shortly afterward, having inherited some land in Canada, he emigrated to Ontario with his wife and infant daughter. Here they established the estate and house of Jalna, practised a lavish hospitality, and brought up their children: Augusta, Nicholas, Ernest, and Philip.

The action of the story takes place at the present time. Old Mrs. Whiteoak is still living, a dominating and violent centenarian; her husband and her youngest son have long since died. Her three remaining children, all over seventy, are once more at Jalna after lives spent mostly in England: Augusta, the widow of the ineffectual baronet; Nicholas, a lively figure in London society until his wife left him; and Ernest, a delicate and scholarly bachelor. The third son, Philip, had remained in Canada, married twice, and died leaving six children, who occupy the foreground of the story. Of these the eldest son Renny, aged forty, is the present owner of Jalna,

and the head of the clan, proving himself strictly responsible for his younger half brothers. These are Eden, twenty-five, a brilliant and irresponsible poet; Piers, twenty-two, as vitally interested as Renny in the upkeep and management of the estate; Finch, a sensitive and musical schoolboy of eighteen; and Wakefield, eleven, a frail and precocious child.

Before the story opens, Eden had married Alayne Archer, a fastidiously brought up girl five years older than himself; but after a few months at Jalna she returned to New York, and Eden himself disappeared completely, as the result of his brief affair with Pheasant, the young wife of his brother Piers. Pheasant is the illegitimate daughter of a neighboring farmer, Maurice Vaughan, who has lately married the only daughter of the Whiteoak family, Renny's elder sister Meg.

The story so far is concerned with the struggles of young Finch to pass his examinations for college, having recently failed once, and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings, which are deeply distrusted by his more vigorous relatives.

Many letters in commendation of Mr. Anderson's paper on the coal industry have reached us. We are glad to print one characteristic of all.

MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION, INC.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Editor,
Atlantic Monthly

DEAR SIR: —

At a meeting of the coal merchants of Washington yesterday, attention was called to an article entitled 'How Much Coal Is Enough?' which appeared in the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Coal Division went on record as being heartily in favor of this article, and instructed me to convey to you the sincere appreciation of all coal merchants of the nation's capital for the same.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD D. SHAW, *Secretary*

The first of the Socratic dialogues by Mr. Irvin H. Myers which the *Atlantic* published — the dialogue regarding time — has led several readers to break the immemorial tradition which accords Socrates a position of absolute authority and leads his interlocutors to abase themselves humbly before his wisdom. Perhaps the figment which protected Socrates cannot be stretched to protect Mr. Myers; at any rate, our correspondents do not spare him.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'Socrates Up to Date' Socrates gets somewhat mixed in his reasoning and gives poor Crito an erroneous conclusion, which poor Crito, already overwhelmed with words, can but receive with 'True enough as far as you go — ' and perhaps inwardly hope that Socrates is wrong — which he is.

What, then, is this truth which Socrates, had he not gone astray, might have reached from his stated premise? Simply this: The earth traveler passing from west to east across the International Date Line, that imaginary and, to some, mysterious line where the day (date) begins, and ends, would find himself with an extra day on his hands. He would *gain* a day, which would compensate him for the short-length days through which he had lived, as he set his watch ahead an hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude traversed.

So the traveler flying from the Fiji Islands to Samoa on a Sunday afternoon would not find himself plunged suddenly into the next day, but on reaching Samoa he would set his watch ahead some forty minutes to allow for the change in longitude, and then he could say it was 3.40 P.M. on Saturday (not Monday), or he might call it 3.40 P.M. Sunday, in which case he would call the next day Sunday also.

I had a unique experience with this condition a number of years ago while traveling from Yokohama to Vancouver, for we crossed the International Date Line on April 15, and April 15 happens to be the anniversary of my birth. So I had two birthdays right together, both of which were duly celebrated. What matter if the ship, flying the British flag, called the extra day 'Antipodes Day,' and logged the dates thus: 'April 15, Antipodes Day, April 16'?

Another time episode which might prove of interest to Socrates occurred some years ago when Commander R. E. Byrd flew his good ship, the Josephine Ford, from Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, to the North Pole and back, all of a bright spring day. May 9, 1926, was but a few minutes old when he got under way, and it was close to 9 A.M., May 9, when he reached the pole. Going a little beyond it, he made a wide sweep and completely encircled the pole, and for a little while on this circuit he was flying on May 8. But it was again May 9 as he straightened out on his homeward course, and still May 9 when

he brought his victorious plane to rest on the snowy fields of Spitzbergen. While circling the pole, in a few brief minutes, he had flown from *to-day*, across a corner of *yesterday*, and back again into *to-day*.

What say you to that, Socrates?

HUGH C. MITCHELL

One reader at least sees the ancient verities still enthroned, and will not subscribe to the fashionable concept of time as relative.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the *Atlantic* for January, Mr. Irvin H. Myers presents your readers with an interesting Dialogue Regarding Time with our honorable old friends Socrates and Crito as the principal speakers. I wonder if this is intended to be a serious answer to the difficult question, What is Time? It seems to me that Crito should have pointed out considerable confusion in the arguments advanced by Socrates, evidently resulting from our fantastic time schedules on the earth.

No *time* can possibly be gained or lost by circumnavigating the globe, going either east or west. Take the extreme case of a traveler who leaves Greenwich at twelve noon and circumnavigates the globe with exactly the apparent speed of the sun, and finally returns to Greenwich from either east or west; he will be exactly twenty-four hours older than when he started, in spite of the fact that if he goes west with the sun it will be noon to him throughout the entire journey, and apparently he will not be a second older. The supposed gain or loss of a day in the Pacific is a quibble employed to accommodate our traffic to our quite arbitrary arrangements of time.

The argument presented amounts in a nutshell to this: There are many possible different measurements of time; a year on Neptune is 165 of our years, a year on Mercury only 0.25 of our year; therefore really there is no time.

Now, O Socrates, I see no reason to doubt the fundamental entities of Nature: Space, Matter, Energy, and Time. If all the phenomena in the infinite universe occur at one moment, instantly, as they must if time be not an external objective entity of Nature, then nothing would have been left to occur since an eternity past.

CRITO

Church and State.

SEAMAN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Horwill, in his article in the January *Atlantic* on the English Prayer Book situation, speaks of the incompatible Catholic and Protestant elements having been held together in the Church of England these three hundred years solely by the artificial tie of the State establishment. 'Break that, and these discordant elements will fly apart.'

The writer no doubt knows a good deal about the Church of England, but I would like to ask if he has not overlooked the fact that the same Church, commonly called the Episcopal, has existed ever since 1789 and held together precisely the same elements without any state connection whatever.

Very sincerely yours,

F. K. HOWARD, *Chaplain*

Can it possibly mean that there are quarters in America where the knife is still used for the purpose of the fork — and treasured accordingly?

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

At Christmas time (1928) the Community Fund of my city distributed 1006 pieces of silverware found at the city's garbage-disposal plant during recent months.

An itemized count of these mementos of culinary carelessness revealed 519 teaspoons, 192 dessert spoons, 96 tablespoons, 12 iced-tea spoons, 9 baby spoons, 8 bouillon spoons, 164 forks, and only 6 knives. Six knives out of 1006 pieces! A puzzling proportion!

My wife and I have asked many friends to guess at the solution, but none has given what we consider to be a satisfactory answer. Perhaps other *Atlantic* readers can offer the correct solution.

Sincerely,

M. H.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care . . .

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

I have long admired your articles published in your book, the *Atlantic Monthly*. Wanting to know if you would publish my poems, and through all circumbstances it would be appreciated.

I will send you regualy evry month the poems through which I make. My age is 11. Please let me know how did the question determinate.

Your Sincerely

J—— R——

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1929

THE TREE AS AN INVENTION

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

A MAN without bones would lie flat as a flounder. He would be as unable as an oyster to raise his head or stand upright. The skeleton, that core of life he leaves behind him to be dug up by the ologist and displayed in all its completeness behind glass, is the thing by which he performed his comings and his goings, and without which he would have lived a life without works. It was bones that raised him up and made him the king of beasts, an animal standing on end with a tool in either hand. It was by means of them that he got up from the ground and took on the image of the cross, a man and not a worm.

But while the stiffening structure is thus important, it is far from being the vital part of him. This is lime and not life; mere mineral from the quarry. Those hinges did not work themselves, nor did those bones keep their own balance. It is but a trellis — those tubular legs and those latticelike ribs — by which the living creature lifted itself from earth and stood a few feet nearer heaven. Rather it is the prop that held up the tent of life; for while he could not have stood without it, neither could it have stood without him. Before coming to the public museum it was in actual operation, with errands here and there; and now the holiday visitor, who came to see the stuffed bear and the zebra, may stand and stare, with such mind as he may have, upon those stark levers which the spirit has used as a crutch. Somebody, somewhere, may be said to have died and disappeared. But this substantial part of him would be able to stand here for centuries, holding the mirror up to nature on Sunday afternoons.

A tree is in much the same case. Its solid body is all skeleton, and the skeleton is essentially dead. In any tree, however live and growing, the substance composing trunk and branch is inert and lifeless matter. The heartwood of a tree, the heaviest and solidest part, extending a considerable distance from the centre, is dead in every sense of the word. Its tubes no longer convey the sap upward, because their walls have become thickened and filled with lignin. In them there is not even the semblance of vital activity. From the heartwood outward to a point very near the surface we find the water-conveying structure consisting of long tubes; and these tubes are mere conduits, inert and lifeless. They serve a useful purpose in conveying the water upward, but they are not themselves

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alive. At first, when they were being built, there were live cells working inside of them, little bags of protoplasm; but, once they were completed, the live tenants disappeared. Interspersed among these tubes is tissue which still contains protoplasm, but it is not alive in the sense that it can grow or reproduce itself.

The only part of a tree that is really alive, in trunk and root and branch, is a thin sheath of cells at the surface of the wood called the cambium layer. It is this live part that keeps building and making the tree larger.

When a tree is cut down, the circling grain on the stump tells something of the age and the story of growth. But if we were to saw the whole tree into small sections or divide it lengthwise with a view to tracing the course of these rings all the way to the top, we should learn something more of a tree's inner nature. A cut across a tree near the ground may show three hundred annual rings, while cuts at higher points will disclose but a hundred, or fifty, or forty. The rings become fewer and fewer.

If we take a particular ring and follow it up we find that it grows smaller and smaller till it diminishes to a point, a ring near the centre of the stump coming to an end at no great distance from the ground, while one a greater distance from the centre reaches to a correspondingly greater height. And each of these rings, according as it is the fortieth or fiftieth or hundredth from the centre, will show the height as well as the thickness that the tree has attained in that number of years. As anyone can see by its mere outer form, a tree grows smaller upward, tapering from a considerable girth at its base to a fine point at its extremities. And when we examine these inner sheaths of annual growth we find that they do the same. All the successive surfaces of the tree are enclosed here, from the giant form of the season just past down to the little sapling of another century.

Thus we see what a tree really is. It is a sheath of life spread over the dead trees of other years. Generation stands within generation, successively wrapped about. The outer life of cambium and leaf and bud uses this as a trellis to go up and reach out sunward and skyward. Instead of throwing its old skeleton aside each year and starting anew, it clings to its dead bones, profits by their stature, and makes tubes in them to provide the supply of water for a larger and more ambitious growth. A tree is a building, a tower, a specialized skeleton, serving the purposes of life. When we compare this way of growth with other methods, both animal and vegetable, it must strike us as a most interesting invention.

As the inner or lifeless part of a tree is incapable of growth or upward expansion, a nail driven into a young tree at any particular height will remain at that distance from the ground throughout the life of the tree. And a branch coming out at any point will not be carried upward as time goes on.

In the giant Sequoia of California we have trees whose long life is a matter of constant marvel. But the part of them that is really alive is of quite recent growth. A sequoia may be three or four thousand years old, and an oak or elm three or four hundred, provided the inner part, which was actually in existence that long ago, is not rotted away and represented by mere space. Of course the cells in the superficial living parts of such trees are descended from cells of thousands of years ago; but so are the cells in the body of the human beholder.

II

In the essential matter of life and death, a tree presents two great points of difference from an animal. An animal is alive all the way through, even its bones, tendons, and cartilaginous parts containing live cells which are engaged in the work of upkeep and repair. As we have seen, a tree is not alive all the way through, the bulk of its body being all skeleton and dead. But when we consider the live tissue that its skeleton supports, we find that the tree offers a different sort of contrast. An animal grows rapidly at first. It has an exultant youth. The human being, in the original cell which contains the whole beginning, measures but .004 of a cubic centimetre. By the time the child is born, it has increased — by one of those biological feats of geometrical progression — to a billion times that size. Here nature steps in with inhibiting hand, and the life processes begin to slow up, so that, from his babyhood to his twentieth year, a man has increased but sixteen times. At this point all growth stops, and the vitality steadily declines until finally the forces of life and death are just about balancing one another and the machine may stop in an instant.

Take note of a tree and consider how different all this can be. A tree never loses the vital power of growing. It starts out as rapidly, retains the power of geometrical progression, and is ever young. There seems to be no reason in itself why a tree should not live forever. The aged man, looking up at it, finds it a synonym for his hopes and speaks of 'the tree of life.' If he has achieved threescore years and ten, he thinks of the tree and refers to his own efforts at living as a 'green old age.'

And so, if the tree is, in some respects, as dead a thing as any we see in nature, it is, in another regard, the livest example of all life. The power to grow is the very ultimate manifestation of vital power. It is a continual triumph over death. When we look upon a tree we should think not how old it is, but how young. It is as youthful in fact as the most inexperienced shrub or sapling around it.

A hard bone, while it has living cells scattered throughout its substance, consists nevertheless of a large proportion of inert or nonliving material; and as this mineral substance is not expansible or stretchable, the bone has a problem of growth to solve. It can be solved in but one way. The bone grows entirely by the propagation of new cells on its surface. They build layer on layer, thus adding to its girth. The bone grows thicker in the same way that a tree adds to its wood, and for the same mechanical reasons. In the matter of growing longer, or taller, both tree and bone face the same problem of hard inner material that is inert and inexpansible. The tree accomplishes its increase of stature and wider reach by means of buds and soft, expansible tissue at its extremities. When these tender extensions grow older they harden into wood, and then the terminal buds spring forth again to add to the annual growth. In view of the obvious necessity of this way of growth, one might logically expect that a long bone, as in the arm or leg, would add to its length simply by growth at the end, the surface cells building in the usual manner. But here a difficulty intervenes. The joint, constantly working and needing to be faced with a specially lubricated cartilage, makes the scheme impractical. And so there is preserved, near each end of the shaft of the bone, a semisoft or unossified region; and while the rest of the bone is taking in lime and hardening, all longitudinal growth takes place in this

limited and softer section. The bone first hardens in the midway region, where stiffness is needed, and at the ends under the lubricated bearings; and care is taken that the growing part is not intruded upon till the animal is reaching maturity. When the animal has been brought to full size, lime is deposited here and hardening takes place. In the human being this growing state of bone may last till the twentieth year. From this we see that in wood and bone, when conditions are the same, a like mechanical principle is employed, and when conditions are different the method is altered to meet them. Always new problems make call for new inventions.

While a tree agrees with bone in the way of adding girth, and differs from it in procedure at the end of the branches, the roots face a different set of circumstances. A root has to push its way continually through rock and sand and hard impacted earth, and yet it must achieve this growth by means of soft and tender tissues that make such rough contact impossible. In this case there is developed, on the end of the growing tissue, a tough, hard growing-cap consisting of cells that have differentiated for the purpose, and these serve to protect the cells behind and plough the way for them. The growth therefore takes place in a region a short distance from the end; and this is similar to the technique practised by bone. So, while wood and bone may differ in points of practice, they seem to end in a harmony of opinion. The moral of which is simply that logic is logic and a good mechanic is a good mechanic.

III

A tree, like other forms of life, is engaged in the constant circulation of fluid through its tissues. Life processes, animal or vegetable, can go on only so long as each individual cell is surrounded by a fluid containing nutriment. To meet this demand and to provide for a large amount of evaporation, a tree passes up a great deal of water. A fairly large beech tree will use about sixty-five gallons of water on a dry, hot day, while a large oak will require much more. Even a sunflower will use two pounds. And this water, in the larger species of trees, will have to be lifted two hundred and even three hundred feet.

Anyone who is familiar with pressures in a tall standpipe or water tower, or who has even taken up the problem of raising water to the second story of a country residence, must be interested in asking, How is this supply of water taken to the top of such tall trees? This question, in the present stage of man's knowledge of physics, cannot be answered. We do not know.

I dare say that anyone with an everyday knowledge of physics, such as might be learned from a lamp wick, would be able to suggest ways and means of getting the water up there; but it would be difficult to think of anything that has not already been considered and found wanting. The lamp-wick principle, capillary attraction, will not go far in raising water. Water rises in a capillary or fine tube to a height in proportion to the fineness of the tube; and the viscosity of water is such that if the tube is very fine it will not rise at all. Capillary attraction would not raise water to the top of even a moderate-sized tree.

Root pressure or osmosis, a sort of powerful absorption due to unbalanced chemical pressure between the soil water outside of the root membranes and the denser solute inside of it, has been taken into consideration. By cutting off a plant near the ground and

fastening a glass tube upright on the stem, it is possible to ascertain the height to which its sap will rise by pressure from below. Under favorable conditions a grapevine will exert a pressure sufficient to raise a column 36.5 feet, while a birch has tested as high as 84.7 feet. This might seem a promising line of inquiry were it not that root pressure takes place in woody plants only in early spring, and especially in the morning. It has been found that when the tree is evaporating the greatest quantities of water, on dry, hot days of summer, there is no root pressure whatever. This fact, once it was established, naturally set root pressure aside and left the problem unsolved. Even if such pressures were not seasonable and unusual, they would not serve to send water to the tops of the tallest trees.

It has been proved beyond question that the rise of water in the tubes of a tree is caused by a pull from above. That there is a strong pull upward can be demonstrated by means of any branch taken from a growing plant. Such a branch, if its cut end is inserted in an air-tight manner in a glass tube, will draw a supply of water from the tube with such force as to pull a column of mercury up after it. This demonstration, one might suppose, would set us definitely ahead in the solution of the problem. But here a difficulty intervenes.

The nature of the difficulty will be quickly apprehended by anyone who has had to learn the laws of an ordinary cistern or suction pump. A suction pump at its best will lift water but thirty-three feet; consequently it is not advisable to install one in the third story of your house. Since a column of water is not strongly cohesive, and since you cannot take hold of the end of a long pipeful of water and pull up any quantity desired, as if it were a rope (a ridiculous enough supposition, let us say), it can be lifted from above only by suction. The pump, by the lift of its piston, removes air pressure from the upper surface and tends to create a vacuum, in consequence of which the water is pushed up the pipe from below by the weight of the atmosphere, a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch at sea level. The weight of water being what it is, such pressure will balance a column of thirty-three feet. No invention can be made which will pull more than the laws of physics will enable it to. And thirty-three feet falls far short of reaching the top of a sequoia.

But water has *got* to go up those tubes to the top of a tree. It will and does. This being the case, scientists began to consider whether water in thin columns, as in these fine tubes, has not an actual power of coherence, a tensile strength, sufficient to stand a strong pull. Possibly, after all, water may be drawn up from the top as if it were a rope. Strange as it may seem, experimentation has gone quite far in proving this to be the case. It seems that such a column of water has a power of coherence great enough to withstand the pull. And the osmotic force in the leaves, a strong pull of absorption, might be sufficient to raise the columns of water to the necessary height. This is the theory that at present comes nearest to satisfying scientific minds. But further experimentation has caused more difficulty to appear.

The rise of water to the top of a tree is dependent upon evaporation. It is evaporation that makes room for the continual upflow of water; and it is evaporation that causes the chemical concentration in the living cells which gives rise to the strong absorptive pull, or osmosis. This being true, one thing is evident. If a plant, or a branch of a

tree, is placed in an atmosphere so saturated with moisture that evaporation is impossible, it will be unable to keep the water flowing up its stem. Experiment has shown that the intake persists, though it is slowed up, even when the leaves are entirely submerged in water. It is difficult to see how this can be unless the leaves have some way of secreting or disposing of the water regardless of evaporation.

IV

Everything considered, we may say that the rise of the water is a mystery, provided we do not mean to imply that there is anything mystic about it. Of course we all know that it is life that is at work here — but life in which sense? On this point we have got to take our stand with the vitalists, whose doctrine is that 'the functions of a living organism are due to a vital principle or force distinct from physical forces,' or else we must enlist on the side of the mechanists as one 'who regards the phenomena of nature as the effect of forces merely mechanical.' In either case we find ourselves projected into the middle of a field of battle, and it behooves us to lay about. As for myself, I am bold to say that I listen most respectfully to the mechanist at all times when I am trying to add to my scientific knowledge, and I am considerable of a vitalist in those moments when I am essentially a poet, a prophet, or a seer.

It is really a religious war, the issue being between the believer and the biologist. And it is easy to understand why the scientist becomes nettled when he is informed by a vitalist that the thing he is trying to take apart is 'life.' The intention of this is to discountenance such activity, and thus to limit investigation. This is to set bounds to the pursuit of knowledge — a thing we must all fight against. Truth must have a charter free as air. The scientist, also, must hitch his wagon to a star. But, in spite of this noble aim, his opponent calls him a materialist, forgetting that this is no reproach at all; for who ever hoped to put the immaterial in a test tube or get a chemical reaction out of nothing? And so the scientist rebukes the vitalist by calling him an obscurantist — a name with quite a sting to it.

The whole matter might be open to clarification and amicable settlement were it not that the scientist, the biochemist, has fallen into the habit of staying away from church. His pew is quite empty. Having found his vocation misunderstood and wholly discountenanced, he has fallen away from the company of the elect and has about decided to take vows in one of the irreligious orders. Possibly this modern matter is correctly analyzed in the very up-to-date rhyme: —

> If all the good people were clever,
> And all clever people were good,
> The world would be nicer than ever
> We thought that it possibly could.
>
> But somehow, 't is seldom or never
> The two hit it off as they should;
> The good are so harsh to the clever,
> The clever so rude to the good!

It is when we consider the tree from the standpoint of evolution — a plant made to conquer difficulty, a sea creature living on land, a machine progressively put together to achieve the nearly impossible — that we begin to see its lofty waterworks in their full significance. The tree was an idea in nature, a very bold and original idea based upon a fundamental patent; and the steps leading up to it were four. First in the order of development came the primitive water plants, the thallophytes, floating freely about or, according to the latest views, living in

the saturated soil along the shore. And in those days there were no other kinds of vegetation. Second came the amphibious plants, such as the mosses; third the woody plants beginning with ferns; and fourth the most modern woody and two-sexed plants of this highly mechanized vegetable age.

While we are getting our mental bearings we shall find it interesting to pause a moment among those lowly amphibians, the mosses. Here we see vegetation crawling on its belly up toward the dry land. Stealthily and cautiously it draws away from the water's edge, lying low. It must not venture far, for it has no true roots; and it cannot and dare not raise its head out of the moisture. Behind it, in the order of creation, are the one-celled water plants, floating and moving about. They have no evident organs but the single cell; and they take their food, as cells have always done, by absorbing it from the liquid in which they are immersed. The moss itself consists of such cells, now banded together. At first it was but a thin sheath of them, lying flat on the mud; then it became several cells thick, the moisture being passed from the cells below to those above by absorption.

Finally — and it would not be at all inconsistent with evolution if I had said 'suddenly' — the great idea came to pass in the form of the fern. Here was a vegetable mechanism with true, running roots, which the moss has not; and it possessed a woody stem provided with tubes for conducting water. With the invention of the fern, piping the water upward, while the roots struck down to bring it from below, nothing more was necessary to the making of a tree. It only remained for the stock company of cells to go ahead and, in modern parlance, construct a 'bigger and better' plant.

Between the moss and the fern we might expect to find many imperceptible stages of evolvement. But evidently there can be no such thing in these cases. A thing either is or is not. You either have a tube in principle or you have not a tube. An idea always comes suddenly into existence, however long the preparation may have been. Therefore it has seemed to me that the idea of doing away with missing links in the scheme of evolution is positively silly. Between every fact and the one beyond it is a missing link; and it can only be filled in by answering a question: Was this thing a product of mind or did it just happen? One may answer as he pleases, but he can hardly get away from the question by any talk of evolution — nor by the search for any finer degrees of gradualness.

Imagine some primeval promoter addressing a company of those water-inhabiting cells and proposing the whole idea. '. . . Come now; our idea is to take a lot of you cells and build a tall plant living on land. Some of you are to be hung high up in the glare of the sun; you will stay aloft and absorb the hot energy of summer while you make food for cells that are differently engaged. You must become specialists; and you are to give up this one-cell, jack-of-all-trades idea. We are going to build a tree.'

A shiver of fear and consternation would certainly seize upon any water-living cells that had the power to think. 'Impossible!' they would exclaim. 'We should all die. Water is our food and life. We must be immersed in the water. A thing like that would never do.'

But that is just what came to pass. And every cell in the top of a tree continues to be immersed in the life-giving water. Between a cell in the sea and one in the topmost twig there is no essential difference of situation. And the reason is that everything is

done to control evaporation and hold it within bounds. Every leaf is coated with a preparation that most effectually seals it. Air can enter and water escape only through microscopic openings called stomates on the under sides of the leaves; and every stomate is capable of being opened or closed according to conditions. The whole trunk and every limb of the tree are jacketed in the protective, suberized bark. There is nothing more waterproof than bark, more stubbornly impermeable. It is because cork is so waterproof that it makes stoppers for bottles and gaskets for engines. It is because it is so impermeable that it is ground up to make linoleum. A tree, from head to foot, is armored against evaporation. Consequently its cells, though they hang in the very eye of the sun, are in water as wet as that which surrounded them in the sea.

V

It is when I look at a tree from this point of view that I feel like pinning — or nailing — a medal on its chest. If a man is the height of achievement in the animal world, so is a tree in the vegetable. A bronze tablet really ought to be hung on a tree here and there to memorialize scientific facts. I can imagine no one wearing the decoration more pompously than certain big, fat, burgherlike beeches of my acquaintance, or more worthily than certain rugged oaks or graceful elms. The inscription could be a very simple one, as, for instance: —

HERE STANDS
THE KING OF VEGETABLES
A SEA CELL THAT BECAME AMBITIOUS

A tree manufactures its food direct from earth and air, a thing the animal cannot do; and though it has no lungs, nor anything corresponding to such a mechanical device, it feeds life's constant fires by taking in oxygen night and day. And how can a tree breathe without lungs?

The answer to this question might well be, In about the same manner that insects do. A bee, for instance, has no lungs. It has seven pairs of openings, called spiracles, along the sides of its body, these being the mouths of air-conducting tubes which, as they lead inward, branch off and become finer and finer so that they ramify the whole living structure as do the capillaries which distribute the blood in an animal. That is to say, the oxygen, instead of being delivered indirectly, by chemical combination in a stream of blood, is taken direct to each cell in the body in the form of air. In a tree, the air enters through openings called stomates on the bottom sides of leaves; but there are no air tubes continuing these openings for the reason that the leaf is but a thin sheath of life, only a few cells thick, and there are open spaces all through the inner structure in which air may circulate freely. Along the sides of a tree, too, in the bark, are porous openings, and these serve to let in air as do the spiracles in the fly, the grasshopper, or the bee. The little short marks on the bark of birch, and on the smooth exterior of plum and cherry, are such porous breathing places. While these lenticels are not so evident on the rougher trees, they are none the less there. An insect speeds up the intake of air by a panting movement or telescopic working of its segments, whereas a tree, being such a thin sheath of life, can depend upon the natural interchange of gases by chemical or physical laws. But a tree and an insect work alike in the regard that they both receive their air directly and at first hand.

I think that our understanding of the life processes of other beings is much

handicapped by the natural supposition that our way is the only way. If the surfaces of the lungs were spread out freely to the atmosphere, like the leaves of a tree, the breathing mechanism would be unnecessary. The red corpuscles, coursing through the fine tissues of the lungs, give off their carbon dioxide and take in oxygen from the air by their own sole power, and not by any virtue of the mere act of breathing. It is only because we take our air through a small tube, and because our aerating machinery is so compact, that this bellowslike movement is necessary.

Our likeness to a tree would be much less obscure, also, if we remembered that it is not a man who needs air and takes in food, but the cells of which he is composed. For instance, a man takes a deep breath. The red corpuscles absorb from it their load of oxygen; but as yet the breath has been of no benefit. The red corpuscles hurry it on to its destination, coursing through capillaries microscopically small. But so long as it is in the capillaries the oxygen has not yet arrived. It must pass through the thin walls of these small blood vessels and get into the lymph which bathes each individual cell in the body. And the living cell, immersed in that lymph as in the primeval sea, takes up its supply by osmosis or by some live power of selection and absorption the whole nature of which is a mystery. It is thus that the breath arrives; and thus, also, the food comes and is absorbed from the same stream.

From the standpoint of evolution, or even of present-day matter-of-fact, a cell deep in the leg or arm of a man, or hung high on the leaf of a tree, is in essentially the same circumstance as a primitive one-celled animal floating or crawling about and absorbing its food and air direct from the water. All cells, animal or vegetable, are essentially alike in structure; they live on the same sort of food and take it in the same way. It must be in liquid form; not in mere suspension or emulsion, but in true solution. As the cells in a man are confined to one place, and cannot float or wander in a stream or a pond, the nourishing stream is made to flow past them. It all amounts to the same thing. Because our cells are so deep-seated, so specialized, and so far from the free food and oxygen of nature, we have need of all this intricate machinery and this digesting and food-preparing laboratory. But all the time it is the cells that are doing the living, and supporting and coöperating with one another in this strange stock company. It is in this sense that Thomas Edison is speaking when he says that 'man is a colony.' Being, of all men, mechanical-minded, one might expect him to regard the human animal as a machine. But he is thinking of the builders and operatives — the cells themselves.

IF BIG BUSINESS CAME TO FRANCE

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

'THESE people are way behind us in everything, ain't they?' observed my chauffeur, on beholding Europe for the first time. In that sincere question one recognizes the American attitude toward the older civilizations. Martin is typical of all of us. We approach Europe with little knowledge, and with our ideas of European peoples colored by the streams of 'wops, dagos, and bohunks' that once streamed through Ellis Island and accepted menial work no self-respecting American would perform. What he meant by his comment was that everything was on a lesser scale — the motor cars smaller, the bathrooms scarcer, the breakfasts scantier, the houses lower, the elevators fewer, and the railway carriages shorter. Everything was different, foreign, unlike our own, and therefore not so good.

Martin was born and reared in New York. He is an excellent chauffeur, with a mechanic's interest in mechanical achievement, in the motor car, the airplane, and the submarine, not without some response to beauty, especially natural beauty as manifested in some of the bolder aspects of the Alps and the Pyrenees, and with sincere admiration for the expertly engineered roads which carried us so comfortably through the gorges and over the cols of famous mountain ranges. He has now been across four times, and has driven us safely many thousand miles through England, France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland; and it has been interesting to watch his conversion, to see his contempt and condescension change to tolerance, and his tolerance to admiration, as he learned, like the rest of us, how many things the older nations do exceedingly well.

Some such education should be prescribed and made compulsory for the talkers and writers who are so sure that all Europe needs is a replica of our own industrial civilization. Hardly a week passes in which the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris is not addressed by some visiting vice president or sales manager, who describes in glowing terms our standardization, mass production, national distribution, advertising, and recommends them to the backward races of Europe as glibly as a man prescribes his own favorite remedy to a friend with a cold. This wholesale advice takes little or no account of the people to whom it is given, of their philosophy of life, age-long habits, aims, and ideals. Indeed, it is inspired not by a study of the European civilization, but by close contact with our own, where such methods seemingly work to perfection. The speaker knows his system, but nothing of the people who are to apply it. It has worked well for us, since material prosperity is apparently our aim — and I am casting no stones at material prosperity; it is a mighty comfortable thing. But even if one assumes that material prosperity is what the people of Europe want, — and even that might be interpreted differently, — they can arrive at it

only by methods growing out of their ways of life. And these ways of life are the slow result of ages of living, through a long period in which communication was limited to a degree that we cannot comprehend. In this period not only did each separate country develop according to its own genius, but each separate community, each town and village, acquired habits and customs different from those of its nearest neighbors, and these differences obtain to this day. For intercommunication in Europe has not yet remotely approached the fluidity and pervasiveness of that in our country. It is held back partly by the difference of language, but even more by the difference of point of view, of what constitutes life and a desirable aim in life. Not only is there no such thing as a United States of Europe, but there is hardly a United States of France, in the sense that Carolina and Connecticut are unmistakably a part of the United States of America. The Bretons and the Basques do not even speak French. They cannot understand a Tourangeau, nor can they understand each other. They speak not merely different dialects, as Yorkshire and Lancashire are dialects, but different languages.

In Northern Italy there are three lakes lying not more than two hours' automobile ride apart — Garda, Como, and Maggiore. Upon these lakes fishing is an ancient occupation, developed by its practitioners according to their own ideas, and handed down from father to son uninfluenced by methods used elsewhere. So even to-day the fishing boats on these three lakes continue to be markedly different in shape, rigging, and equipment. It would be difficult for a manufacturer of fishing boats to disrupt these hereditary and ancestral practices and substitute identical vessels on all three lakes, however modern and efficient the new craft.

We make much of local peculiarities in our country, and think a Yankee farmer and a Southern cotton planter sharply differentiated; but their differences are as nothing to their likenesses, and especially to their like-mindedness. Two shires in England or two provinces in France, lying side by side, are further from standardization on any tenet of what constitutes life than the people of Maine and the people of California.

This startling resemblance of our people was noticed by a keen observer as long ago as 1890. In a chapter on 'The Uniformity of American Life,' James Bryce said: —

> Scotchmen and Irishmen are more unlike Englishmen, the native of Normandy is more unlike the native of Provence, the Pomeranian more unlike the Würtemberger, the Piedmontese more unlike the Neapolitan, the Basque more unlike the Andalusian, than the American from any part of the country is to the American from any other.

In the thirty-odd years since, with the motor car, the movie, the radio, syndicate newspapers, national magazines, and other forces all tending to deepen the likeness and iron out the idiosyncrasies, Americans have been prepared for a collective effort toward uniform prosperity without parallel. But Europe remains Europe — a little wistful concerning our material success, but unable, even if willing, to become enough like us to do what we do and have what we have and be happy while doing so. And I am one of those who are glad that this is as it is.

II

In the course of a recent vacation in France I amused myself by imagining the effect on that country and its people of the introduction of our business methods: huge manufacturing plants

making goods distributed by advertising to every town, village, and hamlet; the pleasant land of France mapped out in red-headed tacks on the glass-topped desks of sales managers; salesmen primed with sales psychology from instruction books; brief cases stuffed with portfolios of advertising campaigns; sales conventions, drives, 'Eat-more-tripe-à-la-mode-de-Caen weeks,' chain stores, the Rotary Club holding its weekly luncheon at the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe et de l'Épée; the sky line of Paris broken by steel-skeletoned skyscrapers dwarfing the towers of Notre Dame; the picturesque individuality of the *rues nationales* punctuated by the standardized store fronts of chain stores, and everywhere houses built of the same materials on the same plan, filled with the same furniture and inhabited by people wearing the same clothes. France would lose her great national industry, tourism, but worse, she would lose her point of view, her philosophy, her individualism; and that would be a catastrophe. The world would be poorer with France other than she is.

The open road is not a bad place from which to study a people. One soon gets away from the sophisticated spots where contact with outsiders has blurred individuality and produced a sort of hybrid civilization which, like all hybrids, retains the worst features of each. The motor car gives us a cross section: cities, villages, open country; farms, olive orchards, vineyards; mountain, seacoast, river; and the changeful life that is lived in all of them. I have the deaf man's facility in using his eyes, and my conclusions are based on observation, on what I see as I go about. All I have to contribute to an important controversy are the habits and character of the French people as seen by a man who has few means of contact, but who long ago learned that what people are speaks louder than what they say.

In cities the problem of motor-congested streets affords us an index to national temperaments, for we Americans too have a traffic problem. Compare the three great capital cities, New York, London, and Paris.

The New York traffic cop is an autocrat. He likes to disregard the red and green signals to show you, as Don Marquis says, 'who is king.' The supreme sin of the motorist, in his eyes, is *lèse-majesté*. And he is often quite violent about it.

The London bobby is an opportunist. His only concern is clearing the traffic. He winks at violations of the rules if they are intelligent and successful. He is less assertive, and yet obeyed more implicitly, than his New York counterpart. But he is dealing with a more law-abiding populace.

The Paris *gendarme* is not concerned with the motor traffic at all. His care is the pedestrian. At regular intervals he cleaves a swath through the moving stream of vehicles, like Moses dividing the Red Sea, and the swarms of *piétons* cross over. Then he waves his white baton and the cars resume their struggle for gangway without interference from him. And yet it is easier to go about in a car in Paris than in London or New York. In the country there is no speed limit, but drivers are held strictly accountable — a more intelligent regulation than our own.

Another comparison shows the different applications of a similar idea. Feverish activity on the New York Stock Exchange recently caused the market to outstrip the ticker, and our inventive ingenuity is being directed toward producing a recording device to register sales and quote prices as fast as they are made.

In France they are installing at race courses near Paris a calculating machine which will work out the odds on

the *pari mutuel* system in less time than the old hand-and-head method. In one country a machine to measure business; in the other a machine to measure pleasure.

Or consider the telephone. The French cannot organize a system that works, but they design a telephone instrument so attractive that we, whose telephone system is a marvel of efficiency, adopt the French phone for our desks when we wish to give our offices or homes an æsthetic touch.

In France one is never at a loss to identify a road. The companionable white kilometre stones accompany one everywhere, recording on the hither side the next two communes and their distances, on the front the number and class of the road, tying up perfectly with the map. The name of each village is displayed in its civic centre, white letters on a blue plaque — a device so obviously useful one wonders why it has not obtained here. Have you never tried in vain to learn the name of the town you were passing through? Nor is all this a development of motoring; it preceded the gasoline era by many years. For the French realize that roads are civilizers. The motorist merely inherits them, but they make France a motorist's paradise.

III

As we follow these French roads, each short section under the paternal care of a *cantonnier*, we see at our ease the neat and tidy farms and vineyards, maintained with what seems to our Western eyes incredible toil. They are so sightly, so perfectly husbanded, so carefully tilled — as trim and kempt as a garden tended with loving care. There is no sharp break between nature and cultivation. The farms blend into the landscape. It all satisfies the eye. It is something more than intensive cultivation, this æsthetic effect. It is love of the land. With all his back-breaking labor, the peasant is never too tired to add the last touches. He caresses the land because it is his, and part of France. It is a happy mingling of proprietorship and craftsmanship.

You see everywhere the pride of the worker in his work. He seems to know secrets of soil and sun, of growing things, which we with all our tractors and twine binders, our soil analyses and synthetic fertilizers, have never penetrated. On the terraced hillsides the vineyards lie in the sun, like giant staircases, the risers stone walls, the treads gardens of growing vines. The water comes down in thin silver rills between the small vineyards, gravitation distributing it to every vine. It is all human work, handwork, because the French cannot bear to turn over any part of living, even the most arduous, to machines.

Such intense individualists will never consent to become sufficiently standardized units to have big business as we understand it. They prefer small holdings, — shops, farms, and factories, — yielding to all the satisfaction of proprietorship. They must express themselves in their work, whether an *omelette aux fines herbes*, ploughing and planting a patch of ground, or shearing a toy dog. Each has a pride in his *métier* of which we have no conception. It is this trait which has produced so much that delights us, which makes the differences in shops, houses, dress, trades. France is less changed by the war than any other nation. She is going on as she always went, still clinging to the same ideals, because she has tested those ideals and found them good. An American works to get money to enjoy life, but a Frenchman's work is his life, and he must enjoy it, and keep his hand on it, and find in it his self-expression; and as far as

possible his skill and address must be expended on something he owns, however small.

The other day I walked through one of the largest brass factories in the world, acres of shops filled with huge machine tools stamping out a shape in brass for every conceivable purpose. In the party was the president of the brass company. As we approached a row of machines stamping out a part that did not easily explain itself, I picked one up and said to the president, 'What is this for?' He smiled apologetically. 'I have no idea,' he said; 'but we will ask the man that's making it.' The man making it shook his head: 'I don't know, either.' Here was a man earning his living stamping out bushels and bushels of gadgets without knowing their function — what part they played in the economy of the world.

That is mass production. That is the secret of our great commercial success. But it could not happen in France. The French mind does n't work that way. The Frenchman cannot rest content in making a part unless he comprehends the whole. It is, as Hilaire Belloc said, a nation of small proprietors.

In the town of Grasse, where the mimosa, violet, jasmine, and rose are raised on the neighboring hills and braised and distilled to obtain essential oils which are the basis of perfumes, there is no large factory, but there are hundreds of small ones. In the little village of Vallauris, where are produced casseroles, *marmites*, and those lovely wine jars we use for garden ornaments, nearly every house is a factory with at least one kiln, tended perhaps by the daughter, firing a few trays of the red earthenware for which the clay of that country is so well adapted. These small individual factories never amalgamate. Not only does the small proprietor object to becoming the vice president of a large pottery company, but he probably objects to becoming even the president. Certainly the French temperament is not the kind that makes vice presidents. And this economic system, far older than ours, has by-products which should not be lost to the world. One is that touch of individuality, of taste, of art, which makes the thing manufactured delightful. The other and greater is the state of mind of the maker, the satisfaction he gets from his work. It is a far finer thing in terms of civilization that the worker should enjoy his work than that he should merely work in order to get the means and the leisure to enjoy himself outside of his work. Creation is always a stimulating thing. Manufacture often is not. This is without prejudice to either method. We are satisfied to manufacture, — that is our genius, — but the Frenchman prefers to create, and to accept the small business, the hard work, the long hours, for the ecstasy of beholding something he has made himself.

IV

In the last quarter-century three currents of American commercial influence have flowed to France like the Gulf Stream which washes its shores, and have had their effect on its industrial climate. On the steamship Paris, from New York to Havre, in January, there were seven hundred and fifteen passengers, and with the exception of a few winter tourists they all belonged to that class known as 'foreign buyer.' And on the other ships sailing about that time there were other large contingents. And again in August the same great army invaded France. These people go abroad to buy the products of French taste: unique pieces, individual patterns, the things which France, because of her individualistic

temperament, makes better than any other nation; artistic craftsmanship expressed in hats, gowns, wraps, furs, gloves, lingerie, hosiery, handkerchiefs, parasols, and jewels — things so far removed from the products of mass production that by mass production they could n't be produced at all. These buyers seek ideas as well as goods. Gradually their buying range has widened from women's wear to include objects of art, pictures, hangings, tapestries, furniture, all kinds of beautiful articles in glass, china, lacquer, enamel, leather — everything that can be given distinction and individuality by craftsmanship.

This trade is welcome to France. It gives her a market for the things she does best, things the quantity of which can be increased only by multiplying the number of small producers. Popularity tempted some houses to enlarge and increase their outputs, but such efforts have not been successful. The actual result is to multiply the number of houses rather than to increase their size. There are few instances of enlarged businesses proving successful in France. The attempt has been particularly disastrous with hotels and restaurants.

Frequent conferences with American buyers have had reflex influence. Slowly but surely, as the couturiers and ateliers make goods to please their best customers, the ideas of those customers are impressed on them. A change comes over the methods of the sellers. American sizes and systems of measurement are adopted and displace the older ones. American business habits — billing, shipping, the use of typewriter, adding machine, and other devices — press a little nearer all the time. Famous and elect houses are using advertising in American magazines and newspapers to enlarge their reputation and their market in the States, and this effort unconsciously shapes their commercial thinking. It is instinctive for the seller to try to make his goods and his manners acceptable to the buyer. And in the case of such merchandise there must be much actual contact between the two. Thus there began to fall on France the shadow of American business, which, at first a cloud no larger than a man's hand, may in time cover the whole commercial sky. But the effect is in most cases wholly beneficial. It enables the French to expand along the lines of their genius. While the buyer is in a position to enforce his demands, and the French are quick to adapt themselves to conditions that improve their market, it was, after all, the French touch that was sought. It was what the French workmen put into them, and few demands were made that hindered or changed the full expression of the creator's or designer's personality. Also, the goods the buyers buy in France have the qualities lacking in our own products. They supply individuality to those who miss it in a machine civilization.

In recent years there has been another American invasion of France, another stream of commercial influence breaking on the shores of an old established industrial system. This movement is as different as possible from the first. Instead of buyers, it is composed of sellers; and the products which they hope to sell, instead of being characterized by the charm of handwork and individuality, are the ingenious products of ingenious machines, and, being such, they can be produced in indefinite quantities, and with a corresponding reduction in their cost. As the machine product differs from the hand product, in that its capacity for reproduction is unlimited, it is constantly seeking new markets. Thus there has descended upon France an army of

American salesmen bristling with sales technique, promotion, and advertising. This movement is almost as old as the buying movement, but it has been of slower growth. On my earliest visits to Europe I used to see in even remote villages the characteristic window card of the Singer Sewing Machine, with its elongated *S*, one of the first of the American products to find a market in France. But in recent years the attempt to sell has been speeded up, and now typewriters, adding machines, electric utilities, vacuum cleaners, safety razors, and phonographs are pretty well distributed. More recently the motor car has been making extraordinary efforts to extend its market over there. The stretch of the Champs-Élysées between the Rond Point and the Arc de Triomphe has become the gasoline row of Paris, and almost every other salesroom bears the name of an American car, Cadillacs, Chryslers, and Fords sandwiched between the Donnets, Citroëns, and Renaults.

It can hardly be claimed that the French have bought our goods with the same enthusiasm with which we have bought theirs for so many years. The buying power is less, for one thing; and their life is not organized to absorb these things, which are after all an outgrowth of our own industrial civilization, and can only be applied experimentally in another. But the effect of this selling invasion has been great. The French goods we buy are taken out of the country, but American goods remain in France and have their effect on the life there. American goods are sold with American methods, which in themselves are a novelty and disturb French habits and traditions. To avoid customs duties American cars are made in France, in factories built or bought, with French workmen who learn American business habits which do not fit into their life with their own people. The Ford plant at Asnières, for instance, is run on the Highland Park time-table, five days a week. But what is done, I wonder, about the midday meal, the 'breakfast with the fork,' the cæsural pause of the working day? At twelve o'clock the key is turned in the doors of shops and ateliers, not to be unturned for two hours, and all France goes to luncheon. The hardest-working people in the world manage to inject into the middle of their arduous days a period of absolute leisure. Americans whose Paris is bounded by Ciro's, Lanvin, the Champs-Élysées, and the Rue de la Paix never see the French, but frequent habitats altered by their presence and patronage, where everything is speeded up to the American tempo. We will not wait on the fine arts of cooking and serving. Famed restaurants deteriorate. Nothing remains but the high prices.

France has few big business men in our meaning of the word. To be sure, there is Citroën, who has been called the Henry Ford of France, and Coty — though I fancy his elevation to that eminence is due to his successful invasion of the American market.

The late Ernest Cognacq, founder of the *magasin à la Samaritaine*, whose obituary filled less than a column in the papers a few months ago, had a romantic career almost in the American manner, — the pushcart peddler who became the wealthy philanthropist, — but it was surprising how little was said of such a life career as an inspiration to young men. In fact, careers as we understand them have little place in the bright lexicon of French youth.

The third great stream of American influence at work all the time and growing stronger is our invisible export, the American tourist. Each year we read the large figures for the previous year and confident predictions that the present season will see them exceeded.

In the summer Americans are so numerous, not merely in Paris, but throughout France, as to give a definite character to certain localities. It has never been the misfortune of any other nation to entertain so many of the citizens of another. Of course it is not an unmixed evil. This army of tourists pays a large amount of money to hotels, restaurants, and transportation companies, to say nothing of the things the tourists buy. Many institutions are almost entirely supported by American money. Indeed, they must be, as the natives could not afford to pay the prices that are charged. For while they still look low to us, acquainted with the amazing advances in the price of luxuries at home, they are impossibly high for the French, except the very rich, and there are not many of them, nor are they inclined to spend their money at places adapted to the American taste. To the Frenchman a franc is still a franc, just as a dollar is a dollar to us, however shorn of its buying power. He does not see it as a definite and final four cents, as we do, but as an immemorial financial unit gone down because the cost of living has gone up.

The American dollars spent in France reach such vast sums that they can be talked about in high financial terms. But the effort to attract those dollars has produced changes which are most apparent naturally where the tourists most congregate, and it is steadily wearing down the distinctively French corners into a smooth rounded surface which is neither French nor American, but a peculiar hybrid.

The evidences of this sort of Americanization are everywhere, spread like a veneer over the French life beneath — meat breakfasts; tea rooms; the naturalization of such words as 'five o'clock,' 'touring clubs,' 'sport,' 'high life,' 'cocktail'; the *New York Herald;* American bars; Basil Woon; grapefruit; Maxim's; posters in English; Hollywood films; American groceries and American drug stores; Dolly Sisters; soda fountains; gas pumps at the filling stations; display signs in English; frantic attempts to naturalize sweet corn and griddle cakes. What wonder that many, seeing only these vestiges of American omnipresence, announce with complacence that France is rapidly adopting our ways. They do not suspect that the French regard these evidences with mingled distaste and amusement.

V

The transformations wrought by American influence are more obvious where Americans are thickest, and but few of the hordes of tourists who swarm through the American quarter ever see France, or taste French cooking, or come in touch with French character. They judge by what they see around them — hence the impression that France is being made over on the standard American model. Paris is no more France than is New York the United States. The Parisian is regarded in Nancy with the same suspicion and disapproval as is the New Yorker in Dubuque. There is still a very large area of country which is French and which proposes to remain so. This France is little known and not at all understood by Americans. France is more misrepresented by its politicians than perhaps any other country — unless it is our own.

The foreign buyer, the foreign sales agency, and the tourist are giving France object lessons in the way we do things, and apostles of big business drive the lessons home in speeches emphasizing the injunction that France will find financial salvation by following our example. France repels this economic propaganda with all the

energy of which she is capable. She shows few signs of adopting mass production, high-power selling, and liberal advertising for her own products, and she is reluctant and alarmed at the increasing influx of American products. The motor car and the moving picture are two enterprises against which she has made characteristic, though futile, gestures. The rationing of American films appears at the moment to be in abeyance, and the automobile cartel discussed by both France and Italy was laughed at by American motor-car manufacturers, secure in their economic position of a real foreign demand. For it is true that we can make better motor cars than the French can make. As long as the motor car was a handmade product the French excelled, but now that it has become a machine-made product we have the whip hand. 'America,' says Paul Morand, 'which does not yet create, manufactures.' But how ill-advised to urge France, which can create, to manufacture. The French buy American goods, and will continue to do so, and no artificial or arbitrary restraints can check this tendency, though it is always amusing to hear an American manufacturer — the most tariff-coddled industrial in the world — give way to righteous indignation when any other nation adopts our tactics. If American ideas are so good for France, why not recommend our whole programme? Why not advise France to set up a stiff protective tariff against American goods? That is the way we got our supremacy. But such advice would be just as foolish as the recommendation of mass production.

The first requisite for the successful nation-wide advertising and distribution of goods is a certain homogeneousness which is more characteristic of our country than of any country in the world; because, after all, our civilization was produced, as it were, with one stroke of the brush, while since the beginning of history each district of France — each town and village, for that matter — has been developed in its own way, and it is only in recent years that there has been much intercommunication between them; not nearly enough yet to bring them to the same point of view about what is desirable, and especially not enough to break down old habits of thought, customs, inhibitions, and ambitions.

Moreover, the French resent these glib recommendations which tell them what to do to be saved — especially resent them as coming from us, a nation which has shown itself unable to appreciate the French genius, and in which there is going on a lively and aggressive propaganda to keep large numbers of the people from liking Europe.

Not only does the average American fail to understand France; he does not want to understand her. His only measuring rod is his own country, and he condemns France by just so much as she fails of fulfilling his idea of civilization. And those of us who, though we hold our own country in high esteem, admit that she is not perfect, and that other countries have something to teach us, are held up to scorn. It is this self-satisfied state of mind among the majority in the United States that has defeated such reasonable and logical measures as the League of Nations, the World Court, and the cancellation of the Allied debts, and threatened to influence Congress to refuse to confirm the Kellogg treaty, not because we prefer war, but because we want no relations, good or bad, with the countries of Europe.

An easy way for American manufacturers to improve the European market for their goods would be to exert their influence toward a scaling down or, better still, a cancellation of

the Allied debts. It would be shrewd sales policy, more in keeping with what these same manufacturers do to create good will in their home markets. There is no occasion to go into the sentimental side of this matter, though with some of us that has weight, but it would be good business from the hard-headed, practical point of view. It would lift the economic pressure, creating resources to buy our goods; but, better still, it would generate friendliness, creating a disposition to buy our goods. The money some of us expect Europe to pay would come to us instead in the form of profits, and the good feeling would last long after the loans were forgotten. And the manufacturers would be doing merely what they expect their least enterprising sales manager to do — remove causes for resentment among prospective customers in his territory.

Frederick W. Peabody, manager of the American Association Favoring Reconsideration of the War Debts, says in one of his pamphlets that the *Saturday Evening Post* is the greatest obstacle to such reconsideration. It is gossiped among the writers living on the southern coast of France that Lorimer does not favor authors who live abroad and spend their money there. This is no doubt merely the alibi of disappointed aspirants, or it may mean that articles written in Europe are shorn of that disappointed note which is acceptable to the *Post* readers who constitute the anti-European sentiment in our hinterland which is so potent with Western Congressmen.

There is a hostility to the French — and to other Europeans, for that matter — among large bodies of Americans, and some of them seem to go abroad to exhibit their ill will. There is no need to catalogue the long list of such breaches of good taste and good manners, as plastering baggage with ten-franc notes, or cursing the waiter because he does not know how to mix an American drink. They have all been chronicled in the daily press. A good instance is Senator Caraway's cock-and-bull story about Frenchmen defacing the graves of American soldiers. The story was promptly disproved; indeed, it carried its own refutation, and Senator Caraway admitted he was speaking from hearsay. The serious thing is the prejudice behind this and all other efforts to discredit the French and the English, and other foreign nations, which is responsible for the natural prejudice my chauffeur had when he first went abroad.

The French do not dislike Americans. They probably dislike America, and can you blame them? They have the same reaction to a boorish, semi-intoxicated, 100-per-cent-red-blooded American that we all have. Any visitor from this country or any other who cares for France and the things she does so well, and the wonderful remains of ancient civilizations of which she is the intelligent guardian, will find hospitality and friendliness and fair treatment.

Many things we prize are not essential to the French, but we cannot understand why our model, our scheme of life, is not accepted without question everywhere, just as we cannot understand why our business system is not. The French idea of a hotel is that it should be small, a one-man job, where his own individual skill will shine forth. It is a personal relation between the host and the guest, in which the host, who is often the chef, exhibits his skill as a cook and *sommelier*. The average tourist regards the kitchen with comparative indifference. His taste dulled by frequent cocktails, he sees little quality in vintage wines, and he judges

the hotel by its bathroom. So the arts on which the innkeeper prides himself go for nothing. If the host is a philosopher he shrugs his shoulders and continues to cook for those who know. If his place is one where American patronage is inevitable, he learns to make cocktails, lets his cellar deteriorate, puts speed rather than taste into his cooking, and charges the prices the visitors expect. And the tourists go home and complain that French hotels are not good, and the prices outrageous.

We are in no position to advise France until we approach her with sympathy and understanding — until we realize that we owe a greater debt to France than to any other country, and that she still holds steadfast to certain ideals which must not be allowed to perish from the earth if the human race is going to realize its highest destiny.

The French are a people who are the least dissatisfied with their own country, and who emigrate in the smallest numbers. Therefore there is no large body of French in this country to act as a claque for French ideas. We must take France as she is, or leave her. We cannot change her. Her Americanization would destroy a nation we cannot spare. Such a transformation would be of little profit to us economically — spiritually, of less than none.

THE RIVER ROAD

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

We tied John to the wheel of Sisyphus and pushed the cart into the deep shadow of the white frame church with its top-heavy belfry. Then we spread our tattered road map on the steps of the church for the ever-delightful conference as to where the day should call us.

As usual, the inhabitants of the remote mountain village gathered about us. The hounds and coon dogs, less polite than the mountaineers, began to question John. As always when he is tied, John waved his white-plumed tail and gazed at the far horizon in contemptuous silence.

Ordinarily there was small need of the map. For, drifting before the wind of destiny, we ever chose the most unfrequented way, with the wind preferably at our backs. But this day there was need of drifting toward a bank where we could cash the last one of our modest traveler's checks. Peter was of the opinion that we had spent them all; but a cursory glance at the chamois bag at my neck revealed one more little crisp paper. And we had but forty-five cents left in money. Sis's bicycle wheels would break on rocky trails and must be mended or replaced; shoes, and especially stockings, would wear out; and there was always the temptation to buy some useless article from a mountain woman, whose hard fingers touched a piece of silver as reverently and as curiously as one might touch a rare jewel.

The highway to the right of the Hard-shell Baptist Church evidently led to the county seat. For there men with mules jogged along, and motor cars whizzed past them. Peter, with relief, pointed out on the map that, while there was a bank at the county seat, there was no railway. But I hated the rock-crushed highways where once I had seen the convicts work, and at the left of the church there wound a dusty, shaded way toward the river. Beyond, skirting the mountain above, I saw it turn and twine toward the west, where the county seat lay. I pleaded for the river road.

It was in vain that Peter pointed out to me that when one started on a journey it was usual to set forth in the direction of the place where one expected to arrive. But I felt sure that the river road would eventually arrive at the town, and even suggested that we ask one of the women who gaped about us. For some reason there was not a man to be seen in the village. Of course I knew that it was hopeless to ask the way of a mountain woman. She would answer kindly, 'That-air road runs ter Grandpap Bryant's.'

'And from there?'

'I hain't niver ben no furder. I don't know whar hit might go frum thar.'

'Peter,' I cried, 'there is a man in the little yard opposite.'

'It's a woman.'

'It's a man. He has on a veil, because he is working with his bees. He is taking honey from the hives.'

We folded our precious map and started to push Sisyphus across the grass-grown road. A gaunt woman wearing a purple sunbonnet leaned toward me and said, 'I reckon you-all don't wanter go over thar. Mr. Jackson lives thar. Ther hain't nobody iver goes thar. He's er infi-*del*.'

I thanked her and assured her that we only meant to ask about the road. Peter called across the picket fence before the log cabin so small it seemed the capital of a little city of beehives: 'Good morning. May I trouble you with a question?'

The man came out through the swinging gate, took off his heavy gloves, and removed his veil. I watched curiously his sensitive, eloquent hands. He wore khaki and leggings. Forty-five, perhaps, smooth-shaven, tall, slender, with bent shoulders; we looked on, not into, his opaque brown eyes.

'Yes?' he said in a rusty voice, and walked slowly around the cart, where, in large white letters, 'Sisy' was painted on one green side and '-phus' on the other. Then his creaking voice went on, 'Well, Sisyphus, don't ask me how to keep your cursed wheel from slipping back.'

We were too astonished to speak at once. For in all our wanderings through the mountains no one of the many who had gazed wonderingly at our Chinese wheelbarrow had ever connected the words on its sides.

At last Peter said, 'No? Mrs. Sisyphus wishes to know if the river road eventually arrives at the county seat. And I want to ask if this is an Adamless Eden. I have n't seen a man in the village.'

'Will you walk into the house and rest a moment?' said the man. 'I must replace the super on my beehive. Then I'll come in and answer your questions.'

He led the way around the cabin, and I saw with surprise that there was neither door nor window in the front of his house.

'I have my entrance at the back,' he said, 'because I don't care to face that blast of frozen music across the road. Perhaps you noticed the jack pot of a belfry.'

'Why, yes,' I answered, very much

amused. 'But the Hard-shells have the advantage with their jack pot. At home we 'd have to send for the bishop to open it up.'

'At home?' he said, looking at me curiously. 'But here we can never ring for a cold deck. The cards are marked, and it's the same old game of graft as — at home.'

Then to Peter, 'Selling Bibles? Or a traveling evangelist?'

'Unfortunately, neither,' answered Peter.

'Pardon me. I'll go in and tie Lucifer. He's not used to visitors.'

II

We passed through a tiny vestibule, very clean, with a cookstove, a table, and a solitary chair on one side, and on the other side shelves piled high with labeled buckets, evidently honey for shipment. There was but one chair in the room beyond, a rustic easy-chair on whose cushion lay a fat fox terrier, who snarled, but made no objection to being tied to a chain fastened to the wall. The man dusted the cushion and offered Lucifer's throne to me. Then, from the step of a rude stairway that ran to a loft above, he pushed aside a coffeepot of pamphlets and a large stewpan of magazines, invited Peter to be seated, and went to his bees.

On the table beside me was a large oil lamp and an open book. Bergson! Strange infidel! The walls were lined to the ceiling with books. The floor was mounded with books in neat piles or boxes. Under the window was a large tin wash boiler that Peter said was full of Plato. Through the door opposite me I saw the only other room of the cabin. It was clean and bare, with a snowy bed; and among the toilet articles on the bureau stood a framed picture. As I rose to examine the book-shelves, I confess I stole a glance at the faded, full-length photograph of a young woman in old-fashioned evening dress.

'Now what can I do for you?' asked the man, appearing at the door. 'As to the men of the village, they have all gone to a murder trial at the county seat. It is their happy carnival.'

'I suppose you could n't leave the bees,' said Peter, curiously.

'I might care for a good fresh murder. In fact, I wish I had been present at this one. But a judicial murder does n't appeal to me. There is no charm of the unexpected.'

'So sure of the verdict?' asked Peter.

'Oh, yes. The murdered man was a preacher; the avenger a village half-wit. I am a village atheist. Fellow feeling, perhaps. It's not at all a pretty story — the half-wit's daughter. Madame Sisyphus will not care for the tale.'

'Can we reach the county seat by the river road?' I asked.

'Yes, in time. But the river road runs through the Indian and negro settlements.'

'Indians! Here?' cried Peter.

'Not a tribe. Just scattered through the settlement. The Eastern band of Cherokees. Wandered over from the Qualla Reservation in North Carolina. The people here call them "the blue men." As a matter of fact they look as though they might have a mixture of negro blood — but they have not.'

'Of course we must take the river road!' I cried. 'But negroes! I don't think we have seen a negro in the mountains.'

'No. The negroes in the mountains are like the Indians — just shadows of the past. The young negroes are off to the cities. The poor whites here hate them, these shadows who slip in and out of the village for supplies. They are thriftier than the whites. A larger

per cent of negroes own their own homes in America than do whites.'

'But of course the whites own their own homes here,' said Peter.

'Why, no. The storekeeper often owns their homes through duebills — the credit system.'

'Why does n't he get the negro too?'

'When the negro goes broke he goes down in the rich valley and works for someone till he can carry on.'

The man's voice, as if oiled by use, took on cultivated modulations, and so full and round it was that I wondered if he were English. But I ventured no impertinent questions, fearing what might come alive behind those dead eyes. He said no more, and I fancied that his glance rested longingly on the open book beside me. No doubt we were shadows, disturbing shadows. His real world was in his books. So I rose to go, and asked him if we might buy a small jar of the honey. Peter gave me a warning glance that said, 'Forty-five cents.' But I murmured, 'We'll spend it like a prince for the stored-up sweetness of this summer's flowers.'

'Humph!' said Peter unsympathetically.

The man returned with a little bucket carefully wrapped, and said, 'Permit me, Madame Sisyphus.' And only when he had refused the money did Peter's face relax.

Our host walked a little way with us, and I noticed the curious halt in his step.

Outside the village we met the woman of the purple sunbonnet.

'The man, Mr. Jackson — has he been here long?' I asked.

'Tin yar ergo hit war whin he kim hyar, and bought ther house by ther church and turned hit eround. He war hurted in his laig. Some sez he's lakein'. But I 'low he jest sulls. He air a infi-*del*.'

'Ah,' said Peter as we walked on, 'his limp — the lock step, perhaps. Poor devil!'

'Oh, no!' I cried. 'He's lame. Recall what he said about the murder trial. He just refuses to share the guilt of the world with the rest of us. The religionists do it in another way. Our sins ought to hold us together. We grow queer on the heights. Poor lonely infi-*del!* His books are his opium!'

III

The river road! Cool golden sands beneath white-armed sycamores. The river road, where solemn cows converse disparagingly about us, and dispute our right of way; where mules look over the rail fences through their wise, bitter eyes; where the sudden print of a child's bare foot in the sand is a great work of art; where a tawny bobcat, intent on his own business, trots across on noiseless padded feet, at once another shadow in the sun-flecked wood. Where cardinals flash from green bird-haunted thickets, and a friendly mocking bird cools his wing in the clear water of the ford where we stop a moment to fish. Where the fitful breeze brings the languorous sweetness of the honeysuckle, and John selects the ripest of the plump black dewberries by the wayside, and deserts them when a red squirrel — a very short expression of life with a question mark at the end — runs up a sweet gum, and we leave John in acute hysteria at the foot of the tree. Where a wagon with bolt timber creaks slowly down the hill, and we stand before the cart that the mules may not shy; and the driver stops, and three other log wagons stop, and we all meet on the common ground of the weather with abundant time to exhaust the subject. For a highway is but a way of transit, as dangerous and as monotonous as a

railway track, but a country road is a pleasant retreat where 'all the world' may meet in careless leisure.

Beside the jade-green river the road ran in and out, then up and up the mountain. And when we came to a little knoll deep in pine needles, with a clear spring gushing at its foot, we made our noon camp, and broiled our two fat perch.

Though we had seen cabins at a distance, we had met no Indians, no negroes.

'These Indians, the blue men, are probably creoles,' said Peter as he lay on the pine needles smoking his after-dinner cigarette. I replied that I hoped they were, for I loved the creoles; meaning not the French creoles so familiar to us in New Orleans, but the miscalled creoles of the rural districts in the Gulf States — a mixture of negro and Indian.

Peter laughed, as he always did when he thought of our first acquaintance with the creoles.

It was one day when I was seated sullenly on the verandah of a deserted hotel near the railway station of a little town where we waited to connect with a road that ran to another tedious town on the Gulf. These towns were all alike. I was weary of the glaring water and the voice of the realtor in the land. I desired dully, like a lotus-eater, never more to roam — even in search of health. Peter, seeing I was wickedly 'sunk,' had gone across the street to get me a cup of coffee. A tall, lank man with blue soot-rimmed eyes leaned against a pillar and said, 'The train is late to-day.'

'Yes,' I answered; 'I have heard no excited rumors that it is on time. But I don't care if it never comes.'

'Don't you want to go on?'

'No.'

'Where do you want to go?'

'I want to go,' I answered dreamily, 'away from the sea waves. I want to go to a blue river where green banks come down to the water's edge; and below low hills boats — only little boats — glide silently. But I'm describing another country — Paradise, maybe.'

'Why, no. It's about seven miles from here. Have you bought your tickets?'

'No.'

'I can't get away until two o'clock. But you can wait over at the Mitchell House. At two I'll come and take you over there. Any baggage?'

'Two suitcases. Here are the checks. But I think we'll walk on toward Paradise and lunch by the roadside. You can pick us up in the car. I'll tie a handkerchief to a tree or something if we are far from the road.'

So when Peter came with the coffee the man told him our destination, and we hastened joyfully to buy bread, bacon, cakes, and tea, and started for Paradise.

But Jordan is a hard road to travel. At noon, after innumerable cups of tea over a little camp fire, a storm, utterly unheralded, broke, and we rushed to a ruined, deserted house near us. For half an hour the wind blew a hurricane. The left wing of the house collapsed, and sent a horde of rats upon us. But the storm ceased suddenly, the sun shone, and the car honked from the road. In a few minutes we stopped before a tiny cottage where the yard waved with phlox of varied hues in lieu of grass. I sat under a great umbrella tree while Peter and our friend went to find the landlord. But the landlord was shooting 'gator bait. His wife told them that the 'gators were rather bad. One had climbed on the bank, hit a sheep with its tail, and carried it into the river, just where the children bathed. So they were to put out bait and torches,

and shoot him in the eye this night. But she found the key, and the little house was clean and comfortable; and oh, the beautiful cedar ceilings and walls! Our friend, disclaiming all money or thanks, drove away, saying he would come Sunday to see how we liked it.

Liked it! Feeble words! We set off at once down the path to the broad blue river, where, below low green hills that sloped to the water's edge, little boats drifted aimlessly about. The people stopped in the middle of the river for afternoon gossip. It was the village highway — Venice before the motor boat. A child sang as he pushed his boat across from the one store, with a loaf of bread under his arm. A fat, jolly priest tucked up his frock and poled across with a basket of eggs. Were we in America?

That night on a little wharf in a deserted garden, as we sat under a bright moon, suddenly there floated down the river a cry, melodious, penetrating, infinitely sweet. Another voice echoed, another, and far down the shining river another, until the warm moist night was vocal. The captain of the little boat at the pier stopped before us to light his pipe, and said, 'The creoles are yodeling to-night. Beautiful, is n't it?'

Oh, beautiful! Not the crystal call of the Tyrolese, a cry to the god of the hills, but a cry as native as the gurgle of their river, as seductive as the perfume of the night-blooming flowers where the water laps the shore — the old, old cry to the god of the valleys.

The next morning the fish wagon stopped at our door, and I met my first creole. Lithe, dark, erect — an Arab with the mellifluous voice of the negro and the proud reserve of the Indian. When I came to know this man well, he told me that his father, a creole and a widower, had married a negress, a widow with children. Now there are three free schools — one for the whites, one for the creoles, and one for the negroes. He himself went to the creoles' school, his step-brothers to the negroes'. But when children came to this couple the threat of utter illiteracy hung over them, for all schools rejected them. After years of heated discussion, the disgrace was divided between the two schools; the children went half a term to each.

Some of the creole women, of mixed white blood, are very beautiful. A white man of means married one of these women, and on their wedding journey to Chicago the Southern railway conductor refused to permit the bride to ride in the Pullman or to allow the man in the negro coach! Though in the South we hold miscegenation in peculiar horror, yet the harm was already done, and I have always hoped that Charon made this conductor cross the Styx in the steerage.

IV

Now, as we lay on the mountainside and recalled all this, I said, 'And oh, remember the day when the mail carrier tied our skiff behind his motor boat to deliver the mail!' For here was the only rural river route in America. Against the law to take us? But in this languorous land how far away the law seems! And the creoles sauntered silently down green banks to their little wharves, and there among the water lilies we gave them their letters without a word to break the steady swish-swish of the reeds.

So, lighting one cigarette after another from the dying fire, we 'tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.'

Unnoticed, an ominous cloud had appeared in the west, and we hastened

for the camp shovel to trench for the tent, and prepared for the night on the hill.

That night John gave the man-growl, and the next morning as I boiled the tea while Peter foraged for wood — pine does not make a cooking fire — I saw behind the golden splash of Spanish needle a man creeping away in the bushes. The storm still threatened, and we dug the trench deeper and stayed another night; though John, who did not like the hill, begged to go on. The following morning, as Peter cleared the trench for the still threatening storm, again I saw the man in the bushes. I took the rifle and handed it quietly to Peter, and told him to look. Peter pointed the gun at the man and cried, 'Come out, friend! We don't like visitors on all fours!'

An Indian with a slight blue cast — like the terror of my childhood, a man who had taken a medicine for epileptic fits — came forward calmly and said, 'You are an Indian.'

I looked at Peter with a fresh eye. We did look like Indians! For we were bronzed deep by the sun, and our hair hung black and long, — at least Peter's was black, — for somewhere in the cart the scissors were lost. From months of walking in moccasins we had acquired the Indian glide — and oh, the ease it brought in walking!

So Peter answered diplomatically, 'Maybe.'

'You are digging for our treasure — our gold. We won't let you take it. We know it is here on this hill somewhere. You can't take it. But,' and a look of cunning came into his immobile face, 'if you divide with me, I'll not tell. Divide with me?'

'I'm not digging for treasure,' said Peter. 'I'm trenching our tent because it's going to rain.'

The Indian shook his head stubbornly. 'Divide with me? We won't let you take our gold. I'll not tell. When the moon shines I'll come. Divide with me?'

'You can dig alone. I'll not be here to-night. If you know the treasure is here, why have n't you found it?'

'The Quallas know where it is. There is gold — much gold. I'll help you dig when the moon shines to-night.' And he glided away.

We broke camp at once, so that we might not be suspected of having found gold — much gold; though when Peter reflected on the forty-five cents he said he would like to fortify the hill and dig.

'If you ask me,' he said as we walked away, 'these shadows of the past are too dense to be comfortable, or I'm an Indian!'

Though the houses of the blue men were neat and well cared for, — gardens always in front, and not a flower, — I was glad when we came to the first ramshackle negro cabin, where the hens scratched contentedly in gardens at the back and cockscombs and zinnias bloomed at the doorstone, where the pickaninnies grinned. But on the way we talked with some of the Indians and admitted that they were intelligent and thrifty.

A sad, a silent people, these lost Cherokees. Unlike the negroes, who hide their melancholy with marvelous secrecy, these Indians carry their sadness like a banner.

The clouds cleared away, and a perfume not of flowers or of ripening fruit came on the breeze — a fascinating odor to hungry wanderers. And around a turn of the road was a party of negroes before a barbecue fire. I turned into the big gate before an unexpectedly commodious house.

'But they are negroes!' said Peter doubtfully.

'That is why we shall get a good clean dinner!'

'But negroes! And we have only forty-five cents!'

'Nonsense!' I cried impatiently and unjustly. For Peter had not been brought up in a land where Aunt Becky kept track of your 'ka-reer' through absent years, and walked ten rheumatic miles when you came home, to see if 'you still favored yo' paw'!

A very old white-headed negro came to greet us. Resolved to be economical, I said, 'Good morning, Uncle. That barbecued meat smelled so good I just had to stop and see if you would sell us a slice.'

'Suhtinly! Suhtinly! Rose, cut de lady a nice slice. One ob de blue min tole us dey wuz trablers on de road. But you is not whut we expected teh see, suh. Not atall, suh!'

A negress, who turned two kids on spits before an open fire, began to sharpen a knife. Suddenly the old man cried, 'Heah, you twins! Woodrow! You an' Sambo! Come holp me cahy obeh somethin'. Wait a minute, Miss — Miss — '

'Miss Eleanor,' I answered.

'Miss Ellen,' and he smiled delightedly, 'you jis' set down on de bench by de little table dar.'

Presently he returned with the twins, and under a great oak set the table with a clean white cloth and pink-flowered dishes.

'Dese dishes,' the old man said proudly, 'is whut I keeps fuh white folks comp'ny. Nobody else iveh et in dem. I'm ve'y much respected heah, suh. I has a gret chance o' white comp'ny. I owns my hunderd-acre fahm heah, suh. Ise lived heah sence de wah wid de States. Dese folks is all my dahters and deir chillun an' gran'-chillun. Ise pow'ful ole now. None o' my boys 'd stay on de place, an' I wuked all my life teh make it fine fuh 'em! Dis is a picnic fuh Rose's gal. She has a little boy baby; and dey 's all come frum town teh bring cradle presents. So I fotched some ice frum town, an' I barbecued two fat kids fuh 'em.'

The old negro waited on us himself, and there was red raspberry ice cream and real pound cake. When he had gone for more of the delicious barbecued meat, Peter said, 'How the devil are we to pay for all this?'

'Peter,' I said, 'I'm a Southern belle befo' de wah ob de States, and you are like the man who walked before Alexander to keep telling him he was mortal! You and your forty-five cents! We can get the money at the town and send it back — if there's not enough.'

'Humph! He'll believe that!'

Suddenly he whispered, 'That little hickey you bought of the last mountain woman — it's a quilt, is n't it?'

So we unlocked the cart and took from it the beautifully pieced and quilted silk square I had bought for a footstool cover. 'Uncle,' I said, 'may I give the baby a cradle present too? It's only a little quilt, but we think it pretty.'

Rose came with the other women and bore it proudly into the house to the baby. And when we had finished our dinner Peter, as from an inexhaustible store, produced the forty-five cents and offered it to the old negro.

'Nossuh! Nossuh! You-all is comp'ny! I kim frum Vahginny, and my white folks wuz the Chiltons, suh!'

Rose eyed the money covetously, and her face fell. Her father turned to her and said sharply, 'We iveh one 'd consideh it a bodacious insult teh take money frum a lady dat give Rose's gran'chile a fine cradle present. We thanks you, Miss Ellen.'

'Saved again!' murmured Peter.

'It 'pears lak it mought rain. I keeps one room fuh white comp'ny. I'd be proud if you-all would stay.'

We thanked him and declined, and he brought us some apples to take with us. 'Dey is fine apples. I got seven kinds o' sweet apples. I planted 'em all. But nobody keers nothin' fuh 'em. Maybe you-all don't want 'em. I went teh Nashville teh visit my boy an' his chillun an' gran'chillun. An' I shined up my ve'y bestest apples I'd sprayed fo' times, an' I wropped iveh one in fine white paper, an' I toted de sack wid me on de kyars. But my boy he jis' th'owed 'em in de automobile an' bruised 'em. An' dat night I calls de chillun an' I says, "See whut you-all's ole gran'pappy done brung you!" An' I ontied de flour sack, an', suh, dey says, "Nothin' but ole apples!" An' th'owed 'em right on de flo'. Dey says dey laks awanges, suh. It 'pears lak I done th'owed away all my wuk heah. Dey won't nobody even stay on de place. Dese chillun all live in town dat's heah teh-day.'

The old negro's eyes filled. I could not speak; and he went on, 'Miss Ellen, I hopes you won't kyar if I axes yo' las' name. I sohteh thunk we mought name Rose's baby boy fuh you. We kindeh runs outen names.'

I wrote my maiden name on a piece of paper, — spelled phonetically, — and Peter said, 'Cheer up! With a name like that, this one will grow up and love the old place and come back to it.'

'I thanks you-all. You kin find a good camp in de grove at de ole Lancaster place teh-night. De fambly's all gone off teh be lawyers and doctahs in cities. But ole Miss an' little Miss is buried dar. Little Miss's boy wuz de las' teh leave. Dar's a tenant dar now. Jis' pore white trash.'

V

As we walked on, Peter said: 'Now that avuncular shadow of the past is worth while! But those young negroes — why, even after we gave them the cradle present they would have taken our — '

'If you say "forty-five cents" again I shall scream! What have we to do with high finance?'

'You are right! The joy of the road is that the exigencies of the present shut off the past and the future. But the money smoulders in my pocket! And I have a feeling that a good-sized exigency is coming. We'll spend it at the next stop.'

After supper in the dimly lighted old hall of the Lancaster mansion, with its pathetic spindle-legged piano and occasional carved chair, I played the violin for the tenant and the field hands who lolled on the great stairway or sprawled on the floor. Hoping to find a mountain fiddler, I passed the violin among them. A mellow voice from the dark called, 'I kin play, if de lady don't mind.'

'Come in, Uncle Eli,' said our host kindly. 'You used ter live hyar, did n't ye?'

An old, old negro stood framed in the doorway. Neatly dressed, with high-topped boots of a bygone fashion, he stood slender and straight as a charred pine.

I caught the veiled contempt in the glance he gave the field hands sprawled about the old hall. A glance that included me in my short skirt and bobbed hair.

'Yas, suh! Yas, suh! I done sold my fiddle in dis berry hall when I went Nawth wid de fambly. I ain't played no mo'. But I done come home now, suh.'

He fingered the violin lovingly with trembling old hands, and pushed the bow across the strings. But the music did not come. Sadly enough he brought it back to me. 'I reckon Ise done fergot how teh play,' he said.

'Try again, Uncle Eli,' I said. 'It

will come back to you. It always does.'

It did come back to him, and after he had tuned the violin in his own way he said, 'I'll play you de oldest tune in de worl'. It's "De Road teh Jericho." An' de good Book say it made de walls o' Jericho fall.'

Half a century and more has passed since Old Miss sat in her hoop-skirted dress and smiled while she watched the dancers and listened to Uncle Eli's fiddle.

Old reels sparkled and lilted through the great hall; and suddenly one of the field hands sprang to his feet and cried, 'Hoe all day an' hop all night!' And presently they were all dancing like mad. We hopped with the best of them. Even our host's tiny daughter joined the revels. Then, for the first time, I saw Uncle Eli smile. He sang with the violin, 'Hold up youah dress an' dance lak a lady. Nobody hyah but Kitty an' de baby.' The old white head so weighted with memories sank lower and lower. Perhaps he had sung that song for little Miss who sleeps under the oaks here, while her great-granddaughter dances the Charleston at a cabaret.

Night, when the whippoorwill called incessantly in the deep grove; and before sunrise we stole silently away to meet the mystery of the dawn breeze on the river road.

When the sun was hot we stopped at a desolate cabin for a drink. Inside, a weary woman was ironing, heating her irons before a fireplace, while a young woman sat in a cushioned chair and crocheted with very coarse twine what she called hats. The girl was beautiful. All the expression denied her body was concentrated in her face. For she had never walked. She was selling the hats to buy herself a wheel chair. When she told me they were fifty cents, Peter's eyes met mine, and without a word he gave me forty-five cents and three postage stamps.

Outside, to prove the wisdom of my purchase, I tried to wear the hat. But it volplaned like an airship. Even a string weighted with a rock failed to secure it. So I removed the wire at the edge, made a hand bag of it, and felt lighter in my mind.

At last we stood on the summit of a steep hill, and Peter said, 'If the mists would lift we could see the bank in the town.'

Sis, always of an unbalanced nature, became excited at this, and ran violently down the hill. We all three pursued, screaming and barking. A motor rattled past. We had come to the end of the river road.

MRS. TURTLE LAYS HER EGGS

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

For the past four years I have lived as a trader on the atoll of Puka-Puka, in the South Pacific, but it was only recently that I became personally acquainted with the midnight ramblings of Mrs. Turtle. I had been dangerously ill from ptomaine poisoning, so I decided to close the trading station and take a two weeks' vacation on Frigate Bird Islet, one of the three islets which, with the reef and the lagoon, comprise the atoll. It is contrary to the local tabus for anyone to visit Frigate Bird Islet except during the copra-making seasons, when the whole population moves; but as I am a white man, and had been very ill, the village fathers generously consented to my sojourn on Frigate Bird for the purpose of convalescence. Furthermore, it was then November, the season when the turtles come ashore to lay their eggs, and I had promised the natives to lie in wait for one.

Taking with me an old retainer called Uiliamu (William), I paddled across the lagoon and was soon comfortably settled on Frigate Bird Islet, in a grove of tall puka trees. There the wind moaned with a pleasant dolorousness and innumerable sea birds were blown about the sky, settling from time to time on their perches in the tops of the trees. Frigate Bird was also a favorite nesting place for the *rupes*, island doves whose cooing is as lonely-sounding as the music of the wind in the branches of the puka trees.

Half an hour after our arrival on the islet, old William returned in great excitement from a reconnoitre along the beach. He had found a turtle track only a few hundred yards from our little thatched hut. I followed him to the spot. It must have been a huge turtle, for the track was a good three feet wide and ploughed deep into the sand.

Looking at the trail she had left behind her, I wondered that there are any of these great turtles left in the sea. The natives of all these islands know, of course, that a turtle lays her eggs every ten or twelve days, on four or five occasions during the months of November and December. So, when a trail is discovered, one has only to lie in wait during high tide, and Mrs. Turtle may be caught when she returns to lay another batch of eggs; for she will lay her successive batches within a few hundred yards of the first one.

I have read that a turtle is very clever in hiding the spot where she lays her eggs, but this is nonsense. From the shallows to the upper beach she leaves a track behind her as plain as an armored tank's, and the spot where she lays is hollowed out much like a hog wallow, the sand being heaped over the eggs to the height of a foot or more. After the eggs are deposited and covered, she wobbles straight back to the reef, leaving another trail so plain and deep that, failing to see it, one would stumble into it.

When the eggs hatch, the first baby

turtle digs a round hole to the surface and wobbles clumsily out. At his heels — or, better, his flippers — is a second, and a third, and so on, all the little turtles marching in single file to the shallows, where they dive happily in. Then the tragedy begins, for there is no morsel daintier than a baby turtle, and every sea creature seems to be waiting for the feast. Of the hundred or more baby turtles that leave the beach, not fifty will succeed in getting as far as the reef, where a dozen more will be gobbled down by spotted eels. The moment the rest of the little company are through the breakers, the large fish outside swirl into them, devouring them, usually, to the last turtle.

When I think of the innumerable enemies of the young turtle, I marvel that any of them escape to reach maturity. But some do, of course, for old Mother Turtle makes due allowance for casualties. She lays from four hundred to six hundred eggs yearly, so that, in the course of five hundred years, a few of her two hundred and fifty thousand offspring are bound to survive.

There are thousands upon thousands of eggs in a female turtle; some are clusters of just-forming eggs no larger than a pinhead, and from these they range in size to the fully developed ones. The smaller ones are a great delicacy, but somehow, with me, half the pleasure in eating them is lost when I think of the thousands of embryo lives I am destroying through the grind of my molars.

It is a law on Puka-Puka that sailfish and turtle belong to the entire population. When only one turtle is caught and shared among the five hundred and fifty-odd inhabitants, the individual portions, one would suppose, must be small. But they are larger than the uninitiated might think, for of an average green turtle's three hundred pounds weight not ten pounds are wasted. The Puka-Pukans eat the flippers, shell, and tail, while the head is given to the man who catches the turtle. The hard bony carapace and plastron shells are considered the most delicate parts, and the result is that when the turtle feast is over there is hardly enough refuse left to fill a hat.

II

Old William and I dug out one hundred and six round white eggs that day, each about the size of a hen's egg. The fully developed eggs are not particularly palatable, but quite good enough for a meal on Frigate Bird Islet. William decided that this batch had been laid two days earlier, so that we might expect Mrs. Turtle to return in a little more than a week. We would lie in wait and catch her by the simple process of turning her over on her back; then go to the north side of the islet and light the signal fire which would inform the rest of the Puka-Pukans across the lagoon that a turtle had been caught, whereupon they would all paddle joyously over for the feast.

The following eight days passed as I should like all days to pass for the rest of my life. I swam in the lagoon with my water goggles on, looking down on the fantastic peaks of submarine mountains, watching the gorgeously colored fish swimming in and out of caves and crevices among the coral; or I would lie on the beach and sleep, or wander idly through the groves inland, listening to the lonely cries of the sea birds. Each day I grew stronger and soon reached that stage of health where one derives the keenest delight from the mere fact of being alive.

On the eighth night old William and I walked the beach during high tide, but old Mrs. Turtle failed to appear; so we

returned to our little hut in the puka grove and went to sleep. William said that mother turtles seldom cross the reef at low tide, but this is not an invariable rule.

An hour later I awoke, as completely refreshed as though I had enjoyed a long and dreamless night's sleep. William was snoring at the other end of the hut, and I heard an owlish shearwater squawking a discordant love song to the moon.

I rose and crept out of the mosquito net, thinking that perhaps Mrs. Turtle might have stolen a march on us and might even now be fashioning the nest for her eggs somewhere up the beach. Sure enough; I had not gone more than a hundred yards along the shore when I came to a freshly ploughed track from the shallows to the shore brush. I halted and listened.

The water in the outer shallows lay steely-calm halfway to the reef, and the shadows of branching coral were outlined with striking clearness. But the first tiny wave of the incoming tide was moving shoreward, a wall of water about a foot high, jet-black in the moonlight save for flashing points of spray that rose and subsided as the tide wave foamed gently across the shallows to break with a faint hiss on the sandy beach. A moment later it was on its way back to the reef and soon the shallows were calm again, although the water was a few inches deeper than before.

I seated myself on the sand near Mrs. Turtle's track and gazed into the shadows of the shore brush. Once I thought I saw a dim ungainly shape moving there, and several times heard the crackle of breaking twigs as she broke through the bushes.

She rested for several moments, and then I heard a sharp scraping noise followed by the patter of sand against the foliage. I rose, crept close, and turned the light of my flash lamp into the bush. At my feet, so close that I might have touched her, was a green turtle weighing at least three hundred pounds. She turned her head to stare at me with cold passionless eyes; then with a deliberate, almost haughty motion she again turned, and without paying the least further attention to me went on with her work.

I sat down and placed my flash lamp on the ground so that the light was fully upon her. I expected her to move away, but she did not, and the natives have told me that once a turtle has started to dig the pit for her eggs nothing can frighten her away. The eggs must fall and she will proceed, oblivious of everything, until she has them nested.

There was something solemn, almost religious, about that midnight labor so beset with danger. I watched with a feeling akin to awe, as though I were eavesdropping at an esoteric rite. What, I wondered, did old Mama Turtle make of my flash lamp? Was she aware that death awaited her only a few feet away, that she would never again cross the reef to plunge into the cool sanctuary of the sea? If so, she gave no evidence of the fact. More than likely she was the stoic she appeared to be, a fatalist whose hundreds of years of experience had placed her above worrying over the vicissitudes of life and the fear of death. The light of my flash lamp was merely another of those strange phenomena turtles must expect on dry land. I wondered about all sorts of things as I watched her — a man will harbor curious thoughts in the wee hours of a moonlight night on the remote beach of an uninhabited islet.

She had already started digging her pit when I first approached her. She used her hind flippers, the right and left ones alternately. With one she would reach to a spot under her tail, scrape

away about a handful of sand and gravel, and, cupping the bottom of her flipper, bring the sand to the surface and deposit it. The other flipper would then be swung into the hole, while with the first she would brush away the sand already brought out. This was done by scraping the flipper vigorously across the ground, and it was that sound I had first heard after discovering her track.

She worked automatically, for evidently she must dig her pit in the age-old manner or not at all. It was interesting to observe that, though one flipper was shorter than the other, when the hole became too deep for her to reach bottom with the shorter one she still went through the motions of scraping, cupping, and brushing the ground where the sand should have been. This somewhat lessened my opinion of Mrs. Turtle's wisdom.

When the pit was as deep as she could make it — about twenty inches — she dropped one hundred and fourteen eggs into it, filling the excavation to within three or four inches of the surface. Then, working both her hind flippers at once, she scraped the sand into the pit, patting it down firmly and pushing it under her until she had a mound a foot high over the eggs. Then she put her powerful front flippers to work for the first time. Reaching out, she scraped them across the ground so vigorously that a shower of twigs, sand, and gravel went flying into the air. This was done, I suppose, in an effort to cover and conceal the spot where the eggs were laid — an entirely futile attempt. Half of the first shower rained on me, with such force that I moved away at once. Deciding that I had seen enough of Mrs. Turtle's private affairs, I moved some distance away to sit on the beach near her track. For ten minutes longer I could hear her flinging the sand about; then she was silent.

III

I must have waited a full hour longer, for the moon had dropped to Arai Reef, and I could see the foam and spray where the long smooth combers humped their backs and broke over the sunken reef. Venus had risen, and in another hour the puka trees would be outlined in the first light of dawn. Twice I flashed my light into the bush, only to see Mrs. Turtle lying motionless, resting after her labors. Presently I nodded, and dozed off in the midst of a series of disjointed reflections.

I was roused by the sound of something dragging over the sand. It ceased the moment I looked up. There stood Mrs. Turtle, perfectly still, not more than ten feet from me. I was directly in her path; all I must do was to walk up to her, get a firm hold on her carapace shell above the tail, and tug her over — but there was plenty of time for that.

I watched her for fully ten minutes; then, of a sudden, she breathed. It was a raucous respiration, startlingly loud in the still night air. It may have been that my long exposure under the moon's full light had given me what the Puka-Pukans call 'moon madness'; however that may be, it occurred to me that old Mama Turtle was an exceedingly likable, human sort of creature. Therefore I decided to have a little confidential chat with her.

Although at first the sound of my voice startled me a little, I explained to Mrs. Turtle the foolish risk she had taken in coming to an inhabited island to lay her eggs. 'In your hundreds of years,' I said, 'you should have learned that only the loneliest sand banks are safe for you, and that your greatest danger is from an encounter with man.

'And now, madam,' I went on with a little flourish, 'see what your lack

of foresight has brought you to! To-morrow you will be split in two — *vavaji-ake*, as the Puka-Pukans say — and eaten to the last corner of your shell. You will have ceased to exist. For many hundreds of years you have flopped across the reefs of lonely atolls, ploughed up the beaches, and laid your hundred eggs. For centuries you have paddled with dignity and deliberation about the seven seas, dining on the choicest turtle grass and contemplating the starry firmament through long tropic nights. All these centuries you have escaped being made into soup for aldermen's dinners; you have escaped the ropes and spears of savages; and most amazing of all, at about the time when William the Conqueror crossed the English Channel, when you hatched out on some remote and moonlit tropic beach such as this, you escaped your enemies in the sea and by some freak of chance managed to grow to maturity, safe from all sea creatures, only now to be unceremoniously flopped over by a mere South Sea trader.

'Outside the reef old Papa Turtle is waiting for you. When he rises to breathe he gazes shoreward, wondering what is keeping you so late. But he will never see you again. He will wait beyond the reef for a few days, and then, doubtless, paddle off in search of another mate. To-morrow your body, from the tip of your nose to the end of your tail, will be crushed between the jaws of five hundred hungry savages. What a forlorn end to a life of adventure such as yours!'

Again Mrs. Turtle breathed hoarsely, and this time she struck her flipper on the sand, as though annoyed that I should keep her waiting. I rose and, stepping behind her, grasped her shell. I made a feeble attempt to turn her over, but she was very heavy, so I did not try again, for I was willing to believe that I was still weak from my recent illness. She waddled with stately deliberation down the beach, while I stood where I was, watching her. When she had nearly reached the water I called after her: 'Madam, I will give you three pieces of advice: Dive deeply and at once whenever you see a ship, boat, or canoe. Never go ashore at an island where you see fires at night. And above all, avoid man, your greatest enemy.'

Old Mama Turtle wobbled on without so much as a glance back. A moment later she flopped gracelessly into the water and I saw her no more. Dawn was at hand as I walked back to the puka grove. Old William was still asleep.

When he awoke he soon discovered the turtle track and my own as well, and all that day he would not speak respectfully to me. He knew at once what had happened, but he was unable to account for my strange behavior. Why, if I were unable to turn the turtle over, had n't I called him? There was really no satisfactory reply to be made to that question. The next day when we returned to the main island William told the story, and I was in disgrace. For a week not one of the village fathers would consent to buy so much as a popgun from me, or a bag of marbles. Nevertheless I am glad that I acted as I did. And if old Mrs. Turtle is capable of emotion and reflection, I am sure she is glad, too.

THE PUBLIC LOOKS AT PILLS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

SOME years ago a society of distinguished physicians and surgeons invited a well-known journalist to speak to them on 'The Doctor from the Layman's Point of View.' It was the chance of a lifetime, but the journalist made nothing of it. He filled his allotted hour with some appropriate display of scholarship (mainly Oriental), and a great many well-turned compliments. His audience, gratified but a trifle bored, expressed their sense of appreciation, and have had none but professional lecturers ever since.

In truth the layman's point of view, as it has come down to us through the centuries, is one of mockery and derision. The French adage, 'Never waken the sleeping doctor,' is a little like 'Never warm the frozen viper.' The old Italian epitaph, 'I was well: I wished to be better: I took medicine and died,' turns up in divers tongues and in divers ages. Pausanias is said to have attributed his length of years to his avoidance of all drugs. English comedy, like French, rings with laughter at the expense of a profession from which so much was expected that a broad margin was left for discontent. George Colman's sneer, —

> But when ill indeed,
> E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed,

is forced and mechanical alongside of Gay's swinging lines: —

> Men may escape from rope and gun,
> *Some* have outlived the doctor's pill.

Dryden, more serious and assured, wrote decisively: —

> God never made his work for man to mend,

which was being very much at home in Zion.

The layman, writing upon the science of medicine, has never drawn any wide distinction between a statement and a fact. He gave us in the past, as he gives us in the present, a great deal of interesting reading which, if false to circumstance, is apt to be exceedingly true to life. We learn from Robert Burton, who bravely quotes authority, that in the days of Jerusalem's might and pride there lay open in the temple a great book written by King Solomon, and containing remedies for all manner of diseases. To this book the Jews had free access, and each man found in it the cure for his ailment. But Hezekiah caused it to be taken away, saying that it made the people secure, and that they forgot the need of calling upon God for help, because of their too great confidence in Solomon's wisdom.

Burton himself was far ahead of his generation in sense and rational skepticism. His words are the words of wisdom. He makes plain the advisability of dieting, which all men hate, and the unadvisability of taking other people's remedies, a habit dear to most men's hearts. Neither does he think it well for laymen to read medical treatises, and draw their own conclusions. 'No one should be too bold to practise upon himself without an approved

physician's consent, nor to try conclusions if he read a receipt in a book.'

Yet intelligence and monstrous erudition failed alike to eradicate from Burton's heart a dim respect for ancient cures that had nothing but length of years to recommend them. There, for example, were the precious stones. How natural it seemed to him that their beauty and durability should have power to soothe the restless maladies of the mind. And there were other substances unknown to and unseen by him, yet whose existence and qualities he could not bring himself to deny: 'In the belly of a swallow there is a stone called chelidonius, which, if it be lapped in a fair cloth and tied to the right arm, will heal lunatics, and make madmen amiable and merry.' And there were old wives' cures in which he put no faith, but which had the warrant of usage and of error. 'In my father's house I first observed the amulet of a spider, lapped in silk in a nutshell, applied for an ague by my mother.' This simple domestic remedy, though gravely recorded, is condemned by Burton as being ill-advised. His mother, he admits, was not the only practitioner. He has heard of divers cures wrought by spiders. But, after giving the matter due consideration, he 'can see no warrant for them.'

Our world is a changing world, and the only durable thing in it is human nature. No longer do we put our faith in spiders, and the stone in the swallow's belly has not even the poetic permanence of the jewel in the toad's head. The diseases of the present have little in common with the diseases of the past save that we die of them. 'Moral as well as natural maladies disappear in the progress of time,' wrote Jane Austen flippantly to Cassandra, 'and new ones take their place. Shyness and the sweating sickness have given way to confidence and paralytic complaints.'

Impenetrable Latin names have also replaced the deeply colored and dramatic words which told a terror-stricken people in what guise death was knocking at their door. The 'Plague,' a strong and simple vocable, was bad enough; but think how the 'Black Death' must have numbed the heart with fright. The petty losses of perpetual warfare were trivial as compared with the blotting out of human life (one man out of every three in fourteenth-century England) when this dreadful pestilence swept the land. The *Feu Ardent* differed principally in name. We are told that the hands and feet of the infected turned 'black as coals,' and rotted away; and we know that in 1106 there was founded in Arras *La Charité de Notre-Dame des Ardents*, the members of which devoted themselves to nursing the sick until their turn came to die. Then there was the malady called, Heaven knows why, the 'Purples.' It was an afterthought in the way of epidemics, for it ravaged the town of Celle where Matilda, Queen of Denmark and sister of George the Third, was confined. The unhappy lady caught the disease from a page and died, to the great relief of those who wished her out of the reach of sympathy or succor. Even the 'Sweating Sickness,' about which Jane Austen jested, has an appalling sound which fits the horror that it bred. The Papal Nuncio, Chiericate, writing from London in 1520, says that it was so swift and sure that men riding through the streets reeled and fell dead from their horses.

Of what avail was physic against such tides of death? The world, ignorant and impotent, clung to words it could understand and feel, to remedies of childish simplicity, to the hope and consolation of prayer. Centuries

passed, bringing rich gifts of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding. We seemed immeasurably remote from the helpless throngs to whom sanitation was unknown, and who stared wild-eyed at the dying and the dead. Then in our own day a pestilence, urbanely called the Influenza, carried off (so say the latest statistics) twenty million people, outstripping all recorded epidemics because of the denser population of the civilized world, and because it traveled faster and farther than any of its predecessors. When sixty-eight thousand persons died of the Great Plague in London, Frenchmen walked the streets of Paris in comparative security. The Influenza leaped a sea as easily as it leaped a street. Britain and the Balkans, Russia and Rhode Island, were neighbors in misfortune, and each and all paid their heavy toll of death.

The changelessness of human nature, which progressive minds deny, is illustrated by man's age-old inclination to escape from the orderly development, the 'mapped lands and charted waters' of science to byways, and short cuts, and the primrose paths of charlatanism. The same spirit which made the conservative Jews seek cures from Solomon's pages impelled Londoners who lived through the terrible months that preceded the Annus Mirabilis to buy 'anti-pestilential pills,' and 'the only true plague water,' and mysterious remedies concocted by 'ancient gentlewomen,' familiar with the disease from childhood. Ambroise Paré fought a hard and, I fancy, a losing fight against the preposterous drugs of his day, the ever-popular mummy scrapings, and unicorn horns — a sovereign antidote to poison. The public was naturally incensed that a man who had risen from the despised ranks of barber surgeons should presume to depreciate such rare and costly medicines, to which only the wealthy could aspire.

II

The most amazing tale which the credulity of the world has ever furnished is the many-chaptered history of touching for king's evil. From the days of Edward the Confessor in England (this is a matter of tradition), from the days of Clovis in France, clear down to the days of profound skepticism and dawning revolution, men clung to the belief that scrofula was healed by the royal touch. 'There is nothing that can cure the King's Evill but a Prince,' wrote Lyly in his *Euphues;* and the world, learned or ignorant, agreed with him. It was claimed that this mysterious power lay in the hands of French and English monarchs because they had been anointed with the sacred chrism; but Charles the Second, the most successful of royal practitioners, touched at Breda, Bruges, and Brussels before the Restoration; and devout believers crossed the Channel to be touched by the old Pretender — William the Third having sourly declined this prerogative of kingship.

Popularity, piety, profligacy, in no way affected the healing power. The people regarded their kings as Roman Catholics regard their priests. They were conduits through which flowed certain graces, irrespective of their own worthiness or unworthiness. Louis the Eleventh was fully as conscientious in touching as was Saint Louis, and Philippe de Comines warmly commends his fulfillment of this duty. 'If other princes do not the same, they are highly to blame, for there are always numbers of sick people to be healed.'

There were indeed! Reading the records, we should be driven to conclude that unwholesome diet produced scrofula on a giant scale were it not for the fact that every kind of growth,

or swelling, or eruption — diseases described by William Clowes as 'repugnant to nature' — was classified as king's evil when there was a chance for the patient to be touched. Clowes, whose office it was to examine the applicants for touching in the troubled reign of Charles the First, was a firm believer in, and a jealous guardian of, the monarch's prerogative. He denounced and brought to justice an impostor named Leverett, who claimed to be a seventh son, which he was not, and to heal by touch. This man, a gardener by trade, had his followers, — what impostor has not! — and the evidence showed that he had 'enticed lords and ladies to buy the sheets he had slept in' — as unpleasant a remedy as the annals of healing record.

Henry the Fourth of France, who was a strong fighter but a weakling of a doctor, complained querulously to the Countess of Guiche that, when ill himself, he was compelled to touch two hundred and fifty sick on Easter Day. He should have been ashamed of his slackness. On the Easter of 1686 Louis the Fourteenth touched sixteen hundred people with little rest or respite, bearing himself as became 'a healer and a king.' The great monarch ranks next to the merry monarch in the number of his patients and the presumed efficacy of his treatment. It is estimated that at his coronation he touched two thousand sick; and from that day until his death fifty-six years later he frequently and patiently fulfilled this strange function of the crown. When he lay dying a number of afflicted children were brought to his bedside. He was nearing the end, and his dim eyes could not discern the wretched little objects about him. But two bishops guided his feeble hands to child after child, and repeated the brief formula, 'The King touches. May God heal!' which nobly resembled the ever-repeated words of Paré, 'I dressed him, and God healed.'

In England the ritual for the ceremony of touching was established by Henry the Seventh, who began the practice of crossing the sore with a gold 'angel,' which was subsequently hung about the patient's neck. This custom obtained also in France, and we might be tempted to think that the coin was reason enough for seeking a cure were it not for the fact that after Charles the First had grown too poor to give it there were as many applicants as ever; and Charles the Second touched hundreds of sick before he had a spare piece of silver for himself, let alone gold for others. Pepys says that in the first four years of his reign he touched twenty-four thousand people; and it is calculated that he touched ninety-two thousand — some say two hundred thousand — before he died. Whatever he may have thought, he always played his part with becoming gravity. What disconcerted him — as well it might — was to find himself touching when he had not meant to — *un médecin malgré lui*. John Aubrey tells us that 'a Mr. Avise Evans had a fungus nose, and said it was revealed to him that the King's hand would cure him. So at the first coming of King Charles into St. James's Park, he kissed the royal hand, and rubbed his nose with it. Which did disturb the King, but cured him.'

Of course it cured him! That is the certain end of the story. We read over and over again that some hundreds or some thousands of people were touched for king's evil, and 'all were cured.' Now it was but natural that learned writers in the days of Queen Elizabeth should bravely assert that she healed her sick subjects. They would have been unwise to say anything else. But when it comes down to Queen Anne, who

touched little Samuel Johnson, aged two and a half, we find the same repeated assurances of success. They are like the assurances of our friends to-day that they have been cured by patent medicines, by bottled waters, by colored lights, by deep-sea massage, by diets as alien as King Nebuchadnezzar's, by the satisfaction of subconscious desires, and by being confidently told that they were well. It may even have been that some rustics felt themselves cured by the Scotch blacksmith whom Sir Walter Scott found practising medicine (by the pure light of reason) in Northumberland. Horrified, he remonstrated with the man, asking him if he never killed his patients, and received the memorable reply: 'Whiles they die and whiles no. It is the will of Providence. Onyhow, your honour, it wad be lang 'til it makes up for Flodden.'

III

The age of credulity is every age the world has ever known. Men have always turned from the ascertained, which is limited and discouraging, to the dubious, which is unlimited and full of hope for everybody. To dream a few dreams after four years of world war was a pardonable weakness. To cultivate a few pleasant pretenses was almost a necessity. When Dr. Émile Coué unbottled his sunshine to warm us, we basked gratefully in its rays. Autosuggestion, so long as the suggestions were of the right kind, seemed a private path to Paradise. 'I am not a healer. You heal yourselves,' said this delightful practitioner, and we made haste to believe him. Faith, hope, and confidence were remedies within reach of all. But after assimilating our little horde of persuasions, after repeating the Coué rosary until we were lapped in content, there would come now and then like a cold wind from the north the remembrance of words, stern and unequivocal, which we hoped we had forgotten: 'Things are as they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why should we seek to deceive ourselves?' And, shivering, we awoke to realities.

The delusions of the past seem fond and foolish. The delusions of the present seem subtle and sane. That the seventh son of a seventh son should have presumed to claim strange powers of healing, and that erysipelas (which was called the 'Rose of Ireland,' like one of Moore's melodies) should have disappeared beneath his touch, was a manifest absurdity. So, too, was the dipping of smallpox patients in milk, and the wasteful swallowing of gold, which Chaucer held to be a sovereign cordial. An old Irish woman told me when I was a little girl that as a child she had been cured of mumps by being driven three times in a halter at daybreak through running water — a remedy which modern literary slang would call 'colorful.' But when a delegation of Quakers suggested that the College of the City of New York should establish a course of Peace Psychology, we lent them serious attention; and when an educational expert urged giving dolls to children as a preventive of race suicide, we did our best to follow her line of reasoning. Two hundred years ago doctors bled their patients to the doors of death. One hundred years ago twenty thousand leeches found congenial occupation in the hospitals of London. But some months ago a man struck by a motor in New Jersey suffered himself, and was suffered by his relatives, to bleed to death, because the tenets of what he called his religion forbade his summoning medical assistance.

The perilous candor of doctors in this candid age may have lessened their prestige with the average layman, who

adores pretense and is always ready to credit what is loudly and persistently asserted. The iconoclastic jest of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes,' has been too often quoted by men who forget that it was spoken to the assured young students of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Collins's criticism of a practitioner, 'If automatons could have diseases, I should select him for their doctor,' has a familiar ring. It wittily expresses a doubt and dissatisfaction common since the days of the Tudors. 'Many physicians,' grumbles Bacon, 'are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient.'

There was none of this professional plain speaking in the days when newspapers were unknown, and few men were so learned and so unwise as to read books. Doctors then kept their own counsel, and left the laity guessing at the nature of diseases of which all they knew was the end. When we read that king or noble died of 'a surfeit,' we may feel tolerably sure that the diagnosis was correct. A great many people die of it now, though the word does not appear on the physicians' certificate. Philippe de Comines, who gathered the strangest kind of news from every available source, tells us that Mohammed the Second had 'a swelling in his legs which every spring made them the size of a man's waist (as I have heard from those who have seen them); and the swelling never broke, but dispersed of its own accord. No surgeon could tell what to make of it; but all agreed that his gluttony was the occasion, though perhaps it was a judgment from Heaven.'

Gluttony or a judgment from Heaven? There were few maladies that could not be attributed to one or other of these causes, and occasionally to both. Charles the Bold, who was bold with caution, sought to stave off the threatened surfeit by having his six physicians sit behind his chair at table (so says the Burgundian chronicler, Olivier de la Marche), 'and counsel him with their advice what viands were most profitable to him.' They were compelled to agree, and agree quickly, with one another; but there is a story that one of them, or all of them, protested to the ducal cook that his dishes were unwholesome, to which that functionary replied, 'My business is to feed my master; yours to cure him.'

IV

One quality has never been lacking in the long, noble, humorous annals of medicine, and it is the basic quality on which depends the worth of life — courage. The *esprit de corps*, which is unpopular on the same principle that nationalism is unpopular, has served as a fortress against fear. The heroism of the doctor who gives his life in searching for and experimenting with microbes is like the heroism of the explorer, the aviator, the sailor, the soldier, who all go out with high hearts to meet their duty and their death. The heroism of the doctor who gives his life in tending the pestilence-stricken is something too holy for commendation. Not for him the overmastering curiosity of the scientist and investigator. Not for him the interest so keen that it obliterates panic. And not for him the supreme joy and lasting honors of discovery. Only a sombre pathway to death, and often to oblivion. Gui de Chauliac, Papal chamberlain at Avignon, and the first surgeon of his day, set the seal

of glory upon his own name when he stuck to his post during the ravages of the Black Death in 1348. His *Chirurgia Magna* is the treasure of antiquarians, his admonition to physicians equals, if it does not surpass, the noble oath of Hippocrates. But because he practised what he preached, because he saw half the population of Avignon swept away, and stayed to heal the other half, his memory is honored of men, and his soul

Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

In the winter of 1915 six English doctors obtained permission to visit the German prison camp at Wittenberg, and tend the prisoners who were rotting with typhus fever. These unfortunates had not seen a cake of soap, or felt the decency of clean linen, for two months. They were alive with vermin, and dead to everything but the consciousness of misery. Three of the six doctors died within five weeks; but to them and to their valiant successors hundreds of men owed a gleam of hope, a touch of compassion, and their lives. The heroisms of the World War were beyond count and beyond praise; but nowhere was grandeur nigher to our dust, and nowhere was God nearer to man, than in that prison camp.

The late Dr. Weir Mitchell once said to me that, in his opinion, neither English nor American fiction had ever produced a satisfactory portrait of a doctor. Sevier was sentimental; Lydgate a rather dull embodiment of excellence, Thorne unconvincing as a practitioner. He was by way of thinking that the layman came no nearer to understanding the physician than to understanding medicine, though he had jested at both, railed at both, and sought help from both since the beginning of civilization. It is doubtful whether Dr. Mitchell, who was eminently fastidious, would have accepted with relish the up-to-date picture of Dr. Will Kennicott of Gopher Prairie, a plain person drawn with a firm rough touch which consistently denies him distinction. He is often obliterated from the canvas because his wife, the exacting and pretentious Carol, takes up so much room. But the unforced realism of the scene in the Morganroth farm, the amputation by night, the flickering lamp, the inflammable ether fumes, the matter-of-fact courage of a man accustomed to take chances — this is the kind of thing we like to know is within the possibilities of daily life. It makes for confidence in a world which has always produced, and still produces, ordinary men who do the work that lies at hand. Mr. Lewis has spared no profession from the shafts of his bitter ridicule. It is he who says that managing an epidemic with a board of health is like navigating a ship in a typhoon by means of a committee. But he has given us a physician in whom we believe, and whom, if we detach ourselves from sentimentalism, we can sincerely love.

The doctor of to-day must infinitely prefer abuse, which is harmless, and derision, which is world-worn, to the lofty patronage of the pseudo-scientist who renders profound homage to research, and eliminates the practising physician from the field of progress. 'The fruitful study of disease,' we have been told, 'began with the investigations of Pasteur,' which is partially true. But what of Lister, who 'watching on the heights, and watching there alone,' saw Pasteur like a star on the horizon? 'The scientific use of the imagination,' a great phrase and a great quality, has distinguished many a doctor who was content to heal his fellow men. We recognize it in the words of Dr. Keen, dean of American surgery, who has registered his hope

that after death he may be permitted to know and rejoice in the discoveries of the future, in the forward leaps of 'this great though little world.'

Hygiene is now the exalted idol of the public. There are none so learned and few so ignorant as to be without a set of rules which are unfortunately communicable. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* warned us a few years ago that there was 'no such thing as a science of medicine,' and that the study of disease was a matter 'distinctly apart from the art of healing.' 'Public health,' he wrote, 'becomes less and less an affair in which physicians should meddle. It demands rather a man of the temperament and clear-headedness of the engineer who is accustomed to think mathematically, and who dwells in a region where the landslides caused by his errors descend upon his own head.'

Do they so descend, I wonder? At least inevitably? Have there been no hecatombs of victims following the fatal weakness of wall, or roof, or bridge? It is doubtless true that 'the great majority of men who enter medicine have no intention of making their métier the science of the study of disease.' Somebody must serve as a medium through whom the discoveries of science, the fruits of knowledge, may be conveyed beneficially to the sick man whose eminently selfish desire is to get well. But it is a curious verdict which would forbid physicians to 'meddle' with public health. The health of the public is in their keeping. Why then should public health (a mere resetting of words) be outside their legitimate sphere?

A medical society in Chicago went so far as to issue a questionnaire, asking the laity, or at least some hundreds of laymen, if they preferred, and why they preferred, unprofessional to professional treatment. The answers received were with one exception — the high cost of keeping alive under the doctor's care — inexpressibly futile. They showed a peevish discontent with the possible, and a colossal faith in the impossible, which are as old as humanity. Only in the event of 'continuate and inexorable maladies,' a terrible phrase of Burton's, is this mental attitude of service. It may increase a man's pain and shorten his life; but it fools him with hope until he dies.

After the World War was over, the *Ladies' Home Journal* published a paper with this patronizing title: 'The Returning Doctor: He can now become one of the most potent assets of American life.' Can now become! How, I wonder, did the returning doctor feel if he read that encouraging assurance! How did the British Tommy feel if he read the peerless tribute to his services written by a thoughtful correspondent of the *Times*, and quoted with delight by André Maurois: 'The life of a soldier is hard, and sometimes really dangerous.'

So it is that the public looks at machine guns and at pills.

PERMANENCE

Violets, with rare and thin and reaching smell,
What is it you would tell?
Five thousand, fifty thousand years from us
Your scent was even thus,
In dusks before the Spring, O cry intense,
Thrilling within the sense.
O whither would you have us yearn and reach
Following your spirit-speech?
O love, first love, and all its keen regrets
Call with you, violets;
You draw us down all woodlands that have been
Since first the world was green —
Draw us with ache through graves of all the days
To grasp what beauty stays,
What Permanence behind all perishings,
What Spring behind the springs.

And you reply: we have not known your grief,
Untricked to your belief
In Time delusive, that unreal shade
By your own thinking made;
We have not known your Forward and Behind,
Vext individual mind;
We are the happy features of one Face,
The graces of one Grace;
With us the hours are one immortal Hour;
All fading flowers, one Flower.

Geoffrey Johnson

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

IMMORTAL life is once more widely canvassed. A distinguished man of science has recently told his colleagues that man has a soul which survives the dissolution of the body. Another not less eminent announced a year before that the soul is but an efflorescence of the body. When the brains are out, the man is dead, and there an end.

The question is everlasting. In one of the older Upanishads, millenniums back, young Nachiketas addresses Yama, lord of death, who has given him three wishes: —

'This doubt that there is, concerning the man who has gone forth: "He exists," say some, and "He exists not," others say; this would I know, taught by thee. This of my wishes is the third!'

The lord of death replies: 'Even by the gods of old it was doubted concerning this. . . .'

Writing not long ago, one of our philosophers of science said that there are three possible answers: personal life survives the death of the body; or, consciousness ends with bodily death; or, our separate consciousness is absorbed into a common reservoir of consciousness — the dewdrop slips into the shining sea.

Instead of these being alternatives, may there not be a more inclusive answer: that the three possibilities are concurrently true; when certain conditions are fulfilled, individual consciousness persists after bodily death; when these conditions are lacking, there is, at best, a very limited survival; there is a reservoir of consciousness, a boundless deep, into which the individual life may enter, not to be absorbed and lost, but to grow and expand to a splendor of which we can hardly conceive?

It is better, perhaps, to speak of the survival of consciousness than of the immortality of the soul; for the meaning of 'soul' is rather vague and undetermined, while 'consciousness' is something that every one of us is familiar with, through every hour of our waking lives.

Consciousness is a familiar experience; nay, more, it is the condition of all experience without exception, the one thing in the universe that we know at first hand. Yet the truth is that, while we are all endowed with consciousness, it is a rare thing for any of us to look at consciousness directly, turning consciousness back upon itself, as it were, and making a sustained effort to solve its mysteries. Perhaps our modern consciousness is too packed and crowded with activities, too careful and troubled about many things, to look backward within itself. Perhaps in past centuries our destiny after death has been surrounded by too many terrors for us to consider it with serenity. The fact remains that there are few quiet hours in which we may be conscious of our own consciousness.

But let us go back to the second of our two eminent men of science, who holds that death ends all. He is a profound believer in the method and conclusions of science. One wonders

whether he may sometimes realize that, outside consciousness, science itself has no existence; that our conception of matter exists wholly in consciousness.

What, after all, is matter? A few years since, before the discoveries of Henri Becquerel and the Curies, the answer seemed plain enough. When John Tyndall said, in the famous Belfast address, 'We find in matter the promise and potency of every form of life,' he was quite confident that he knew what matter was, and his hearers were ready to admit his knowledge. Matter was in those days a conglomerate of the chemical atoms of John Dalton, which were conceived as little round bodies like marbles, possibly furnished with hooks to link them together; there were about a hundred kinds of these little marbles, differing at least in weight, the uranium atom being two hundred and forty times heavier than the hydrogen atom. For a century they worked admirably, yielding abundant fruits — theoretical, as in the harmonic table of Mendelyeev; practical, in our chemical industries. Yet, in the strict sense, the atoms of Dalton do not exist; they never did exist outside the consciousness of Dalton and his fellow chemists. A mysterious something exists, subject to harmonic law, but not Dalton's atoms. And the power to perceive this harmonic law exists in consciousness; we can hardly conceive of that perception as existing in the atoms themselves.

After radioactivity was explored, electrons superseded the atoms of Dalton — units, positive and negative, of electricity, as we are told; though what electricity is in itself, and why it exists in units of these two kinds, remains a mystery; and our problem is not made easier when we are told that every atom, every defined group of spinning electrons, is endowed with a set of waves, while one school holds that the atom is merely the starting point of the waves and has no substantial existence at all. So the evolutionary development of the atom continues; it is a development in our consciousness; the atoms themselves, whatever they may be, are not affected by this development. Further, we are told that the electrons which build up the atoms are grouped in complex schemes somewhat like the solar system, with the sun in the centre and the planets revolving in space, the distances being relatively immense.

If, then, we are to find in matter the promise and potency of every form of life; if, with our great anatomist, we are to maintain that consciousness is a function of the body and brain, we ought to be able to form some conception of how this function is exercised, how it comes into existence. But the truth is that, whatever view of the atoms and electrons we accept, whether the more conservative protons and electrons, the more radical systems of waves, or a compromise between the two, it is wholly inconceivable that these electrons or the resultant atoms should be arranged in a pattern which would result in a perceiving consciousness, or, even more, in self-consciousness as we know it. No philosophic speculation can bridge that chasm. There is, perhaps, one possible loophole: that each electron is endowed with consciousness from the very beginning; that consciousness is coeval with these primordial units of being. But, if we accept this solution, we thereby admit that the origin of consciousness is an insoluble mystery; that consciousness is inherent, beginningless, and, it would logically follow, endless.

In a certain sense, these are artificial difficulties. We are in reality under no obligation to leap across the chasm and to seek for consciousness in a pattern of electrons. We need not seek for it there or elsewhere. It is already found, within ourselves; is, indeed, the seeker,

whether among electrons of its own imagining or in its own mysterious depths. Let us, then, begin where we are, and consider our consciousness as we are conscious of it.

II

The first quality or power of consciousness is to be conscious — an activity so astounding that we are, for the most part, wholly unaware of it. But consider for a moment. We are aware of curiously formed black marks on a white page; aware that they form patterns which we recognize as representing sounds; aware that these sounds carry a consistent meaning, which weaves itself together in our minds; aware of that meaning; and, finally, aware that we are aware of it. We are so familiar with every step of this miraculous way that we no longer see the miracle; yet miracle it is. And, as already suggested, it is wholly inconceivable that this miracle could arise from any rearrangement of electrons, unless we suppose them already endowed with perceptive consciousness.

Like the rest of mankind, our men of science almost unconsciously take this miracle for granted. Then they go courageously forward, building up the great structure of science — and consistently making use of other functions of consciousness hardly less mysterious than this primary quality of awareness, of perception. For no one will study science unless he believes that science is a reality; that truth exists, that it can be discovered, that it can be verified. But we may legitimately ask: Whence comes this concept of truth, and of truth that can be verified? We can hardly conceive it as proceeding from a pattern of electrons and protons, in whatever complexity we may arrange them. Yet the concept is there; or, rather, it is here, within our minds, and in every mind. For every human being, whether scientist or not, has some notion of the reality of things, however partial, even erroneous, that notion may be.

We can imagine a consciousness endowed with the primary quality of awareness, a bare perceiving consciousness, faced by a continual stream of appearances like floating clouds, and never rising to this second thought of reality, of truth — never gaining the first inkling of that kind of intelligence from which science is developed. So we are compelled to come to the conclusion that in our consciousness, besides the first miracle of awareness, there is inherent this second miracle, the concept of reality. If we add the thought of verifiable reality, we have added still further miracles: namely, the thought of continuity, of harmonious development, and, finally, of recognition. When the predicted result occurs, we recognize that it is the predicted result — something hardly less wonderful than the first miracle, that we are aware at all.

What has this to do with immortality, and with possible conditions of immortality? Primarily this: that immortality, if it be true, must be a quality of consciousness; and that, if we begin by some understanding of consciousness, some recognition of its real character, and the contrast between that character and what we are taught concerning matter, we shall have taken the first step toward understanding the deeper mysteries of consciousness.

We have already found in our consciousness three things: awareness, the sense of reality, the sense of harmonious continuity. And these three powers underlie every step of science. Without them, no step could be taken. Yet it appears to be broadly true that many of our men of science take these steps, and take them continually, without any conscious recognition of the powers

of consciousness which make these steps possible. If they really recognized these powers, it is inconceivable that they should be materialists, for the simple reason that such powers cannot conceivably proceed from matter as they depict it — from patterns of protons and electrons, even with their attendant waves.

Our men of science perpetually use yet another quality of consciousness, seemingly without recognizing its immense significance. Consider a student of the rocks in the gorge of the Niagara River. He sees many things that the unskilled eye fails to perceive. In part, this is the reward of developed attention. He notes, for example, that the scars made by glacial rocks are clearly marked below a certain point; that above this point they are absent. He sees, and he interprets. He knows that the edge of the falls recedes as the rushing water wears away the rock. The terrapin tower of older days thus disappeared, undermined and overwhelmed. He measures the rate of recession, compares it with the distance of the glacial markings from the present falls, and calculates that these marks must have been made some fifteen or twenty thousand years ago. But this is only the beginning of his journey backward into the past. He examines the rocks above the level of the track, and recognizes that they are of Silurian age — almost certainly not less than a hundred million years old.

Fifteen or twenty thousand years for the glacial scars; a hundred million years for the level layers of shale. Yet the scars and the rocks are both of them in the moment when he is observing them; it is now, now, now — never anything else. Just as we do well consciously to rest our attention on the first miracle of awareness, so we shall do well to rest our attention on this second marvelous fact: that it is perpetually now, now, now — never anything else. The Silurian shales are in to-day; it is we who, by virtue of a power in our consciousness, project them backward through a hundred million years — an expression indefinite enough, yet holding the sense of enormous duration. Once more, it is wholly inconceivable that this feeling of duration could be generated from any patterning of protons and electrons. For these mysterious units of even more mysterious electricity, as they are depicted to us, it is always now, now, now. They are whirling ceaselessly, we are told, yet in themselves they do not change. Even Millikan, in his magnificent conception of cosmic rays, does not speak of the generation of protons and electrons, but simply of their combination into atoms, of helium, oxygen, silicon, and iron. So, as at present conceived, electrons are unchangeable throughout all time — which is the same as saying that, for them, time has no existence; it is always now. No arranging them into new patterns can alter that fundamental fact. If, as we have suggested, there is in each electron and proton some germ of consciousness, then it is a consciousness beginningless and endless, and without change or the sense of duration — an absolute immortality.

Yet that we ourselves have the sense of duration is as certain as it is mysterious. And it is also certain that every student of science, in every step of scientific thought, takes this marvelous power for granted — for the most part, as it would seem, quite unconsciously, hardly at all realizing what it implies. For the only possible conclusion is that the sense of duration is inherent in consciousness, like awareness itself, the primal miracle. If, then, duration be inherent in consciousness, we have a first step toward continuity of consciousness, toward immortality.

These powers of consciousness are

all matters of universal knowledge, effective in every step of scientific thought, equally operative in each detail of practical life. In to-day, even that hypothetical personage, the man in the street, also thinks of yesterday and to-morrow. But one may doubt that he realizes that it is eternally impossible to prove that there was a yesterday, as it is eternally impossible to anticipate to-morrow. Every scrap of proof he relies on — memory, documents, testimony — exists, not in yesterday, but in to-day; for the evidence, as for the man in the street himself, it is never anything but now, now, now; it can never by any possibility become then. The sense of yesterday, of the past, as the sense of a coming to-morrow and of the future, is in consciousness and nowhere else. It rests on the awareness of duration, a fundamental quality of our consciousness itself.

There is another quality of consciousness, implicitly taken for granted both by the man of science and by his brother the man in the street, though it is probable that the one no more realizes it than the other. Yet it underlies each and every detail of our human life, exactly as the sense of the reality of things underlies every detail of scientific thought and of practical action. When we meet a friend, or an enemy, and address him in friendly or hostile words, with warmth or with heat, as the case may be, we have taken something for granted, something as marvelous as awareness itself. We have taken for granted that he is there; that, whether he be friend or enemy, he is a consciousness cognate with ourselves, or, more generally, that there is kindred consciousness outside the limit of our own consciousness. And this is taken for granted, always and everywhere, by every man, woman, and child: *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus.*

It is taken for granted by the simplest child of man, and as completely by the most erudite scientist. Otherwise, why does he seek to impart his conclusions to his equally erudite brothers? Or, to ask the logically previous question, how does he come to believe that this imparting is possible? It has been a commonplace of philosophy for several thousand years that no proof of my neighbor's consciousness, as the logician conceives proof, is possible, just as there is no complete logical proof of the existence of an objective world. A very ancient school in India took one step more and added that there is equally no logical proof of the existence of a perceiving consciousness. It is perfectly true. But this is really a description of the limitation of logical proof, and in no way impeaches the fundamental realities of experience, which antecede all operations of logic. Our consciousness, our awareness, are realities of direct experience, and on these realities all logical reasoning, and all practical life, are based.

So certainty of kindred consciousness in others is an inherent quality of our consciousness, on which everyone without exception acts perpetually, always has acted, always will act. It is, if we wish so to name it, a fundamental intuition, like the intuition of being.

Of this primal reality there would seem to be only one possible explanation: namely, that behind and beneath the seemingly isolated consciousness of each one of us there is a common substratum, a general layer of consciousness; and that it is in virtue of this common substratum that we are so firmly convinced of the reality, the consciousness, of each other. This would supply a reasonable foundation for the admitted solidarity of human life, for all practical acting and thinking which involve other people besides ourselves. The man in the street, and equally the

woman and the child, who everlastingly take this common consciousness for granted, and act on it, are therefore fully justified. The basis of their action is there, in this enduring layer of consciousness behind and above our separate selves.

The man of science is not less fully justified. When he says that 'science' teaches this or that, or that a snail or a thrush or a star is 'new to science,' he does not mean his own personal observation and reasoning. He evidently means something at once larger and more stable: the collective consciousness of a large body of men trained in certain habits of observation and inference, and the entire sum of observations and inferences which abide in this collective consciousness. Therefore we are justified in saying, not only that science exists only in consciousness, but, in addition, that science exists only in the collective consciousness to which every student of science appeals, whenever he records and gives out his observations and conclusions, and equally when he studies the observations and conclusions of his colleagues. All this is matter of universal knowledge, to be dwelt on only because so few of us draw from it the conclusion which appears to be inevitable: namely, the reality of this general substratum of consciousness.

III

Does it follow from these conclusions, if we accept them as well founded and established, that a full continuity of consciousness is assured for every human being — man, woman, and child? That bodily death is only an incident upon the surface of the great substratum of consciousness? That immortal life is a rule which knows no exceptions? Here, in reality, we come to the heart of the matter. Let us consider it well.

When one who is not a philosopher or given to mental analysis thinks of his personal survival after death, he has in mind something which he thinks of as entirely definite: namely, the perpetuated existence of himself as he knows himself at that moment, with such a name, such a face and form, such and such personal memories, wishes, habits of thought; an immensely varied conglomerate of physical characters, and also what we may call, for want of a more appropriate name, an even more diverse collection of psychical characters. We are not losing sight of the beginnings of this group of characters, or of their almost beginningless biological history; but for the present we must limit ourselves to the actual man as he recognizes himself. Is he, exactly as he thus recognizes himself, endowed with perpetual life? He may begin by believing or hoping that he is so endowed. If he be wise, he may end by hoping most sincerely that he is not.

Let us consider some of the things which make up his personality, as he himself knows it. First, there is his personal name. We may not often realize how fully we identify ourselves with our personal names; how large a part of our feeling of identity is tied up with them. But names may be changed, by inheritance, by marriage, by a court of law; or they may be forgotten, in cases of amnesia. How completely victims of amnesia are at sea our daily records testify. As with names, so is it with personal features. Mirrors aid greatly in forming our mental images of ourselves, what we think of as our personalities. But we must make continual adjustments as the years pass, and we make our way through the seven ages. So with our psychical furniture: memories which grow dim in part, and in part are added to; knowledge which may fade, or be enriched by new fields of learning; passions which

may flare up or burn themselves out to ashes; personal contacts which may be lost, while new associations are gained. Neither in the bodily nor in the mental furniture is there anything like permanence. In reality both are changing from day to day, from hour to hour.

So long, therefore, as we identify ourselves with these personal vestments, so long are we subject to their mutability. Not only can we not expect a full survival of this personality after death; we cannot expect it to remain unchanged even for the next year, or for the next month or day, of ordinary life; while extraordinary events may change our conception of ourselves tremendously even in a very short time.

Perhaps we have hit upon the clue, in speaking of the things with which we identify ourselves. Perhaps there is no likelihood of unaltered survival for what we call our personal selves, simply because these personal selves are built up of elements, every part of which is impermanent. We attribute the idea of 'self,' in our ordinary thinking, to our bodies, or to our minds, in the sense of our ordinary and habitual thoughts, desires, and fears. Yet we all realize, when we consider the matter, that these things are always in flux, never permanent. They pass before our deeper consciousness like moving pictures on a screen. There is always the division between the perceiving consciousness and what is perceived, whether it be our bodily form or the images and thoughts in our minds.

It would seem, then, that we think of all these bodily and mental belongings of ours as being ourselves, while in reality we realize all the time that they are not ourselves; that is, they are other than, and external to, the deeper perceiving consciousness, before which they pass in an endless row, as clouds drift across a mountain peak.

If, instead of fixing our sense of personal identity upon our bodies, our names, our features, our emotions and memories, we identified ourselves with the deeper perceiving consciousness, before which these things pass, then our conclusion might be changed. Let us consider what this might mean if we were able to carry it out.

We have just spoken of our deeper perceiving consciousness as being aware of our bodies, our feelings, and our thoughts. But we should at this point remember that, while turning this consciousness upon itself, to examine it, as we did in the beginning, we found that it contained many things besides bare awareness. We found in it the sense of the reality of being, something not to be established by any logical process, and anteceding every logical process. We found in it the thought of continuity, of harmonious development, which finds expression in every scientific generalization, and equally in every practical undertaking. What practical planners of towns call a 'development proposition' has its being in their consciousness before it can embody itself in streets and houses; and it rests altogether on the innate conviction that things progress and open out; on the certainty of harmonious unfolding, which is inherent in consciousness. We found also in our consciousness the marvelous conception of duration, while in our experience we can never find anything beyond the present instant — now, now, now.

Awareness, reality, harmonious progress, duration — these are what we find in consciousness. Thence we project them outward, and discover them in the things which our consciousness perceives, as in the growth of trees and stellar systems. But, if they were not in consciousness first, we should never find them elsewhere; indeed, we should never conceivably seek them elsewhere.

Further, besides these qualities which

each one of us finds, or may find if we look for them, in our own consciousness, we have sound reasons for thinking that this separate consciousness of ours is but a part of a far greater whole; that there is a general substratum of consciousness underlying, or overarching, our separate selves, in virtue of which we recognize each other — just as islands are set off and separated by dividing seas, but, if we go down to the ocean depths, are all united by the rock shell of our earth.

If, then, one should be able to identify himself, completely and continuously, first with the true perceiving consciousness in himself, and then with the larger consciousness, one of whose properties is duration, it is entirely possible that he might thereby discover not only a true individuality, as contrasted with outer personal vestments, but also an enduring reality, thereby knowing himself to be immortal, not as a separate person, but as that greater, deeper, more universal consciousness.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE DETECTIVE

BY MARJORIE NICOLSON

THE deadly after-dinner pause had arrived. During the hour of the banquet itself, conversation had been general, if desultory; but in the drawing-room an awkward hush descended. The hostess surveyed with some alarm her tame lions, the most distinguished delegates to an international convocation of scholars. Nervously she threw into the arena for dissection the latest sensations in the world of books, the 'most provocative' of all provocatives, the 'most startling' of all exposés of human weakness. With weary courtesy the lions oped their mastic jaws; but it was only too obvious that the animals were lethargic. Desperately, she turned to the distinguished scholar at her right — a man whose name is known even to thousands who have never read his contributions.

'Tell me,' she begged, 'what do you think is the most significant book of recent years?'

'There you have me,' the great man declared with candor. 'I never can make up my mind between *The Bellamy Trial* and *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. Of course, I know there *are* people who would say that *Greene Murder Case*, but . . .'

His hostess gasped. But in another moment her horror had turned to amazement. Her lions forgot their tameness; the bodies thrown into the arena were no longer the lay figures by which they had been fooled so long. The odor of blood was in their nostrils. For an hour the struggle raged; and when at last the lions, gorged with prey, had departed to their cages, they left behind them a hostess who realized that her dinner had been a complete triumph, who had learned the most valuable of all lessons for her future entertainment of the academic guest: when all else fails, start your professors upon the detective story — if they have not already started themselves!

Throughout England and America

to-day, you will find the same thing to be true. Lending libraries in college towns are hard put to it to keep up the supply; university librarians are forced to lay in a private stock 'for faculty only.' Let but two or three academics gather together, and the inevitable conversation ensues. At the meetings of learned societies this year, it will not be of the new physics or the new astronomy, of the new morality or the new psychology, that your specialists in these fields will be debating, but of footprints and thumb marks, of the possibility of poisoning by means of candles, of the chances of opening a locked door with a pair of tweezers and a piece of string! More heated the arguments, more violent the discussions, than ever were the contentions of mediæval schoolmen. And in time to come, when we shall have been gathered to our ancestors, you will find us, not in Paradise, but, like that little group of Milton's fallen angels in Hell, 'in discourse more sweet' than were ever hymns of rejoicing, sitting apart on some 'retir'd' hill, unaware of Pandemonium, unaware of Hades, while around us giants and demons tear up mountains and cast them into the sea, 'reasoning high' of clues and openings, of poisons and daggers, of tricks for disposing of unwanted bodies, of Dr. Thorndyke and of Colonel Gore.

I

That glib expositor of all mysteries, the pseudo-psychologist, has an explanation, of course. To the academic mind, he avers, detective stories constitute the 'literature of escape.' He goes even further: our lives, we hear, are barren and narrow; our college walls (not even modern American architecture can shake this metaphor) hem in a little unreal world, in which wander lost spirits, ghosts and shades as melancholy as any who ever haunted the tenebrous Styx, wailing — not, like those spirits, for a life they had lost — but for a life we have never had. Inhibited by our unnatural existence, we find 'release' in books of blood and thunder. Through tales of abduction and poisoning, shooting and stabbing, we are able to wallow for a moment in adventures we cannot share, to lose ourselves for an evening in a world of excitement, and return next day to our dry-as-dust lectures, refreshed by vicarious violence. Unworldly, unnatural academics, who would deny us our brief moment's respite! So, having explained us to his own satisfaction, having neatly docketed us in his capacious catalogue, the pseudo-psychologist passes on to fresher woods. Like an earlier gentleman, somewhat hasty in generalization, he does not stay for an answer.

Nor, I must confess, would we bother to give it to him, did he stay. For how can we explain to such as he that escape, in the sense in which he means it, is the last thing in the world the academic mind either requires or wishes? How can he know that, as a group, we are more free from 'suppressed desires,' 'inhibitions,' and 'complexes' than any other group in the world to-day? It is not from the life of the mind that we seek release, nor is it that we may flee from the bondage of academic walls that we revel in the literature of escape.

Yet, in a sense which he does not understand, the academic reader is turning to the detective story to-day seeking release. Consciously in eighty per cent of the cases, unconsciously in the other two tenths, he has reached the limit of his endurance of characteristically 'contemporary' literature. Contrary to the usual belief, the college professor to-day does keep up with recent literature. Gone is the bearded visionary who was a child in the affairs

of the world, the pedant who boasted that he had read nothing published since 1660. There are few professors in the colleges of the arts who are not familiar with the 'latest' in drama, in fiction, in poetry. If the family budget will not cover the new books, there are the local book clubs; and, when all else fails, there are always the community bookshops, whose tables are surrounded by poverty-stricken academics, grimly reading the newest arrivals, standing now on one foot, now on the other, peering determinedly between uncut pages. Probably no other group except the professional book reviewers has, during the last ten years, waded through so many thousands of pages of psychological analysis. And now we are reaping the whirlwind.

Yes, the detective story does constitute escape; but it is escape not from life, but from literature. We grant willingly that we find in it release. Our 'revolt' — so mysteriously explained by the psychologists — is simple enough: we have revolted from an excessive subjectivity to welcome objectivity; from long-drawn-out dissections of emotion to straightforward appeal to intellect; from reiterated emphasis upon men and women as victims either of circumstances or of their glands to a suggestion that men and women may consciously plot and consciously plan; from the 'stream of consciousness' which threatens to engulf us in its Lethean monotony to analyses of purpose, controlled and directed by a thinking mind; from formlessness to form; from the sophomoric to the mature; most of all, from a smart and easy pessimism which interprets men and the universe in terms of unmoral purposelessness to a rebelief in a universe governed by cause and effect. All this we find in the detective story.

We are not alone in our revolt against the 'psychological novel,' but perhaps our cry for release is more passionate than that of any other group. As the new book lists appear in spring and autumn, as the brilliant new covers in violent hues bedeck the windows of the bookshops, as the publishers' blurbs grow necessarily more and more superlative, you may hear rising and swelling in protest the litany of the professors: 'From the *most profound and searching dissection of human emotions;* from the *poignant cry of a human soul;* from the *daring analysis of the springs of human action;* from the *wings of pain and ecstasy;* from the *brutal frankness of the seeker after truth;* from the *lyric passion of a youthful heart;* from the *biting and mordant wit of a satirist swifter than Swift;* from the *provocative demolishment of a fusty Victorianism;* from the *ruthless exposure of the shams and hypocrisies of the age* — Good Lord, deliver us!'

The chant is not ours alone; but assuredly our groans are deeper, our revolt more violent. For, to all whose daily contact is with college students, but most to those who profess to teach 'English,' the characteristic contemporary novel seems but the student theme, swelled to Gargantuan proportions. We wade yearly through pounds of paper liberally sprinkled with the pronoun 'I'; we have long ceased to expect complete sentences — and never even hope for complete thoughts; dots and dashes we accept as the only possible marks of punctuation. We read with a jaundiced eye dissections of human nature which their authors at least believe to be *profound* and *searching.* We listen to *lyric cries* and *passionate outbursts* until our ears are weary. We follow the *brutal destruction* and the *searching for truth* of young authors, automatically correcting their spelling as we do so. We suggest as delicately as possible — remembering always the sacred 'individuality' of these young

people with which we must not interfere — that imitation of Mr. Mencken is not always the sincerest form of flattery. We labor all day with a generation which has always *reacted* — never been forced to *think* or *consider* or *judge*. Is it any wonder that, when the last paper has been corrected, the last reaction tabulated, we reach out a weary hand for books which will be as different as possible? Having labored all day with minds that are — and should be — those of sophomores, is there any reason why we should wish to spend our nights with literature that is sophomoric?

We revolt truly enough against subjectivity, because we are too used to promising young authors, who interpret their individual growing pains in terms of cosmic convulsions. We are clearly aware that adolescence will always emphasize the 'I'; will always find dissection of emotion more thrilling than analysis of intellect; will always fall victim to easy philosophies of pessimism and skepticism; will always prefer the formless, the vague, to the ordered, the defined; will always believe that it is facing the facts with candor and fearlessness — though, in reality, facts are so much less spectacular and so much less interesting than youth believes. But all this is the inevitable and natural feeling of adolescence. We whose business it is to teach the young accept it with tolerance, with sympathy — more frequently than the world believes, with humor. It is not strange, however, that we do not turn to-day for release to those children of a larger growth, the contemporary novelists, the 'bad boys' and 'smart girls' of literature. It is not mere chance that this decade is seeing a recrudescence of interest, on the part of thoughtful readers, in that most mature age of writing, the eighteenth century; that to-day Boswell and Johnson, Swift and Voltaire, are being read by constantly increasing numbers. These were men, not boys; their wit was intellectual, their method analytical; their appeal is constantly to the mind, never to the emotions.

It is likewise not mere coincidence that scholars, philosophers, economists, are creating a demand for detective stories unparalleled in the past; that the art which might otherwise have been expended upon literature is transforming the once-despised 'thriller' into what may easily become a new classic; that Oxford and Cambridge dons, a distinguished economist, a supposedly distinguished æsthetician (we have only his pseudonymous word for his identity), an historian, and a scientist should have set themselves to this new and entrancing craft. More than one well-known author, weary unto death of introspective and psychological literature, has turned with relief to this sole department of fiction in which it is still possible to tell a story. Gilbert Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc were pioneers; Lord Charnwood, A. A. Milne, and J. B. Priestley follow gladly after. It is, we granted earlier, escape; but the more one ponders, the more the question insistently thrusts itself forward: Is it not also return?

II

Certainly it is a return to the novel of plot and incident — that genre despised these many years by *littérateurs*. The appeal of the detective story lies in its action, its episodes. Gone are the pluperfect tenses of the psychical novel, the conditional modes; the present, the progressive, the definite past — these are the tenses of the novel of action. Character — so worshiped by the psychological novelists — troubles us little, though characters we have in abundance. Characters

addicted to dependence upon the subconscious or upon the glands need not apply; men and women need all their conscious wits about them in the detective yarn. One brooding moment, one pluperfect tense, one conditional mode, may be fatal. We grant that our characters are largely puppets, and we are delighted once more to see the marionettes dance while a strong and adept hand pulls the strings cleverly. Our real interest is not in the puppets, but in the brain which designed them. Yet characters have emerged from the new detective form, in spite of their authors. The modern detective is as individual as Sherlock Holmes — though less and less often is he patterned after that famous sleuth. Our detective is made in our image and in that of the author; like ourselves, he can make mistakes; he is no longer omniscient or ubiquitous. We are passing away from the strong silent man who, after days of secret working, produces a villain whom we could never have suspected. Sometimes, indeed, the detective is wrong until the last chapter; sometimes, again, both he and we suspect the villain long before we can prove his guilt, and our interest, like the detective's, is less in the discovery than in the establishment of guilt. The nameless inspector of Scotland Yard has become, for instance, Inspector French, who more than once is puzzled and confused by false trails.

Often the detective is not a professional at all, or at least not one connected with one of the central bureaus here or abroad. There is Poirot, who is conveniently found upon the Blue Train at the needed moment, who even was known to settle down in England for a time, growing cabbages, while he waited for murder to be committed. There is Dr. Thorndyke, the medico-legal wizard, from whom we simple academics have learned most of the natural science we know. There is the amateur Colonel Gore, who began his career by a chance application for a golf secretaryship, and has now opened his own private inquiry office — a movement which his admirers greet with pleasure, as promising an indefinite number of cases for the future. There is our friend the expert in poisons, who lives in his house around the corner from the British Museum, whence he is summoned at dead of night by the butler to a noble family and precipitated into a mystery he does not choose to solve. There is even the psychological detective, keeping us up with the times. Yet, though we welcome the technique of his creator, and call him master, many of the weary academics are inclined to resent that upstart Philo Vance, whose manners — like his footnotes — smack too much of the 'smart' young novelists and students from whom we are escaping. With all these characters, however, familiar though they are to us, the interest of the reader lies never in what they are, but in what they do. If they emerge as individuals, they emerge still from the novel of action.

We have revolted also against contemporary realism, and in these novels we return to an earlier manner. As every connoisseur knows, the charm of the pure detective story lies in its utter unreality. This is a point the untrained reader does not comprehend. He wonders at our callousness, at our evident lack of sensitiveness; he cannot understand how we can wade eagerly through streams of blood, how we can pursue our man even to the gallows with the detachment of Dr. Thorndyke himself. He is tortured by visions of blood-stained rugs; he shudders at the smoking revolver, the knife still sticking in the wound. 'I dreamed all night of people lying in pools of blood,' declared my unsympathetic friend at breakfast

this morning. 'How *can* you read those things and go to sleep at all?' And she will never believe me quite a human being again because I assured her that after five murders I can put out the light and sleep like a child until morning, the reason being that where she has seen, with horrible distinctness, an old man lying in a pool of his own blood, I had seen — a diagram. She brings to the thriller a mind accustomed to realism. But the essence of this new detective story lies in its complete unreality.

Hence, though we may read them also, we connoisseurs tend to disparage those novels of the Poe school, whose authors attempt to work upon the emotions; interesting they may be, but never in the purest style. No one of us ever believes that the murder actually occurred; no one of our best authors attempts to persuade us that it ever could occur. We come to the detective story with a sigh of relief — the one form of novel to-day which does not insist that we must lose ourselves to find ourselves; the one form of contemporary literature in which our cool impersonality need never fail. That, of course, is the great difference between detective literature and contemporary journalistic accounts of murders, in which we have no interest. Not for a moment can you fool us, either, with collections of *True Detective Stories*, or confessions of actual criminals. We seek our chamber of horrors with no adolescent or morbid desire to be shocked, startled, horrified. We handle the instruments of the crime with scientific detachment. It is for us an enthralling game, which must be played with skill and science, in which the pieces possess no more real personality than do the knights and bishops and pawns of chess, the kings and queens of bridge. Mediæval writers, to be sure, delighted in allegories of chess, in which the pieces took on moral or spiritual significance; but those who seek to read character and emotion into our pieces and our cards miss the essence of this most entrancing game.

Here perhaps we approach the real centre of the whole matter, which explains both our revolt and our return, and suggests the peculiar characteristic of this new style of writing. Your chess player will sit by the hour in frowning contemplation before a board set with pieces. Your true bridge player finds his real life when the cards are dealt and the contest of wits begins. Your crossword-puzzle expert, dictionary on knee, spends evening after evening in solitary occupation. In each case the expert, though kind enough in other relations of life, despises the amateur. So too the connoisseur of detective stories. We restrain ourselves with difficulty when the occasional reader seeks to dispute with us, to enter into conversations and debates sacred to the initiate. It is as if a body of specialists, — physicists, astronomers, and mathematicians, — met to discuss the Einstein theory, were to be forced, for politeness' sake, to talk about the concept of relativity with a bright youngster who labored under the popular delusion that Mr. Einstein has somehow reformed — or destroyed — the moral standard. We who are connoisseurs are profound and constant students of the new science, as regular in our practice of the art as the most passionate bridge or chess player. We 'keep up' as assiduously with the output as the physician, the scientist, the scholar, with learned journals. From ten to one at night is our favorite period for reading; the bedside table holds a varied assortment, drawn from rental collections or from the libraries of our wealthier colleagues.

Like the crossword puzzle, ours is a game which must be played alone; yet

on the other hand, as in chess, the antagonists are really two, for the detective story is a battle royal between the author and the reader, and the great glory of the contemporary form is that we both accept it as such. How their eyes must twinkle — those creators of heroes and villains — as they set out their pieces before the game begins. They are the only authors, we must believe, who to-day find fun in writing. As in all other games, much depends upon the opening move, the significance of which each expert fully understands. We have our favorite openings, to be sure, though we recognize all the traditional ones. The familiar scene in the oak-paneled library, the white-haired man sprawling upon his desk, two glasses beside him, the electric light still burning — it is for us photographically real, though never realistic. We know it as a type opening in our game of chess. No detective quicker than we to be on the watch for clues: the torn letter, the soiled blotter, the burned paper on the hearth, the screen moved askew, particularly the book out of place on the shelves — if our author is an expert, each of these has had its meaning to him, and must to us. Or there is that other familiar opening move — the body discovered in a place far from all human haunts (this year tending to be fished up in a basket or packing case from the depths of the sea). There is no limitation to the number of places in which murder may be committed; the very spot a real criminal would most surely avoid becomes for us a glorious experiment. W have had more than one murder on a golf links; no less than three of the season's favorites occur on a train — a device more customary in the English carriages than in American cars, though we still remember loyally *The Man in Lower Ten*.

As the game proceeds, there are countless other signals which we know and watch for. The move of your opponent and his discard are as important here as ever in bridge or chess. We learn new moves and tricks at every game. We can distinguish with deadly precision among tobaccos we have never seen; let but a character casually be caught smoking an exotic cigarette in a yellowish paper, and we have our eye upon him till the end. You cannot fool us with the obvious tricks of a decade ago — and what scorn we heap upon an amateur who attempts to write for us, knowing far less of technique than we know ourselves. We are aware that finger prints may be forged; we can tell you more accurately than many a scientist what will happen to your footprints if you try to walk backward, if you are wearing borrowed shoes, or if you insist on carrying through the garden the corpse of the gentleman you have recently killed. We can tell you the exact angle at which your body will hang if you commit suicide with your silk stockings. We can detect with unerring precision whether the body found by the railroad tracks is that of a man killed by accident or murdered before the train passed. We can distinguish with more deadly accuracy than your hairdresser whether your hair is dyed, whether its wave is permanent or real.

Modern inventions are daily making our task more difficult. We have long been familiar with the dictaphone as a device for securing an alibi. We are not fooled by photographic evidence, which we know may have been faked. But the radio and the wireless, and particularly the airplane, give us pause. We used to know, as well as Bradshaw, the exact time of departure of every train in the British Isles, and the length of every journey in the United States. We know the location of every public airport in three countries; but the

growing tendency toward private ownership of aircraft occasionally causes us trouble in our computations.

On the whole, we incline to deprecate the use of utopian devices on the part of our authors — the death ray, the drug which produces indefinite hypnosis, the fourth dimension. We dislike as a group the unfair use of amnesia and aphasia, just as we dislike the subconscious. Being the fairest-minded of all readers, we demand that our characters be given every chance, and we feel it is not 'cricket' if they are forced to work against undue psychological influence. We demand of our authors fair play; and for the most part we get it in full measure. Gone are the days of the identical twin, the long-lost brother from Australia. Gone for the most part is the trick ending — though over the last pages of *Roger Ackroyd* we divide into two passionate camps. My own party insists that that is not a trick ending in which every single thread has been put into our hands, every device has been a familiar one. Regretfully we acknowledge that, once used, that ending can never be employed again; nevertheless, the novel remains to us a classic, one of the few that ever completely fooled us.

And as we grow in knowledge and experience, it is becoming increasingly hard to fool us. It is seldom, indeed, that we do not know the identity of the murderer long before he is taken into custody. But if you think that such foreknowledge spoils the interest, you do not understand the new science. In that grimly contested battle of wits, it is inevitable that we should guess, unless the author is far more skilled than we. But once the decision is fairly certain in our minds, we have the added pleasure of watching the author's technique, of checking those passages in which he is trying to send us off the track. Just as he tries his best (and less than his best we will not have) to deceive us, so we do our best to catch him out. In this new game, both scrupulously observe the rules, but both of us know the rules so well that we take delight in reading each other's signals. The burden which the connoisseur is laying upon the writers of detective fiction to-day is a heavy one; but gallantly the best of them are accepting the challenge. This very interaction of specialized authors and readers in a new and international game is producing some of the cleverest technique in fiction to-day, and is developing in that fiction some remarkably interesting characteristics.

It is forcing upon the author a complete objectivity and impersonality in the handling of his material, which in the past has been peculiar to the highest art. I have suggested that this lack of subjectivity constitutes the chief appeal of the detective novel to its academic readers to-day. From the self-consciousness of youthful writers, who, having psychoanalyzed themselves, would seek to persuade us also of the astounding discovery that we are much like other men, we turn to breathe the purer air serene of complete impassivity, forced upon authors by the exigencies of the situation. One false step, and the enemy is ours. Let the author for a moment suggest a personal reaction, a sentimental affection for his character, and we have him on the hip. There is no group of readers so quick to catch a false cadence in an author's voice. And this requirement is having another effect upon technique. The author must weigh and balance all his characters; he cannot have a single unnecessary one; he cannot introduce a servant whom we will not scan sharply. The simplest action, the slightest gesture, is pregnant with meaning. He knows it, and so do we.

Very different, this insistence upon selection, from the all-inclusiveness of

a *Ulysses*. The author is forced every moment to be alert, on guard; nothing can be left to chance, no unnecessary comments introduced. In this form of contemporary literature alone, ungoverned emotional reactions are fatal. Hence the pure detective story to-day is never — and what a relief! — a love story. If the love element is introduced at all, — the connoisseur prefers that it be omitted, — it must be distinctly subordinated, for to make your hero and your heroine sympathetic enough to permit their love story is at once to free them from the list of possible suspects. And in the pure detective story, as in that grimmest of legal theories, every man and woman is guilty until he has proved himself innocent. Our detective story has thus returned to-day to a welcome insistence that love between the sexes is not the only possible motif for fiction: jealousy, hatred, greed, anger, loyalty, friendship, parental affection — all these are our themes. No longer is the wellspring of man's conduct to be found only in the instinct of sex.

And, indeed, this change of emphasis is producing a curious effect upon the treatment of women in the detective novel. Men characters are always in the majority; the detective story, indeed, is primarily a man's novel. Many women dislike it heartily, or at best accept it as a device to while away hours on the train. And while we do all honor to the three or four women who have written surpassingly good detective stories of the purest type, we must grant candidly that the great bulk of our detective stories to-day are being written by men — again, perhaps, because of their escape from a school of fiction which is becoming too largely feminized. It is noticeable also that the women characters in these contemporary stories are no longer inevitably sympathetic. More than once the victim is a woman; and even here, where our authors might become sentimental, we notice their impassivity. For in the great majority of cases the victim in a murder story is one who richly deserved to die. One or two authors have experimented with the woman detective, but for the most part with little success. Apart from minor characters, the two important rôles in the detective story for women are, alliteratively enough, victim and villainess. With the changing standards of sentimentality, there is no longer any assurance that a woman character is not the murderer. Time was when we could dismiss women with a wave of the hand; but all of us think of at least four contemporary heroines, three of them young and beautiful, who in the end turn out to be cold and calculating murderers. Inevitably, too, we recall the more subtle ending of *The Bellamy Trial*. Whatever may be the sentimental reaction of modern judges and juries in our courts of law, in the high tribunal of the detective story women are no longer sacred.

A high tribunal it is. Earlier, I suggested that our revolt was from a smart and easy pessimism, which interprets the universe in terms of relativity and purposelessness, our return to an older and more primitive conception of the cosmic order. Here lies, I believe, the really unique contribution of the detective story to contemporary ethics. With the engaging paradox of the old lady in *Punch*, who sought through shelves of psychological literature for 'a nice love story — without any sex,' we weary academics seek refreshment in a highly moral murder. Perhaps we are protesting against a conception of the universe as governed — if governed at all — by chance, by haphazard circumstance; against a theory which interprets the way of life as like the river in the 'Vision of Mirza,' the bridge

of San Luis Rey; against a conception of men and women as purposeless, aimless, impotent; against a theory of the world as wandering, devoid of purpose and meaning, in unlimited space. In our detective stories we find with relief a return to an older ethics and metaphysics: an Hebraic insistence upon justice as the measure of all things — an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; a Greek feeling of inevitability, for man as the victim of circumstances and fate, to be sure, but a fate brought upon him by his own carelessness, his own ignorance, or his own choice; a Calvinistic insistence, if you will, upon destiny, but a Calvinistic belief also in the need for tense and constant activity on the part of man; last of all, a scientific insistence upon the inevitable operation of cause and effect. For never, in the just world of the detective story, does the murderer go undetected; never does justice fail in the end. No matter how charming, how lovable, the murderer, or how justifiable the killing, there is no escaping the implacable avenging Nemesis of our modern detective, Fury and Fate in one.

To be sure, we will not condemn our charming murderer to the gallows, for we are artists as well as moralists. We will allow the debonair, the charming rogue one final gallant moment — the sudden spurt of the match's flame as, for the last time, he lights his cigarette with that nonchalance we know so well. Do we not realize as well as he that that last cigarette is the one all well-trained murderers carry constantly for this purpose? We allow the murderess the reward of her cleverness — the last swift motion as the cyanide reaches her lips or the knife her heart. Yet the life must be spent for the life. Like the Greek dramatist, we excuse neither ignorance nor carelessness. No matter how great the personality, how masterful the mind, by one single slip he is hoist with his own petard. By fate or predestination, — what you will, — the murderer is from the beginning condemned to his end; his election is sealed. Not for a moment does our neo-Calvinistic justice permit him to go down to punishment without an intense struggle to escape the consequence of his act. But our science and our theology, our ethics and our metaphysics, are based upon a belief in implacable justice, in the orderly operation of cause and effect, in a universe governed by order, founded on eternal and immutable law.

III

Perhaps it is for this reason that the most persistent readers of detective literature to-day are the philosophers and the scientists who were bred under an older system of belief. It may be that their revolt from a changing universe, without standard and without order, is a return to a simpler causality under which they are more at home. They alone can tell. One thing more, however, I may add to our apologia. What effect this addiction to detective literature is having without the college world I cannot pretend to say; another must speak for its influence upon the life of the capitalist, the physician, the president-elect. But I dare challenge the academic critics to say that in the field of scholarship it is not making for a new vitality. After all, what essential difference is there between the technique of the detective tracking his quarry through Europe and that of the historian tracking his fact, the philosopher his idea, down the ages? Watch the behavior of your professor for but an hour, and you know him for what he is. Do his eyes sparkle, his cheeks flush, as he pursues his idea, forgetting his class, forgetting his audience, as he leaps from historical thumb mark to ethical footprint, from cigarette stub to

empty glass? If so, he's the man for your money. In the long conversation which follows, though you begin with the quantum theory or the influence of Plato, you will end with Dr. Thorndyke or Hercules Poirot.

And if you come to compare the methods by which the scientist or the philosopher has reached his conclusions, you will find that they are merely those of his favorite detective. Only two methods are open to him, as to them. He may work by the Baconian method of Scotland Yard: he may laboriously and carefully accumulate all possible clues, passing over nothing as too insignificant, filling his little boxes and envelopes with all that comes his way, making no hypothesis, anticipating no conclusion, believing the man innocent until he can prove him guilty. Here he finds a single thread, there a grain of rice dropped in a drawing-room; here he measures a footprint, there he photographs a thumb mark. His loot finally collected, he of Scotland Yard will select the 'dominant clue,' and that he will follow with grim persistence until the end. Weary but victorious, he stands at last outside the prison to which he has condemned his idea, and listens to the passing bell. That is one method. But if he is of the opposite nature, he will follow the method of 'intuition,' upon which the detective bureaus of the country of Descartes have based their work. To him the torn cigarette and the discarded blotter are of little importance; he leaves such things for his indefatigable rivals of Scotland Yard. Tucked away behind the rose bushes in the garden maze, he devotes himself to thought. Having, like his great predecessor, thought away all else in the universe, nothing remains but the culprit. By strength of logic alone, he has reconstituted the universe, and in his proper place has set the villain of the piece.

Yes, those are the only two methods, both in scholarship and in the pursuit of criminals. For, after all, scholars are, in the end, only the detectives of thoughts. The canvas is vaster, the search more extensive; the 'case' takes, not a few weeks, but a lifetime. Yet, in the end, method and conclusion are the same. Evening after evening, throughout the length and breadth of the country, lights burn longer and longer in academic studies, and philosophers, scientists, historians, settle down with sighs of content to the latest and most lurid murder tale. Yet the professorial reader, pursuing with eager interest the exploits of Dr. Thorndyke or of Colonel Gore, is not, in the last analysis, escaping from his repressions; is not even consciously returning from the present to the past; but is merely carrying over to another medium the fun of the chase, the ardor of the pursuit, which makes his life a long and eager and active quest, from which he would not willingly accept release.

FURS AND TRADERS

(From a Pre-war Diary)

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

THIRTY-TWO days! It seems incredible, but here is the date in front of me. 'Twenty-ninth of November,' the day when I scrawled my last few lines.

A whole month has gone by. I remember the little frontier town, at the end of the railway — 'at the line,' as they say in the West. The absolute fringe of civilization. Just a few wooden shacks built alongside the tracks, with a long board walk undulating above the snow. A poolroom. The general store, displaying proudly the sign, 'His Majesty's Mail.' A deserted sawmill. The tiny depot, the only brick building in the community, with its huge water tower, all out of proportion with anything around it. Stray dogs roaming between the houses. A dismal background of burned timber. A gray sky with low-flying clouds and a small flock of black ravens wheeling aimlessly back and forth.

A picture of utter desolation, under the staggering icy breath of the far North.

Yes, I was there a month ago. Where am I now? I do not know exactly. I should say about six hundred miles north of the line — that is, if I can rely on what I think was our daily mileage during the last thirty-two days.

I have reached a fur-trading station. The man in charge has been here fifteen years. He is my boss for the time being. But he told me yesterday that I should have to go on soon, farther north.

Somewhere farther north! It sounds simple, but it means such a lot here.

The man's name is McL—— and he was born in the Shetland Islands. I always thought that those islands were famed only for their small ponies. I know now that they have also a breed of dour men who can reach well over six feet in height and who are not so easy to get on with.

McL—— came to this country and the North when he was eighteen years old, and I should judge him to be at least sixty now. He does not seem to know what a map is and he always refers to the South as Canada, which is rather confusing.

I have tried to find out exactly where he intends to send me. 'North,' is the only answer.

I never knew the North extended so far. When I reached the end of the railway, I thought I was pretty far up. (They call it 'down' here, because the rivers flow down to the Arctic Ocean.) Later on, after thirty-two days of walking from morn until night behind a dog sleigh, I was certain that I had reached at least the end of the trees. Thirty-two days! It's a long, long spell, especially when there is nothing to see during the whole trip — just a howling wilderness of frozen lakes and rivers, with snow-capped spruce trees. And here, in this trading

station, they still speak of going north!

There is nothing very thrilling about this fur post. Just a log hut called a store, with a dwelling fifty feet away, built exactly the same way, two small warehouses, and a dog corral.

The only difference between the store, where business is supposed to be conducted, and the living quarters is a stove. The latter is in the house, and it is kept red-hot twenty hours out of twenty-four.

The store — for economical reasons, I suppose — is never heated, and when one has to go there to handle any kind of merchandise one hardly dares to take one's fur mitts off.

Yesterday the thermometer inside showed fifteen below zero. I was trying to cut bacon in thin slices and to weigh the result accurately. It was not so easy as one would think. When I had finished, McL—— said that it was mild for this time of the year!

All the Indians are away hunting. No one has remained behind except a few old widows and cripples whom the post keeps round the place for odd jobs such as cutting wood, bringing in water, and fishing for dog feed through the ice of the lake.

I am supposed to rest here for a few days before I go north. My nose was frostbitten coming here. So was my left ear. Both are swollen to three times their normal size. But having been treated at once, on the way up, by 'snow rubbing,' they are expected to cure rapidly. I hope so!

My feet are in bad shape. For thirty-two days the strap of my snowshoes rubbed and bit into the flesh at the base of my toes. Caribou fat seems to be the one and only known remedy.

Two weeks have gone by and I really feel all right again. During all that time I don't think McL—— has said ten words to me a day. I wonder if that is the result of forty years in the North. I feel more lonely with that man in the room than if I were camped alone in the middle of the lake on the ice, without even my team of dogs to cheer me up.

Second of February. I have left McL—— and I am supposed to be 'on my own' here.

What is 'here'? A tiny log hut, ten by sixteen, a stove, a wooden plank supported by four sticks on which I sleep in my fur robe, a biscuit box for a seat, and all my trading outfit hanging from nails on the walls and from the ceiling. Behind the shack, in a lean-to, the heavy stock, such as pork, flour, traps, beans, and lard.

I don't know yet exactly where I am. 'Northwest Territories of Canada' is the pompous title on my trader's license.

What I am certain of is that it took me seventeen days of hard walking to get here. Also that I am very near the Barren Lands, close to where the trees cease to grow, on the hunting grounds of the Chippewayan Indians, and near enough to trade occasionally with the 'Inland' Eskimos, if the latter come south. This, of course, means that there is still 'a lot of North' for me to 'go down to.'

My trading station — they call it an outpost — is on the crest of a small hill which is used as a two-mile portage by the natives going north and south. The river, flowing fifty feet below and right in front of my door, curves around to the east, then disappears toward the north between two gray cliffs of granite, in a series of wild rapids, to emerge behind me, on the other side of the portage.

At this time of the year everything is frozen solid, except the rapids, which I cannot see from the shack.

In the calm of the evening, when the thermometer has gone down and down to forty below, if I stand outside of my door the silence is deathly. On the other side of the river I can see the faint outline of the hills, half a mile away, with spruce tops showing dark through the snow. Not a living thing in sight.

Suddenly a whisper reaches me faintly through the air. In a second it grows and grows into a muttering groan, then finally into a dull, booming roar. After that it dies out suddenly — utter and absolute silence reigns supreme again. Every few minutes the weird sound returns over the frozen land, then goes out again completely. It's the eternal sobbing of the rapid, — unfrozen, twirling free of the grip of the ice, unconquered, wild, lashing its frantic way through the rocky canyon, — the everlasting moan which the last breath of shifting wind wafts here and there, toward me, then away from me, as I stand all alone on my doorstep.

I have been here three weeks, and I have n't seen a living soul. No Indians are expected this way before a month. The afternoon is drawing to a close. My five dogs are tied to their posts, whining with hunger. I have no meat here. The cache is two miles away, on the other side of the portage. I am weak with loneliness. I must go over there, but I will not harness the team. I'll walk there alone and bring back just what we want — the dogs and I.

Half an hour of weary plodding along the trail, clear and hard with my three weeks' footsteps — a narrow, one man's trail, winding its way through small scrub brush, coiling itself like a huge snake on the snow. The meat — caribou meat — is lying on a platform ten feet high, each of the four poles entwined with barbed wire. When I reach the place, my eyes rest a second on the snow below. Tracks — heavy, wide pads — wolf tracks. A pack of six or seven 'timbers' have been there, under my meat, a few minutes before. The frozen powdery snow is still trickling downward on the sides of each track. A strong throat-racking smell is still floating about, the unmistakable wolf smell of a hunting pack.

Not a sound anywhere. Not a movement in the bush. Just snow, snow everywhere, and a few gray boulders scattered about, grim, in all sorts of weird and fantastic shapes.

Slowly I raise the ladder from the ground, climb up to the platform, and cut the meat, the blows of my axe echoing through the stillness of the evening. Before I get down my eyes search the surrounding country. Nothing in sight. Packing my load, I turn back toward 'home.'

The light is failing. No sunset tonight reddens the northeast. The sky has suddenly turned dark gray. A few light streaks to the southeast herald the northern lights.

Halfway back to the shack I suddenly stop, shuddering slightly. I have not seen or heard a thing, but I have the feeling that I am not alone. Turning round, I see three gray shadows standing motionless on the trail, a hundred yards from me. In a second I am again on my way. Another quarter of a mile! I must look back. Five gray shadows: three on the trail, two on the right side, in the deep snow, much nearer. One of the shadows moves slightly, its head down, and the light in its eyes, for a fraction of a second, flashes in the gathering shadows.

A last effort — a steady walk, with no apparent haste, and here is the shack. My dogs are whining, far down in their throats. Hunger? Welcome? I think it is fear!

A last look round. Six wolves are

standing motionless, fifty yards away, silent as ghosts.

A second more and I am able to grasp my rifle. A spluttering flame, a shattering roar, with the whining of the bullet skimming through the low bush, and then silence. Nothing! The six wolves have vanished completely.

For two days and two nights a blizzard has been raging without a sign of lifting. My dogs have disappeared. They were off their chains when the bad weather came. They must have burrowed behind some rock, letting the snow cover them up. There they will remain, snug and warm, until the storm is over.

As I sit beside the little stove I can hear the hissing of the powdery snow lashing one side of the hut, while tiny little streams, like white sand, trickle between the cracks down to the floor and melt there in a few seconds, leaving ugly black puddles of water. The beams, under the roof, are creaking like the timbers of a sailing ship at sea, and now and then the whole shack shudders as if it were being torn away from its foundations.

It is already noon of the third day. Amid the howling wind I suddenly hear the sharp yell of an Indian. In a second my door is opened and a small, thickset man tumbles in. Covered with snow, entirely wrapped in caribou skins, he is hugging to his breast a large fat fur bag, which he promptly lays down on the floor. With one sweep of his arm he tears his coat off; then, paying no attention to me, he kneels down, unties the cord, and slowly but gently extricates from the bag a small boy about six or seven years of age.

The child is rather thin, but does not seem the worse for what he has been through. He blinks at the lamp, then at me. Satisfied, he grins at the red-hot stove, then, turning to the man, asks for food.

In a few minutes my two visitors are eating the remains of my pork and beans and drinking the tea which I hurriedly brewed as soon as the boy spoke.

In a little while the child goes to sleep, and the man, filling his pipe from my pouch, turns at last to me and starts talking slowly in Cree. He is a full-blooded Chippewayan, but he knows that I cannot speak his language. Very few white men can. He is an old man, sixty-five years old at least, and the boy is his grandchild.

His family is camped fifty miles or so away from here. His sons are trapping. Tea was short and there was no more tobacco; so he decided to go down to McL——. He did n't know the outpost was opened.

He started on his journey before the blizzard came. He had been camped, 'storm bound,' on the other side of the portage since the day before yesterday, waiting for the bad weather to blow over, and had heard me chopping wood in the shelter of the shack. So he came at once. His dogs are all right, like mine, hidden somewhere in the bush.

Why did he take the child with him on the trip? Just for company. And then, after all, it is good for a boy to learn how to travel when he is very young.

Yes, he is glad I am here. He has skins. He will trade them for tea and tobacco and return to his people much more quickly than if he had been obliged to go right down to McL——.

For forty-eight hours the strange pair remain with me, and I am very happy to have them. The child hardly ever speaks to me, but he plays about the room. His chief amusement seems to be the setting of a few small mink traps which are lying about, then the

springing of them with the end of a stick.

The old man smokes a great deal of my tobacco and talks quite freely. His appetite is terrible. He must average six meals a day.

When the time comes to say good-bye, at the end of the portage, the child is placed, sitting in his fur bag, in the middle of the sleigh. The old man asks me to visit his camp, which I promise to do shortly. His last words are 'I will feed you well, but you must tell me which part of the caribou you like best.' I answer, 'The feet,' meaning 'The ribs.' My Cree is not what it should be. I do not realize my mistake at the time and my Indian friend takes it for granted that I know exactly what I am saying.

So off they go north, both politely waving good-bye, while I remain on the hill, watching the sleigh dwindling away on the ice of the river.

A week later. I have not seen a soul since my two new friends, young and old, came to visit me with the blizzard. I am restless. Furthermore, I must try to get some fur. I am going to them to-morrow at daybreak.

A little hollow between two sandy hills, curving exactly like a horseshoe. North is the highest part of the ridge, sparsely covered with spruce and tamarack. South, in the opening, lies a very small lake, frozen solid.

In the centre of the hollow, at the foot of the incline, five huge caribou-skin tepees, which cluster respectfully round a tiny log hut. Here and there meat platforms and dog corrals. Everywhere, on the snow, discarded deer-skins which the dogs have torn into shreds.

On one side, a huge pile of firewood, neatly cut up. On the other, a dead tree, shorn of its branches, on the trunk of which are nailed innumerable skeletons of all the animals trapped by the Indians. Marten, wolf, fox, wolverine, and mink.

My arrival causes a horrible sensation. My dogs are glad to reach camp, but the Indian dogs resent the presence of strange huskies. Before I am able to leave the back of my sleigh, every stray dog in the camp has piled on top of my team and I am in danger of losing it. Happily, in a few seconds all the Indians, — men, women, and children, — hearing the noise, are out of their tents. A minute goes by in confusion. Fur flies, dogs snarl, and the loud whacks of wooden clubs and fish floats echo sharply through the air. Then silence.

The attacking huskies have been driven away, and my dogs, sore, ruffled, and bloody, lick their wounds, waiting to be taken out of harness and tucked in for the night.

My old friend — 'Grandfather,' as I call him to myself; his name is Kasimir — is waiting for me in the shack. His wife is there. So are three or four other women. The boy is in a corner and recognizes me dutifully. We shake hands all round.

While I begin talking to the old man, the women start boiling something in the lean-to outside of the shack. They are using an enormous copper kettle. I can hear the crackling of the firewood and smell the boiling meat.

After a long time the kettle is brought in and placed on the floor. My host politely tells me to select my portion. With my clasp knife I am able to fish out my share. It is the leg of a caribou, from hoof to knee.

Suddenly I remember the word in Cree for 'ribs' and realize my mistake of a few days ago.

It is too late now to say anything.

Furthermore, the kettle contains other legs — in fact, nothing but legs.

After all, pigs' feet are considered a delicacy. Why should n't reindeer feet and legs be the same?

Everyone gets his portion and starts eating. The legs are good, well boiled and tender. But the cooks, for some reason or other, have not bothered to skin each long thin shank, and the whole kettle is a mass of floating brown and gray hairs.

Hungry as I am, I stop a second and look around. Everyone seems most unconcerned. I have to follow suit. But while I eat — I mean gnaw at the flesh around the bone — I feel a thick mustachio of caribou hair settling all around my mouth like fresh paint.

Twenty-fifth of April. The winter is nearly over. Although the rivers and lakes remain frozen, the snow on land is melting. Two days ago I heard for the first time the gurgling of a little creek somewhere in the bush. This morning, at dawn, I saw two sheldrakes flying over the tree tops.

The geese will be coming soon, and their honking will trumpet all over the land the news that spring at last is here.

I have been fairly successful with my trading. Kasimir's band gave me rather a lot of fur. Skin by skin, hour after hour, day after day, I have been able to secure a good part of their hunt. Six times have I had to journey back and forth from my post to their camp. I am glad that this part of the job is over now.

I have sent the furs south to McL——, neatly bundled up in waterproof sheets, in the care of two Indians who were going over there to visit some relatives.

The North is a strange country. The natives will try to cheat you at any time. They will borrow and never repay. They will attempt to change skins on you, to give you the wrong number of pelts, to fool you on the weight of the flour, sugar, tea, tobacco, shot, which they are receiving from you in exchange for their furs.

But when it comes to plain robbery, that crime is unknown here. One can just as well entrust an Indian with thousands of dollars' worth of furs to transport from one place to another as one can leave one's watch hanging in a portage from the branch of a tree. Neither fur nor watch will ever be stolen.

I have left my outpost and I am camped now two hundred miles to the southwest, with a big band of Crees who are still hunting beaver, muskrat, and otter. McL—— sent me a nice new outfit of trading goods and I have pitched my tent a few hundred yards from the Indian tepees. I have been here twenty days and I know everyone in the tribe. The men are all away in the bush and only return for two or three days at the end of each week.

The squaws are friendly, and each one feeds me in turn one meal. It's a great thing for me, as I need n't cook my own food, except coffee in the morning when I get up. I never know each day who is going to be my hostess, but toward noon and six o'clock I sit expectantly in front of my tent. Suddenly one of the squaws comes out of her tepee and shrieks, '*Mitsoo!* (Food!)' That's my signal. I promptly go to that tent and eat whatever is prepared, generally whitefish, sometimes caribou, often porcupine, which I detest. I always take with me the dessert, more often prunes, sometimes jam or honey, and of course a handful of tea, always.

My work, 'trading,' starts as soon as the men return. But when they are away time hangs heavily on my hands.

I have struck up a great friendship

with a little boy about nine years old. I call him 'Papoose,' but his real name is David Butterfly. I am not prepared to explain exactly how he happens to have such a family name. I suppose it is a direct translation of the native language by some local trader. But his Christian name is certainly of 'the Clergyman's choosing' — the Clergyman who lives at the big fur-trading village where the Mission is, three hundred miles away.

Papoose's parents, although they do not speak a word of English, are Protestant Methodists. I mean by that that they selected years ago, for private or business reasons of their own, to enter that fold instead of surrendering to the Roman Catholic competitor who also runs a mission in the same locality.

Papoose is the only boy of the family. His parents love him with the fierce love of the Northern Indians, to whom, as in the Far East, the male child is the only thing that counts.

To be truthful, I am afraid that he is utterly spoiled, and his manners are atrocious. But he is very useful to me.

First, he keeps me posted on everything that goes on, especially as far as the quantities of fur brought into the camp are concerned. I have of course to bribe him heavily for that, with sweets, tobacco, jam, pocket-knives, and what not.

Secondly, he keeps me company during the long weary hours of waiting for the hunters' return.

To look at, Papoose is quite out of the ordinary.

He is a thin, long-legged little human animal, with the healthy purple-brown complexion of the Canadian savage. His coarse black hair rests like a round cap on the top of his skull, his last 'haircut' having been accomplished by his mother, with a pair of straight shears, all along the edges of a kettle clapped beforehand on his head.

His eyes are really enormous, velvety black, and as sharp as needles, but they are always half screened by drooping eyelids which slant away on each side of his face, right back to his ears.

He wears a pair of soiled canvas trousers, reaching halfway down to his ankles, sustained by a leather string which starts from his right hip, reaches across his chest over his left shoulder, and finds a final hold somewhere behind in the centre of his loins.

His shirt, made out of an old caribou skin, is torn open at the neck, while his feet are shod with real moose-hide moccasins.

He always wears on his wrists a pair of thin bracelets, in leather and beads, interwoven with small porcupine quills — which look exactly like a pair of multicolored handcuffs without chains.

Papoose smokes a pipe, like a man, and when he does not he wears it thrust, bowl upward, in a slit in his shirt, on the left side of his chest.

When he smokes he spits, and his skill at spitting is just short of miraculous. He never moves his head one way or another — and his aim is unerring.

He dearly loves dog fights and I have caught him several times coaxing two huskies to come to grips by rubbing their noses against one another.

His great joy in life is to shoot, at anything, with a bow and blunt-head arrows. As in spitting, his skill is amazing. Inside of forty feet he can hit anything he aims at, including your tent guide rope and the small knob on the lid of your kettle when the latter is boiling merrily over the camp fire.

Another favorite pastime of his is to throw a short axe, holding it by the handle, at a given target. As long as

he is aiming at something large and consistent, such as the trunk of a tree, I don't see much harm in the game. But when he tries to hit the snow birds in camp, especially when the latter are hopping on the ground in close proximity to my tent, I cannot help feeling a bit nervous.

He knows and can imitate the call of any wild animal. His masterpiece is the laugh of the loon, but he can honk a flock of geese three miles out of their course.

Papoose does n't know how to read or write, even in Cree, but his sense of location is uncanny. The north is stamped in his brain wherever he is. Blindfold him, twirl him around for a minute, stop him, and ask him where the north is. Invariably his hand will point 'true north.' I have never known that experiment to fail.

He has traveled this year alone, either in a hunting canoe or on foot in winter, twenty miles from any camp which his family has pitched. He is nine years old, mind you! Nobody here seems to think it very remarkable.

He loves to sing, all to himself. Funny Indian songs — half Cree, half Chippewayan. I have listened to him an hour at a time, but I can't make out what the whole thing is about. I can only catch a word now and then. There is no tune to speak of — just a plaintive singsong which never seems to end. But now and then he strikes a high note and his whole little self seems to give way to it. He sways back and forth, beats the air up and down with the palms of his hands, and keeps up the note until his very breath stops.

In the pitch-darkness of a winter night, right under the northern lights shivering in the sky, on the edge of a camp fire shooting weird thin sharp shadows across the snow, his little Indian song grips and scares your heart.

Fifteenth of June. For two weeks I have been traveling south, transporting my precious bundles of fur by canoe.

To-night is my last camp. I pitched it after sunset, a few miles from the line. To-morrow I shall have reached civilization again. At last!

As I write these lines on my knees, close to the glimmering flames of the fire, I can hear nothing, not even the sighing of the breeze in the poplars above my head, while the river, at my feet, flows without a murmur, shining in places where the light of the full moon touches it through the trees.

For eight months I have listened each night to the utter silence of the North, sometimes in awe, often in dread.

But to-night I wonder at myself, for here, at the end of the long, long trail, I find myself listening and listening to it, with a feeling of regret; more than that — with a pang in my heart which must be love. My whole being seems to crave that peace and quiet against which I have been fighting unconsciously.

Just at this moment, suddenly, a long wailing screech shatters the night. It comes from the south, far away. Startled, I look up toward the tree tops, across the river. Angrily I strain my ears. Here it comes again, twice in succession, followed a second later by a last short blast.

I recognize the sound in disgust. It is an engine whistling on the railway track, a few miles away.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

I

It was the custom of one of the greatest of races to carry its invalids down to the street, on their beds, so that anyone who passed by might look the sufferers over and say what he thought would be good for them. The notion was that in this way any nonprofessional medical genius running wild in the town would soon be roped in, to the benefit of the case. About the percentage of cures effected no word remains. But some of the patients may have survived for a time.

We have reason to hope so. For this is one of our favorite ways of doctoring the arts: painting, the theatre, literature — any art will do. First we say it is sick unto death. The poor art itself may assert that it never felt better. But we deal firmly with any hallucination like that. We strap it down on a bed, place the bed on a good open site in Fleet Street or near Covent Garden, and then invite everybody who does not practise this particular art to feel its pulse and look at its tongue, and say what pill he would give.

Of course there is never complete agreement between these wayside practitioners. But now and then a sort of common drift sets in, even in these artless minds, and a fairly general cry arises that some art, or a whole group of arts, is afflicted with some definite and highly dangerous species of 'collywobbles' from which salvation is only to be had by following a certain drastic course of treatment. For some little time we have had in our ears one of these little choruses. It assures us that more arts than one are ailing from excess of mimicry. They represent people and things with an insalutary fidelity. Portraits are adjudged 'deplorably like,' and all the sting of the phrase is meant for the painter, not the sitter. A landscape is said to be 'too true to be good.' A statue of Pan may be forgiven for resembling Queen Victoria, but not for being mistakable for Pan. If it is to resemble the god without discredit, it ought to offer itself as a figure of Boadicea or of Industrial Welfare. For then no detractor would say that the artist had squandered his power on the coolie work of a copyist when he should have been heading dead straight for the big æsthetic valuables.

To put it no higher, this new line of comment would have supplied any quantity of munitions to people who make solemn talk about art and are the natural prey of the artists of *Punch*. But the major fun of the business is that the new wisdom has got beyond crying aloud in the streets. It has poked into studios. A few, at least, of the preachers have gallantly given their proofs — have painted portraits in which the expression of their deepest selves is unsmirched by any recognizable aping of the exterior of anyone else, or even of the general physique of the race. Those deepest selves have not always been readily discernible, either. Still, we have it on their own word, spoken or written, that they

have sung, danced, mused, tripped, and brooded in paint, and that they have carried out in it vast structural ideas. Beyond dispute they have painted that which eye hath not seen.

II

But the scope of a vast thought like that is not to be limited to any one art. The vice of so representing persons or things that they can be identified by any untutored eye has not confined its ravages to painting and sculpture. Your fallen artist will slavishly try to make you suppose that it is really Autumn or Mr. Baldwin or Mrs. Wertheimer that has inspired his toils. But actors are as bad. They will shamelessly do to the life some humped, usurping Richard, or fat and white-headed Falstaff. Why not abandon all this deadening drudgery? Why pretend to be Wolsey with mediæval London about you, or Shylock with mediæval Venice instead? Why not simply come on the stage, without any of these shallow pretenses, and give your audience the essence of the matter — just shed around you the brilliance and charm of your genius unalloyed with any paltry make-believe? If you be made of the right air and fire for the job, what need have you of such illusory dross as sables, ermine, cups of sack, and Jewish gaberdines? Away with all this mechanical assimilation to hook-nosed Cæsars and mulberry-nosed Bardolphs. Dramatic art, like other divinities, is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth; let the actor be wholly sincere and original, like a thrush singing or like a child dancing for joy.

Then comes poetry's turn. Too long, we are told, have the poets wasted their strength on such copyist stuff as the Vergilian and Tennysonian representations of landscape — mere trick work, like metre and rhyme, those obsolete implements of the conventional copycats of all ages. High time for poets to pour out their souls as they come and to hit us direct — not by ricocheting off some laborious description of an old Greek urn or of Autumn standing by a wine press. The art of prose fiction has not yet felt the full weight of the reforming hand. But its case is not seriously different from those of the other offenders. If Hugo or Mr. Hardy, brooding over the life and death of some Gauvain or Jude, has been memorably moved, had n't he better impart his grand emotion itself, and at once, and not spend some tens or hundreds of thousands of words in working out a kind of effigy of this worthy's career? 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses'; give us the laughter or tears without all these heavily wrought simulacra of bulky portions of life.

III

You may feel that this is absurd. So do I. And yet it has a core of rightness. Its absurdity is only the absurdity of all extreme overstatement.

For it is perfectly true that in any great work of art the element of close and literal representation of something outside the mind of the artist is relatively small. As was said by Balzac, the business of art is not to copy Nature, but to express her. Countless works of art are dull and poor because their authors have not got beyond mere circumstantial reproduction of the physical appearance of the details of their subjects — 'as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.' Many pictures by artists of considerable skill are mere dead painted schedules of this sort.

Again, it is perfectly true that middling actors will often miss the spirit of

a part and take the life out of it by their overabsorption in trivial points of accuracy in the outward trappings of the man. Many novels, too, are wrecked on that shoal. For nothing short of an authentic passion for concrete detail, in the mind of the author himself, can give the saving gusto and animation which carry off safely the long inventories of utensils, articles of food, and attire in Scott and Defoe. Anything that a competent artist loves well enough he can make lovable to any good reader. But love it must be; and the higher quality of the work, its power to move a fit spectator or reader, depends on the measure in which some free and vehement expression of this emotion of the artist's emerges out of the primary business of recalling certain external objects to the mind's eye.

So, with great caution and many reserves, you may perhaps divide the work of a writer or painter into two halves and call one higher and the other lower. Already I feel inclined, for my own part, to snatch back this concession, so repugnant do I find it to allow that there is anything short of perfection in any part whatever of the divine self-indulgence of artistic construction. Still, let it stand; in a certain sense it is valid. It may give us a lift on the way to clear thinking if for the moment we think of the murder scene in *Othello* as being divisible into two elements — one of them a certain abstract tragic beauty, a splendid sombre emotion communicable from the author or the actor, or both, to an audience; the other a succession of effects to call up before us veracious images of a bedroom, a bed, pillows, a lighted candle, a woman asleep, a man speaking to himself, making gestures, and finally attacking and killing the woman. I can comprehend, at any rate, the idea that the evocation of all these material images, the inventing of the furniture and the devising of appropriate bodily movements for Othello and for Desdemona, is a less exalted or a less exacting function of imaginative genius than the keeping track of all the dark and swift movements of passion in the depths of their minds. But it is not so easy to think of these two functions as so completely separable in practice that either of them can be discharged to the greatest effect by an artist without his discharging the other at all. I try to think of that scene in *Othello* without a bed or pillows, or a lighted candle, or a dark-skinned face working passionately — of nothing but certain bodiless intensities of emotion. But nothing is left. It is as if I were told not to think of a beautiful eye, but of the beauty of that eye, to banish every visual image of the actual feature, in the flesh, and to fasten my whole mind upon some incorporeal essence of loveliness that is its but not it. I can't do it. Can anyone?

IV

There seems to be a natural — or, some would say, a scientific — distinction between two groups of arts.

On the one side are those arts which have the habit of representing either concrete things or persons or else concrete symbols or emblems of thoughts, emotions, or events. Your painter represents the Pyramids or the Doge Loredano, or Autumn, or Hope, or the Crucifixion, or Alfred neglecting the cakes, or the surrender of Calais or Breda. Your sculptor represents John Bright or Peter Pan or Mr. Carnegie or Famine or Maternal Love, or Dawn, or Bacchus in drink, or the snakes strangling Laocoön. Your actor represents a hunchbacked usurper brimming with venomous vitality, or a testy and generous dotard butting his

head against some of the uglier facts of human nature. Your dramatist or novelist represents figures typical of frustrated ambition or love or of humbug, unctuous or flamboyant. And in doing this they have almost always said or assumed that a recognizable faithfulness in the representation was their right aim. This conviction of theirs is recorded in scores of familiar passages. Actors are 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.' The good sculptor 'would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape.' His work is

> . . . life as lively mocked as ever
> Still sleep mocked death.

In the other group of arts are architecture, music, and dancing. In these, as a rule, there is not a representation of something preëxistent, but a presentation of something new, the direct product and expression of some personal calculation or emotion, or both. A fine new town hall or church is never an attempt to represent some other town hall or cathedral. It may remind you of some Renaissance palace or Greek temple, but so far as it is a copy of one, a mere holder-up of a mirror, it is null and void as a work of art. Resemblance to something older is not its aim or essence, but an accident or a defect.

So too a fine piece of music or a fine dance does not, as a rule, excel in proportion to the fidelity with which it represents something concrete, some object of bodily sense. The typical masterpiece of music or dancing attempts to present to us some emotion of the artist's quite directly and without any incidental imitation or representation of anything outside him, just as the best architect seeks to present, as directly and simply as he can, the comeliest possible fulfillment of certain practical requirements.

V

So broad a distinction as this is not to be whittled away by showing that some distinguished practitioner or other of one of the presentative arts has cut down a good deal the representative demand in his work. Whistler did so in many of his pictures. His 'Cremorne' made little attempt at likeness to anything that was commonly known at the time by that name. A good many poets have tried to represent people, places, or things with their forms and colors half-effaced by a twilight vagueness. The blurred outlines of Mr. Yeats may be placed in contrast with the labored lucidity, the sharp-edged particularity, of the representation of modern Rome in Zola's novel of that name. Perhaps you may say that in Turner's 'Rain, Steam and Speed' the railway engine is not represented in the sense in which contemporary dress is represented in Frith's 'Derby Day.' So too, on the other side, there have been pieces of music that try, in some slight degree, to represent the sounds of warfare or of village life or the voices of a farmyard. Occasionally a dance, like Pavlowa's Dance of the Dying Swan, has attempted some little measure of visible representation of movements previous to its own. But such works are commonly felt by sensitive people to stand lower than the masterpiece of their several arts. Any strong critical instinct recognizes in them something of the freak, the *tour de force*, the astonishingly clever attempt to achieve something that cannot wholly be done or that is not worth doing. And so they only fortify the broad distinction between the essentially representative and the essentially presentative arts, the arts in which an artist expresses himself in relation to some specific objects or incidents outside him, and

the arts in which he expresses himself without this restriction — without this aid, as you may prefer to call it.

VI

Passing fits of disregard for such distinctions, or of mutiny against them, are characteristic of periods of relative sterility and depression in art. Every art, at its best, is immovably sane. It may hang out any number of wild-looking flags of fantasy, but it hangs them out from the battlements of the fortress of reason. It has an English sense of evidence, the moderation of Greece, and the common sense of Molière. And, as long as it is in health and the world not against it, it practises these bourgeois virtues, not as a matter of painful submission to a necessary discipline, but just for the joy of the thing. For it has a good hold on the great secret of life — it can see the shining novelty of old things and feel the thrill that there is in commonplaces; it finds common sense exciting, and it sticks to middle courses with a delighted consciousness of keeping a precarious and vital balance, like a man walking on high on a tight rope. You feel it all in Horace's essay on poetry and in Dryden's upon the writing of plays. Such men, writing with the exhilaration of a great creative period in their minds, do not feel any need of paradox, of startling novelty, or of any sort of sensational forcing of notes or loosing of waters. The ordinary thing is too deliciously intoxicant for that.

But there come other ages. A Peloponnesian or a European war lays its blight on whole peoples, deranges their life, upsets their standard of judgment, and lowers their spirits. It interrupts and corrupts the education of their young. As customers of arts it wears their nerves and deadens their palates so much that they tend to turn from the diet of health; they find it insipid and cry out for sharper sauces and more spice; they want to be titillated with something novel, flamboyant, and sensational, something that, anyhow, nobody could have thought first-rate long ago. Hence many unlucky adventures in letters and art since the Great War — the labored unreserve of aphrodisiac novels and plays, the labored unmelodiousness of much minor verse, the labored rebellion of many minor painters and sculptors against the nature of their medium and the experience and tradition of their arts. Whenever the wellsprings of an art run a little dry and the choric spheres grow rather husky, there is apt to be this kind of nervous and noisy running to and fro in quest of some new recipe that will enable a middling or tired performer to outshine Garrick and Goldsmith and Reynolds. Commonly, it is one of the principles of this search that any important generalization or deep distinction hitherto accepted by the chief practitioners of the art concerned shall be treated as false. And in this way it comes to be said by many vivacious persons that a portrait should not resemble a particular person any more than a symphony does, and that an actor or a novelist should no more give you a character 'done to the life' than a dancer should dance an impersonation of somebody else.

You cannot usefully argue against such a doctrine. It would become serious only if there were any notable exception to the creative impotence which prevails where the doctrine is accepted. We have already waited ten years since the war for signs of any considerable new outburst of creative power in any art, and also for any outburst of the greater sort of criticism — the sort that can raise obvious facts from the dead and make an old bit of

veracity flash like a jewel. So far we seem to be about as likely to see a boom in the cotton trade or a mad rush to buy shares in railways.

These wonders may come yet. And so may another heyday for the arts. Painting, poetry, fiction, the drama — all may yet pass right across the region of doldrums in which they are now flapping listless sails, without enough way on them to steer in any special direction. And with the close of this long post-war interlude of immobility and middlingness there will also end a good deal of the barren, theoretic talk with which slight, facile thinkers have tried to shorten or to enliven the tedium of waiting. When the winds of the creative impulse are blowing great guns again, no imaginative painter or writer will wait to discuss, with himself or anyone else, how far Nature ought to be represented in the work that he does at her instance. He will do the work first, — do it as his passion bids him, — and then sit and listen, with a twinkle in his eye, to the buzz of all these intelligent midges.

VII

But why — that question remains — may we guess that the representative artist will go on representing? Simply because the delight of doing it is too great for him to forgo. And the delight is so great because what we call representing is, to his sense, creating.

The Falstaff or Mrs. Gamp that we know may represent some knight or nurse known to Shakespeare or Dickens. But in that case what might have been mere copying was, at every turn, the creation of something wonderfully enhanced and supervitalized at the instance of something relatively commonplace. A Rembrandt portrait of some old Dutchwoman represents that particular crone, but the representation is made a vehicle for the conveyance of enormously more than the obvious facts of her face; in it or through it there is created, among other things, a kind of beautiful and sombre descant on old age and human fortitude and dignity and individual loneliness. And yet representation and creation are so intermingled that the artist could not and would not distinguish them. Like the lover whose imagination makes a goddess of some commonplace young woman, the artist delights in keeping his creative work in close relation to the face and figure which suggested its inception. The expression of himself and the getting of a likeness to the sitter, or to the landscape before him, are not, to him, rival aims or requirements. Each appears to him as a condition of the attainment of the other; he prosecutes the two as one, and he is bewitched to find that each step toward either brings him nearer to both.

So it may very well be that in his off time, when the creative impulse is weak and no subject fires him, an artist in paint or in letters will toy with the notion of not representing anything in particular, or of emitting his personality for our advantage without reference to one subject more than another. But let the hot fit come, and he will hoot at the notion.

ON A LITTLE BUSINESS OF HIS OWN

BY MARY E. L. HENNIGAN

I

It had rained steadily for three days. Such rain! Relentless, driving, endless rain! It struck savagely against windowpanes, flooding down over them in wavy opaque layers after each attack. It crept between door and threshold in persistent little rills. The sod was drenched with it. Every footstep in field or meadow gushed small fountains of it back to meet the gray veils falling still; every road was sodden, rivulets of mud and pebbles running steadily from crest to gutter. Incredible rain — impossible rain — endless, chill, gray rain.

Such weather might well be expected to sap the vitality and lower the spirits of any human, young or old, compelled to endure it. Yet, down the crookedy, bramble-lined, stony little boreen leading from Martin's door to the main road, through the dusk that was only a deeper shadow of the dim day, came a group of five, both young and old among them, and they all singing cheerily out of tune a rollicking ballad about the 'Shores of Amerikay.'

Johnny's cheeks glowed like ripe fruit. His bright hair, wet with rain, was plastered sleekly across his forehead. The peak of his cap was worn to the rear; perhaps because it was really more important to keep the rain off his neck than off his ruddy young face, but much more probably because caps are meant to be worn the other way. Beside him, stepping with a beautiful springing buoyancy despite the muddy road and her heavy boots, walked Bridie, her warm brown eyes stealing admiring glances at his sturdy figure. Her dark hair curled cloudily from under the soft woolly shawl that, slipping back, only half covered her head. If Johnny swaggered a bit under that shy gaze, if he sang more lustily still, though as badly out of tune as ever, who is to blame him? Certainly not the Yank, plodding along in her ineffective American 'light boots,' a little ahead of the youngsters with Martin. Not that the same Yank, clever as she was supposed to be, had eyes in the back of her head, any more than another! She had, however, a long memory, an understanding heart, and a sort of light for turning on very young people newly in love, which had tenderness in it, and wisdom of a sort, and amusement, and a bit — oh, a very small bit — of envy. It was by this light that she knew, though she herself walked ahead with Martin, that Bridie was casting sidelong bright glances from under the woolly gray shawl and cloudy hair at Johnny; and that Johnny, apparently not seeing the glances at all, nevertheless was swaggering and singing more loudly still whenever they rested on him.

Martin was always in the van. To be in the rear of any procession might be to admit that he was, after all, growing old — an aspersion that, had anyone been bold enough to make it, he would have resented with all his soul. Seventy is not old to one of Martin's spirit. He still made fields with his knotted, bony

brown hands, picking up, pebble by pebble, stone by stone, rock by rock, the craggy layer over a bit of land that at first glance might appear to be a quarry. He whitewashed walls, tied down thatch, twisted suggans, even gave Bridie a hand about the house, where she was now the only woman, and her that young and soft! So he strode in advance of her and Johnny, — or did they linger a bit behind him? — his thin frame wrapped in a flapping black coat, his dripping slouch hat pulled low over his sharp face, his cane twirled ostentatiously often in the air, as though to deny any other use for it, his stiff leg gallantly setting pace for the good one. Martin never admitted that stiffness, as he never admitted age. Martin, in fact, never admitted impediments of any kind. He swung along in step with the Yank on one side of him, and on the other with his big, quiet, sturdy son, young Mattie. The latter was as silent as his father was loquacious, a good boy, hard-working, gentle, obedient, a little in awe of this man who, having in his youth spent several years in America, was 'smartened up a bit' beyond the others in the village.

Turning from the boreen into the main road, the five changed their tune, or rather they changed words and rhythm, since the melody remained woefully the same. 'The Boys from Ould Erin the Green' they sang now, a truculent ballad with references in every verse to 'The beef-eating bullies o' England' and boastful accounts of how the latter sped before the former. It might or might not fall upon hostile ears, their loud chorus, and these were times when men frequently went to jail for singing songs in Ireland that echoed in many streets in London and Manchester and Liverpool. Two of the minstrels at least — the Yank and Martin — sang it because they knew they could with impunity.

'Mattie will leave us here,' said Martin as they stopped a moment at the door of Kilcannon's public house. 'He has the bicycle left here these two days past to a son of Kilcannon's. He will be off on it now like a good lad, to his grandmother behind in Tormakeady, the ways he can give her a hand with the work when the weather breaks fine. She's a grand old woman altogether to do as well as she does. But sure two hands cannot do all. Ourselves will have another bit to walk, a few stoneens to climb over maybe, till we come at the place where the boat is hid. We have Lough Carra to cross yet, and 't is a bad night, surely, with a wind near as big as the one blew the tailor into Mayo long 'go. Ah, well, Johnny here has a stout pair of arms, God bless them, and myself has two at anny rate, such as they are.'

'I shan't mind,' said the Yank, stoutly. 'I could n't well be wetter than I am even if I found myself in the lake instead of on it. And I guess I can walk anywhere you can, Martin. Only I don't want to be disappointed. You promised me a dance with a green uniform, a real live Republican uniform that I have n't caught so much as a glimpse of in all the weeks I've been here. I don't care a whoop who 's inside it, nor how it dances, just so I feast my eyes on it and feel the sleeve under my hand.'

'My blessing to you!' cried Johnny. 'Sure, if we had more like you —'

'If we had, then,' interrupted Martin sternly, 'there would be never an end to this trouble, and this distraction, and this destroying of property. 'T is aisy for her, is miles across the water in the midst of peace and plenty, to be encouraging a bad business to go on forever over here!'

'But you remember, Martin, you promised!' protested the Yank.

'I did,' he answered, 'and you will!

And are n't you on your way this minute? Let you walk on ahead, Johnny. 'T is a divil of a black night. See can you make out the way for us. Do you, Bridie, keep in here to me, the ways I won't lose you, and you all the daughter I have in the world. As we go along,' he went on, turning to the Yank, 'I will be telling you how myself and Pat Kennedy was for fixing the bridge. You will be putting it into a song for me, the ways I can be singing it and you far away in America.'

'I will, Martin,' the Yank promised cheerfully; and a little later, much less cheerfully, 'I will, if I ever see America again!' For Johnny led them across ditch and dike, through fields that were stony as the bottom of some long-evaporated lake, — which, in all probability, they were, — up rocky bits of boreens that offered no secure foothold anywhere. The dark was impenetrable. The wind hurled itself against them no matter which way they bent their straining bodies. The rain beat on them. The lake, when at last they reached it, was a writhing black mass that stormed and dashed in fearful harmony with wind and rain.

'Do we — do we row across *this*, Martin?' asked the Yank.

'We do, agra,' he answered kindly, helping Johnny to pull out the boat and adjust its two pairs of oars. 'We do, and trust in God to reach Gort Mor on the other side.'

'Well,' said the Yank, hesitatingly, 'we might have come a better night, I suppose.'

'You could not, then, m'am,' Johnny said cheerfully. 'Sure 't is n't every night the column is in it. 'T is the flying column, do you see. 'T is here to-day, there to-morrow, another place the next day — wherever the work is in it to do. It strikes and is gone — back into the woods — up into the hills — away, away, away! Sure, there is manny a one has a part to do in this work, but only an odd one wears a uniform. One of the lads of the column is stopping in to the dance to-night for a minute only. Some little business of his own. A message, maybe, for another to carry on. Dances is n't all for pleasure these days. Often they do be a cover for other things, do you see?'

'I don't,' said the Yank, honestly. 'Not exactly. But then, I don't need to, do I? Let 's go. Whether we ever reach Gort Mor or not, let 's start.'

II

The four settled themselves in the boat. Not a single far dim light broke the blackness of the night. They seemed, indeed, to be set in the very heart of darkness. The Yank shivered a bit in her corner. The young folk were silent. Only Martin spoke, raising his voice against the wind, going on cheerily with the story which the Yank was to set to verses that the hero might some day chant about himself.

'As I was telling you,' he began when the boat had shoved off, 'I have no patience with these young ones that does be destroying what they never'll be able to replace. Is n't it their own country they are tearing into little pieces? And there was enough at that business already. Fair and aisy, fair and aisy does it, I say, and not think to make over the world in a day. Are you listening to me, Johnny?'

'I am, sir,' came a meek and respectful voice. 'Sure, you don't think 't was me, sir, that blew up the Bridge of Keel?'

'How do I know? How do I know, lad?' said Martin testily. 'Maybe you had n't hand, act, nor part in it — and maybe you had. The right hand does n't know these days what is the left one at. The bridge was blew up, at anny rate. That the world knows!

'T was as fine a bridge as could be found in the Four Fields of Ireland. 'T was blew up because there was a detachment of Black and Tans in the town above and manny a gathering of our own ones in Kilcannon's here below, especially on the bitter nights. The harder it was for them in the town to reach Kilcannon's, the easier it was for them in Kilcannon's to be coming and going on their own business. But between the two, d'ye see, was plenty of another sort of people had business of *their* own, that had need of that bridge. There was sheep and cattle to be druv to the market, flour and tea to be fetched home, and how was it to be done, I ask you, without the Bridge of Keel?'

'I don't know, Martin,' murmured the Yank; and then, betraying a mind wandering from the story, 'Can you swim?'

'Sorra swim, then,' said the old man. 'Why would I? Nor anny within in this boat, unless it would be yourself.'

'I can,' the Yank assured him. 'But where would I swim to? We'd need that bridge here, Martin, I think.'

'We would, faith,' the old man agreed, pulling steadily on his oars while he talked. 'And we needed it where it was, as well. Which was the why of it that the priest preached a roaring great sermon of a certain Sunday, winding up with an order for all the women to be off home about their own affairs, which too many of them had learned to neglect in these days, while the men was to wait in the chapel yard outside after Mass. Himself met them there and gev them a grand talk about the hardships was worked on poor people with their little business to tend to in the town above, and no way of getting to the same town. A thin bit of a board, just, that they could cross over, one foot forninst the other, and them not to have the sign of drink on them. "The bridge," says his Reverence, "must be fixed. Let ye all, now, that are brave good men will help in this work, stand to me right. But the cowards that will have no hand in repairing the ruin, let them stand to me left, over there agin the wall!"'

Martin paused to let this picture sink into the minds of his listeners. '"T would make you laugh,' he went on at last, 'to watch the shifty ones, turning, twisting, glancing from one neighbor's face to another's, leaning now towards the left and now towards the right, hesitating on the foot, till at last, and at long last, there was a good ninety per cent stood to the right. A scattering handful of bold young things was on the left.'

'Where, Johnny, were you?' queried the Yank.

'Ah, well, now —' the boy began.

'Oh,' breathed Bridie softly from the dark, 'sure, Johnny does n't be *mending* bridges!'

'And you, Martin?' asked the Yank.

'I was on the side of law and order and the Church!' answered Martin sternly.

'You were,' murmured the Yank, '*this* time. I seem to remember —'

'We must be advising the young to what we believe to be best,' interposed Martin, hastily, 'and us having patience learned, bitterly, from life. At anny rate, the priest scattered those on his left with a wave of his hand and a promise of Hell in short order. For the rest of us he set a day and an hour when we would meet with him at the ruin of the bridge to make all right again. What happens now, do you think? In the couple of days that passes, the word goes about from one to another, at the fireside, in the dance, over a glass in Kilcannon's, that what little was left of the Bridge of Keel would be blew to meet the high heavens on the day, at the hour, when the valiant men of this

parish was gathered there to do the work his Reverence had laid out for them.'

'Good!' exclaimed the Yank. 'That's where your hard-earned wisdom and patience, teaching you never to attempt the dangerous and impossible, came to the fore! Did n't they?'

Johnny chuckled. ''T might be as well for me to finish the story, m'am,' he said. 'There was two men at the bridge at the time set. One was Martin, here, and the other was Pat Kennedy, that has five years in the age on this man — and *two* stiff legs!'

''T is true,' Martin admitted. 'Sure, if the bridge to-day is as it was that day, no better and no worse, 't is no fault of ours. Will you put myself and Pat in a song?'

'That I will,' the Yank promised; 'to-morrow, maybe. Is that a light?' she asked, hopefully. 'Did you really know where you were going, after all?'

'I had a kind of a sort of a notion, m'am,' answered Johnny. 'I do come this way often!'

'He does indeed,' Bridie put in eagerly. 'On the bitter nights, cold and black, when some of the lads on the run is behind in Kilcannon's, getting a taste of the fire, and a hot sup for their poor empty stomachs, the word does come sometimes that the soldiers have wind of it and are on the way. If the boat is over here on the Gort Mor side, the lads have only to wave a small bit of a light up and down. The boat goes back and over, back and over, until it has them all landed safe on this side. The lorries has seven miles to go around to come at this place, should they 'spect it. Once they did come and found nothing, because by the time they got here, over broken and blocked roads, the boat had the lads all left back again in Kilcannon's. The boat,' she finished with great satisfaction, 'the boat is a thing they know nothing about yet, nor could use it if they did. 'T is n't everyone can cross Lough Carra in the dark of night.'

'It is not, then,' the Yank agreed heartily, as she stepped out of the boat, ankle deep in cold water, and stumbled up the path to the welcome light.

III

The light was in Aunt Mary's kitchen, where a group of pleasant young people greeted the newcomers, drawing the Yank up at once to the fire and divesting her of her wet shoes. Aunt Mary was Martin's sister, and aunt to the countryside. She condemned all rash young rapscallions of rebels as heartily as he — and kept the kettle boiling to make tea for any of them that might happen her way, cold and hungry. She seldom went to bed. All through the night she sat nodding on her three-legged stool, her ample body sunk down on itself like a sack, her gray head hanging over her comfortable shoulder. Now and then she roused to put another sod on the fire, to refill the kettle, to mix a small cake. Sometimes she sallied out to the yard, or the barn, or a corner of the field in the dark, looking for the rebels whom she so fiercely berated, lest there should be a stranger among them who did not know that her house was open to him. Having found and fed him, scolded him soundly, pointed out the folly of his ways, she generally sent him to sleep in her own bed, watching beside him that she might have him safely away before the dawn.

Aunt Mary's house, in this wild, remote spot on the shores of Lough Carra, was one of the few, in these bad times, where there might still be music, light, dancing, a little gay young fun. The Yank enjoyed it all hugely — nor was it as a spectator. Her feet and her heart were as light as any there. She danced as often, with the same primi-

tive vigor, the same cheerful disregard for 'making the steps' properly and 'timing the music' that the young people had and that the older ones, far better trained in the art, shook disapproving heads over. Something in her that never grew old, nor wise, felt entirely happy — the long muddy miles on foot, the drenching rain, the wild wind, the threatening lake, all fully compensated for — when a shy, awkward, beautiful boy, whose eyes were like hazel buds, and whose dark hair looked as though a brush dipped in gold had passed lightly over its crisp curls, approached her with a muttered, 'Will ye dance, miss?' His green uniform was neither trim nor spotless. It had been slept in, on lonely Irish hillsides, in wet Irish bogs. It was sadly rumpled, badly fitting, wet with rain, spotted with mud from weary miles traveled in it. But in the eyes of the Yank it was beautiful — and so was the clear-eyed, sturdy youngster encased in it!

Only one thing marred the dance — indeed, brought it to an early close. Johnny, having danced a dozen 'sets' with a gay disregard for wet clothes and boots from which the water oozed at every step, was absent from the kitchen for a long time on — as he himself would have said — some little business of his own. Returning, he held at the door with Martin a whispered consultation which Bridie quickly joined when she saw her father's face grow grave. It was nothing, they assured her. Mattie had had a bit of an accident. Not anything serious. The brake on the bicycle had failed to hold and he going down a slippery bit of a hill, not a quarter of a mile from his grandmother's, behind in Tormakeady. The boy had been dashed against a stone wall at the bottom. His face was bruised, and both wrists had doubled under him. They were not broken, the doctor had said, but badly wrenched.

'We'll stay the night here, as we planned,' said Martin. 'And come the morrow's morning I'll have a look at the lad myself.'

'How'd you find out already?' demanded the Yank, who was constantly amazed at the speed and accuracy with which news traveled in this phoneless section of the country. 'How did you hear it, when Mattie is miles away on the other side of that lake?'

Johnny grinned engagingly, shoving his cap around until the peak rested over his ear. 'Myself is n't partial to anny one side o' this lake,' he said, mildly. 'And faith, I'm seldom the side you'd think I was on at all, at all!'

IV

The morning was a jewel, a sparkling, clear-cut, brilliant blue jewel. The whole world fairly gleamed with light. The lake was a placid sapphire pool — a little lake, after all. It seemed to the Yank, as Johnny and Martin sped the boat swiftly over its bosom, that only some sweet magic could have changed the hungry black monster of the night before into this smiling bit of limpid water.

'The lake is n't very deep, is it?' she asked after a bit.

''T is,' answered Martin, 'and 't is n't. I could show you places you could wade across, the ways I often did myself, the shoes hung around my neck, the trousers rolled to my knees. And I could show you other places again is fathoms deep.'

Aunt Mary, sitting in fearful rigidity in the bow of the boat, crossed herself. She hated the lake, dreading it with a fear entirely without reason. She seldom crossed it, preferring the long, tedious way around by road. Only her haste to see Mattie, making sure for herself that 'th' ould woman' knew

what to do for him, had enticed her into the boat to-day.

Johnny, delighting in her fear, played on it without remorse, drawing word pictures of the dangers to be encountered in crossing this particular lake, 'the most misfortunate lake, m'am, in the whole Four Fields of Ireland, m'am, and the deepest. Oh, sorra doubt about *that*. The deepest, at all events!'

'I suppose,' said the Yank, remembering tales of other Irish lakes, 'this one, too, has no bottom?'

The feather on Aunt Mary's bit of a black bonnet quivered. Drawing her shawl closer about her pleasant bulk, Aunt Mary herself quivered as much as she dared.

'Oh, it has, agra,' she said in answer to the Yank's question. 'It has, asthore, but 't is *water!*'

What a shout of laughter that brought from Johnny, as he pulled the boat up on the rocky beach. Dear Johnny, how many times he laughed again between there and Kilcannon's, where his young laughter was hushed, and all their laughter, and their pleasant, easy talk. For at Kilcannon's there was news, the kind of news that passed in quick short words, with hasty glances, with a subdued excitement that, if you were young, covered exultation, and, if you were old, masked fear and despair. An ambush — not more than an hour ago — in clear daylight — two lorry loads of Black and Tans, and not four out of the lot escaped!

'The Tans is behind in McFee's hotel, at the crossroads,' said Kilcannon. 'The doctor is in it, and the divil's own confusion. The lads is gone, scattered back into the hills, and not a sign left behind them.'

A sudden look of terror passed over Martin's face. 'McFee's!' he gasped. 'Is it McFee's you said? Sure 't was not behind in Tormakeady the ambush was?'

''T was, to be sure. And why not? What 's on you, man?' asked Kilcannon.

'Mattie!' cried Martin, scarcely able to form the word.

'Arrah, Mattie was n't in it, man,' said Kilcannon, shaking Martin's arm. 'Yourself had the word he was hurt a bit on the wheel not half hour after he left you.'

'And yourself knows they do search every house and barn — yes, and sty — for miles around after one of these things. And what do they do to the one they find wounded? What will happen to a broken bit of a boy if they come on him, and they mad with anger? I must go!' he cried, shaking off Kilcannon's detaining hand. 'Get me a mare and saddle at once! Johnny! Where is the boy?'

It was only then that the agitated little group discovered that Johnny was gone, off again on some mysterious errand of his own.

'The lad's gone. I'll get the mare. What can you do?' said Kilcannon, all in one breath.

'A bit of writing from the doctor,' Martin answered shortly, 'with his own name signed to it. Sure, they never 'd believe the boy's story without. They would n't give him time to tell it, itself. Oro, oro, they'll shoot him like a dog if they come on him. Or worse — or worse,' he said, beating his gnarled old hands together. 'For the love of God, let me out of here.'

'Let me go, Dada,' Bridie implored, clinging to him, her warm brown eyes wide with fear.

'Have sense, agra,' her father said, putting her gently aside. 'Have sense, acushla. Is n't it enough, one of you to be in danger, and not to lose the other maybe? What matter about me? I'll get the bit of writing from the doctor, never fear. When all is right I'll come

back here. In the meantime let ye keep each other company till I return. Kilcannon! Give them a drop of hot punch will put heart in them!'

When he had gone, for hours afterward, the three women huddled together at the fireplace in the deserted public house. No one passed on the road. There was a strange absence of the usual comforting human noises. Aunt Mary rocked back and forth on her chair, her beads slipping ceaselessly through her fingers. As endlessly one old hand tapped, tapped against her withered lips, as though to still their trembling. Bridie walked often to the door, looking up and down the road that lay so strangely still in the brilliant sunshine. The Yank worried silently with both of them.

It was dusk when old Martin stood again in the door. His shoulders drooped wearily. His stiff leg dragged frankly as he crossed the floor.

'Dada!' cried Bridie, alarmed. 'Sure, you did n't fail? You got the bit of writing?'

'I did, to be sure, alannah,' he answered, as he slumped down in the chair the Yank drew forward. 'I did of course, my girl, gra. Come here to me, Bridie.'

She came quickly, standing beside him, looking down into his eyes, which were raised sorrowfully to hers.

'What's on you, Dada?' she asked wonderingly. 'Are n't you after saying that our Mattie — '

'And so he is, little love. Our Mattie is safe,' said her father tenderly. 'I fought my way a-through them — an awful way through dead and dying, and them that was mad with rage. Them was the worst altogether! But I got the bit of paper in spite of all. 'T was through the kitchen I went out, when I was for going to the old woman's to wait till someone would come searching. Bridie,' he went on, hesitating curiously, 'Bridie, my girleen, Johnny was in the kitchen.'

'Johnny?' queried the girl, drawing her thick soft brows together in a puzzled frown. 'Is it our Johnny? Our own Johnny from the village?'

''T is,' replied her father, drawing her to his knee and tightening his arm around her. 'Ye see,' he went on with difficulty, looking from one to the other of the questioning faces turned to him, 'ye see, when Johnny left us 't was on some business known to himself, a little errand of his own, a — a message, like. And — and — they caught him, crossing a field. He tore the paper up, but what good was that? And they had him left there in the kitchen till they 'd have time to deal with him. "I think," says he to me, "I'll have a dash for it." "You won't, avic," says I. "In the name of God, don't! You would n't make the second step from the door till they had you, and what was your chances then?" "Arrah, man dear," says the lad, "what are they annyway, but to be stood up before a wall and shot full of holes? And if that was all? But who knows what before that?" Not all I could say would stop the boy,' the old man faltered on, a slow, difficult tear forcing itself from under his reddened, wrinkled eyelid and down his seamed cheek. 'Ah, well! Ah, well! God is good! Nothing happens but by His will. He put his cap on, the gallant lad, in the way he always wore it, with the peak around to the back, squared his shoulders, and off with him down the path to the gate. He was lying just outside that little gate when I saw him last, his face pressed into the earth of his own land, his young body riddled with the stranger's bullets.'

'Oh,' said the Yank a little later, softly, 'let us not cry any more for Johnny. Somehow I think his gallant, gay young soul is away — away on some fine thrilling business of its own!'

THE MINOR COLLECTION: A CRITICISM

BY PAUL M. ANGLE

I

THOSE of us who engage in historical research are likely to assume that everyone will know what tests to apply in order to establish the authenticity of a series of historical documents, and will possess the knowledge necessary for the successful application of those tests. The assumption is unwarranted, of course. Rarely will all possible criteria suggest themselves even to highly intelligent persons without historical training, and more rarely still will they possess the specialized knowledge without which the criteria are useless.

In view of this fact it will be worth while at least to itemize the tests which a collection, such as the alleged Lincoln documents published serially in the *Atlantic* for December 1928, January and February 1929, should pass before its genuineness can be accepted. First come the purely physical criteria: Is the paper of the proper age, and is the ink that of the period in which the documents are supposed to have been written? Next, the soundness of the collection's pedigree, so to speak: Has it come down through a line of well-authenticated, reputable owners? Then, if the documents purport to be the work of a well-known character, comes the question of handwriting. Does it resemble that of letters and papers of undoubted genuineness? More intangible, but very important, is the question of general content. Are the sentiments expressed in any given document in harmony with the known views of the person who is supposed to have written it, or even with his general character as established beyond dispute? Finally, do specific incidents mentioned in the challenged documents check with demonstrable historical fact?

It is not often that all of these tests can be brought to bear against a body of material so effectively as in the case of the Minor collection. Almost every item revealed such serious flaws that belief in the genuineness of the entire group became untenable. Recognizing this, the editor of the *Atlantic* not only published a statement withdrawing former expressions of confidence in the collection, but asked me, as one of those active in attacking its claims to credence, to state the case against it. In undertaking this, I hope I shall be pardoned for appropriating to my own use the contributions of Mr. Worthington C. Ford, Mr. Oliver R. Barrett, Mr. Louis A. Warren, Mr. Logan Hay, and Captain James P. Murphy, without which the prompt exposé of the character of these documents would not have been possible.

As soon as the collection was presented for publication, the *Atlantic* submitted specimens of the paper to a distinguished chemist for analysis. The report described it as 'pure linen with a trace of cotton.' Since modern paper is largely made from wood pulp, the presumption was that the paper of these documents was of sufficient age.

However, that is not a fact of positive importance. The first concern of every forger is to secure old paper, and on the whole it is easily accomplished. In this case a suspicious resemblance to the flyleaves of old books suggests the source from which it was obtained. There is another disquieting feature of physical appearance. Several of the documents are written in green ink. Green ink usually has an aniline dye as a coloring agent, and aniline dyes were not in use prior to the second half of the nineteenth century. However, the color of the ink could do no more than arouse suspicion, since inks of all colors have long been used to some extent.

When the line of descent of the Minor collection was critically examined serious weaknesses appeared. The story of its formation and transmission was related with considerable explicitness. For various plausible reasons Lincoln and Ann Rutledge gave each other's letters to a common friend, Matilda Cameron. Matilda added her own diary, and the collection passed to Sally Calhoun, described as the daughter of John Calhoun, Lincoln's friend and benefactor. Sally added memoranda of conversations with her father and letters from Lincoln, and gave the entire group of documents to two friends, Margaret Morrison and Elizabeth Hirth. In time these joint owners transferred it to Elizabeth's brother, Frederick Hirth. With the addition of a letter Hirth is supposed to have received from Lincoln it attained its final form, and descended through Hirth's widow and Miss Minor's own mother to the present owner.

Examination, however, fails to reveal satisfactory evidence that the first two reputed owners of the collection, Matilda Cameron and Sally Calhoun, ever actually existed. Matilda is described as one of the eleven daughters of John Cameron of New Salem, and Ann's cousin as well as bosom friend. But the page from the Cameron family Bible on which the names and birth dates of the children were inscribed, now in the possession of Mrs. Edna Orendorff Macpherson of the Illinois State Historical Library, fails to record a Matilda among them.

However, in the family record only the first names and middle initials are given, and for three of the girls the middle initial was M. Might not that have stood, in one case, for Matilda? Matilda's diary destroys the possibility. In the entry dated July 10, 1833, occurs this statement: 'I will keep everthing in my box James giv me last crismas. my first bow wuz James and *now Sam* Anns wuz first John and now Abe. she wuz 17 when she met John and I wuz 19 when I first met James.' Since James and Matilda were lovers 'last crismas,' their first meeting could not have occurred later than 1832. If Matilda was then nineteen, she must have been born not later than 1813. But Vicana M., the second of the Cameron girls and the first to bear the middle initial M., was born on December 31, 1815. A daughter was born in 1813, but her name was Elizabeth P.

Equally conclusive is the argument against the existence of Sally Calhoun. John Calhoun, whose daughter she is supposed to have been, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in either 1806 or 1808 — both dates are given in different accounts. He came to Springfield, Illinois, in 1830, and on December 29 of the following year married Sarah Cutter. According to John Carroll Power's *History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois*, he had nine children, but among them a Sally or Sarah is not to be discovered.

However, it has been pointed out

that the birth dates of two of Calhoun's children, as recorded in this volume, are three months apart; and it is argued that if his account is in error in this respect it is not unreasonable to doubt the infallibility of his list of the children's names. The fact remains, however, that in spite of this error — probably a printer's mistake — Power's *History* is a very reliable compilation, so reliable that it is constantly used by Springfield lawyers in the examination of abstracts, and readily accepted in court as furnishing satisfactory proof of heirship.

But the case against the existence of Sally rests on other evidence than Power's *History*. In a letter written from St. Joseph, Missouri, December 12, 1928, Mrs. Adele P. McCord, the only living grandchild of John Calhoun, stated: 'I was an only grandchild on her side of the family & very fond of my Grandmother Sarah Cutter Calhoun. I became closely associated with her & my Aunts, and never once did I hear any of them called Sally.' Mrs. McCord added that Mrs. Mary W. Inslee Kerr, of St. Joseph, Missouri, was the only person still alive who would have first-hand knowledge of the Calhoun family, and stated that she would get in touch with her if possible. In due time Mrs. Kerr's daughter answered on behalf of her mother, now ill. 'General John Calhoun and his family,' the letter reads, 'were intimate friends of hers and there was never a daughter named, or called, Sally Calhoun.'

II

Analysis of physical qualities and examination of the manner in which it was preserved are the only standards by which the Minor collection as a whole can be judged. In describing the outcome of tests other than these, it will be an advantage to divide the collection into several parts: (1) the Lincoln letters, (2) the books bearing Lincoln marginalia, (3) the Ann Rutledge letters, (4) Matilda Cameron's diary, and (5) Sally Calhoun's memoranda.

Since no unchallenged specimen of Ann Rutledge's writing is known to have been preserved, and since the very existence of Matilda Cameron and Sally Calhoun is at best doubtful, it is obvious that only the Lincoln letters and the books which he is supposed to have annotated can be judged on the score of handwriting. Yet the test is of the utmost significance. If the handwriting of the Lincoln documents in the Minor collection is indistinguishable from that of genuine Lincoln letters of the same approximate date, the presumption of authenticity is strong; but if it is markedly different, then all other flaws do no more than make the proof of spuriousness overwhelming.

Important as handwriting may be, however, there is little one can say about it. Actual comparison of specimens is the only test. Nevertheless, it may be worth while to point out one or two features of general appearance which can be reported in words. In the letters from the Minor collection Lincoln is frequently made to begin sentences with small letters. Letters of known authenticity never show this feature. Moreover, until the last few years of his life Lincoln usually — not always, of course — employed a short dash in place of a period. But in the Minor documents dashes are used only to indicate breaks — not terminations — of the thought.

In explaining the rakish, uneven appearance of the handwriting of these letters it has been argued that 'Lincoln had two definitely distinct styles of writing his name — the formal signature, identified with legal documents

or public business, and the more rambling and haphazard hand of friendly and familiar intercourse. The letters in this collection were of the second category. . . .'

This statement is true only to the extent that, in signing official papers as President, Lincoln usually wrote his name 'Abraham Lincoln,' while he signed letters of all descriptions with the familiar 'A. Lincoln.' Legal pleadings were generally signed 'Lincoln,' followed either by 'p. q.' (*pro querente*) or 'p. d.' (*pro defendant*). So far as the character of the handwriting is concerned, there is no distinction, beyond that due to a greater or lesser degree of haste, between that to be found in the body of public and legal documents and that to be found in the body of letters.

It is true that not all specimens of Lincoln's writing are exactly similar, but the variations are the result of the writer's age rather than the character of the subject matter. Thus the handwriting of his youth shows immaturities not discernible in that of middle age, while letters written as President show clearly the effect of advancing age and mental strain. But the widest variations from these natural causes are as nothing compared with the difference between two intimate letters of the same approximate date, one from the Minor collection, the other indisputably genuine.

But in ruling out the Lincoln letters we need not depend on handwriting alone, conclusive as that should be. There is the evidence from 'known character,' so to speak. Does the Lincoln of the Minor letters harmonize with the Lincoln of historical fact? Or are they two different, distinct individuals — so different and distinct as not to be explained as variant phases of the same person?

In answering these questions I shall disregard, as being in the last analysis a matter of opinion, my belief that the distorted and unnatural individual pictured as the writer of the letters in the Minor collection does not square at all with the Lincoln of historical fact. Instead, I shall quote, for the reader's own comparison, two expressions on the same subject — slavery.

In one of the letters to John Calhoun, printed in the *Atlantic* for December 1928 (undated, but presumably written during his term in Congress), Lincoln is made to recount a conversation with a slave at the time of one of his two visits to New Orleans. Asked whether he was happy in slavery, the black had raised 'a face of hopeless resignation' and answered, '"No — no Marse I nevah is happy no mo. whippins is things that black folks nevah can stop remembrin about — they hurt so."' Lincoln then reminds his correspondent: 'this is one I forgot to tell you before. but John I guess it takes a queer fellow like me to sympathise with the put upon and down trodden. those blacks John dont live — they simply *exist*. I never trapped an animal in my life and slavery to me is just *that* both filling my soul with abhorrence.'

Compare the foregoing with the following extract from a letter to Mary Speed, the sister of the one man with whom Lincoln's intimacy is unquestioned. 'By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat [Lincoln was describing his return from a visit at the Speed home] for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together. . . . In this condition they were being separated forever from the scenes of their childhood, their friends, their

fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and many of them from their wives and children, and going into perpetual slavery, where the lash of the master is proverbially more ruthless and unrelenting than any other where; and yet amid all these distressing circumstances, as we would think them, they were the most cheerful and apparently happy creatures on board. One whose offense for which he had been sold was an over-fondness for his wife, played the fiddle almost continually, and the others danced, sang, cracked jokes, and played various games with cards from day to day. How true it is that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," or in other words, that he renders the worst of human conditions tolerable, while he permits the best to be nothing better than tolerable.'

It is only fair to point out that in 1855 Lincoln described this incident less amiably, calling slavery a 'continued torment.' My own belief is that this quickened perception of slavery's evil was a direct result of the agitation caused by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. In any event, comparison of the two passages suggests, at least, the argument which could be built upon stylistic differences if space permitted. Is it possible for a man to write clear, easy prose in 1841, and seven years later to be guilty of verbiage resembling the stilted effort of a high-school freshman?

III

So much for the general character of the Minor letters from Lincoln in Washington to Calhoun in Springfield. The difference between the Lincoln of these letters and the Lincoln of historical fact is great enough to make a careful student skeptical, even if disquieting suspicions have not previously been aroused. And a skeptical student, if competent, will at once commence the most exacting, and most exciting, of all tests — the search for errors of specific fact.

The method consists in the critical examination of every fact which admits of independent verification. As this examination largely concerns John Calhoun and his relations with Lincoln, some comment upon him is necessary.

John Calhoun came to Springfield in 1830, and continued a resident of the town until his appointment as Surveyor-General of Kansas and Nebraska in 1854. From 1832 until 1835 he was Surveyor of Sangamon County. The county, then considerably larger than now, was being settled rapidly, and the demand for a surveyor's services was greater than one man could satisfy. At the instance of mutual friends Calhoun appointed Lincoln his deputy, with the specific duty of making surveys in the northwestern part of Sangamon County, now the separate county of Menard.

As time went on, Calhoun occupied other public offices. In 1838 he was elected to the legislature from Sangamon County. Four years later he was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court and held the position until 1848, serving simultaneously as trustee of the defunct State Bank. As Lincoln advanced to a prominent position in local Whig circles, Calhoun gained place in the Democratic Party, becoming one of Douglas's trusted lieutenants when that leader rose to national prominence. Frequently Lincoln and Calhoun clashed in debate, and local tradition, well supported, has it that Lincoln feared no one, Douglas not excepted, more than Calhoun.

With these facts in mind, let us examine closely the letter of July 22, 1848. Aside from the fact that it

implies a degree of political accord which did not exist, it contains several historical inconsistencies. 'Jed was here and called on me about a month ago. he told me of your trip to Gentryville and your clearing the boundries, titles etc.' — so Lincoln is made to write. Calhoun's trip must have taken place in 1848, or Lincoln, who took his seat in Congress in December 1847, would have known about it. But in 1848 Calhoun was Clerk of the Circuit Court, and the records show that he was performing the duties of that office in person. Relatively few legal papers for 1848 remain in the court files, but those that do contain his signature under the file date. Several were filed every month — frequently every week — during the entire year. For the month of May — the time most likely, according to the letter, for Calhoun to have made his Gentryville trip — the record is especially complete.

Moreover, even if Calhoun had gone to Gentryville, he could not have had for the reason of his visit that alleged in the letter. 'He told me of your trip to Gentryville and your clearing the boundries, titles etc; Dear John at this time I want to extend my deepest gratitude for the service rendred my Mother,' etc. The inference that Calhoun cleared 'boundries, titles etc.' for Lincoln's mother is inescapable. But in 1848 Lincoln's mother had no interest in any land at Gentryville. When Thomas Lincoln had removed from Kentucky to Indiana he entered one hundred and sixty acres near the present town of that name, but he never succeeded in obtaining a patent to more than eighty acres. This holding he sold to James Gentry in the winter of 1829–1830, shortly before removing to Illinois.

The last sentence of the letter is also open to suspicion. 'Mary is well thank the Lord and joins in love to you and yours,' Lincoln is supposed to have concluded. That Mrs. Lincoln was in Washington is a necessary inference. That she actually was in Washington is extremely doubtful. She had accompanied Lincoln there in the winter of 1847, but in the following spring she and the children had returned to the family home at Lexington, Kentucky. Her own letters show that she contemplated remaining there during July and August, and Lincoln's letters, particularly one dated July 2, show that he was fully conversant with her plans, and did not expect her to join him soon. There is no direct evidence of Mrs. Lincoln's movements from early July until mid-October, but all the information accessible indicates that her presence in Washington on July 22, 1848, is highly improbable.

So much for the letter of July 22, 1848. That to Calhoun of May 9, 1834, offers even greater inconsistencies, one in particular admitting no explanation of any sort. 'There seems some controversy,' Lincoln writes, 'between him and Green concerning that North East quarter of Section 40 — you remember?' Since 1785 the government system of surveys had provided for townships divided into thirty-six sections, numbered consecutively from one to thirty-six. Natural irregularities occasionally resulted in townships with fewer than thirty-six sections, but never in one with more than that number. For Lincoln to have inquired of Calhoun — both men being official surveyors — regarding a 'Section 40' is unthinkable.

In the same letter Lincoln remarks that 'the "Bixbys" are leaving this week for some place in Kansas.' Kansas, however, was not open for white settlement until twenty years after the date of this letter. A few squatters, guides, and Indian traders were clustered about its military posts at an

earlier date, but that was all. It is doubtful whether even the word 'Kansas' was in common use as designating the region it now describes. Most maps of the period referred to describe the vast territory west of Missouri and north of Arkansas Territory simply as 'Missouri Territory' or 'Indian Territory,' while the gazetteers list the word only as the name of a river.

IV

The books bearing Lincoln marginalia in the Minor collection are no more worthy of credence than the letters. The handwriting is equally unlike that which is indisputably his. In addition, there is no indication that Lincoln was in the habit of underlining and commenting upon passages in the books he owned. Many books from his library are in existence, but not one whose authenticity is above suspicion contains any writing other than his name or a simple presentation inscription.

Moreover, no reliance need be placed upon these general considerations to prove spurious the notations in at least one of the volumes of the collection. This is Newman's *Practical System of Rhetoric*, containing many underscorings and comments. The book was published in 1829 at Andover, Massachusetts. On the flyleaf is the name of its original owner: 'Miss Susan Y. Baker, March 15 Eastport Academy.' At the bottom of the title-page is the signature, 'A. Lincoln; Gentryville.' At the top of the page, in the same handwriting, are a few lines expressing gratitude to Miss Baker for her gift of the book. All seems regular enough (the handwriting always excepted) until one discovers that the preface of the book is dated, in type, May 1829. Consequently Miss Baker's inscription, 'March 15,' could not have been written earlier than 1830. And on March 15, 1830, Abraham Lincoln was not residing in Indiana, having, according to his own statement, departed for Illinois some two weeks before that time.

When these specific discrepancies are added to the evidence of spuriousness which the examination of handwriting, general content, and documentary history amassed, proof becomes overwhelming. No matter what the character of the rest of the collection, the Lincoln documents are worthless.

The other items in the Minor collection contain even more historical inconsistencies than the Lincoln material. Two grave errors are to be found in the Ann Rutledge letters alone.

Twice Ann refers to the New Salem schoolmaster as 'Newton Graham.' The name, in fact, was Mentor Graham. In the Illinois State Historical Library are poll books for the year 1834 signed Mentor Graham. In the Menard County records at Petersburg, Illinois, are several legal documents in which the name is given as Mentor Graham; and Mrs. Henry Bradley, a granddaughter living at Greenview, Illinois, has two deeds and three promissory notes so signed. Moreover, Mrs. Bradley, who knew Graham before his death, never heard him called by any other name than Mentor. Her recollection is supported by several other members of the family who were in close contact with him for several years, and who also state that they never knew of his using any other name than Mentor.

More conclusive, however, than a mistake in a name is the following sentence from one of Ann's letters to Lincoln. 'I am greatfull,' the writer says, 'for the Spencers copy-book I copy frum that every time I can spair.' Since Ann Rutledge died on August 25, 1835, — the date is recorded in the family Bible, — this letter was written

prior to that time. But Spencer's first publication on penmanship, under the title of Spencer and Rice's *System of Business and Ladies' Penmanship*, was not issued until 1848.

It has been suggested, nevertheless, that although Spencer's first formal treatise on penmanship was not published until 1848 he might have been issuing copy books or leaflets many years before that time, all trace of which has since disappeared. As a matter of fact, the work here mentioned was not a formal treatise, but exactly the sort of publication contemplated in the suggestion I have stated. It consisted of small slips of paper with mottoes lithographed in Spencerian writing, each packet of slips being enclosed in a long envelope similar to those in ordinary use to-day.

I have already referred, in connection with the question of whether or not Matilda Cameron was a real person, to one grave error in her diary. There are others. Twice she writes of boats from Springfield. On July 10, 1833, she states that her church got the first *Missouri Harmony Hymn Book* 'last boat from Springfield'; while a later entry records that 'the boat being du Satiday cum in while we wuz by the mill.' Both references indicate plainly that boats carrying passengers were running between Springfield and New Salem on a regular schedule.

To anyone familiar with the Sangamon River, and the country through which it passes, the idea is absurd. The river swings around Springfield in a rough semicircle, coming no nearer than five miles at any point. Besides, it is called a 'river' more by courtesy than because the size of the stream merits the description. Generally it is no larger than a good-sized creek, and in July — when, according to Matilda, boats were running regularly — it will hardly float a canoe. Moreover, it meanders from Springfield to New Salem in wide curves, probably running a course of fifty miles between the two towns, less than twenty miles distant by air line. Under these circumstances, a packet line was simply impossible.

Lincoln's published correspondence reveals a second flaw in the Cameron diary. One of Matilda's boats — the one which was 'du Satiday' — brought 'Dave turnham a frend of Abes from gentryville' to New Salem. This was the same Turnham to whom Lincoln, on October 23, 1860, wrote a letter in which the following statement occurs: 'I well remember when you and I last met, after a separation of fourteen years, at the cross-road voting place in the fall of 1844.' Thus we have Lincoln's own word that he had not seen Turnham from the time he left Indiana in 1830 until he made a campaign trip to the vicinity of his old home in the fall of 1844.

Another entry in the diary commences with the statement, 'Marthy Calhone teched Ann sum new patern of kroshay and she is going to tech me.' This entry must have been dated 1835 or earlier, yet Martha Calhoun, sixth child of John Calhoun, was not born until January 9, 1843. This somewhat startling weakness in chronology has been explained on the ground that Calhoun had a sister Martha, to whom the reference might naturally apply. The explanation is possible, of course, but very unlikely. In the first place, if Calhoun's sister Martha was living with him she would not have been at New Salem, — a misapprehension which runs through all these documents, — but at Springfield. In the second place, Calhoun's father was a prosperous Eastern merchant, well able to support his family. It hardly seems likely that a young

woman would have left a comfortable home in an established community for the hardships of life in a raw Illinois village.

One more observation, and we are done with Matilda Cameron. Her final diary entry, dated March 12, 1836, contains the following statement: 'sum folks has left Sand Ridge and also a lot in Salem. . . . John Calhone and family has al-reddy gone. Abe is tendin surveying for him hear what litle ther is to do.' The statement contains two errors of fact. Never having lived in New Salem, John Calhoun of course had not migrated. In 1836, as for the past six years, he was living in Springfield. And whatever surveying Lincoln was doing was for Thomas M. Neale, not Calhoun, who had resigned his position the previous year. I have not been able to find the exact date of Calhoun's resignation, but as early as September 26, 1835, Neale was signing surveys as Surveyor of Sangamon County.

Only the memoranda of Sally Calhoun remain. Several of the objections raised against the other documents apply here with equal force — the failure of the picture of Lincoln there drawn to harmonize with his known character, the improbability of an interest in Lincoln great enough to have led Calhoun to dictate these reminiscences, the frequent use of the name 'Newton Graham.' Most important, however, is the fact that the memoranda, dated St. Joseph, Missouri, imply the presence of Calhoun, although Calhoun — be it insisted yet once more — was still living in Springfield. It is useless to cite evidence proving that Calhoun was actually in Springfield on certain dates, for only one of Sally's memoranda is dated. That one was supposedly written on June 2, 1848. On May 29 Calhoun put his file mark and signature on legal papers in Springfield, and it was practically impossible for him to have been in St. Joseph four days later. Even if, by strenuous traveling, he had succeeded in making the trip in that time, it is straining credulity too far to believe that he would at once have put his daughter to recording incidents in the early life of Lincoln.

V

Thus every test except that of the fitness of the paper has found the Minor collection defective. Critical examination showed glaring weaknesses in the line according to which the collection is supposed to have descended. The handwriting of the items which purport to have been written by Lincoln bears no resemblance to that of authentic documents. The content of the Lincoln letters is not in complete harmony with his known ideas on one subject at least, slavery, and it is difficult to believe that such wide stylistic differences as have been pointed out can occur in the writing of the same individual. And the number of historical inconsistencies, some of which admit no possible explanation, is very large. By no possibility can the Minor collection be genuine.

Then who fabricated it? We know what sort of person the forger was, for in these documents he has drawn the outlines of his own character. Considerable cleverness dictated the explanation of the collection's formation and descent to the present. The character of Matilda Cameron, exceedingly well drawn, indicates no small degree of creative ability. Wide though superficial reading provided enough information about Lincoln's life to deceive those whose knowledge was not fairly extensive. Only when cleverness, artistic skill, and general information could no longer suffice, and sound knowledge became indispensable, did

the forger fail. Certainly he — or she — was not familiar with Lincoln's correspondence, either in its original or in its published form. Complete ignorance of the geographical setting of the story was coupled with defective knowledge of the minor characters. Under the circumstances it was only natural that the forger, like an amateur playwright, should overdraw his Lincoln, emphasizing too strongly his best-known traits.

That exposure followed quickly should cause no regret, for the Lincoln of the Minor collection was, after all, a sorry character. What he wrote was full of inflated sentimentality, and the manner in which he wrote it suggested a man no more than half literate. To me, at least, a belief in the common authorship of these documents and the Gettysburg Address was impossible — and I much prefer the Gettysburg Address.

DISARMAMENT — AMERICAN PLAN

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

THE solution of the problem of disarmament cannot be found within the problem itself, but outside it. In fact, the problem of disarmament is not the problem of disarmament. It really is the problem of the organization of the world-community.

Armaments are instruments of policy. They are indeed the most important instrument of policy, together with financial power — a rarer thing. It is evident, therefore, that no disarmament is possible as long as no alternative instrument of policy is devised to armaments, and no reduction of armaments is possible as long as the utility of armaments as instruments of policy has not been reduced.

As an illustration of this assertion, let us recall the proposals for wholesale and immediate disarmament made by the Soviet delegation at the Geneva meetings (December 1927 and March 1928). Why should Soviet Russia be the first nation to be ready to disarm? Simply because it is the first to have evolved an alternative instrument of policy. For, the Soviet Union being in effect a Church-State, its only foreign policy consists in the spreading of the communistic gospel. Its foreign policy, being one, needs but one method everywhere; and this method, the fostering of a communistic revolution in every nation, has no need of Russian armaments, and would fare better without foreign ones.

Since, in the absence of a well-organized world-community, armaments remain indispensable as instruments of policy, disarmament conferences can never hope to succeed. For in effect every delegation goes to the conference determined to secure an increase in the relative armaments of its own nation, even though the conference may lead to an all-round reduction of absolute armaments. What matters for the expert is: (*a*) the national standing power in relation to that

of the nation's potential adversary; (*b*) the national potential power (power for expanding armaments) in relation to that of the nation's adversary. It is clear that a cleverly conducted negotiation in conference may increase these two relative quantities even though the absolute values concerned be reduced.

In fact, in the absence of a preliminary organization of the world-community and of its activities, all disarmament conferences are bound to degenerate into armament conferences. Each of the delegations present has for its main aim to secure the highest possible increase of its relative armaments in a general reduction of absolute forces, if such a reduction there must be.

Viewed in the light of this conclusion, the Covenant of the League of Nations is essentially a statesmanlike effort to solve the problem of disarmament. It aims at organizing the world-community in such a way that armaments may be rendered less and less useful for war, as the collective way for dealing with international events is learned and trusted by all nations, and for policy, as the ways and means devised for dealing with international life are developed in peace. And yet Article VIII, which provides for a reduction of the armaments of all League members, is still unfulfilled. Why is it, then, that, though the Covenant is an effective measure for reducing wars, the work of disarmament does not show any tangible progress?

II

In May 1920, the Council of the League, sitting in Rome, adopted a report submitted by the French Representative, M. Léon Bourgeois, organizing the commission provided for in Article IX. The report was all that could be expected. The commission was to be entirely composed of military, naval, and air men. Each of the nations represented in the Council was to send a delegation of three experts, one for each of the three services. The secretariat was also to be composed of a group of three experts, one for each service. The commission would be divided into three subcommittees, military, naval, and air, for each of which one of the three members of the secretariat would act as secretary.

It was as foolish to expect a disarmament convention from such a commission as a declaration of atheism from a commission of clergymen. But this opinion must be clearly defined. Much offensive and inoffensive scorn has been poured on the several military commissions which have dealt with disarmament matters in the League. In my opinion such an attitude is grossly unfair to the military profession. The military profession cannot recognize any duty above that which constitutes its very essence: ensuring the safety of its country. A military delegation sent to discuss disarmament problems cannot and should not envisage them — as it is implicitly requested to do — in a somewhat general and abstract light. It can only view them as it should only view them, with an eye on the home forces.

When the first Assembly of the League of Nations met in November 1920, it found that the commission had reported negatively on practically every point of the programme submitted to it by the Council. What else could be expected? The Assembly, led by Lord Cecil, took a bold and statesmanlike course. The Council had chosen to stultify the effect of Article IX by creating a commission of military men; the Assembly decided to set up another commission which would differ from the first on two all-important points: —

1. It would be predominantly civilian, though containing a certain num-

ber of military experts chosen in the other commission.

2. Its members would not be government representatives or government nominees. They would be chosen by the Council on their own merits.

With its two commissions, its secretariat, the Council at the helm, and the Assembly providing the gentle gales of inspiration, the Ship of Disarmament sailed forth into the seas of time. Its course was somewhat wayward at first. Disarmament, we know, is a tendency prompted by two different lines of thought: (*a*) arms cause war; (*b*) wars cause arms. And so we find the methods followed by the disarmament organization of the League influenced now by one, now by the other, of these two ways of thinking.

For it is obvious that if arms are the cause of wars the proper way to set about is to disarm, and so the school here called 'pacifist' leads to what might be described as the direct or technical method, a method whereby a direct solution is sought in the examination of the technical means for reducing and limiting armaments at once; while if wars are the cause of arms the right thing to do is to study the cause and cure of war, and therefore the school here known as 'realist' leads to what might be described as the indirect or political method, whereby the solution of the problem is sought in the creation of the political circumstances required for disarmament to take place, so to say, of itself. The evolution of the work of disarmament is determined by the interplay between these two methods and schools, in its turn dependent on the evolutions which take place in the public opinion and policy of the two protagonistic nations, France and England.

The direct method still prevails during the first years of the work of the Temporary Mixed Commission, between November 1920, when it is created, and September 1922, when Lord Cecil takes over the leadership of the work. During this period the Temporary Mixed Commission as the initiating body and the Permanent Advisory Commission as the technical body are engaged in investigating the possibilities of a technical solution for the problem of disarmament. Two attempts are made in this direction: the plan known as Lord Esher's scheme and the Anglo-Franco-Italian proposals for extending the principles of the Washington Treaty to the nonsignatory Powers.

In a sense, both these plans emanate from the Washington Conference. This conference may be said to be the only endeavor to reduce and limit armaments which has led to any tangible results. The American Government is entitled to all the merit which it has claimed now and then for this success. If, in the remarks that follow, the achievement is not put quite so high, allowances must be made for a difference in perspective and for the natural effects of distance.

At the time of the Washington Conference there was in Geneva an international worker who now and then sought relief from his none too easy life of toil by indulging in good-humored cynicism. I thought that his opinion on the event might be valuable to me, and I knocked at his door in search of illumination. The wise though youthful observer smiled and said: 'The choicest things in life — and the Washington Conference is one of them — can best be understood in terms of parables. In the old days when Florence led the world there were five bankers in the city well known for their friendly rivalry. They all were solid and sound men, fearful of God, loving their good wives and enjoying their still better mistresses. Of these, Signor Jonathani

and Signor Giovanni Toro had so many that neither the curious town nor the fortunate bankers themselves knew the exact number thereof; Signor Nipponi, Signor Gallo, and Signor Savoia had a lesser, though still comfortable, number. But winds cannot always blow fair, and, a foul weather having set in on the seas of business, the five rivals and friends bethought themselves of the necessity of reducing their costly establishments. So Signor Jonathani, the wealthiest of the group and therefore its leader, — for you must know that among bankers the wealthiest leads as among holy men the holiest, — called a conference of the five, and it was decided, not without difficulty, for the five men were healthy and loved their flesh and the ladies were fair and brought them much pleasure and prestige — it was decided, I say, that Signor Jonathani and Signor Giovanni Toro should limit the number of their fair friends to five apiece; Signor Nipponi to three; while Signori Gallo and Savoia should be reduced to one each with occasional visits to one other, which visits they would carefully keep equal in number; and in order that their credit — I mean their financial prestige — should not suffer thereby, the five friendly rivals agreed to make it quite clear to the curious city that their sacrifices were made in deference to the sanctity of marriage.'

My skeptic friend's parable does not, of course, exhaust the aspects under which the Washington Conference can be envisaged, yet I confess to some inclination to agree with his views in so far as they represent the Conference and its results as inspired mainly in financial considerations. There is no question that the five Washington Powers refrained then from doing a very foolish thing — starting a race which would have brought some of them to the verge of ruin. The world has become so modest that the abstention from folly is nowadays trumpeted forth as wisdom. But can it be said in all honesty that the Washington Conference was as rich in true international wealth as it was in five national savings? Anyone who cared to hear candid comment could get an earful of it per second at the time in Washington. Every delegation was convinced that every other delegation had 'done it in.' The Machiavellism of a prominent Englishman in charge of the press was the object of delighted or indignant comment according to taste and nationality, while the French delegation, so fiercely attacked both in Washington and in London, came home in a state of utter discontent and irritation. Distrust continued. The fulfillment of the clauses was jealously watched, and alleged violations denounced. The construction of the Singapore Base, strictly within the letter of the Treaty yet less strictly within its professed spirit, was an admirable illustration of the ultimate inanity of these half-measures for premature disarmament. The Washington Conference proved once more that, in the absence of a constructive effort to organize the world-community, disarmament conferences turn into armament conferences.

The Washington Conference, in other words, was a typical example of the inanity of the direct method. Similar though quicker effects were experienced by the League in its two attempts along this line. Lord Esher's plan sought to reduce armaments by setting up a unit of armament, say 30,000 men, and attributing to each nation a figure or coefficient which, multiplied by the unit of armament, would represent the army allowed to the nation concerned. Thus, France would have a coefficient of 6, Italy of 4, England of 3, and therefore their

respective arms would be 180,000, 120,000, and 90,000. The Permanent Advisory Commission, to which the scheme was referred for technical advice, rejected it on the ground that no practical criterion existed to determine a unit of armament having a reasonable degree of comparative value.

The second effort of the League on the path of direct disarmament was not more fortunate. The members of the League signatories of the Washington Treaty were anxious to make other naval nations benefit by the blessings which they were experiencing under their enlightened régime. In other words, having voluntarily limited their fleets, they sought to induce Spain, Brazil, Holland, Sweden, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Greece, Turkey, and other naval nations of lesser importance to reduce theirs. We are now in a position to estimate the true intention of this move. We know that a disarmament conference in the present state of development of the world-community is bound to turn out as an armament conference. England, France, Italy, and Japan aimed, therefore, at improving their relative armaments by limiting the tonnage of the remaining naval nations.

In 1922 Lord Cecil, who had created the Temporary Mixed Commission, joined it. From that moment the Commission fell under the leadership of this most attractive of international figures yet most representative of Englishmen. Lord Cecil is a supremely intelligent Conservative British statesman — a rara avis, I grant, in English Conservatism. And if he finds himself somewhat isolated in his own country, it is not at all owing to 'radicalism,' of which he has no trace, but to his intelligent vision, of which he has perhaps more than his British Conservative friends can bear without feeling uncomfortable.

By training and nationality Lord Cecil belongs to the 'pacifist' school. I mean that his heart is with disarmament. By intellectual adaptation, however, he rises above his national limitations and realizes that the direct method is premature. Yet he does not altogether espouse the indirect method pure and simple. He strives at a middle course. Such is the origin of his famous proposals, in which for the first time the technical or direct and the political or indirect aspects of the problem appear firmly bracketed together under the respective names of 'disarmament' and 'guarantee.'

Lord Cecil realized the fact that disarmament has no separate existence and that it is not so much intimately connected with the general political problem as in fact one of the aspects of this problem itself. Now, at the time, the predominant feature in the situation was the sense of insecurity which prevailed in certain European quarters. Curiously enough, these regions suffering from nervousness were not the defeated and disarmed, but some of the victorious and still armed, nations. The paradox is easily solved once it is realized that victory had transferred territories and privileges from the former to the latter. Lord Cecil realized that the problem of disarmament could not be solved unless this all-important psychological situation was taken into account. He sought to meet the position by means of a general treaty of guarantee which would act as a rider to the Covenant.

Nothing can be gained for our purpose from a detailed account and analysis of an instrument stillborn, the interest of which remains purely historical. The Draft Treaty and even the Protocol, which was the reincarnation of the same spirit of one year later, must be for us as milestones on the road of our evolution toward the full

realization of the world-community. All we need retain of the Treaty is its essentials.

Guarantee. The treaty stipulates a double guarantee: one of all to all; the other by means of special treaties linking together States which may wish to prepare more definitely the plans they would eventually carry out in case they were attacked.

Disarmament. The Treaty stipulates that the Signatory Powers must communicate to the Council the reductions or limitations which they may be ready to adopt in view of the additional security gained by the Treaty itself.

Aggression. Article I of the Treaty declares aggression to be an international crime, and the Signatory Powers solemnly declare that they will not be guilty of it. The Treaty provides for specific measures to be taken by the Council, not merely in case of aggression, but even in case of threat of aggression or even of aggressive policy.

The British Government rejected the Treaty in a letter dated July 5, 1924, and signed 'J. Ramsay MacDonald, P. M.'

Nothing better shows the superficial and immature character of the reasons brought forward by Mr. MacDonald for rejecting the Draft Treaty than his splendid attitude in Geneva when, hand in hand with M. Herriot, he laid down the basis of the Protocol (1924). In its components the Protocol does not differ from the Draft Treaty; but it does in the emphasis laid on each of them. The Draft Treaty was mostly guarantee and disarmament; arbitration was relegated to an annex as one of the criteria whereby the Council might well detect the aggressor. In the Protocol, arbitration is brought to the foreground. In one year, at most in two, the idea had made great strides in the conscience of the world. It is to the honor of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that he brought it boldly to the fore in the League Assembly and that he made of it the very basis of the work of disarmament in Geneva.

British public opinion was loud — is still loud — in its condemnation of the Protocol on the ground that it is an instrument devised for the preservation of the status quo. The fact is that this often heard argument against the Protocol was not the determining factor in the situation, though it added force to Britain's rejection of the scheme. The two main factors which explain this rejection are the position of the United States of America and the psychological attitude of Great Britain herself toward the scheme.

The position of the United States of America was bound to be of the first importance for British statesmen. It is obvious that no nation can lightly assume obligations which may eventually bring her into armed opposition to the United States. Now, the Protocol might have worked automatically in this highly dangerous way: the lonely path followed by the American nation might lead her to take action which the more elastic Covenant would in all likelihood stare blankly at, while the more rigid Protocol would have to register it as contrary to its tenets. In such a case, the position of Great Britain would not be theoretically worse than that of the remaining members of the League, but practically she would have to bear the brunt of the difficulty both in actual responsibilities and in the psychological consequences of the conflict.

The United States remained disentangled, which, of course, made it easier and more reasonable that England should remain disentangled also. For the fact is that none of the ingenious and at times amusing reasons given in the British official answer are any more than intellectual 'superstructures'

sincerely and honestly held, yet superstructures explaining *a posteriori* an opposition springing from the subconscious being of England. England turned down the Protocol because she is not yet ready to give up or even to qualify or in any way hinder her freedom of action. While France, intellectualistic, foreseeing, and relatively weak, saw in the Protocol a juridical prop to her power, England, empirical, strong, felt in it a shackle for her liberty. The outcry in England about putting the British fleet at the beck and call of a council of foreigners (it is one of the worst drawbacks of international life that it cannot be carried on without foreigners) is characteristic in this respect.

Much as the detached observer may regret that the Protocol should have been branded by its enemies as a scheme in the clouds and insulted with the scathing criticism that it was the work of idealists, it is but fair to acknowledge the great service rendered the world by Dr. Stresemann, M. Briand, and Sir Austen Chamberlain when they showed in Locarno that disarmament is but one of the aspects of politics, and that, even if good principles must wait, a political good job is a good job for all that.

The system of treaties and conventions known as 'Locarno' aims at something more than the solution of the Rhine question. In its essentials it may be described as the application of the ideas and tendencies which shaped the Protocol to the area of possible conflicts lying west, south, and east of Germany.

It is worth noticing how much it owes to the Protocol. First and foremost, it adopts the principle of peaceful settlement, providing definite machinery in order to ensure a concrete result. All possibility of war is excluded in the west under threat of armed intervention by Great Britain and Italy as guarantors. Moreover, owing to the provisions of Article XIX, that most important of Protocol ideas, the preventive or 'conservatory' measures to be taken in order to limit the conflict while the dispute is argued out, is introduced into the Locarno system, not only in the west, but in the south and east also. These provisions are of the utmost importance because they contribute in a large measure to force the parties to declare their attitude in the period preceding hostilities, so that the would-be aggressor designates itself, so to say, by its own doing while the conflict is before the world. So much for the general principles of the Protocol which underlie Locarno. Considering the grave and concrete issues at stake, their application in so clear and uncompromising a manner to the most sensitive zone in the world must be registered as a great triumph of statesmanship, most of the credit of which undoubtedly belongs to Germany and her leading statesman, Dr. Stresemann.

III

In the recess between the second and third sessions of the Preparatory Commission, President Coolidge bethought himself of the advantages of a separate conference, and he issued an official inquiry to the British, French, Italian, and Japanese Governments (February 10, 1927) in order to ascertain whether they would be disposed to empower their representatives at the forthcoming meeting of the Preparatory Commission to begin negotiations toward a limitation of naval armaments. Much as this step has been commented upon since it was taken, there is one particular aspect of it which has not obtained all the attention it deserves. The United States Government acted exactly as if the work done in Geneva

to date had been transacted in a language utterly unknown to it.

Nor was that all. For there is no question that the calling of an international conference of five Powers to discuss one of the points which twenty other Powers were already debating with them was, to put it mildly, an unexpected action.

But nothing succeeds like success, and if what came to be known as the Coolidge Conference had succeeded all these thorns of reproach would have turned into laurels. Yes. But the fact is that success was impossible. For the Conference aimed at limiting the vessels not dealt with in the Washington Conference, and the Washington Conference had succeeded precisely because those vessels were left out of it.

It is only plain honesty to recognize that Anglo-American relations were never more strained in recent years than they were then. Why should an endeavor to disarm give rise to such heated situations? It seems that a difference in method as to how to do away with armaments should never lead to suspicion and controversy of the bitter character which obtained then. We know, of course, the key to this paradox: under the vocabulary and gestures of disarmament, what was at stake in the Coolidge Conference was armament. The three nations there present, and particularly the United States and Great Britain, were ready for any reduction of absolute naval power all round which would result in leaving their own relative naval power stationary at any rate, and, if possible, increased. The arguments exchanged in Geneva have no meaning whatever if they have not that meaning. True, if England did not control the sea roads she might be starved in a fortnight. But the argument applies to Finland just as well, and, moreover, who wants to starve England? Where is the enemy? And as to the United States — true that, having no naval bases dotted all over the world, she would be put in an inferior position if she were forced to build her total tonnage in the form of small cruisers; but in an inferior position toward whom? In what kind of conflict?

For let it be said again, and not for the last time, the only solution of the problem of disarmament lies in the organization of the world-community in such a way that power may be used only as the weapon of the world-community against lawbreakers.

The Coolidge Conference was sprung upon the world as if the work of the Disarmament Conference did not exist. The Kellogg Pact has been presented to the world as if the Covenant itself did not exist. The Kellogg Pact was born in Paris. It owes its origin to that most beneficent and clear-sighted of international workers, Professor Shotwell, of Columbia University. In its origin, it was an offer made by M. Briand to the American people to the effect that France and the United States should agree to outlaw war as between themselves. The next stage begins when the Department of State made the counter-suggestion that the Treaty should not be confined to France and the United States. The French Government grew uneasy. It was all very well to outlaw war between France and the United States, but when it came to Europe the matter became more delicate — so delicate, indeed, that it proved too much for France's legal advisers, and the official correspondence of the French Government seemed for a time to cast a doubt on the compatibility of the American suggestion with the principles of the Covenant.

But why was America so difficult about it all? Why did she not content herself with the French suggestion and limit herself merely to outlawing

aggressive wars? The first answer we find we may as well give in the terms in which it was couched by Mr. Kellogg himself in his address to the Council of Foreign Relations (New York, March 15, 1928): 'My objection to limiting the scope of an anti-war treaty to merely wars of aggression is based partly upon a very real disinclination to see the ideal of world peace qualified in any way, and partly upon the absence of any satisfactory definition of the word "aggressor" or the phrase "wars of aggression."'

The claim thus implicitly made that a universal, absolute, and unqualified renunciation of war is embodied in the Kellogg Pact is, with all respect, preposterous, and no grown-up person can suggest it in earnest without insult to his audience or injury to himself. That is the honest truth which chancelleries long to speak out, but are debarred from declaring out of international courtesy. The 'ideal of world peace' must be qualified, and the 'disinclination' to do so in the American Secretary of State is due to the fact that there is only one honest and efficient way of qualifying it — the organization of the world-community, a method to which the American State objects for well-known reasons.

This brings us to the second reason put forward by Secretary Kellogg for refusing the qualification to the outlawry of war suggested by the French —'the absence of any satisfactory definition of the word "aggressor" or the phrase "wars of aggression."' Now this assertion is contrary to the facts. Thanks to the League of Nations' work, there exists to-day a satisfactory practical standard of aggression. Moreover, let us observe that, whether the border cases are easy to define or not, wars may be classed under three perfectly clear heads: (1) aggressive wars; (2) defensive wars; (3) wars to obtain redress of a wrong after all conciliatory methods have failed.

Now, leaving aside border cases and questions of definition, the difference between the French and the American proposals was that the French proposal outlawed the first category only, while the American proposal outlawed all but the second; or, in other words, that while the American proposal outlawed the third category the French proposal did not. This difference, however, in actual practice and within the League would not amount to much. The kind of war in question was no doubt much prized by the French merely as a hypothetical form of defense for the European system. But, given the suppleness of the Covenant, and particularly the all but omnipotent mandate which the Council can assume in cases of crisis under Article XI, the chances of actual permissible wars under the Covenant are very small indeed for members of the League of Nations. The matter, however, presents quite a different complexion if a conflict outside the League or between a League member and a powerful outsider be considered.

First, while a war of self-defense is of course permissible both under the Covenant and under the Kellogg Pact, it is in the Covenant severely watched over and regulated by the complicated system of outlawry which Articles VIII–XX imply, while nothing prevents a State outside the League from waging any kind of war it wishes and calling it defensive. Bad faith is not the greatest danger here. The gravest danger is wrong-headedness, a stout conviction that 'my country is in the right' even in ludicrously wrong circumstances. It is impossible to discuss this point without drawing the reader's attention to the fact that the very nation which suggested the outlawry of war without qualifications was at the same time waging a war in a

foreign country. The Nicaraguan affair may be described in a variety of ways, but if the outlawry of war is to be considered as compatible with that, the idea is less ideal than some American idealists would have us believe.

The efficiency of the Pact is naturally proportional to the efficiency of its second article, whereby the High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts which may arise among them, of whatsoever nature or origin they may be, shall never be sought except by pacific means. Now this article implies such a startling alteration in the policy followed by the United States, not merely in recent years, but under Mr. Kellogg himself, that the natural conclusion to which not a few men and even governments have jumped is that the article does not mean what it says. What, for instance, about the Monroe Doctrine? In a note singularly lacking in political wisdom from both the point of view of the world and the national British point of view, the British Government reserved for itself freedom of action (whatever that may mean) in certain areas of the world, invoking the similar position existing under the Monroe Doctrine for the United States. Now the Monroe Doctrine had not been mentioned by the American Government in connection with the Kellogg Pact. It would be a difficult subject to raise without qualifying 'the ideal of world peace' which Secretary Kellogg wants to maintain spotlessly unqualified. But there are such things as eloquent silences, and, despite the indiscreet blurting out of the thing by the British Government, the American Government remained obstinately silent about the Monroe Doctrine. There is only one way of interpreting a silent being: by watching his actions. Now the same Secretary of State who put forward this unqualified ideal of world peace has been actively engaged in renewing treaties of arbitration with a number of Powers in which a reservation in favor of the Monroe Doctrine has been introduced now, though such a reservation did not exist in the previous form of the treaties. In the circumstances, the inevitable conclusion is that the United States does not mean to arbitrate any question arising out of the Monroe Doctrine, which for practical purposes means any question arising out of events happening on the American continent.

What is, then, the value of the Kellogg Pact? First it must be made quite clear that as a pact for the outlawry of war, as a psychological method for driving war out of human possibilities, the Pact is as good as nonexistent. Not only in its reservations and interpretations, but in its very essence, the Pact does not outlaw all wars. It must therefore be considered merely as one of the systems before the world whereby a certain number of wars are forbidden by collective treaty. Viewed in this light, the Pact presents quite a different efficiency, according to whether it is considered in its effects on League members or on non-League members.

From another point of view the Kellogg Pact has often been considered as an important step in international politics, because statesmen and critics of international affairs have seen it as the beginning of an evolution of the United States of America toward the organized world-community and the League. This argument calls in question the whole genesis and evolution of the Pact from the American side. The Pact was evidently born of the outlawry-of-war school. This school, we know, is led by idealists of transparent honesty, who, however, hold strong prejudices about Europe and about the League. Their opposition to political conciliation as distinct from judicial

settlement is inspired in noble if, I believe, mistaken conceptions. Theirs is the all-or-nothing attitude about outlawry without qualification. The obvious step following the initial suggestion of a multilateral treaty should therefore have been a round-table conference — the conciliatory international method put at the service of the conciliatory international aim. The idea was of course mooted in Europe. Mr. Kellogg frowned hard. For the chief attraction of his Pact was that America could contribute a magnificent 'unqualified' idea to the peace movement without paying a cent in loss of international liberty and independence in its conduct. The Pact, therefore, though aiming at peace and coöperation, was transacted by methods of power and isolation. Hence the maze of speeches, declarations, notes, reservations, and silences which obscure its meaning. And on the day the thought was mooted that it might be considered as the first step to further collaboration between the United States and Europe the most authoritative voices in the State rose to put down the error severely. America was ready to promise that she would not go to war unless she wanted and that she would arbitrate whenever she thought fit on the points which her Senate would define (and that is ultimately what the Pact means), but she was not going to give up one inch of her international sovereignty. America thus took back in the spirit what she gave in the letter, and in the Kellogg Pact she showed the world a magnificent example of splendid isolation and power in terms of idealism.

The result was felt soon enough. The American President, after having congratulated himself and his nation on the idealism of the Kellogg Pact outlawing war, proceeded to advocate a strong navy to guarantee American defense.

IV

The reader is now familiar with the idea which underlies these pages — that in the absence of an alternative system of policy, which can be no other than coöperative international running of the world, armaments are indispensable as instruments of power, and that therefore all disarmament discussions are bound to transform themselves into armament discussions. No more brilliant and more authoritative confirmation of this view could be wished than the significant incident which excited the Western world during the summer of 1928. France and England, the two protagonists of the League Disarmament Commission, could not agree about the principle to be adopted for naval reductions. France said Total Tonnage; England said Tonnage by Categories. The Commission, finding its works blocked by this disagreement, hinted that a direct negotiation between the two governments would be an excellent occupation during the recess. The two governments took the hint and presently came to an agreement. The British Foreign Office, eager to cheer up the world, gave the bare news without going into details. But the world, instead of smiling, frowned severely. Italy growled that she knew nothing and would know nothing about it. Germany began to put questions. America was angry. What had happened? 'For once that we try to agree,' said M. Briand, shrugging his shoulders before the whole League Assembly, 'we were not lucky!'

Please note that growls, grumbles, and protests began before anything was known of the agreement except that it existed. In the absence of a universal agreement never to use arms except on collective authority, armaments can only be increased (relatively, which is

what matters); they can never be decreased. Hence the growls and grumbles of the others. How were the armaments of these two going to be increased? Against whom? And note the origin of the grumbles and growls; Italy lest her claim of equality with France had gone by the board; Germany lest her insistence on limitation of (French) trained reserves had been the land price of sea concessions made to England; the United States lest these sea concessions had taken a form favorable to the type of cruiser which would strengthen the British navy and weaken her own. And mark the result: *all these fears were justified when the terms of the agreement became known.*

Disarmament is not an isolated problem; armaments are one of the features of our present international life. It is therefore hopeless to try to solve the problem of armaments in isolation from the remaining problems of the world. Indeed, this idea seems to me to form the very basis of the question. As long as it has not been grasped, and as long as it does not impose itself on governments and peoples alike, we shall be wasting our time in vain endeavors. The Russian proposal for immediate disarmament, the Kellogg Pact, sent across the world waves of influence which ultimately are bound to act in the right direction if only because the trend of our present-day evolution is irresistibly set in the right direction. But such good effects as they may ultimately have are not inherent in them or due to their virtues. In so far as such schemes fail to recognize the solidarity of all the manifestations of international life, they are irrelevant, they miss the point.

In our opinion the chief responsibility for the stagnant state of disarmament lies with the nations which remain outside the League. The League is a courageous attempt at solving world problems in a world way, and those who remain out of it are badly crippling this effort without contributing any positive alternative of a true constructive character.

We have heard many a so-called reason for the United States to remain outside. There is no reason whatsoever for such a thing. There are explanations of the fact; but though the fact may be explained, the act cannot be justified.

The American reader, however, may say that America has contributed an alternative and a better alternative in the doctrine of the outlawry of war. The outlawry-of-war doctrine is the best-meaning red herring that ever navigated in the waters of international thoughts and politics, but a red herring for all that. The worst about it is the high standing, the generosity, and even the intellectual distinction of its trainers and inspirers. Let us briefly recapitulate the tenets of the school and confront them with our own conclusions.

1. War must be outlawed as an institution — all wars without exception. But self-defense remains. No general guarantees are given of what a nation may come to consider as self-defense. For instance, if Mexico granted Japan a ninety-nine years' lease on a comfortable little bay in Lower California, the outlawry-of-war school does not tell us what would happen. Curiously enough, the outlawry-of-war school, while allowing self-defense, condemns sanctions. Yet sanctions, we know, is but another name for collective self-defense. We are therefore entitled to define the outlawry-of-war school as a party which condemns all wars except irresponsible self-defense; and the Covenant as a system which condemns all wars including irresponsible self-defense, except wars fought after collective self-defense has broken down.

2. There is going to be a world court with affirmative jurisdiction, 'with a code of law of peace based upon equality and justice between all nations.' This is excellent; but alas, we are told that 'the greater nations know that compulsory arbitration is for them fraught with grave dangers.'[1] And moreover, 'there are some questions which, in the present state of the world, or in any conceivable state of this world, cannot be decided by a tribunal of any sort. In the case of the United States we have only to think of tariffs, and immigration, and the Monroe Doctrine, and prohibition, and the allied debts, to see how a meddlesome nation, under cover of our pledge to arbitrate any dispute whatsoever, could provocatively precipitate an issue which was none of its business — in any sense which an independent country like the United States would acknowledge — and then demand that we go to arbitration with it.' It is difficult to choose the brightest in such a string of pearls. We notice the 'independent' nation (there's the rub — independent, yes, not merely in law but in spirit, cut loose, isolated from the commonalty of the world); we notice the imposing list of examples, for they are only examples, of the questions on which the United States would refuse to arbitrate; we observe that the Monroe Doctrine is one of these questions, and, knowing the admirable elasticity of this expression, we begin to wonder whether its scope can be limited even to the vast American continent. Imagine France or Germany suggesting that she would arbitrate everything but European affairs!

This simple, nay, simple-minded panacea — the outlawry of war — holds the imagination of many an American citizen. You outlaw wars and you submit your differences to a court. What more perfect? This bald form is that under which it circulates and gathers converts. The holes, the gaps, the abysses, opened out in it by further elaboration do not appear before the public eye. They are believed to be just slight qualifications of the general principle, and not what they really are — its utter negation.

Then the outlawry-of-war school enables the American nation to bridge over the gap between its two favorite tendencies: the tendency to isolation (from Europe, at any rate), and the tendency to see itself as a leading nation in moral as well as in material progress. There is no question that the ethical urge is an earnest and sincere element in American psychology; hence the implicit demand of the public for moral international leadership on the part of the government. Now the government's task is not particularly easy. It must satisfy the public's pride in being 'good'; their pride in being strong; their romantic attachment to the no-entanglement advice which Washington is supposed to have given them; their mystical belief in the mystery of the Monroe Doctrine. In these circumstances is it strange that the government should have adopted this admirable pact, which gives everything in a magnificent general public principle, safeguards everything by means of rather intricate judicial-political inferences, and enables the United States to remain outside the Covenant of the League?

Unfortunately, the people of the United States have but few opportunities to hear a straightforward statement of the position. The immense majority of them honestly think that the United States is the only peace-loving nation with decent standards of international life. Few realize that their nation bears

[1] These and other quotations, except when otherwise stated, are taken from *Outlawry of War*, by Charles Clayton Morrison, Chicago, 1927.

perhaps the heaviest responsibility for the slow development of international peace. The absence of the United States from the League would suffice to justify this statement. It is sometimes argued on its behalf that it coöperates in nearly all the activities of the League. The observation is correct but irrelevant, for the main point is not movement, work, activity; it is trust, confidence, moral tone. And what is wanted is not merely that the United States should be represented in all the League commissions, but that it should assume all the League obligations. The issue has been befogged both by well-meaning fools and by ill-meaning knaves with an argument representing Europe as anxious to entangle America in European wars: 'Europe wants your boys again.' Such an argument leaves us cold. We, at any rate, want no American 'boys' to come to Europe. We should be delighted if they stayed at home. We should be even delighted if they declined to go to Nicaragua. Our wish is that American boys should not go to war at all in any continent whatsoever. For it is all very well to speak of European politics as squabbles, intrigues, and wars; but had a European nation carried out in regard to another European nation exactly the policy which the United States has carried out in half a dozen Central American countries, there would have been a grave European war. The reason why the American continent is peaceful is not that the United States has succeeded in maintaining a higher level of international politics in it than in Europe, but that the United States, being incomparably stronger than any other of the American nations, has been free to develop whatever policy, high or low, it wished, without fear of endangering the peace of the continent.

It is not that we want America as an ally in Europe; we want her as a peaceful nation in America. We do not want her to strengthen League armies for League wars; we want her to strengthen the League's peace by bowing before the Covenant and submitting to the courts.

The responsibility of America is due to the fact that she gives the world a lesson of unlimited and irresponsible sovereignty every day. She does not accept the Court except under her own conditions, which fifty-five other nations consider inadmissible; she does not arbitrate except in a few cases, and when her Senate has carefully defined the issue; she does not join the League, but picks and chooses whichever points she wishes for coöperation, according to her own ideals, wishes, whims, or interests; she ignores the Covenant and brings forward an alternative scheme, as if the ten years of work done by practically all of the remaining nations had been the futile cackle of hens.

I am not — never was — of the opinion that America may be made to glide into the League in a kind of absent-minded way. I hold that the American people must face the issue squarely; that the nation must realize, on the one hand, the immense gravity of its responsibility while it remains outside, on the other the full meaning of its obligations if it joins. I believe that the very breadth and difficulty of the true position, once it is put squarely before the American people, are of a kind to appeal to their imagination. The American people have a remarkable psychology, a mobility amounting almost to fluidity; a genuine desire for what is good; an enterprising, an almost adventurous spirit, ready to experiment with new ideas; and, finally, a readiness to be led. That is why, though in my opinion the United States is the blackest obstacle in the path toward disarmament, I believe it to be also our brightest hope.

THE SURPLUS FARMER

BY BERNHARD OSTROLENK

I

THE incoming administration at Washington is already wrestling with the critical importance of the farm problem. Its emergence to foremost national attention is not due to farm distress more acute to-day than it was in 1921, but rather is it the result of an incessant campaign on the part of the farm leaders to seek through law some change favorable to the farmer's economic status. The flood of recent legislation started in 1920 with the Fordney emergency tariff bill. The Farm Bloc was organized in 1921. There followed a series of measures relating to coöperation, rural credit, packers and stockyard control, grain futures, commissions for agricultural inquiry, agricultural conferences, freight rates, and a host of minor acts. In 1924 the first McNary-Haugen bill was defeated by the Congress, followed by a flood of controversy that reached new high levels for agricultural interests. A revised McNary-Haugen bill was again defeated in 1925, followed by the introduction of a bewildering variety of substitute measures. The third edition of the McNary-Haugen bill was introduced in 1927, and this time was passed by both branches of Congress, but was vetoed by the President. A fourth edition, only slightly modified from that of 1927, was passed by both branches of Congress in 1928, but was again vetoed. Farm relief became the chief issue of the 1928 political campaign, and to-day has taken the centre of the stage as the most important and most urgent problem.

Prior to the war, agricultural discussion, if any, centred around the interests of the consumer. The important agricultural exports to which the country had become accustomed during the late eighties were declining sharply. From its very inception these exports had been a sort of historic appendage to the economic life of the country. After 1900 there was also some rise in the cost of living, and the fear of hunger began to haunt statesmen. The Country Life Commission was appointed in 1906. The cry, 'Back to the farm!' was heard in the land.

But the war had seen agricultural exports rise to new high levels. It had shown the extraordinary ability of agriculture to expand under price stimuli. It had given indubitable demonstrations that the country was far from starvation. The present agricultural discussion arises not from any fear of a food shortage, but rather from the burdens of an agricultural 'surplus.' As a result of war expansion the farmer is producing in quantities that cannot be consumed. He is producing something that is not wanted. Hence his rewards are low, and hence his cry of distress. The most discussed measures for farm relief, the McNary-Haugen bills, are officially labeled the 'Surplus Control' bills.

The farm problem grows out of a technical revolution in the practice of agriculture which is not less truly revolutionary, and which imposes

scarcely less hardship on many of those it affects, than the Industrial Revolution of England, which put an end to household manufactures and workers and inaugurated the factory system.

But it is one thing to admit the existence of a great economic and social problem; it is quite another to see that problem for what it actually is, to admit the facts which constitute its reality, and to face the question of a solution with complete frankness.

In the case of the farm problem it is exceptionally difficult to practise the frankness and directness of thought which everybody recognizes as the only tolerable attitude in problems purely economic and scientific. For, besides being an economic and technical problem of the first magnitude, the farm problem also involves a great social conception. As Mr. Hoover has pointed out in his speech of acceptance, farming in this country has been considered above all else 'a manner of living' — the characteristic base of the American social fabric. Right or wrong, it is the conviction of political and social leaders that the farms form the head reservoirs from which the cities, industry, trade, finance, religion, and education have drawn many of their ablest leaders; and in common thought the preservation of the farm population has come to mean preservation of an essential social foundation.

Moreover, besides representing a basic American social conception, the farmers represent a great political power in national legislation. The purely agricultural states are represented in the Senate on an equal basis with the predominantly industrial states; and, with their considerable body of members in the lower house of Congress, the farm states have altogether an important balance of power. Thus political influence, tradition, and sentiment combine to urge ever new assistance to agriculture — assistance which will pacify the farmer, but which makes it extremely difficult for any man of political ambitions to act and vote with an unbiased facing of the farm problem as it actually is.

But the revolution in agriculture, like technical revolutions in other industries, has no mercy on social and economic institutions anchored to a backward state of the practical arts; and the new scientific agriculture of to-day is rapidly destroying the old foundations of farming as a manner of living, replacing them with a new order which we may for a time ignore but cannot indefinitely oppose. This new order has already made far greater advances than is generally realized. Indeed, the new farming has already established itself, and all that we can do about it now is to foresee the consequences and to lessen as far as may be the largely inevitable burden of them. This can be done by basing the agricultural relief programme, not on the emotional wish to retain the entire present farm population of six and a half million farmers, with their wasteful overproduction, but on the willingness to face the fact that this burden of the surplus can be reduced only by a reduced number of farmers. In other words, farm relief means farm migration to the city — a migration that should be developed, encouraged, and assisted.

II

The main instruments of the present agricultural revolution are as follows: —

First, scientific agriculture, thought out and in fact created by the Federal and state governments, which shall prescribe the rules by which intelligent and energetic farmers may be assured of crops much larger than the average.

Second, gas-driven farm machinery. This has enabled larger, more compli-

cated, and heavier machinery to operate on the fields than was possible with horses; it has increased the productivity per man; it has replaced millions of horses and freed fodder acreage for human consumption. It has reduced the unit cost and has tremendously increased production.

These two agencies together have divided the country's whole farm population into two very unequal parts. One of these parts is prosperous and contented; the other part embodies the farm problem. The prosperous part is the small minority of farmers — probably not more than one eighth of the country's entire number of about 6,500,000; say, 800,000 — who by the practice of scientific agriculture and the use of modern machinery can raise crops at so low a cost as to leave a wide margin of profit between that cost and the average market price.

The concrete farm problem, then, is how to keep the unprosperous seven-eighths majority on their farms and to bestow on them a satisfactory measure of prosperity. At least this is the way the problem presents itself to those who seek a solution that will at the same time retain the present farm population.

But the inescapable final result of the agricultural revolution is to make fully one half the present crop acreage and one half the present number of farm workers progressively superfluous, and to drive the latter away from the farms to employment in industrial centres. This elimination of the unsuccessful farmer and his family has been in progress for several years; the total migration of such defeated farm families from the farms to urban industrial centres since 1920 is estimated at about four million persons. This migration will continue, unless progress in agriculture stops. We know, however, that progress will not stop, but will, on the contrary, advance at an accelerated pace. The migration has not been fast enough to keep pace with the advancing agriculture. The danger is that it will not be rapid enough in the future to avert suffering and poverty.

'The period of transition from domestic to factory system of industry,' says Cheney, 'was in England one of unrelieved misery to the great masses of those who were wedded to the old ways, who had neither the capital, the enterprise, nor the physical nor mental adaptability to attach themselves to the new. The hand-loom weavers kept up a hopeless struggle in garrets and cellars of the factory towns where their wages were sinking lower and lower, until finally the whole generation died out.'

There was no law that could have stopped or stayed the Industrial Revolution. With those who are similarly being driven from the practice of agriculture in this country, the alternative is not misery and starvation, but the difficult task of finding a place in new occupations, chiefly in the industries of the urban centres. It is a formidable problem to find employment for fifteen million additional workers in industry, but one that is not insuperable, one that if honestly faced can be solved with infinitely less disruption during the next ten years than was caused by the placing of that many workers coming from Europe to America during the period of immigration of one million a year. The movement is inevitable. The danger is not in the movement itself, but in self-deceptions, in false 'solutions' that will attempt to arrest it, or in the ignoring of it.

But the expansion of agriculture by scientific farmers with adequate power-machine equipment has consequences in addition to the present progressive expulsion of the unsuccessful.

As the total low cost production of scientifically managed, machine-powered farms increases, — and it is

increasing rapidly, — the margin of profits will be correspondingly narrowed by increasing competition in the markets. This inevitable decrease in the profit margin will tend to limit the expansion even of the new scientific agriculture. In other words, the new agriculture will follow the course already taken by factory industry, lowering prices by the competition in reducing production costs and profit margins until the agricultural industry will become more or less stabilized in plant, output, and personnel.

It should be obvious that this competitive process — already under way — means generally declining price levels for farm products, in principle precisely similar to the declines in the prices of staple products from competing factories. The economic trend of agriculture is therefore diametrically opposed to giving the now unsuccessful farmer relief by raising the market prices of farm products.

That part of agriculture which is concerned with food production faces a peculiar limitation upon the extent of its market in the fact that the demand for food is nonelastic. The use of other goods desired by human beings can be almost indefinitely diversified and expanded, and there is almost no visible limit on the consumption of such goods. But with food the situation is entirely different. The demand for food expressed in total quantities (there is always a demand for variety) can be increased only in proportion to total population increases. The maximum limit of the domestic market for foods is that rigidly fixed by the population of the country. In point of fact this maximum limit of the food market is greater than the actual demand; for the diet of the city populations, representing the diminished intake of food suited to modern hygienic ideas and city conditions of life, has reduced total human demands considerably below per capita consumption of a few years ago. There is therefore no relief for the unsuccessful farmer in an extension of his markets.

III

The fundamental aspects of the farm problem, then, are (1) that a revolution in agricultural technique has increased production far beyond the nation's ability to consume; (2) that in the main those ground down by the pressure of declining prices are largely in that position because of the surplus production. In the face of this situation it is rather odd to hear, as an outstanding proposal for relief, the advance of the idea that the unsuccessful seven eighths of the farm population may become prosperous in agriculture by following the example of the scientific one eighth, involving proper soil maintenance, improvement of live stock, more intelligent feeding, larger use of machinery, and better organization of farm operations. Among laymen this idea has wide prevalence. The president of a national farm school publicly delivers himself thus: 'The potentialities for a happy and permanent rural life are a love for the soil and the ability to make it yield its best results.' Stripped of its verbosity, the pronouncement declares that the farmer's ills can be cured by increased production.

This exhortation to the farmer to improve his methods and thus reap the profits won by his successful neighbor has elements that make it attractive. It puts the onus of the farmer's failure on the farmer. It does not involve government aid to private enterprise, nor the setting up of new and feared institutions of distribution. It eschews politics. It does not raise prices.

It must be granted that this method of solving the farm problem does

indeed solve the problem for any one farmer. The example of the one eighth demonstrates that he who follows the scientific methods advocated by the various agricultural colleges can at present prices reap satisfactory profits. The same solution will work for any ten farmers, or for any thousand farmers, or even for any hundred thousand farmers. But when we come to apply the remedy to the six and a half million farmers involved we are obviously headed for an abyss.

We produce to-day for domestic use and for export 800,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. This is at the low average of thirteen bushels per acre. This average yield could easily be doubled on average land by skillful farming. Besides the 200,000,000 bushels of wheat normally exported we should have an additional 800,000,000 for export, or a total of one billion bushels. This amount would be twice as great as the present imports into Europe from Canada, Australia, and Argentina, the principal countries now exporting wheat to Europe, and would be equal to the total domestic production in Europe. Who would consume this increased production?

The same can be said of corn, of pork, of potatoes. Who would eat the additional quantities produced? The effective demand for the deluge of farm products would disappear.

Increased efficiency, while the salvation of any one farmer, would be the ruin of the masses. To-day the efficient farmer succeeds because his neighbors fail. His prices are good because their crops in totality are low. If the seven eighths could by some miracle be made efficient, it would precipitate an economic catastrophe beside which the overproduction catastrophe in Georgia cotton or Maine potatoes this year would seem a prosperous condition.

An important group of farm well-wishers see a solution in coöperative organizations. They see the farmer forced to sell in markets over which he has no control and behind which 'move vested interests with sinister designs.' One type of coöperation advocated consists of the purely marketing association, which would secure for the farmer the best prices, would assist him in warehousing and financing his crop, would reduce the cost of marketing, and would help him to develop new markets. Such marketing associations have been successful in securing as high as 10 per cent in additional prices to the farmer, a saving not to be despised. Most of the organizations have not done as well, and many have failed, presumably because of inability to compete with the efficient avenues of trade. However, even the best of these organizations fall lamentably short of the price goal desired by the farmer. He wants a price of two dollars a bushel for wheat. No coöperative has as yet been able to squeeze more than five cents additional for the local shipper from the highly competitive market which fixes the price around one dollar. The coöperative in other commodities also falls far short of the desired price to maintain the seven eighths. It gives a 10 per cent increase at most, but a 100 per cent increase is desired.

Another type of coöperative is one that would by contract corner the farmer's product and then fix a monopoly price. Discussion of the point is academic, since all such efforts thus far have failed. The reasons for such failure are obvious and need not be gone into here. State and Federal laws cleared the way to permit such organizations, which would ordinarily come under the antitrust laws. Their failure was to be expected, since they did not attack the problem of overproduction; they were confronted with ever-increasing burdens of surpluses,

which could not be sold, no matter what the type of selling organization. Added to this were the internal troubles of such an organization, built on a mixed membership, with rising external competition. Success would have been a miracle.

IV

For the past four years the most drastic relief measure before Congress has been the McNary-Haugen bill, in some one of its forms. The provisions of these bills are so familiar that they need not be discussed here. Moreover, it is entirely likely that the bill to be seriously taken up by Congress this spring will differ widely from the version that was vetoed twice. It can, however, be definitely stated that the object of the new measure will be to raise prices to the farmer at home, and in some way to dispose of the surplus abroad. The details may vary, but this is the object to be attained. We may omit at this time a discussion of the possibility of attaining these objects by any government agency. The total additional income necessary to put the seven eighths in an economic position comparable to that of steadily employed unskilled workers in factories would be six billion dollars, an increase in the cost of living of $250 per family. This item alone might give pause. Then there is the doubt whether Europe can and will take any additional farm surpluses from the United States. A strong movement on her part for national self-sufficiency, backed by tariffs, has already decreased American exports to Europe. A flood of competition from Canada, Australia, and Argentina is meeting the American exporters. Our own tariff does not make for favorable rates of exchange.

But let us overlook these factors and confine our discussion to the consequences of a successful attempt to improve the economic position of the seven eighths. Suppose the farm income was raised by six billion dollars. Suppose the average income per farmer rose from the present $700 to $1500. It could be accomplished by increased prices. Farming would be profitable. Crop production would pay. What would happen? We need not go to conjectures, but can examine actual occurrences. For some years potatoes had proved a reasonably profitable crop, selling at around one dollar a bushel to the farmer. The country ordinarily grew and consumed about 360,000,000 bushels, but this moderately good price over a period of years sent production up in 1928 by an additional hundred million bushels. The farm prices during the year fell to from thirty to fifty-five cents, prices at which the vast majority of farmers lost money.

The potential resources of the country for agricultural production were demonstrated during the war. An increase in prices to give an additional six billion dollars to the farmers' income would precipitate a flood of production that no government agency could handle. It would increase productive capacity in a way that would make recovery impossible for years to come. These mild and merciful solutions would bankrupt agriculture. This philosophy merely deceives the farmer.

The farmer has been deceived before. During the war and for two years after, from platform, pulpit, and press he was told to produce; that his labor formed the backbone of the nation. All sources upon which he had learned to rely glibly prophesied a continuance of war prices. In June 1920, two weeks before the precipitous drop in prices, the Democratic Party in convention assembled wrote in its platform, 'The high cost of living can only be remedied by increased production.' Mr. Cox, the presidential nominee, agreed and

said, 'Common prudence would suggest that we increase to our utmost the area of tillable land.' Mr. Lodge, in his keynote speech opening the Republican convention, said we must 'keep up increased production; particularly should every effort be made to increase the productivity of the farms.' No warning of the impending crash reached the farmer. When it came, it came suddenly; it caught him unprepared and unable to adjust himself. When these utterances were written into party platforms wheat was selling for $2.04. Within a few weeks it had dropped to ninety-two cents, and tragedy stalked on the American farms.

During the past eight years the rate of bankruptcies has multiplied by ten. The bald statement does not tell the suffering behind it. Bankers in convention assembled tell of suicides by the score; they tell of farmers who, under years of financial strain, resisted eviction with axe and gun; they tell of wholesale misery of farmers' families during a period when the agricultural revolution was bearing heavily on the marginal farmer. In some measure this disaster to the large group of farmers who were in no position to adjust themselves must be attributed to their advisers, who either failed to foresee the consequences of the tremendous overproduction or were too timid to raise their voices. The consequence of this failure to face the realities has been eight years of misery, much of which could have been avoided. Pursuing an emotional policy has left agriculture worse off to-day than it was eight years ago, with new nostrums for the ailment.

We have too many farmers; there is too much land under cultivation; we are overproducing; we are facing decreased consumption at home, with cutthroat competition in the foreign markets. These are the facts to which the data point indubitably. Based on them an agricultural deflation programme can be built for a permanent and prosperous diminished number of farmers.

THE CEREMONY OF THE HOLY FIRE

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THE Greek Church ceremony of the Holy Fire is celebrated on Easter Eve. It is the great feature of the annual Easter routine of Jerusalem, altogether eclipsing the Resurrection services on the following day; but historically it is incidental, not implicit in the story of the Passion of Our Lord, and it is in no way connected with either the Holy Ghost or the Pentecost, as is commonly believed. The story of the Miracle is legendary, dating, according to some, from Apostolic times, but in greater likelihood from the second century of our era. However that may be, and whatever truth there may be in the legend itself, the rite of the Holy Fire has been established for at least eleven hundred years. For in the ninth century the monk Bernard of France recorded in his memoirs its existence and observance in terms which indicate

that at that date it had already a permanent place in the calendar of the Church. But in telling the story of its origin we may ignore the arguments as to both its veracity and its date.

An early Christian monk in Jerusalem was celebrating the Easter Passion. He and his scanty flock had observed Good Friday, and preparations had to be made for the relighting of the lamps in the chapel to greet the Risen Lord on Easter morning. But there was no oil. The monk sought everywhere in vain, and between times prayed devoutly for divine assistance. Good Friday passed. Easter Eve was nearly spent. But, still hoping that his prayers would be answered, even at the eleventh hour, he prepared the lamps for lighting, putting water in them in anticipation of the film of oil in which the burning wick would float. He then retired once more to the altar and prayed as he had never prayed before. And this time his prayers were answered. On rising from his knees he found a layer of oil in each vessel, in which burned, bright and clear, a lighted wick.

The story spread rapidly through Christendom; the Divine Fire was kept alive through the years; and the festival of the miracle was absorbed into the Easter ritual of the Christian Church, which had not yet been split by the schism between the East and the West. When the schism came, the Greek Church alone retained the ceremony of the Holy Fire, and to-day the Latin Church gives no countenance to the annual Orthodox service in Jerusalem. It is, however, a curious coincidence that in the Roman Catholic missal the Holy Saturday service at the station of Saint John Lateran opens with the kindling of a light outside the church, which is subsequently blessed by the priest at the entrance. 'Meanwhile there are no lights burning in the Church, so that they may be presently lighted from the *Blessed Fire.*' The deacon brings a taper 'lighted from the *new fire,*' and after a threefold repetition of the words 'Lumen Christi,' to which the congregation responds, 'Thanks be to God,' he lights the candles on the altar one by one.

In the Greek Orthodox Church the mysticism and reality of the celebration of the miracle have survived undimmed throughout the ages. To the majority of Christians of the Eastern churches, the Russians, the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Copts, it is still a miracle and its annual representation still miraculous. Once a year, at Easter time, divine fire is given to them. They smear their faces with its smoke; they burn themselves in its flame; they bear it and happiness and hope to their homes. The festival is for them a festival of joy, the precursor of the universal joy which will come to Christendom all the world over on Easter morning. Modern evolution in the West may spurn the idea of the miraculous and be at narrow-minded pains to scoff at the clumsiness of the ritual and the transparence of the deception; for in a world slavishly concentrated on an analysis of cause and effect we of the West have lost our faith in miracles. But when we were children we believed in fairies; we lent our applause to Peter Pan when he pleaded for Tinker Bell; and we were as happy in our innocent beliefs as is the childlike Eastern Christian of to-day over the Miracle of the Holy Fire.

The ceremony naturally drifted into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and has ever been an eventful feature of that extraordinary fane. In Turkish times the estimate of the successful or unsuccessful issue of the ritual was based on the number — more or less — of the deaths which its celebration had occasioned. For Ottoman

Jerusalem was at its unhappiest during Easter time. The Christian sects which had a footing within the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were forever wrangling and even fighting on the slightest provocation; and to complete the chaos there was always the Turk, ready to exploit the internecine strife of his Christian subjects at Easter, in accordance with his avowed principles of government on the lines of *divide et impera*. Moslem intrusion and incitement were a feature of Turkish tactics, and in the cramped rotunda around the Sepulchre quarrels amounting to battles and degenerating into a primitive struggle for life itself were almost yearly occurrences.

Curzon in his book, *Monasteries in the Levant*, has left us a classic account of the riot in the Holy Sepulchre on the occasion when Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt in 1834 elected to see for himself what was this much-advertised Christian miracle. Being late by half an hour, he caused its consummation to be delayed pending his Moslem convenience. The additional and unwelcome wait turned the fanatical exhilaration of the pilgrims into indignant fury and resentment; and, in the terrible scenes which followed, Ibrahim and Curzon all but lost their lives. Three hundred pilgrims were trampled to death or killed by the Turkish bodyguard of the Egyptian Pasha, and two hundred more were seriously wounded. In more recent times Holman Hunt, the artist, was present to collect material for his subsequent picture of the ceremony. On that occasion there was desperate fighting, and two hundred pilgrims, mostly Russian, perished.

These facts may appear mediæval to the visitor to Jerusalem to-day. The supercilious accounts of the ceremony both by Dean Stanley and by Curzon represent it as a barbarity. But their accounts are faithful, sincere versions of what they saw and experienced. To the visitor of to-day, however, they read as though the writers had viewed the happenings in the Holy Sepulchre from the lofty respectability of Westminster Abbey, which, as a matter of fact, a Russian pilgrim would hardly look on as a church at all. The East demands something from religion which the West does not look for, and which it dislikes when found. What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. Eastern Christendom has standards and ethics of its own, and in a special way the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is its Cathedral Church. The two are supplementary one to the other, but supplementary in an Oriental fashion. Together they plead to the West, 'For God's sake, leave us our illusions.'

II

The British régime in Palestine has not in any way interfered with the ritual of the ceremony of the Holy Fire, but it has brought much-needed order into its proceedings. The crowds are still so great that the onlooker wonders how in the available space they could be greater, although he is assured that in other days they were. The excitement of the Holy Fire is still so intense that involuntarily he averts his eyes from the sight of the mob surging and screaming to light their candles. But there are now no casualties; method, unobtrusively applied, makes avenues where processions have to walk, and movement in a single direction where clashing tides have in the past spelled tragedy. And the service has gained thereby. It is still of the East, Eastern, primitive, exuberant, and exciting; but the venom has been drawn, and it is once again the healthy, albeit boisterous, expression of thanksgiving for the divine miracle which, centuries ago, saved the old monk in his dilemma.

Jerusalem at Easter time has points of resemblance to Bayreuth during the Festival. 'What have you got tickets for?' And the old habitué, 'No, I'm not going. I've seen that.' Everyone in the Holy City talks tickets for weeks before Easter, and the stranger must bestir himself betimes if he wishes to get one for the exclusive and popular Holy Fire ceremony. When he has got it, only half the battle is over, and he must leave his hotel early on Holy Saturday if he hopes to benefit from his good fortune. The crowd will already be thick in the courtyard outside the Holy Sepulchre when he arrives; he will have to push his way through serried rows of candle hawkers and onlookers before he finally reaches the great door of the Church. There the coveted ticket has to be shown. It proves to qualify for a view of the ceremony from a side gallery of the Greek Cathedral, the Catholicon, which stands on the site of the original Crusaders' Church and opens to the west, directly on to the entrance to the Sepulchre itself, a few steps below in the centre of the domed rotunda. But after climbing through Calvary and up several flights of stone stairs, worn slippery by many feet before him, the visitor will find that from his gallery the view round the Tomb, where the culminating scenes of the ritual will be enacted, is sadly blocked by the massively arched west end of the Catholicon. Happy then the man who has a smattering of Arabic and a handy five-piastre piece to open other avenues to him. There will be more stairs and a tottering ladder to negotiate; but in the end he will find himself on dizzy heights among the angels — or, in other words, he will be admitted to standing room overlooking the Catholicon on the top of the arch of the lofty reredos, a thick, heavily ornamented wall separating the main body of the Cathedral from the choir, and containing in its recesses, among other treasured Orthodox relics, a bone of Saint Oswald of Northumbria, who died in 642 A.D.

He is indeed among the angels. The narrow sloping ledge on which he stands is fronted, toward the Sepulchre, by a closely set row of gilded wooden angels, their wings spread so that they overlap, the wormholes with which they are everywhere pierced redolent with a haunting aroma of incense. On the apex of the arch, supported by chains from the roof, is a fifteen-foot cross, also of gilded wood, and by craning his neck under the protecting and — from the point of view of vision — highly obstructive wings of the angels, he can see on the wall below him a great gold medallion, a rayed sun, which hangs over the arched entrance leading from the main part of the Catholicon to the choir and altar behind him. Being British, he proceeds without delay to take stock of his most immediate surroundings. On his arched ledge, the East is meeting the West in a way which gives a sad lie to the superior criticisms of Dean Stanley and his Victorian compeers. On his left, clutching in one hand a bunch of tapers, is a Greek woman of Jerusalem, waiting for the fire which will bring her a year's happiness. In the crook of her spare arm she holds a rather elderly baby, which is suckling with that frank gusto which a Western mother would find embarrassing. On his right, a full-voiced Briton is discussing Palestinian politics with a glib little Syrian woman, who knows nothing and cares less about such things, and is only waiting for an opportunity to tell this dull but obviously powerful representative of the mandatory government that her husband's salary is too low. Farther up the slope an amazing female dreamily lights a cigarette immediately behind the cross.

The visitor turns away in horror, picks up the shawl which has fallen from the Greek woman's shoulders, and, red with shame for the civilized West, seeks shelter under the angels' wings. From the gloom of the Catholicon, sixty feet below him, rises a murmur of voices. Ahead, through the arches of the West End, he can see the rotunda and the Holy Shrine bathed in Eastern sunshine.

III

The Church has by this time filled up considerably. Sunburnt youths of the Palestine police, from Aberdeen, Cardiff, Wigan, and Galway, are heaving and pushing, efficiently but unostentatiously, to keep open the avenues of entrance and exit among the tightly packed crowd on the floor of the rotunda. Its high, arched recesses have been boarded for the occasion into tiers of boxes which recall Mr. Vincent Crummles's theatre at Portsmouth on the night of Miss Snevellicci's benefit. They are crammed with onlookers who have paid high prices for their comfort; but they have thereby saved themselves the expense of a night at a hotel, as most of them have been there since the preceding day, eating and sleeping, watching and praying. For thus does the East undertake its religious obligations. All have candles in their hands and friends on the floor with whom they exchange shrill greetings. One green-trousered worshiper waves his arms to give the time to a group which is dancing on the pavement below. His lady friends in the box crane their necks to see the fun, and applaud his and the dancers' efforts with the high tremolo of the *Zaghareet* and much handclapping. Suddenly the visitor's vision is blocked, as a bunch of tapers, dangling on a string, drops past his nose from nowhere. There is a laugh from overhead, and he looks up to catch the eye of a jolly Transjordanian boy, a Christian probably from El Salt, lying full length along the eerie gallery which circles the twin dome of the Greek Cathedral, much as does the Whispering Gallery in London's St. Paul's. The boy has lowered the candles betimes to attract attention from the floor below, and to ensure that when the Fire does come some kind coreligionist there will light them for him to bring him early joy on his airy perch.

This is a first sign that time is passing and that things are beginning to move. The visitor looks at his watch. It is nearly noon. On the floor of the Catholicon below him there are indications of happenings. A queer, throbbing, dactylic chant, which is at once taken up by the congregation within the Church, is heard faintly from outside. And suddenly through a side door bursts a noisy troop, singing at the tops of their voices and surging toward the rotunda between rows of the police, who have just been reënforced by the sandwiching between them of Greek Boy Scouts, oddly dressed as sailors. The invaders have entered thus by right of birth. They are of the twelve Greek families of Jerusalem whose immemorial privilege it is to carry the sacred banners of their church round the Sepulchre in the coming patriarchal procession. The chosen bannerets of the year are being escorted by their relations to their post by the Tomb, where the banners have been placed; and soon all except the happy delegates of the occasion ebb back whence they came, still shouting and jostling. The Greek mother proves to be a well-informed churchwoman. The Greek Church, she explains in a mixture of Arabic and French, does not countenance images as does the Roman Church; and these tattered banners of Jerusalem, which are incredibly old and fervently revered, are paraded as the

visible emblems of Orthodoxy on days of festival. The visitor has heard her joining shrilly in the tune of the chant of the twelve families, and asks her for an interpretation. Arabic and French, the one only half understood, the other wholly murdered, are poor material for the reconstruction of what proves to be little more than a doggerel: —

'Our great day.
We are glad.
Jews are sad.'

The conversation breaks off with a smile on both sides as both parties once more crane their necks under the angels' wings to see the patriarchal procession which is just forming in the sombreness of the Catholicon below. Its advent is hailed with wild applause, above which rises the shrillness of the women's *Zaghareet* and the still more piercing voices of the white-robed acolytes who lead the way. Behind them follow interminable files of black-garbed priests, their long hair coiled under the brimless top hats which are the uniform of their grade. They move slowly and with difficulty through the swaying throng, shepherded lustily by the youths of the police; and in their wake emerge at length into the body of the Cathedral the twelve leading dignitaries of the Greek Church in Jerusalem, who two days before had filled the rôles of the twelve Apostles at the Maundy Thursday ceremony of 'the Washing of the Feet.' To-day they are clothed in white embroidered with orange, which glistens and glistens again in the soft radiance of the tall candles which they are holding. Down the nave they proceed, a wonderful oasis of light in the gloom below; and suddenly there is a still greater outburst of song and applause as the Patriarch himself appears. White-bearded, his features strikingly reminiscent of Michelangelo's statue of Moses, he stands facing down the Cathedral toward the Sepulchre, an arresting figure in his stiff white robes and silver cope, leaning on a magnificent golden crozier, and on his head a golden filagree crown, such as Tsars wore, domed and scintillating with jewels.

The progress is agonizingly slow, and the congregation reacts. There is an atmosphere of breaking tension, of rising fanaticism—a working loose of primitive passion which will be assuaged only by the final rite of the ceremony. Three times the procession slowly circles the Sepulchre, the banners in front, the Patriarch, magnificently erect for all his eighty years, bringing up the rear. And at last the climax is reached. On the conclusion of the third circumambulation, the procession makes its way up the steps from the rotunda to the Catholicon. The Patriarch alone remains below. He stands for a few moments before the now frenzied congregation, facing the lowly door of the Angels' Chapel, where reposes such of the stone which the Disciples found rolled away from the Tomb as has not been removed by the Turks to the Museum at Constantinople. Two archimandrites of his suite, in gold and white, divest him first of his crown, then of the many golden chains of office which hang around his neck, and lastly of the silver cope and the white brocade robe. And, looking more than ever like Moses, he disappears into the Tomb, leaving, as he bends his back to enter the shrine, a memory of a tapering cross of gold embroidered on the pale blue silk of his cassock.

For some five minutes he is hidden from view. Let us not ransack our Western vocabularies for flippancies to describe what happens within or how he will contrive to produce the miracle which will crown the ceremony. This rite is of the East, and we are in the

East. Let us rather watch the sea of excited faces round the Tomb, which gaze with straining eyes toward the two openings in the walls of the shrine whence will issue the Holy Fire. There are no questionings or doubtings in the minds of those whose upraised hands, each clutching a fagot of candles, stretch out madly, like reeds shaken by the wind, for the light which will bring another year's happiness to their hearts and homes.

'Our great day.
We are glad.
Jews are sad.'

The chant swells and echoes to the domed roof, and is suddenly drowned by a crash of bells, a barbaric peal from the beautiful twelfth-century belfry in the courtyard outside. The Holy Fire has appeared. A minute later and the Patriarch himself emerges from the Sepulchre, carrying high above his head two great fagots of candles, flaming and smoking in either hand. There is a mighty cheer of triumph, and the old man, his fine face looking almost unearthly in the yellow light of the blazing torches, is practically carried in the stout British arms of the police up the steps from the rotunda and through the surging, hysterical turmoil of the Catholicon. Once again the parallel of Moses is irresistible. 'And Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady.' He disappears to the din of a beating of gongs and a clash of bells; and the wild chant of Christian joy rises almost to a scream.

Meanwhile the Holy Fire has been kindled, and, from candle to candle, spreads like some forest conflagration. A pall of oily blue smoke rises up to the angels, and through it, blurred but vivid, springs into life a flickering, kaleidoscopic sea of flame. It spreads with miraculous speed; up the balconies, along precarious ledges to the galleries, and finally to the angels themselves. The Greek mother plunges her free hand into the smoking flame of a neighbor's candle and smears the oily soot first over her child's and then over her own face. She kisses the infant with a passion which cannot be merely maternal, and shakes the visitor so warmly by the hand that for one embarrassed moment he fears an Eastern embrace. But nothing jars. She is the spirit of the *genius loci*, the incarnate expression of Eastern Christendom in its moment of supreme jubilation.

The final ceremony of the ritual, which might be compared to our vestry prayers at home after the conclusion of a cathedral service, takes place in the Greek Convent which adjoins the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Patriarch, now once more in everyday black, appears to receive the congratulations of his flock. There are no prayers, only a wonderful chant to the glorification of God in nature. 'O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.' The words of the Greek *Benedicite, omnia opera* are different, but the spirit is the same: —

'To the wind, salutation.
To the sun, salutation.
To the wind, salutation.
To the moon, salutation.
To the wind, salutation.
To the earth, salutation.
To the wind, salutation.
To the stars, salutation.'

The refrain is ever of the wind — the mysterious, the rushing wind, the spirit which animates all mankind.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has the true appreciation of the Miracle of the Holy Fire. 'What is a miracle?' 'A miracle is an act which creates faith.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Sales resistance: a new art

Scarcely a day passes that I do not read in my newspaper an account of a convention at Atlantic City, Pinehurst, or Saratoga Springs, or some other centre from which the finest thought of the day emanates. A large proportion of these conventions, I observe, are held in the interests of More and Better Salesmanship.

Here is gathered the flower of the youth of our country to be instructed in the art of selling things. Enormous interests are behind the movement. Money is spent without reckoning, and the arts — fine, mechanical, and profane — are invoked that the training of these young men may be complete. The cloistered quiet of our universities is invaded, and learned pundits are dragged forth to add their quota of wisdom to the equipment of youth for the Great American Purpose. Here the Psychologist and the Go-Getter meet as fellow gangsters.

Of what significance is this great movement to me, in the quiet of my country home? It is of a very direct and sinister character. For I, unknown, unrecognized, and unsung, and thousands of helpless brethren like me, are the Sellees. Toward us, and our slender resources, is this vast movement directed. It is upon us that this horde of flaming youths, raised by intensive education to the *n*th power of Sales Ability, is to be turned loose.

And, Brethren, in our fool's paradise of false security, what are we doing about it? Nothing. Do we hold conventions to discuss means of self-defense? We do not. Have we gold, without end, with which to wage battle? No, a thousand times, no. Do the universities send wise men to us to devise cunning ways of outwitting the enemy? They do not. In other words, while the cohorts of the enemy, without number, are being assembled, drilled, equipped, and provisioned, with singularly little secrecy as to their strategy, we lie helpless and supine, bleating lambs of inefficiency awaiting slaughter.

But it is not too late, if you will listen to this clarion call of alarm. We have at our command the agency which is the keystone of the prosperity (sacred word) of our beloved country. We can Organize. We have, even as humble Sellees, the use of the United States mails. Let us organize, let us use the mails, even as the Sellers use them. Let us appoint some properly equipped person (I will leave to your own good judgment who he should be) to act as a Clearing House. Send to him your name and address, together with brief details of the two or three latest selling outrages committed upon you. Add to these, as fully as possible, the technique of any methods you may have devised for your self-protection from the Salesman.

He will file, arrange, card-index, classify, and cross-reference all this information. When the tens of thousands of names which will come in response to this call are duly arranged, a small contribution will be requested. By this means you will receive, ere long, monthly bulletins on 'The Development of Sales Resistance,' and the best methods by which to Outwit the Salesman, drawn from the personal experiences of our subscribers.

From this humble beginning a nation-wide movement will develop, and a National (and possibly later an International) Association for the Development of Sales Resistance will be created. But to secure, to the fullest, the beneficent results desired, you must ACT AT ONCE — SEND IN YOUR NAME TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY.

As an evidence of good faith I will add a word of personal experience. I have been, for many years, one of the favorite quarries of the Salesman. I have studied his methods, and I have tried, alone and unaided, to develop a defense. The best one I have ever discovered is Silence, utter and absolute Silence. Adopt an attitude of mild and polite interest, but remain absolutely silent during the entire interview. It is difficult at first, but it can be done with practice. Throw the entire burden of the conversation on the Seller. He has a little book that tells him what to say. It is called a Sales Canvass. He will say it. When he has finished, he expects you to say something, to object, to ask questions. His little book tells him just what to say in reply to any, or all, possible comments, objections, or queries. Disappoint him. Do not say a word. Just smile. He will repeat his sales canvass. You will notice that he will not miss a word. He knows it by heart. At the conclusion of the second recital, remain silent. In rare cases he will repeat it a third time. Not often; usually after the second he will withdraw. Then speak. Wish him 'Good afternoon,' and show him to the door. An accomplished Salesman will try to outwit you. He may abandon the canvass, and try to trick you into conversation with direct questions. Be on your guard against that, and remain silent. This is the one thing his book does not tell him how to meet. I have studied the proceedings of a dozen sales conventions, and nowhere have I ever seen a discussion of how to meet Sellee Silence.

That is the kind of priceless information our Association will disseminate for the benefit of its members. Can you afford to remain outside? Think what this association will do for you, and for THE PROTECTION OF YOUR FAMILIES — THOSE NEAREST AND DEAREST TO YOU.

I venture a prediction. In five years, after the organization of our Association, the amount of Sales Resistance in the United States will increase 27 per cent. Then we shall be in a position to afford a convention at Atlantic City. We can play golf all day, go to the theatre in the evening, and dance all night. But we shall all wear badges on which will be emblazoned our name, town, and state. We shall call each other by our first names, because Camaraderie is the Keystone of organization, and 'Camaraderie' will be the Slogan of the N. A. F. T. D. O. S. R.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

SHE was the sort of child that is 'seen and not heard.' She wore rubbers without being told. She ate her bread crusts with positive avidity. She longed to run errands for her parents. Her Sunday-school attendance card glittered with constellations of stars in rigid regularity, and her appetite for Golden Texts amounted to a passion. In short, she was that fearful synthesis of self-conscious humility, aggressive piety, and intellectual vacuity which is the proudest creation of the moral pedant.

Wordsworth calls the girl 'Lucy Gray,' but the name is generic: it applies as well to all virtuous females of his rustic school. Over the fallible heroines of a hundred years shines the beacon light of her relentless purity; her pale hands are folded in calm resignation at the spectacle of human folly;

her voice is raised in prim admonishment of a generation of boyish bobs. Lucy, like Lincoln, of whom she would not have approved, belongs to the ages.

We see her first as a child of three, performing what the poet calls her 'pretty round of trespasses.' He does not specify their nature, but his use of the word 'round' suggests that Lucy was accustomed to commit a fixed series of mild transgressions with more or less regularity. And the examination of an apocryphal diary of her early years shows an undiscouraged procession of experiments with the theory that goldfish are amphibious; together with one tear-stained page on which is recorded the solemn burial of Uncle Ezra's false teeth — an act impelled by her shame at the discovery that a Gray was living a life of deliberate deception.

In the enjoyment of her childish happiness, however, we are saddened by the discovery that, even at an early age, Lucy knew 'no mate, no comrade.' To Wordsworth this may have signified merely the world's usual indifference to a perfect purity which its coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb. But is it possible that to the neighbors Lucy's 'pretty round of trespasses' lacked something of complete charm? Can we hear the strident voice of the woman next door saying, 'Russell, I *forbid* you to play with that Gray child; she's incorrigible'?

But such conjectures are dangerous; only the most charming of biographers may ignore facts. We must fall back upon the authentic statement that Lucy continued thus, 'a little prattler among men,' until she was eight. Then one day a strange man approached her as, primly starched and with upturned nose, she watched a group of ragamuffins teasing a stray cat. The stranger, with bovine kindness, asked her how many brothers and sisters she had. 'We are seven,' Lucy answered pertly. This was her first recorded speech, and it clinched her immortality.

She went on to explain that sister Jane had died after a period of prolonged moaning (the sole recorded instance of a Gray's moaning); and that later John, too, 'was forced to go,' evidently at the cost of severe personal inconvenience and murmuring his disapproval to the end, yet accepting the inevitable like a little gentleman. Twelve steps — 'or more,' Lucy added with engaging accuracy — from her house the two lay; and Lucy often took her 'little porringer' and ate supper there, knitting stockings, or singing by way of variety. She also played by the graves; but only, she reassured him, 'when the grass was dry.' The gentleman, confused by her computations, repeatedly suggested that two from seven leaves only five; but Lucy, obviously schooled in a more cosmic mathematics, insisted to the end that they were seven. In an ordinary child this would have been, at the least, obstinacy; in Lucy, as the poet explains, it was spiritual insight.

As Lucy grew older, we are told, she became a model of 'benignity and home-bred sense.' Now 'benignity' is sufficiently clear; but in view of Lucy's childhood record one could wish some more reassuring definition of 'home-bred sense.'

At this time

> Her hair was thick with many a curl
> That clustered —

(the poet inserts, to avoid confusion)

> — round her head.

She was

> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining —

(Where? you ask. Wordsworth solves the problem for you.)

> — in the sky.

But in spite of these ultrafeminine charms, Lucy, for some reason, suffered the neglect and disregard of her little world. She was

> A maid whom there were none to praise
> And very few to love.

Thus with one poignant stroke the poet paints the pathos of a child whose very family tempered the rashness of their love by withholding the treasured meed of praise. This is a far cry from Lucy's infantile 'pretty round of trespasses'; and across the interval of time rears the tiny germ of a grim suspicion: perhaps Lucy trespassed once too often, achieving the chagrined isolation of the child whose pranks are met by the Victorian anathema, 'We are not amused.'

Evidently this state of affairs saddened the girl. She never, as far as we know, complained. Probably she kept on knitting long after she had outgrown the porringer; the events of her adult life are simply not recorded. Possibly she fell into a decline — a reward often extended to the precociously virtuous. We are left with only the comfortless reflection that the good die young to account for her untimely removal from the human scene. The poet's obvious sincerity in commenting on her death is moving and persuasive, but no more so than we should expect from the fact that previously the mere thought of her demise had called forth from him the passionate ejaculation, 'O mercy!'

And now she lies forever, we hope, beside Jane and John, leaving a record of solid virtuous achievement which has made the name of Lucy Gray a synonym for all that is womanly. The poet, with touching restraint, pictures her on one occasion as

> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food.

Certainly not too bright!

An intelligence test for household implements

In our old house we harbor a number of half-witted tools and utensils. The poker in our bookroom I believe came from Grandfather's house in Troy. It may have been a normal poker then. Now the brass top is loose and rolls off like a layer of a disintegrated personality — but that is nothing. The poker itself is bent, at an angle exactly like a stick half under water. However you stand it up, it waggles over and falls down with a clattery thump. On its face is an idiotic smile. I find myself gradually losing all tenderness for it; old association, the recollection of fires I poked with it when I was young — they no longer mollify me. Some morons among household goods have an engaging whimsicality, and are almost as lovable as scarecrows. Nobody that I ever heard of ever lost his temper with a scarecrow, except the fox hunter in Leech's picture in *Punch*, who rode furiously up to one and shouted, 'What d' ye stand there for pointing both ways at once? Why don't ye holler out which way the fox be gone?' And that was all to the credit of the scarecrow. He had more imagination than any man who finds sportive elements in the terror and pain of a fellow being.

Our two coal scuttles in the kitchen are perfectly coöperative if set a few inches asunder. But Aunt Jessie often does n't set them thus; and Henry Stannard always gives them an opportunity of crooking their handles together, and then they get into one of their hysterical moods. The good, reliable shovel willingly digs down into either of them after coal; but the other one twines the curly ends of the two handles together in the most impish manner, wobbles them both around, as to an unheard syncopation, and tips

one or both over if possible. We should n't mind, if there were anything really funny in this; but it's such a feeble kind of humor. They both have that look of low cunning as they do it. If they don't tip over, they wobble round and round, drooling out their coal and feebly cackling as you try to set them up.

Three of the stoppers of our four sinks are feeble-minded — that is, if any real intelligence is expected of them. A person naturally endeavors to avoid scalding her hands; and consequently, when an occasion arises, as under our particular dishwashing ritual it does arise, for manœuvring a stopper into its hole when there are three or four inches of piping hot water already in the sink, one hopefully dangles it from its chain, and tries to ease it in. But habit means nothing to utensils with as low an I. Q. as the average stopper. No chain of associations will arise; it has no sense of direction or locality. It will tilt at a waggling angle, and flop to the other side, if at all, much too far. You must cool your nice hot dishwater until you can put in the stopper by main force without cooking your fingers; and then, if you have pressed it in the least bit vindictively, it sticks hard when you try to pull it out afterward; the chain then breaks, and you have to bend a fork to extract it.

The atmosphere of this article is perhaps unduly pessimistic. Not all utensils are subnormal. We have, for example, a most intelligent can opener. It is not only capable of following directions, but can initiate plans of its own for getting into well-fortified jars of olives and pickles. We have a Dover egg beater with such an extraordinary degree of intelligence that it can assume responsibility for a shelfful of strainers and biscuit cutters. As long as it is kept there, they never give trouble. Few kitchens, I suppose, are without some such benign influence, some natural leader among the pots and pans — a trusted fork or spoon. Miss Hermie Canfield had a noble dishpan — a marvel of coöperation. In its old age it developed a lesion, but such was its sagacity that it learned to fit this spot, or hole, over a trusty nail in the kitchen table, which made it water-tight; and thus it continued to hold its old position in the household for some time longer.

And yet I think it unfair to expect too much of these supernormal implements. It would be wiser, I believe, to work out a system by which the hardware dealers would assume a larger share of responsibility for the grade of intelligence of the utensils they supply us with. They might hold a public demonstration when new stock is placed on their shelves, to show householders just what is the mentality of the furnishings they are thinking of introducing into their homes.

'Noncataleptic saucepans for frying potatoes.'

'Depressive mania unknown among this consignment of window shades — by government test.'

'None of the enamel ware in this department has a lower I. Q. than 75.'

After all, I suppose we are all too much attached to our feeble-minded scuttles and pokers to place them in Old Pokers' Homes and Scuttle Asylums. It's more for the sake of young Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who have just come to live next door to us, that I present this plea. I'd like to see them start housekeeping with an entirely normal group of young saucepans.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

VIII

Snow had fallen deeply. The city street looked as pure as a street in Heaven. Marble whiteness everywhere, arched by a dark blue sky out of which hung a great golden moon.

After the heat of the restaurant the sweet coldness of the still air was like a joyful caress. Finch and his companions lifted their faces to it, opened their mouths and drank it in. They sought to absorb it into every region of their beings. The soft pure snow beneath their feet was beautiful. They ran in it, ruffling it up. Lilly took off his hat that his head might cool, but Burns snatched it and jammed it on his head again. 'No, no, you'll take cold, my little Lilly. My pretty little Lilly,' he admonished, rather thickly.

Lilly, his hat into his eyes, trudged along silently, much annoyed.

'I know,' went on Burns, 'of a place where we could get a good hot supper. I'm starving, and seeing as how we got extra pay to-night I'm willing to stand treat for the crowd. How about it now, eh?'

There was almost instant agreement, and Burns remarked, 'My stomach begins to think my throat is cut.'

His companions grunted. They thought it was far from taste in him, a butcher, to talk of cut throats.

It was a little ill-lighted dingy restaurant to which Burns led them, but the bacon and eggs were good, and after a whispered consultation the waiter brought them a jug of beer. The five were ravenous. They scarcely noticed the other people in the room until their plates were swept clean and cigarettes were lighted. George then leaned toward his friends, whispering, 'For heaven's sake keep your instruments out of sight. They'll be after us to play if they spot them.'

There were about two dozen people seated at the tables. It was clear that they were regarding the youths with speculation in their eyes. It was too late to hide the mandolins and banjo.

One of the men came over to them. He said, with an ingratiating grin, 'Say, could n't you fellows give us a tune or two? Some of the girlies are feeling lively and they'd give a good deal to shake a leg.'

'What do you take us for?' growled Lilly. 'We've been playing all night. Besides, there's no piano.'

'Yes, there is. Over behind the screen there. Just give us one little tune. The girlies'll be awfully disappointed if you don't.' He wheezed unpleasantly behind Finch's ear.

The 'girlies' themselves came, and added their importunities. Something from a bottle was poured into the empty beer glasses. Finch heard a strange buzzing in his head. The air in the room moved as though it were no longer air, but whispering waves. The electric lights were blurred into a milky haze. He was being led to the piano. He felt intolerably sad.

About him the others were tuning up. He heard George swearing at a broken string. He put his hands on the keyboard and blinked at it. It was a white marble terrace with little black figures of nuns in procession across it. He sat staring at them, stupefied, they were so perfect, so black,

[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — Editor

so sad. Burns said, hoarsely, 'My Heart Stood Still.'

'Awright,' agreed Finch.

It was not he who was playing. It was only his hands, mechanisms which depended on him not at all. Over and over they played what they were told to play, firm, strong, banging out the accented notes. He could see George's face, set like a white mask, and his small white hands plucking vigorously at the strings. The flute soared and wailed in a kind of dying scream; the mandolins chirped away as though they knew no tiring. Burns's red butcher's fists had always made Finch rather sick as they hovered over the strings. The mandolin always had seemed like some puny little animal he was about to slaughter.

They were in the street again. They were all yelling together. Some primitive instinct told them it was the time for yelling.

They did not know where they were going. Up one street and down another, and, coming upon the first street again, they traversed it for the second time without recognizing it. Each variation and eccentric curve was marked on the purity of the snow. Sometimes they were separated into two parties, two going in one direction and three in another. Then the far-away shouting of one group would startle into a panic the other, and they would run, calling each other by name, until they met again on some corner.

Three figures were seen approaching, a man and two women. The women were frightened, and the man himself nervous about passing this band of ruffians on the street. He clasped the arms of the women closely, set his face, and marched into their midst.

But there was nothing to fear. The five youths gazed wonderingly into the faces of what appeared to them a portentous apparition. They crowded close, but they said nothing until the three had passed. Then George called, 'Bye-bye, ladies!'

And Finch cooed, 'Ta-ta, gennelman.'

Then a storm of bye-byes and ta-tas followed the retreating figures.

A window was thrown up in the large house opposite, and a man in his night clothes appeared in the opening.

'If you hoodlums don't get off this street in double-quick time, I'll call the police. Now, get a move on!'

The members of the orchestra looked at each other. Then they burst into jeers, whistles, and catcalls. The householder retreated. He was going to telephone for the police.

Almost at the moment of his disappearance a thick, helmeted figure appeared at the corner of the street. With terrified looks they snatched up their mandolins, banjo, and flute, silent participators in all this rowdyism, and fled along the street and down a lane.

Finch and George Fennel found themselves separated from the rest. They ran on for several blocks, and at last made sure that they were not pursued. They halted and looked at each other curiously as people who meet under strange circumstances for the first time.

'Where do you live?' asked Finch.

'With aunt in ole house in College Street.'

After a moment's reflection, Finch observed, 'I live in ole house, too. Name of Jalna.'

'*In*-deed. Are you going there now?'

'I dunno. Where'd you say you live?'

'I said ole house in College Street.'

'Wanna go there?'

'Absolutely. All the time.'

'Tha's nice. College Street, you say?'

'Say, have you got anything against that street?'

'No. I live in ole house named Jalna.'

'Oh. . . . Well, goo'-bye.'

'Goo'-bye. See you later.'

They parted, and Finch on the next street took a taxi and drove to the station. During the ride he kept his face pressed to the window, observing with drunken interest the streets through which they passed.

There was only a short wait until the early morning train left. The conductor on this train did not know Finch, but he had a fatherly eye on him, and awoke him from his heavy sleep before they reached the station at Weddels' and saw him safely to the platform.

Out here in the open, the sunshine poured down in an unobstructed flood. The sun

was climbing the clear blue sky, his spring-time ardor unabashed by the snowfall of the night before.

Finch splashed through the melting slush, his face heavy and flushed, his hair plastered over his forehead.

He met Rags as he was about to enter the house. The servant observed, with his air of impudent solicitude, 'If I was you, Mister Finch, I should n't gaow into the 'ouse lookin' like that. I'd gaow round to the washroom and wash my fice. There's no hobject in advertising to the family, sir, wot kind of a night you've spent.'

He went in at the side door, and descended, with rather jerky movements, the short flight of steps leading to the basement. He was too dazed by the buzzing in his head to notice the sound of voices in the washroom, and even when he had opened the door he did not at once perceive that it was occupied. However, as he stood blinking in the warm, steamy atmosphere, he gradually made out the figures of his brothers. Piers was kneeling beside a large tin bathtub in which a spaniel drooped, wet and shivering, its face looking pathetically wan and meek with all the fluffy hair lathered down. Standing braced against the hand basin stood Renny, pipe in mouth, directing the operations, and perched on a stepladder was little Wakefield, eating a chocolate bar.

Finch hesitated, but it was too late to retreat — all three had seen him. He entered slowly and closed the door behind him. For a space no one paid any attention to him. Renny laid his pipe on the window sill, snatched up a bucket of clear water, and poured it over the dog, Piers slithering his hands up and down its body to rinse away the lather.

Renny turned suddenly and looked at Finch.

'Well, I'll be shot!' he exclaimed.

Wakefield peered through the steamy air at him, and then, with a perfect imitation of the eldest Whiteoak's tone, cried in his clear treble, 'Well, I'll be shot, too!'

Finch's eyes were on Renny's hand, that hard, strong hand that moved with such machinelike swiftness and surety. He sprawled on the bench, filled with misery, anger, and self-loathing.

Wakefield remarked from his perch, 'Usually I'm not on hand when there's a row.' No one heard him.

'Now,' said Renny, taking up his pipe again, 'I want you to tell me where you were last night.'

'In town,' mumbled Finch, brokenly.

'Where? You certainly were n't at Mrs. St. John's.'

'I had dinner there.'

'Yes?'

He wished that Renny's eyes were not so fiercely, so mercilessly, questioning. It made it hard for him to think clearly, to put himself in a decent light if possible. If only Piers were n't there, it would be easier to make a clean breast of it!

Piers was again rubbing Merlin, but he never took his bright blue eyes from Finch's face, and he never took the small sneering grin from his lips.

'Well,' Finch's voice was still more broken, 'there's this orchestra I belong to. I've never told you about that. But there is no harm in it really.'

'A harmless bird, this!' interjected Piers.

'An orchestra! What sort of orchestra?'

'Oh, just a little one a few of us got up, so we could make a little money. A banjo, two mandolins, a flute; I — played the piano.'

'Who are these fellows?'

'Oh — some fellows I know. Not at school. I — just got in with them.' He must not implicate George. 'We practised after school.'

'Where did you play?'

'In restaurants. For dances.'

'They must be a pretty lot. Who are they?'

'You would n't know if I told you. One of them is named Lilly, and another Burns, and another Meech.'

'What I want to know,' insisted Renny, 'is who these boys are. Are they students?'

'No. They work. Lilly's grandfather has a greenhouse. Sinden Meech is in some sort of tailoring establishment. Burns is in some kind of — abattoir.'

'H'm. . . . And so you're in the habit of knocking about town all night drinking, eh?'

'No, no,' he mumbled, wringing his fingers together. 'This is the very first time. . . . We'd been playing for a dance.

We got awfully tired. And they gave us something to buck us up. I guess it was pretty rotten stuff, and when we came out in the street we — could n't find our way at first — and we separated and got together again and then I took the train for home.'

Renny rapped his pipe on the window sill and put it in his pocket. 'You're in no condition,' he said, looking Finch over with distaste, 'to listen to a lecture now. Go to your bed and sleep this off. Then I'll have something to say to you.'

'If you were mine,' said Piers, 'I'd hold your head under that tap for fifteen minutes and see if that would wake you up.'

'But I'm *not* yours!' Finch cried, hoarsely. 'I'm not anybody's! You talk as though I were a dog.'

'I would n't insult any dog by comparing him to you!'

Finch's misery became too much for him. He burst into tears. He took out a soiled handkerchief and violently blew his nose.

Wakefield began to scramble down from his stepladder. 'Let me out of here,' he said. 'I'm getting upset.'

He hastened toward the door, but as he reached Piers's side he espied a half sheet of crumpled paper lying on the floor. He bent and examined it.

'What's this, I wonder,' he said.

'Give it here,' said Piers.

Wakefield handed it to him, and Piers, smoothing it out, cast his eyes over it. His expression changed.

'This evidently belongs to Finch,' he said, slowly. 'He must have pulled it out of his pocket with his handkerchief.' He looked steadily at Finch. 'Now that you're making a clean breast of it, Finch, will you give me leave to read this aloud?'

'Do what you darned please,' sobbed Finch.

Piers read, with distinctness: —

'Dearest Finch, —

'After you were gone last night, I was very much disturbed. You were preoccupied — not like your old self with me. Cannot you tell me what is wrong? It would be a terrible thing to me if the clarity of our relationship were clouded. Write to me, darling Finch.

'Arthur'

Piers folded the paper, and returned it to the child. 'Give this back to Finch,' he said. 'He'll not want to be separated from it.' He turned then to Renny. 'Did you take it in, Renny? His friend Arthur calls him "dearest" and "darling." Could you have believed it possible that one of us should ever have got into such a disgusting mix-up? Is it any wonder he looks a wreck — alternately boozing with butchers and tailors and spooning with a rotter like Leigh?'

'I thought you were a little fool,' said the eldest Whiteoak, 'but now I'm disgusted with you. You've been deceiving me, and wasting time when you should have been studying. As for this neurotic affair with Leigh — I tell you, I'm sick at heart for you.'

Finch could not defend himself. He felt annihilated. He held Arthur's note in one shaking hand and in the other he gripped his handkerchief, but he did not hold it to his face. He left the misery of his face exposed to the eyes of his brothers. Sobs shook his lips. Tears ran down his cheeks unheeded.

Wakefield could not bear it. Slipping past Piers and Renny, he threw his arms about Finch's neck.

'Oh, don't cry,' he implored. 'Poor old Finch, don't cry!'

Renny said, 'This is very bad for you,' and took him under the arms and put him into the passage outside.

The little boy stood there motionless, his heart pounding heavily. He was oppressed by the strife among his elders. He had a feeling that something frightening was going to happen.

The door of the washroom opened. Renny and Piers, followed by Finch and the spaniel, came out. Renny picked up Wake and threw him across his shoulder. Upstairs he set him down in the hall and rumpled his hair. 'Feel better?' he asked. Wake nodded, but he kept his eyes turned away from Finch. He could not bear to look at him. . . .

IX

Three weeks later, Alayne Whiteoak sat alone in the living room of the apartment which she shared with Rosamund Trent. She had just finished reading a new book, and was about to write a review of it for

one of the magazines. She wrote a good many reviews and short articles now, in addition to her work as reader for the publishing house of Parsons and Cory.

When she had first come back to New York, her reaction from the troubled ingrown life at Jalna was a desire to submerge her personality in the routine of work, to drown in the roar of the city remembrance of that strange household — love of Renny Whiteoak. And for a while it seemed that she had succeeded. Rosamund Trent had been almost pathetically glad to welcome her back to the apartment on Seventy-first Street. 'You know, Alayne dear, I never hoped much from that marriage of yours. Not that your young poet was not an adorable creature, but still, scarcely the type that husbands are made of. It has been an experience for you, — I should n't have minded a year of it, myself, — but now the thing is to put it behind you and look steadily forward.' Her voice had had an exultant little crow in it as once more she took Alayne under her wing.

Mr. Cory felt badly that the marriage had been so unsuccessful. He still had a fatherly interest in Alayne, and it had been through him that the two had met. Eden's two slim books of poetry were still in print, but the sale of them had dropped to almost nothing. No new manuscript had been submitted to the publisher by Eden, but once, in a magazine, he had come upon a short poem by him which was either childishly naïve or horribly and deliberately cynical. He had been uncertain whether or not to show it to Alayne. He had cut it out and saved it for her, but when next she came into the office, and he looked into her eyes, he decided against it. No, she had had enough suffering. Better not remind her of the cause of it.

To-night Alayne felt stifled by the air of the city. She went to the window, opened it wide, and sat on the sill, looking down into the street. The smell of oil, of city dust, dulled the freshness of the spring night. The myriad separate sounds, resolved into one final roar, sucked down human personality as quicksand human flesh and blood. Looking down into the city, a spectator might fancy he saw wild arms thrown upward in gestures of despair.

Alayne thought of Jalna. Of the April wind as it came singing through the ravine, stirring the limbs of the birches, the oaks, the poplars, to response. She remembered the smell that rose from the earth in which their roots were twined, and lovingly intertwined, a smell of quickening and decay, of the beginning and the end. She saw, in imagination, the great balsams that guarded the driveway and stood in dark clumps at the lawn's edge, shutting in the house, making a brooding barrier between Jalna and the world. She saw Renny riding along the drive on his bony gray mare, drooping in the saddle, and somehow, in that indolent accustomed droop, giving an impression of extraordinary vigor and vitality. . . . He was no longer on his horse. He stood beside her. His piercing red-brown eyes searched her face. He moved nearer, and she saw his nostrils quiver, his mouth set. . . . God, she was in his arms! His lips were draining the strength from her, and yet strength like fire had leaped from his body to hers. . . .

She remembered his last passionate kiss of good-bye, and how she had clung to him and breathed, 'Again,' and his putting her away from him with a sharp gesture of renunciation. 'No,' he had said, through his teeth. 'Not again.' And he had moved away and taken his place among his brothers. Her last sight of him had been as he stood among them, taller than they, his hair shining redly in the firelight.

To-night she felt invisible cords, charged with desire, drawing her toward Jalna. She experienced a mystic ecstasy in the secret pull of them. She gave herself up to it, all her senses absorbed. She became unconscious of the strangely compounded street roar. She did not even hear, until it was twice repeated, the buzz of the bell of her own door.

When at last she heard it, she was startled. She had a feeling approaching apprehension as she went to the door and opened it. In the bright light of the hallway stood young Finch Whiteoak. Like a ghost created by her thoughts he stood, tall, hollow-cheeked, with a tremulous smile on his lips.

'Finch!' she exclaimed.

'Hullo, Alayne!' He got out the words

with an effort. His face broke up into a smile that was perilously near the contortion of crying.

'Finch, my dear, is it possible? You in New York! I can scarcely believe it is you. But you must tell me all about it.'

She drew him in, and took his hat and coat. It seemed so strange to see him away from Jalna, and she felt she might be laying eyes on him for the first time.

'I ran away. I just could n't stand it. . . . I've been here three weeks.'

Alayne led him to a sofa and sat down beside him. 'Oh, Finch! Poor dear. Tell me all about it.' She laid her hand on his. Isolated thus, they were intimate as they had never been at Jalna.

He looked at her hand lying on his. He had always been moved by the whiteness of her hands.

'Well, things seemed absolutely set against me — or me against them. Darned if I know which. Anyhow, I failed in my matric. I suppose you heard that. Aunt Augusta and you write sometimes to each other, don't you? Well, Renny stopped my music lessons. I was n't even allowed to touch the piano. And I guess that was all right, too, for I'd sort of gone dotty about music. I could n't forget it for a minute. But I'm like that, you know. Once I get a thing on the brain, I'm done for.' He sighed deeply.

Her hand which was lying on his clenched itself. She withdrew it and repeated, 'He stopped your music.' Between her and Finch rose a vision of Renny's carved profile, its inflexibility denying the warmth of the full face. 'Yes? And then what?'

'Well, it seemed as though I'd got to have something besides plain work. A kind of ballast. I felt that I could n't stick it unless there was something. So I went to play-acting. The Little Theatre, you know. I'd made a friend of a splendid chap named Arthur Leigh. He's perhaps a bit girlish — well, no, not girlish, but overrefined for the taste of my brothers. Anyhow he liked me, and encouraged me a lot about my acting. He even got after Renny and persuaded him to come and see the play I was in. Well, it all turned out badly. I was taking the part of a half-witted Irish boy, and Renny thought it came too darned easy to me. I did it too well. He was fed up with me and my talents, he said.'

'Is it possible that Renny could not appreciate the fact that you were doing a piece of good acting?' How she loved to drag in that name, to caress it with her tongue, even while her heart was angry against him!

'The trouble was,' answered Finch, 'that he hated seeing me in that part. I was in my bare feet, and dirty. I had n't much on but an idiotic expression. Renny's awfully conventional.'

'But think of some of the men — horse dealers, and such — that he goes about with, seems to make friends of. That's not conventional.'

'If you said that to Renny, he'd say, "Yes, but I don't get up on a stage with them and charge people admission to watch my antics." Most of all, it was the half-wittedness of the part. He thinks I'm a bit that way already.' He pulled his lips again, and then went on more quickly, so that the tale of his misdeeds might be done with. 'So there was no more play-acting. The next thing was an orchestra. George Fennel — you remember the boys at the rectory, Alayne — and myself and three other chaps got it up — a banjo, two mandolins, a flute, and the piano. All the practising was done on the sly. We played for club dances. You know the sort of club it would be. Cheap restaurants. But we made quite a lot of money — five dollars apiece, each night.'

Alayne looked at him with a mingling of admiration and amusement. 'What amazing boys! Had you planned to do anything special with all this money?'

'We bought quite a good radio. We had that at the rectory, of course. Then some of the money went toward hearing some good music — Paderewski, Kreisler. But I saved most of it. That's how I got here, to New York. And then too we'd blow in quite a bit on grub. I'm always hungry, you know.'

There was a peculiar expression on his face, as he said this, that startled Alayne. A sudden break in his voice. She thought, 'Is it possible the boy is hungry now?' She said, 'You're like I am. I'm always getting hungry at odd times. Here it is, only half-past eight, and I'm starving. But of course I did n't eat much dinner. Supposing, Finch, that you tell me quickly how things

came to a head, and then we can have the details over some supper.'

He agreed, in his odd, hesitating way, and then, in a muffled voice, told of the last performance of the orchestra, of his return to Jalna, of the scene in the washroom. 'It was n't only that I'd been lit, and was feeling dazed, — oh, absolutely awful, — but there was something else. I'd pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket, and with it a note from Arthur Leigh. There was nothing to that, but he'd called me "darling Finch," and Renny and Piers went right up in the air over it.' His face twitched as he remembered the scene.

'But why should they have been angry? It was harmless enough, surely.'

He flushed a dark red. 'They did n't think so. They thought it was beastly. Neurotic, and all that. Oh, you can't understand. It was just the last straw.' He clasped his hands between his knees, and Alayne saw that he was shaking. She got up quickly. She was afraid he was going to cry, and she could not bear that. Something in her would give way if he cried. She must hang on to herself. She said, almost coldly, 'So it was then you decided to run away?'

'Yes. I stayed in my room all day. Lay on the bed trying to think. Then, when night came, I sneaked out with a suitcase of clothes and got a late bus into town on the highway. In the morning I took the train for New York.'

'And you've been here three weeks?'

'Yes. I've never written home, either.'

'What have you been doing, Finch?'

'Trying to get a job.' He raised a miserable young face to hers. 'I thought it'd be easy to get one here, but I simply can't round up anything. There seemed to be dozens ahead of me whenever I answered an advertisement. Gosh, it's been awful!'

She looked down at him with compassion. 'But why in the world did n't you come to me before? It hurts me to think that you've been walking the streets here looking for work, and have never come to see me.'

'I did n't want to come until I had got something, but to-night — I just gave in. . . . I — I was so frightfully homesick.' He reached out, took her hand, and pressed it to his forehead. 'Oh, Alayne, you've always been so good to me!'

She bent and kissed him; then she said, assuming a businesslike tone, 'Now we must have something to eat. There are cigarettes. You smoke while I forage in the pantry.'

In the glittering little pantry, with its air of trig unhomeliness, she discovered some potato salad bought at a delicatessen shop, a tin of vermicelli with tomato sauce, a lettuce, and some dill pickles. She and Rosamund took only their breakfast and lunch in the apartment.

Strange fare, she thought, as she arranged the things on the tea wagon, for a Whiteoak! She had made coffee, and now she remembered some jars of preserves given to her by the aunts who lived up the Hudson. She chose one of black currants in a rich syrup. Last, she added some slices of rye bread and some little chocolate-covered cakes.

Finch's back was toward her as she entered the living room. His head was enveloped in tobacco smoke. He was examining her books. She noticed how loosely his coat hung on him. The boy looked half-starved, she thought.

'Poetry,' he commented, picking up a book. . . . He looked up as she came in. Their eyes met, and he took a quick step toward her. 'Alayne — have you ever — seen *him* — heard of him?' His face grew scarlet.

'Eden?' She said the name with composure. 'I've never seen him or heard from him, but Miss Trent, who shares the apartment with me, insists that she saw him one night last fall outside a theatre. Just a glimpse. She thought he looked ill. Your aunt told me in a letter that you had heard nothing.'

'Not a thing. I've been afraid ever since I came here that I'd run up against him. He and I had an awful scene.' Oh, Lord, why had he recalled that time to her? 'I guess he hates me, all right.'

She had begun to set the supper things on a small table. He came to her and touched her arm timidly. 'Forgive me, Alayne. I should n't have spoken of him.'

She looked up with continued composure. 'It does n't upset me to speak of Eden. He is nothing to me now. I don't believe I should feel greatly disturbed if I met him face to face. Now do sit down, Finch, and try to imagine that this food is not so

sketchy. If only I had known you were coming . . .'

How hungry the boy was! She talked incessantly to cover the fact, to give him a chance to eat without interruption. He swept the plates clean, and drank cup after cup of coffee. Over coffee and cigarettes he gave her news of each separate member of the family. Finally he told her in detail of the last performance of the orchestra, of the wild night in the streets afterward. He began to laugh. Finch's laughter was infectious. Alayne laughed too, and as he imitated the maudlin outpourings of the different players they could no longer restrain themselves, and laughed till they were exhausted. Alayne had not given way to such primitive emotions since leaving Jalna, had had no impulse to do so.

Rosamund Trent, returning, discovered them thus abandoned to hilarity. She was astonished to find this lank youth sprawling in the Chinese-red leather armchair, a fair lock dangling over his forehead, making himself tremendously at home. She was still more astonished to find Alayne deeply flushed, weak with laughter.

Finch got to his feet, embarrassed by the arrival of the sophisticated-looking middle-aged woman whose small green hat looked as though it had been moulded to her head.

'Rosamund,' said Alayne, 'my brother-in-law, Finch Whiteoak.'

Miss Trent looked at him keenly, smiled humorously, and shook his hand heartily.

'I'm glad you came,' she declared. 'I don't often find Alayne in such spirits.'

She took to Finch at once. When she heard that he was looking for a position, she was instantly ready to take him under her wing, to place him where he would have an excellent chance of advancement. She was in the advertising business.

'The very thing for him!' she exclaimed to Alayne, energetically snapping her cigarette lighter. 'I'll see about it first thing in the morning.'

But Alayne could not picture Finch in an advertising office. She had already made up her mind to see Mr. Cory about him. It required courage to oppose Rosamund when she had set her mind on taking someone under her wing, but Finch helped her by boldly saying that he felt a greater urge in himself toward publishing than toward advertising.

Before he left, Finch helped to carry out the supper things, and in the kitchen Alayne gave him some money — it was to be only a loan — and learned from him that he had been forced to pawn his heavy coat and his watch.

In a few days Finch was installed in a minor clerk's position in the publishing house, and Rosamund Trent had had to satisfy her instinct for managing by finding him a more comfortable lodging.

It was only a week later that Alayne had a letter from Lady Buckley, written in a long, graceful hand, with frequent underlinings.

JALNA
18*th April*, 1927

MY DEAR ALAYNE, —

I was so *pleased* to receive your last, and to hear that you are in good health and as good spirits as possible, under the *circumstances*.

We are in fair health, excepting my brother Ernest, who has been suffering from a cold. My brother Nicholas is troubled by the gout, as usual with him in the spring. I reiterate the word *diet* to him, but it has little effect. My mother is excessively well, considering her great age. Has come through the winter with no more serious ailments than occasional attacks of *wind* on the stomach. Renny is in good health, as always, but is limping about on a stick as the result of a severe kick on the knee from a vicious *horse*. Luckily the veterinary was in the stable at the time and administered *first aid*.

It is really at Renny's instigation that I am writing to you about our trouble. He is greatly upset in his mind, as indeed we all are, excepting perhaps Mamma, who seems singularly callous about it all. I am sure that by now you are quite *wrought up* by curiosity, so I shall relieve it by coming to the point at once. Finch has *disappeared*.

Knowing what a closely knit, affectionate family we are, you can imagine our *state* of *mind*.

He has been gone four weeks and we are now thoroughly alarmed. Wakefield quite threw us into a state at the dinner table yesterday by suggesting that perhaps Finch

has been *murdered*. What a dreadful word that is! I doubt if I have ever written any so *low* word in my correspondence hitherto.

Renny has had a private detective on the search for Finch, and has traced him to New York. He now declares that, unless he is found inside of the week, he will *publicly* advertise for him. This would be very humiliating for us, as we have given out that he is away on a visit for his health. As a matter of fact, it was none too good. I think the poor boy worried a great deal over being denied access to a pianoforte, and I firmly believe this was at the root of the *disaster*.

You are so sympathetic, dear Alayne. You understand, as no outsider could, our extreme devotion as a family, in spite of little *surface* flurries. I trust you will be able to send us some word of Finch. Remembering how fond he was of you, we think it quite probable that he has sought you out. Pray heaven we shall not have to go through the agony of *publicly* advertising for him. Renny has already gone to the length of writing a *complete* description of him, and it sounded *so* unattractive when read aloud.

Hoping to hear good news from you,
In urgent haste,
Ever affectionately,
AUGUSTA BUCKLEY

P. S. Wakefield sends his love. His heart has been very troublesome. The Canadian winter inevitably pulls him down, as it does me. A. B.

Alayne wrote by return post: —

DEAR LADY BUCKLEY, —

It is as you have guessed. Finch has been to see me. He is quite well, and has a position in which he has a good chance of advancement. If I were you (and by you, I mean the entire family) I should not interfere with him, or try to get in touch with him. For the present, at any rate. Finch has been through an unhappy time, and I think he should be left quite to himself for the present.

I will see him regularly, and send you a report of him frequently, but you may tell Renny that I absolutely refuse to send his address.

I am glad you got through the winter as well as you did, and I am sorry to hear of the various disabilities, especially that Wake's heart has been troubling him. Please tell him that I often, often think of him, and wish I could see him.

I really do not think you need to worry about Finch.

Yours lovingly,
ALAYNE

X

Rags carried in the mail and laid it before Renny, who was sitting on one side of the fireplace, his injured leg propped on an ottoman, the top of which was worked in a design in green and silver beads, portraying an angel carrying a sheaf of lilies. On the opposite side of the fireplace sat Nicholas, his gouty leg supported by an ottoman of exactly similar pattern, a glass of whiskey and soda at his elbow. He was chuckling deeply over a month-old copy of *Punch*. At a small table sat Ernest, stringing afresh a necklet of enormous amber beads for his mother. His long face drooped above the task in hand with an expression of serene absorption. Old Mrs. Whiteoak, leaning forward in her chair, watched every movement of his fingers, gratifying from the glow of the amber in the firelight her love of color, as a heavy old bee might extract sweetness from a flower. Her gusty breathing and the occasional chuckle from Nicholas were the only sounds as Renny read his letters, and they served but to emphasize the seclusion of the room, the sense of an excluding wall against the rest of the world that a group of Whiteoaks always achieved.

None of his elders inquired for letters of Renny. Not one of the three received more than one or two in the whole year, and then it was, as likely as not, an advertisement.

Wakefield came into the room. 'Aunt Augusta wants to know,' he said in his clear treble, 'if there are any letters for her.'

'Two from England.' Renny gave them to him.

'How nice for her!' said Wakefield, looking over his shoulder. 'Why, there's another, Renny, with an American stamp. It's addressed to Lady Buckley, is n't it?'

'Take her what I gave you,' said his brother curtly, and Wakefield trotted off to tell Augusta that Renny was holding back some of her mail.

When time enough had passed for her to read the two letters from England, she appeared in the doorway.

'Are you sure you have not overlooked one of my letters, Renny?' she asked. 'I was expecting another.'

He patted the seat of the sofa beside him. 'Come and read it here,' he said.

Lady Buckley looked annoyed, but she came and placed herself beside him, very upright, with eyebrows almost touching her Queen Alexandra fringe.

'I'll open it for you,' he said, and carefully slit the envelope, taking time with the business, as though he liked to touch this particular letter. She divined whom the letter was from.

She perched her eyeglasses on her nose and took the letter with an impassive face, but she had barely read a line when she exclaimed on a deep note, 'Thank heaven, he is safe!'

Renny hitched his body nearer to her and peered at the letter. 'Well, I'll be shot!' he muttered.

'Read,' she commanded, in a whisper, and they perused the letter together.

When they reached the line, 'You may tell Renny that I absolutely refuse to send his address,' she pointed to it with a dramatic forefinger, and Renny's teeth showed in a smile that was an odd mingling of chagrin and gratification.

Wakefield, behind the sofa, intruded his head between theirs and asked, 'Is it about Finch? Has anything happened to Finch?'

Hearing the name, Ernest looked up quickly from his beads. 'Is anything wrong? Any bad news of the boy?'

'He is found,' announced Augusta. 'He is in New York. He is well.'

'The young devil,' observed Nicholas, laying down his *Punch*. 'He ought to be brought home and given a sound hiding!'

For once the gentle Ernest agreed. 'He ought indeed. I've worried myself ill over that boy.'

'Who is the letter from?' asked Nicholas.

'Alayne. Keep still and I will read it to you.' Impressively she read the letter aloud.

'I'm the only one she sent a message to,' cried Wakefield, 'excepting Renny, and his is n't a nice one. She says she won't tell him where Finch is, does n't she?'

'Hush,' said Augusta. 'We don't wish to hear any of your chatter at a moment like this.'

Renny said, 'To think of his having the guts to go to New York alone! He must have saved all the money he made from that fool orchestra.'

'The question is,' said his aunt, 'what is to be done? It is shocking to think of Finch exposed to the temptations of that terrible city.'

'He must be brought back at once!' exclaimed Ernest, dropping a bead in his agitation.

So long as he had been faithful to his task, handling the honey-colored spheres with delicacy and precision, old Mrs. Whiteoak had chosen to pay no heed to the conversation, but now she raised her massive head in its beribboned cap and threw a piercing glance into the faces about her.

'What's the to-do?' she demanded.

They looked at each other. Had they better tell her?

The look did not escape her. She rapped with her stick on the floor. 'Ha! What's this? What's the to-do? I will not be kept out of things.'

'Easy on, Mamma,' said Nicholas, soothingly. 'It's nothing but young Finch. We've found out where he is.'

A feeling of breathlessness came over the room, as always happened when a piece of news had just been broken to her. How would she take it? Would there be a scene? Every eye was fixed on that hard-bitten, smouldering old face.

'Finch, eh? You've found out where Finch is!'

'He's in New York,' went on Nicholas. 'We have had a letter from Alayne. She's seen him.'

'Ha! What's he doing there?'

'He seems to have some sort of job. I fancy Alayne got it for him.'

'Oh, did she? I had always thought she was well connected.' She dropped her chin to her breast. Was she thinking deeply, or had she fallen into one of her dozes?

Suddenly she raised her head and said, emphatically, 'I want him. I want to see Finch.'

Renny observed, 'I think it would be a damned good idea to leave him there for a

while. He'll soon get sick of it. Teach him a lesson.'

Grandmother arched her neck and turned her beaklike nose toward him. 'You do, eh? You would, eh? And you his guardian! Always ready to cross my will! Unnatural grandson! Unnatural brother!' Purplish red suffused her face.

'Nonsense,' said Renny. 'I'm nothing of the sort.'

'You are! You are! You like nothing so well as to cross people. You'd like to be a tyrant like my father. Old Renny Court. Red Renny, they used to call him in Ireland. He cowed all his eleven children but me. Me he could n't cow.' She shook her head triumphantly, then was transported by rage. 'To think that I should bring another like him into the world!'

'Thanks for nothing!' retorted the master of Jalna. 'You did n't bring me into the world.'

'Did n't bring you into the world!' she cried. 'You dare contradict me? If I did n't bring you into the world, I should like to know who did!'

'You forget,' he returned, 'that you are my father's mother, not mine.'

'Well, I should like to know who you'd have been without your father! An English gentleman, and your mother only a poor flibbertigibbet governess.'

His face was nearly as red as hers. 'Now you're confusing me with his second family. My mother was Dr. Ramsay's daughter. Surely you don't forget how you hated her.'

Nicholas broke in, rumblingly, 'Stop baiting her, Renny! I won't have it. Look at the color of her face, and remember that she's over a hundred.'

His mother turned on him. 'Look at the color of your own face! You're only envious that you have n't our hot blood. What we want is to have our quarrel out in peace.'

'I wonder,' observed Wakefield, 'if Finch will get into the crime wave they're having in that country. Rags was telling me about it.'

'The child has touched the keynote of the matter,' said Augusta. 'Finch will be sure to come under some bad influence if he is left in New York. How could Alayne watch over him? What can she know of the temptations that befall a young man?'

'He must be fetched,' said Grandmother, 'and that at once. Ernest shall go for him.'

If Ernest had been told that he was to join an Arctic exploring party, he could not have looked more surprised. 'But, Mamma,' he said, 'why me?'

'Because,' she responded, vigorously, 'Nick cannot travel on account of his leg. Renny cannot travel on account of his knee. Piers is too busy; besides, he's never been there. Eden — what's become of Eden?'

'He's away, Mamma.'

'Hmph. I don't like this going away. I want the young folk about me. You had better fetch him, too. You're the one to go.'

'I quite agree with Mamma,' said Augusta.

Mother and daughter looked at each other, amazed to find themselves in accord.

After the first consternation had worn off, Ernest was thrilled through all his being by the adventure of going to New York. He had always intended to visit it again. But he had procrastinated, because of lack of money and indolence, till the intention had become more and more shadowy, and would have melted into the shadow of other unfulfilled intentions had not the family forced him to action.

Two days later he was eating his dinner in the train. He felt extraordinarily pleased with himself as he bent his head above the menu under the deferential black gaze of the waiter, and felt beneath him the deep, purposeful throbbing of the wheels. He even enjoyed the unaccustomed ice water.

His heart was thudding uncomfortably as they neared the Grand Central Station. His knees trembled as he stood while the porter brushed his clothes. Now came terrible suspense as the man disappeared with his bag, a good English bag that he had bought himself at Drew's in Regent Street. Then relief at the capture of the bag on the platform. And scarcely had relief raised its head, like a too early spring flower, before it was frozen into dismay by the sight of a 'redcap' darting into the throng, the bag clutched in his hand.

By the time the bag was recaptured, Ernest's head was wet with sweat. He sank on to the seat of a taxi, and, taking off his hat, mopped his brow, gazing meanwhile

anxiously through the window into the unbelievably crowded street. He had directed the driver to take him to the Brevoort, because it was there that he had stayed during his last trip to New York twenty years ago.

XI

Alayne's amazement on seeing Finch at her door was a mild emotion compared with that which she experienced when it opened upon Ernest. She would scarcely have been more taken aback had one of the tall old trees of Jalna drawn up its roots and journeyed to visit her. She suffered him to shake her hand, to imprint a kiss on her cheek. She put him into the Chinese-red chair, and even then she could not believe in his reality.

'But, my dear child,' said Ernest, 'how good it is to see you!'

'Yes, indeed,' said Alayne, sitting down near him and trying to make her voice natural, 'it is delightful to see you, too.'

'You're looking pale, dear Alayne.'

'Ah, well, you know what winter in the city is. I've been tired to death sometimes.'

She realized, now that the shock of surprise was passing, why he had come. He had come to take Finch home, and, if possible, she would prevent it.

She turned a look of defense on him. 'I suppose you've come to see Finch,' she said.

Ernest was embarrassed. He wished she had not come so directly to the point. He would have liked to have a little pleasant conversation, and then have led up delicately to the object of his visit.

'Well, my dear Alayne, I suppose I shall see Finch, now that I'm here, but it really gives me a much deeper pleasure to see you.'

'You're not really going to insist on the poor boy going back with you, surely!'

'No, no, no. But I want to talk to him, to find out how he is living — in short, to satisfy the family about him. It's really dreadful, you know, for a mere boy of his inexperience to be turned loose in New York.'

'He's working! And he's treated with more consideration than he was at home. I hope you don't mind my saying that. You know yourself that Finch was not always treated fairly.'

Ernest remained invincibly placid. 'My dear girl, I don't believe you understand us. Our family circle is very closely knit.'

'I do understand! It's so closely knit that you won't let one of your number escape. You want to reach out and drag him back again. I know I'm being awfully rude, but I cannot help it. It is the way I've always felt about your family.'

'We did n't reach out after Eden.'

'You knew it was no use. You could n't control Eden. And you had no inkling as to where he was.'

Ernest regarded her with curiosity. 'Do you mind if I ask you something?'

'What is it?'

'Have you seen Eden since you came back?'

'No, I have not. I suppose I shall never see him again. I don't want to.'

'I'm very sure you don't. You suffered too much because of him.' Ernest was relieved that he had successfully switched the conversation into a more sympathetic channel. He laid his long white hand on hers and gently pressed it. She experienced a sudden warmth and sense of security in being treated with affection by a much older person. It was nice, and he was nice — she had forgotten how nice, how kind. She had forgotten, too, how distinguished his appearance. Really, he was a dear, and she must not be too hard on him.

He exclaimed in admiration at the compactness, the charm of the apartment. She led him about, showing him all the trig electrical devices. They delighted him. He had never seen anything like them. He must press the electric buttons and observe all the resulting phenomena. Ernest said that he wondered how she had ever endured the discomforts of Jalna.

Returning, arm in arm, to the living room, the subject of Finch was reopened, with more restraint on the part of Alayne and even greater amiability on the part of Ernest. She gave him particulars about Finch's work, his chances of advancement.

Ernest listened with sympathy.

'But where,' he asked, 'does his chance of continuing the study of music come in?'

'I'm afraid it does n't come in at all,' she replied sadly, 'but then, neither does it apparently at Jalna.'

'Oh, I think Renny may relent on that score.'

'Tell me, Uncle Ernest,' she demanded, looking him in the eyes, 'was it Renny who urged you to come to see Finch or was it to please your mother? I know she hates the thought of any of the boys leaving home.'

He was pleased at being 'Uncled' by Alayne.

'My dear child,' he said, 'I did not need any urging. I wanted to see the boy, and I thought what an opportunity for seeing you. You know, I had grown very fond of you.'

'And I of you! You see, I had no — no —'

'No nice old uncles,' he continued for her. 'Of course not. Nice old aunts are one thing, but nice old uncles are quite another. Their position is unique. . . . Now, as to Renny. If you had heard him talking to me just before I left, you would have realized how keen he is to have Finch back.'

'When I lived at Jalna,' she said, thoughtfully, 'I used to think that very often in those family conclaves of yours Renny was urged' — she longed to say 'harried' — 'into taking a stand that —'

'No, no, no! Renny is a man of quick decisions. He knows what he wants and goes for it.'

'Yes, I know,' she agreed, in a low tone.

'When we hold those conclaves, as you call them, Renny usually has his own opinion from the beginning, but it is only after the matter has been thrashed out by the family that he gives voice to his decision, and because his decision often coincides with the conclusion the family has reached —'

'Does the family ever reach a unanimous decision?'

'If you could have heard how fully agreed we were that Finch must come home —'

'Oh, that I can understand! I wish I had not told you where he is working.'

'My dear, I shall not try to force Finch in the very least. You shall be present, if you will, when we meet; then you'll see that I only want an affectionate talk with him.'

'But what are you going to do, then? Bribe him to go home with the promise of music lessons? Has Renny descended to bribing the boys?'

Ernest answered impressively, 'Renny had no intention of stopping Finch from playing the piano except till his examinations should be over. Once he has written on them, Renny intends, and has intended all along, that Finch shall begin taking lessons again. He may spend the whole summer making music if he likes.'

'Hmph,' muttered Alayne, grudgingly. She wished she could have felt more enthusiastic over the family's plans for Finch.

Nevertheless, Ernest was a dear. She loved to see him sitting in her most comfortable chair making attractive but rather vague gestures with his graceful hands. She was proud of him when Rosamund Trent came in and discovered them. She had the feeling that when she had talked of Eden's uncles Rosamund had pictured two rather frowsty old men, quaint relics of a bygone day. Now she saw that Rosamund found Ernest charming. She was impressed by the pleasant modulations in his voice. These he had acquired at Oxford, along with the notion that, while it might be well for some to slave, it was not well for Ernest Whiteoak.

Ernest invited the two to luncheon with him. As he walked along Fifth Avenue with them beside him, there was spring in his step and in his blood. Alayne had a look of breeding; he admired that in a woman above all things. Rosamund looked essentially a woman of the world; and he hankered for the world. Again and again he wished old Nicholas could see him. As a gesture of complete abandon, he ordered lobster. His guests ordered it, too, but without any air of recklessness. With the three bright red mounds before them, he could not help but talk of meals in Victorian London. He told of sitting at a table near Oscar Wilde, and of having seen Lily Langtry in her prime. He recalled how Nicholas had rowed for Oxford.

After luncheon they returned to the apartment and arranged when he was to see Finch. Alayne suggested that they meet in the evening, go out to dinner together, and then to the theatre. Ernest desired that Finch should not be told of his arrival. It would be a pleasant surprise for the boy to find his uncle awaiting him. 'Because, you know, dear Alayne, I'm not going to scold

or threaten him. Nothing at all of that sort.'

'I should say not,' said Alayne, truculently.

But she would not agree to Finch's meeting Ernest without preparation. She telephoned him, asking him to come to see her that evening, and announced the arrival from Jalna. She delivered Ernest's reassuring message.

Nevertheless Finch was shaking when he came into the room. He did not know just what he feared. His uncle could not force him to go home. At his back he had the strength of Alayne's staunch loyalty. That day he had actually had a word of praise in the office.

'Upon my honor,' exclaimed Ernest, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, 'you're taller than ever, old fellow! And thin! He's really thinner, Alayne, though I should n't have thought it possible. And how are you getting on?'

Finch braced himself with as much manliness as he could muster, and replied, 'Oh, fine, thanks. That is — all right, I think.'

'I'm glad of that. They'll be so glad to hear at home.'

Finch was embarrassed. 'Were they worrying?' he mumbled.

'Indeed they were. We were all of us greatly worried. But no need to talk; I can tell them now that you are well and safe.' No word of his going back. Finch breathed easier, and yet there was a queer ache at his heart. The truth was, in the past few days he had been suffering acutely from homesickness. Under the delicate May sky, the dusty never-resting traffic of the city had made him feel as he had never before felt in springtime — heavy, tired, stifled, trapped. His feet dragged, longing for the springing grass. Each night he dreamed of Jalna, and waked half expecting to find himself in his room under the eaves. More and more he remembered all that had been beautiful and kindly and pleasant in his home.

Alayne had intended that they should go to a play, but Ernest suggested grand opera because Finch was so fond of music. She had acquiesced, and Rosamund Trent had been able to arrange about the tickets. While they were at dinner, Alayne had suddenly seen Ernest's sweet thoughtfulness in a new light. She remembered having heard him say that above all things he disliked grand opera. 'He is a sly old man,' she thought. 'He intends to work on Finch's feelings through his love of music.'

The opera was *Aïda*. Finch had never heard it before. Tears of happiness filled his eyes; his heart was heavy with the sweetness of music. Yet it was not the music of the orchestra or the singers that moved him. It was the music of the old square piano at home. It was Beethoven's Opus X, which in imagination he was playing. The keys, alive, eager, rose to meet his fingers. With one part of his brain he heard the music of *Aïda*. With another he followed himself through the intricacies of the movement.

Every now and again Ernest slid a speculative look toward him. He wondered whether the boy were happy or unhappy, whether he should have difficulty in persuading him to come home. The thought of leaving Finch in New York was intolerable to him. The thought of Jalna without Finch seemed insupportable. Not that he had ever found him but a commonplace, rather irritating boy. But he was a Whiteoak, one of themselves. Eden's defection had been the first break. If Finch left home, it would seem that disintegration of the family had set in. Besides, there was Mamma. It was bad for her to be worried.

He felt suddenly rather tired. It had been an exciting day for him, full of unusual activities. He felt weighted by his responsibility. Would the opera never end? He stifled a yawn.

But as the crowd surged out, and he felt the cool night air on his face, he revived. It was like a return to his prime to find himself steering an evening-cloaked female through a crowd. Really, he must make a trip to New York every now and again after this.

They had a little supper in the apartment. Delicate food, Pall Mall cigarettes, bought specially for him; gay conversation, for Ernest found it easy to shine before this audience, so uncritical, so, if he could have known, tolerantly amused by him; with, added to the tolerance and amusement, a sentimental desire to look through his mind back into the strange glamour of another day. He sighed as he said good-night. He

was not a bit tired now, and he hated to think how soon this charming interlude would be over.

It was not till he and Finch were back in his hotel bedroom that there returned to him with force the consciousness of his mission. He had arranged that the boy should spend the night with him, and had got a room for him next to his own. He shrank from the thought of a clash of wills at that late hour. He wished he could simply pack Finch into his portmanteau the next day, with his clothes, and carry him back to Jalna. It was such a nuisance having to be politic with him, tactful and understanding. It was really a pest the way boys grew up.

There was a distinct air of embarrassment between them when they found themselves alone in the hotel bedroom together. It was abominably stuffy, and Ernest went to the window and threw it up.

He went into the bathroom to wash his hands. Finch had dropped into a chair by the table, looking very young and wan under the hard electric light. He had picked up the shiny black Bible belonging to the hotel and was looking at it with a queer smile. An uncomfortable boy, Ernest thought. He lathered his hands, and examined his face in the mirror above the basin. He was looking very well.

On returning to the bedroom he said, 'I hate very much to go back to Jalna without you, Finch. Everyone at home will be disappointed.'

'I can't see them disappointed because I don't go back.'

'But they will be. You don't understand. You're one of us, are n't you?'

'The odd one.'

'Nonsense. We're all more or less oddities, I fancy. And we're proud of you, though you may not think so.'

Finch grunted sarcastically. 'You should have heard Renny and Piers telling me how proud they were of me!'

'Come, come, don't take things so hard. Piers has a rough tongue — he does n't always mean it; and, if he does, he's not the important one. It's Renny who matters.'

'Renny thinks I'm an ass.'

Ernest sat down beside him. He put all the persuasiveness, all the eloquence of which he was capable, into his voice. 'Renny loves you. He wants you to come home like a good boy, without any further trouble. He is willing, after you've tried your examinations, to let you take music lessons again — to play as much as you want to. All you have to do is to try your exams.'

'What if I fail?'

'You won't fail. You'll pass. You did not fail badly last time. You're sure to pass.'

'And if I do — what then?'

'You have all your life before you. You'll make something fine of it.'

'I don't see myself,' said Finch wearily.

'Finch, you had a very clever and very lovely mother. She would have wanted you to develop your talent — to be a credit to us.'

'Good Lord!' exclaimed the boy. 'This sort of talk is new to me! My talents — my mother —'

'But, my dear child,' cried Ernest in exasperation, for his head was beginning to ache, 'families will make remarks. You don't expect —'

'Gran often makes sneering remarks about her — my mother. I hear her, though I've pretended not.'

'Your grandmother is a hundred and one. Your mother has been dead eleven years. What have their relations to do with the question in hand? . . . Really, you are wearing me out! The point is this.' Ernest made a supreme effort. 'What is there for you in New York? Crowds, crowds, crowds. Struggle, struggle. You, a Whiteoak, struggling in a foreign mob! Uncongenial work. Homesickness. You know you're horribly homesick, Finch. I've been watching you. You're homesick.'

'Don't!' cried the boy in anguish, putting his head on the table. 'I can't bear it! Oh, Uncle Ernest, do you really think I'd better go back?'

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To see men as trees walking is not such an aberration after all, when one knows as much about them as **Charles D. Stewart.** Those who recall his illuminating papers on bees will be prepared for the temper of mind which is scientifically ready to accept an explanation at its full worth, but humanly alive to the limits of explanations at their best. △ Men express their individuality in the vacations which they choose. **Earnest Elmo Calkins** finds relaxation from the responsibilities of a national advertising business in motor journeys through France and Italy. △ A pilgrimage through the Ozark Mountains in search of health has led to the remarkable series of encounters and adventures among the hill folk which **Eleanor Risley** records. Readers will be interested in the following paragraphs from a recent letter we received from Mrs. Risley: —

The flus have ravaged our mountains. No physicians and no nurses. Insufficient clothing, lack of nourishing food, pneumonia, and so many new graves in the dripping rain on Concord Hill. . . .

A year ago no one had even heard of the *Atlantic*. In I—— last week they were eagerly borrowing the last number from each other. The postmaster was waiting for the second Socratic Dialogue. At the little cream station two women were talking of the Puka-Puka story, and Billy at the blacksmith shop was discussing the philosophy of Joseph Krutch. How far the *Atlantic* throws its beams! (They read my own stories with but languid interest, but admire my checks!)

Five years ago **Robert Dean Frisbie** opened a store on a remote atoll for a South Seas trading company. He kept the establishment for four years, until it was sold by the owners. He is, at this writing, on his way to America. **Miss Repplier** is now in Europe. **Geoffrey Johnson** is a young English poet. △ Formerly an English civil servant in India, **Charles Johnston** has studied the thought of the East and felt its influence. He has traveled extensively, has translated Eastern, Russian, and German writings, and is the author of several books of his own. **Marjorie Nicolson** is an associate professor of English at Smith College. In sending us her manuscript, she writes as follows: —

I have waited in vain for someone else to do this, and so finally I have done it myself! Although magazines have talked a good deal this year about the vogue of detective stories, no one seems to have pointed out the remarkable extent to which they are becoming the fare of the supposed 'intellectual.' You probably know that Professor Kittredge is supposed to be the great champion in the field; and that Professor Lowes is not far behind him. Professors of philosophy are perhaps the most omnivorous — Professor Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins and Professor Singer of Pennsylvania have almost unique collections. I am willing to wager anything that when the Modern Language Association begins its convention at Toronto this week more time will be devoted to the subject of detective stories than to any other one form of art. As a matter of fact, I think the real reason many of us never miss a meeting is that we are afraid we might miss the latest detective find of the year.

I know this article should have been written by a man — for the detective story is, of course, a man's story preëminently. My only excuse must be that most of my associates at M. L. A. will vouch for the fact that I am recognized — for a woman — as being close to an authority on the subject! We all admit the reservation; a scholar whom I greatly admire is kind enough to say that, considering the disadvantages of my age and sex, he thinks I may some day be worthy to be ranked with the really great readers of the detective story!

President of the American office of Revillon Frères, one of the largest furriers of the world, **Captain Thierry Mallet** writes from first-hand knowledge of the life of the fur trader in the far North. △ The recent death of **C. E. Montague,** who was prominent on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian,* deprives English letters of an

essayist and novelist whose loss none can make good. △ A lover of the Irish people, **Mary E. L. Hennigan** writes with reality of cruel episodes. **Paul M. Angle** is executive secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Association of Springfield, Illinois. The editor of the *Atlantic*, after talking with him in Chicago, in the course of an extended investigation of his own, gave Mr. Angle the information he had acquired and invited him to contribute the reasoned estimate which appears in this number. Readers especially interested in the many fascinating phases of this discussion may readily compare the facsimiles of documents in the Minor collection which appeared in the December and January numbers with easily accessible examples of authentic Lincoln writing in Carl Sandburg's *The Prairie Years* or other familiar biographies.

Salvador de Madariaga, now professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford, was formerly Chief of the Disarmament Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations. His paper represents the general thesis, greatly condensed and applied especially to America, of a book which will treat comprehensively the difficult problems and proposed solutions of the world question of disarmament. **Bernhard Ostrolenk** is experienced both as an economist and as an agriculturist. He has served as Director of the National Farm School at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and as lecturer on Agricultural Finance at the University of Pennsylvania. He has organized several community and coöperative associations. △ From his headquarters in Cairo, **Captain Owen Tweedy** has traveled widely in the Near East and in Africa.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche's** sequel to *Jalna*, we print a brief synopsis: —

The story up to this point is concerned with the struggles of young Finch Whiteoak to pass his examinations for college, and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings. A successful venture into amateur theatricals wins for him the warm friendship of Arthur Leigh, a boy some years older than himself. From Leigh's family, consisting of a younger sister and a widowed mother, Finch gains the sympathy and encouragement denied him by his own more vigorous relatives. His strong desire for money to spend on concerts and a radio induces Finch, without the knowledge of his family, to join a group of young men in the neighboring town in forming a small orchestra, with Finch as pianist, playing occasionally at cheap restaurants and dances.

Many have enjoyed Mr. Gilfillan's accounts of sheep herding, and many letters have reached us from persons who have undergone a like experience and found in his narrative a picture of episodes in their own lives. Much of the tenderest pastoral literature has gathered about lambs, and we are glad to quote from a letter which describes lambing time on the range.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Being one of those who have tasted the joys of college and sheep herding, I was especially interested in Mr. Gilfillan's article, 'This Is the Life!' in your last December number.

However, I do think Mr. Gilfillan omitted one of the most interesting of all experiences: that of lambing. Upon this event the good or bad fortunes of the sheepman are hung. In Wyoming lambing usually takes place in the latter part of April or the beginning of May, depending entirely upon the facilities on hand, such as cover, feed, and so forth. Some ranchers 'lamb' on the range, others in sheds; and since I am more familiar with the latter, I shall describe it.

The sheep, preceding lambing, are brought in from the range, where they have been wintering, and all the wether (male) lambs, bucks, if any, and yearling ewes, including the old-timers, are cut out, leaving only those heavy with lamb. These ewes are formed into a drop herd, one or two, depending upon the number of sheep in the original bands.

Lambing in sheds means protection for the sheep, and every sheepman must conduct his campaign along those lines which are most adapted to his range and other general local conditions. In this case two large sheds were used: one, a so-called night shed; the other, a day shed. During the day the herder grazes his sheep within a reasonable distance of these two places. He is at all times followed by two lambing wagons, long boxes divided into two sections, each one allowing enough room for nine ewes, thus making eighteen in all. On both sides of this wagon are small compartments in which the lambs are placed. It is the job of the lambing-

wagon driver to follow the herd and whenever a lamb is dropped to capture it with its mother, which incidentally is no small job. To accomplish this task he makes use of the proverbial sheep crook. In most cases the ewe will not leave its young and therefore can easily be hooked by a skillful crooker, but occasionally one encounters a 'wild woolly' and reënforcements are necessary. The herder, on horseback, is then called into action, and a race rivaling those at Tia Juana follows until one or the other drops from exhaustion, usually the sheep, which is then crooked amid much profanity and finally placed on the wagon with its lamb, each having been tagged for identification. Such a wild woolly usually recuperates quickly and with one wild leap escapes to freedom, another chase ensuing, and so on, until she, much to everyone's delight, is finally safely lodged in a small compartment in the shed. Thus, in time, all the lambs and ewes are brought under shelter.

In the shed there is a man who might be termed a sheep doctor and with whom patience is a virtue. It is his duty to guard, protect, and care for these first-born lambs. Those that are weak must be suckled, those that are cold must be warmed. For this last purpose he has invented a baking oven, a steel box overhanging a stove, into which the shivering and nearly dead lamb is placed and allowed to bake like a potato. Usually such a lamb is stiff and can scarcely blat, but fifteen minutes of such a process will so warm him up that one can easily imagine the oven turned into a radio with excessive static on the air. Suckling a lamb involves many principles: first, that of patience. Sometimes the lamb, although weak and hungry, refuses to drink; sometimes the ewe insists upon being stubborn and can hardly be milked. Can it be wondered that anybody in such a position is easily able to invent new 'cuss' words and generally berate such a sheep from its ancestors down? The sick ewes and lambs must be doctored. Those internal organs which have been strained must be readjusted, while the lambs having a hard time in birth must be assisted.

A sheep claims its young entirely by smell for the first two or three weeks, and thus it is possible to give orphans mothers. For example, suppose a dead lamb is born. The mother of this dead lamb has plenty of milk and is anxious to have a live one of her own. On the other hand, there is another ewe with twins, who, on account of her condition, is scarcely able to feed one of her offspring properly. The dead lamb is skinned and the hide is made into a jacket which is slipped over the head and back of one of the twins, much to his disgust and humiliation. The mother of the dead lamb is then brought and placed in the same pen with this jacketed lamb. She at first can scarcely believe this peculiar-looking animal to be hers, but upon approaching and smelling all doubt is removed, and she at once claims him as her own. Such a procedure is usually sure to work, although sometimes, because of the lack of the correct precautions, it does fail. One rather extraordinary case comes to my mind while writing. It involves the case of a lamb at least two weeks old who had unfortunately lost its mother. This lamb was huge and very troublesome, imagining any of us who happened by to be his mother, and making more noise himself than an elevated train in New York City. This fellow, because of his bothersome vocal abilities, forced us to seek for him a mother. Finally we were able to do so by skinning a lamb which had just been born dead. The hide was made over into a jacket and slipped over the head of the would-be son. The hide, however, barely covered his shoulders, and he resembled a half-clad child, one who had his shirt, but had forgotten his trousers. The mother was then brought, and promptly refused to claim him. The lamb, however, was large enough to have his own way, and managed to get his dinner notwithstanding the other's efforts to prevent him. Thus we have a lamb claiming a mother without her consent.

PAUL E. SPAETH

While we are speaking of sheep, a reader in Germany has this to say of their service to the art of music.

STUTTGART, GERMANY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am merely an Innocent Abroad and not a Benvolio. To date, nobody has said to me: 'Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.' But in spite of my pacific penchant, I feel tempted beyond my power of resistance to try a tilt at Dr. Bunk, who appears in your November Contributors' Column. He dwells provokingly on the 'most unromantic portion of the feline anatomy,' in relation to violin strings. But Cat and Fiddle have never come together except in a certain public-house sign, a corruption of Catherine la fidèle, who made her home in St. Petersburg long before it was renamed Leningrad. The members of the 'Modern Truth Association,' I take it, should have refuted Dr. Bunk at once, asking him: 'What can you have of a cat but her skin?' Telling him that violin strings are not made of catgut, that being a playful misnomer, but that it is the entrails of sheep, horses, donkeys, et al. that are made into strings for the various orchestral stringed instruments. Even Shakespeare

knew of it, to wit: 'Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?'

Very truly,

OSCAR GUNKEL

A Prohibitionist speaks.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Without disrespect to President Lowell, I submit that the backbone of his argument on Prohibition is a fallacy. His comparison of the Eighteenth Amendment to the amendment for negro suffrage is a false analogy. The two are unlike in essentials. They seem alike, if each is deemed a premature enactment of a theoretical good. But the prematurity of negro suffrage was so deadly a factor as to render the law theoretically evil for its day. Therefore the more the law was enforced, the worse the results. But the more Prohibition can be enforced, the better the results (that is, the objective results, which are sufficient to show the two laws not analogous). My argument is not that Prohibition will succeed, but that *no predictions* can be based on the failure of negro suffrage.

Why did that colossal blunder of Reconstruction dazzle the majority for so long? Because an eternal right, Emancipation, towered beside and far above it, whence it caught a specious glory. Emancipation is the true parallel to Prohibition; it differs from Prohibition in magnitude, not in principle. Both were born of the exigencies of war into an unready world; both enjoined a good on some who were blind to it; both occasioned lawlessness. But the chaos following Emancipation did not kill it off like negro suffrage in President Hayes's administration. Why need the disorders of to-day kill off Prohibition, if it is right?

The 'if' is the crux. President Lowell states that lawyers would class a violation of the Volstead Act under *malum prohibitum*, an act not generally esteemed immoral, but forbidden by legislation. This statement, though true, is unfortunate if taken as final. If, as many believe, the harm of alcohol is a fact, even mild indulgence ought eventually to be regarded as a *malum in se*, an act intrinsically wrong.

In testimony of the latter belief, let another eminent Harvard name be heard. Charles W. Eliot, in 1917, became a total abstainer. His reason, publicly stated, was as follows: —

'When the United States in the spring of 1917 went to war, you remember that with the support of all the best civilian authorities, and of the officers in the army and navy, our Government enacted a prohibitory law for the regions surrounding the camps and barracks where the National Army was being assembled. The Act proved to be effective and highly beneficent.

'Then I said to myself, "If that is the action of my Government to protect our soldiers and sailors preparing to go to war, I think it is time for me to abstain from alcoholic drinks altogether." It is only since 1917 that I have been a total abstainer; but that is now six years ago, and I want to testify here, now, that by adopting total abstinence, after having had the opposite habit for over seventy years, one loses no joys that are worth having, and there is no joy-killing about it. On the contrary, I enjoy social life and working life more since I ceased to take any alcohol than I did before.'

President Eliot believed in National Prohibition of all liquors and in no halfway measures. He said, 'I learned [from past results in Massachusetts] that the sale of distilled liquors in saloons licensed to sell light wines and beer cannot be prevented. Nobody should advocate the repeal of the Volstead Act except those who believe in the unrestricted sale of alcoholic beverages.'

CATHARINE BANCROFT BEATLEY

Telegram from the School of Citizenship, Syracuse University.

WISH TO USE FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES PRESIDENT LOWELL'S PROHIBITION ARTICLE WITH FRESHMEN IN COURSE ENTITLED INTRODUCTION TO RESPONSIBLE CITIZENSHIP

It strikes us that certain of these documents in Japanese ought to be as interesting as Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog* in French.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am wondering if you knew that your series of articles on 'Lincoln the Lover' is being translated into Japanese and running in serial in the *Rafu Shimpo* here in Los Angeles.

JUSTIFICUS

From a Christian and a fellow editor.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please allow me to express to you my deep appreciation of the splendid services you are rendering to the education of our American citizens in the essential matters of religion, through your numerous articles on the various aspects of religion and morals, such as those of President Bernard I. Bell, Dr. Herbert Parrish, and the late Robert Keable. To some these articles seem inconsistent and some are offended,

as is illustrated by the recent editorial, 'Pitch or Pearls (as purveyed by the *Atlantic Monthly*),' in the *Living Church*. But with your diversified clientele of readers it is your privilege and duty to publish the various religious attitudes, so long as they are stated in a respectful and tolerant spirit. Mr. Keable is not the only one who has defended the traditional Jesus. Although we do not have to endorse the details of Mr. Keable's exegesis, in establishing his position toward the traditional Jesus, let me quote the following extract from a recent editorial in the *Modern Churchman*, defending the position of the traditional Jesus.

'It is possible, I think, to believe in the essential truth of each of these doctrines (the Incarnation, Atonement, and Resurrection) without believing in an historical Jesus. I will not argue that point now, but there is something to be said for it. I would merely remark that we have no difficulty in believing in the profound moral and spiritual truths set forth in the parable of the Prodigal Son because it is parable and not history. But the test of the Christian life is doing the will of God, and would the fact of the discovery that Jesus had never lived affect our conception of the will of God, or the sense of obligation to strive to do it? I think it would not for most thoughtful people. But would such a life be really entitled to be called Christian? Yes, it would. Christ's test was the test of works: the test of conduct and character; those words of his which ring in our ears, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," would pass no condemnation on such a life, of which the dominating ideal was obedience to the Divine Will as set forth in the Synoptic Gospels. Such a form of the Christian religion, although its adherents had no belief in the actual historical Jesus, would yet be a great moral and spiritual force in the life of the individual and in the life of humanity at large.

'We do well to realize this, for some people speak as though if we lost the historical Jesus to-day we should also lose the Christian religion. I doubt it. We should still have a form of Christian religion which could find its realization in love to God and love to men — the fulfillment of the Two Great Commandments; we could still seek the blessings contained in the Beatitudes; we could still pray the Lord's Prayer. And these, let us not forget, are the very heart of the religion of Jesus. Would it be a small thing, either for ourselves or for mankind, to promote as the ideal of human life the love of God and Man? Would it not be within our power, even if there were no historical Jesus, to realize one of the most profound Christian experiences, as expressed by the writer of I John? "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren."'

We must be all things unto all men if we are to be the ambassadors of the eternal truths as contained in the assertion of facts in our historical creeds as well as in the Jesus of tradition indelibly written upon our loving hearts.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,

BRITTON D. WEIGLE
Editor, the *Pacific Churchman*

Unsuspected virtues of the politician.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I do not wish to seem intrusive upon editorial functions and I rise only to ask for a discussion in some future *Atlantic* of 'the politician as a social shock absorber.'

Between our will to do our kind of good, *ei et armis*, to our neighbor, and his equally compelling urge to do as much for us, the politician stands and, by his realistic methods, deflects into quiet channels the surging floods of uplift.

Picture life were we allowed to wreak upon each other, unhampered, our good intentions. Society exists, imperfect as it is, only because of the politician's skill in neutralizing our earnest endeavors not to leave one another alone.

No more maligned and less defined figure functions in our civilization. Let us give these drawers of herring their due. They keep for us our throats unslit, and that civilization endures longest which has the most skillful and unprincipled of them; if we believed in politicians more and political faith-healers (a quite different profession) less, our national expectation of life would be much more favorable. They are the only people who do not intend 'to do something about it,' and even when they say they do we remain comforted in the knowledge that they will not. But they are most useful in thwarting those who are trying to hasten the coming of that pandemonium which they have mistaken for the millennium.

No *advocatus diaboli* could have an easier task.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERIC H. POWELL

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1929

THE BLACK LEGEND

BY IVY LEE

I

ELEVEN years ago, the United States of America came out of its remote isolation — in European eyes — to loom upon the horizon as the hope of the world.

In 1917, Europe saw us suddenly, dramatically, in a time of extraordinary emotional tension, as the heaven-sent deliverer, heroic in stature, ardent, young, dauntless, irresistible, and, above all, splendidly just. We brought hope to peoples who had almost ceased to hope. The generosity of the American people touched the imagination of the whole world and aroused an unparalleled feeling of good will toward us everywhere.

That emotion — heightened by the arrival of our troops in France — came to its climax when Woodrow Wilson appeared in person in Europe to meet everywhere demonstrations of passionate and popular fervor such as have not been equaled in our time. The peoples of Europe counted upon us, as the clear-eyed and confident architects of a New World, to help them replace the European system with something nearer their hearts' desire. To-day these hopes and expectations are replaced by a complex of suspicion, misunderstanding, and fear. Europe clearly does not see America as America sees herself.

It was inevitable that reaction should set in when peace came. Europe, facing the realities of the aftermath, began to count the cost of war. And, in her eyes, we failed her.

1. The enemy countries had counted upon us to effect a magnanimous peace in the spirit of President Wilson's fourteen points. They consider that we failed them in that.

2. The Allied Powers, so they say, sacrificed their better judgment and some of their plain interests to sign a Peace Treaty largely designed by President Wilson, because they wished to respect what they believed to be the wishes of the United States. Having accepted what they considered in substance an 'American Treaty,' the people of the Allied countries were amazed and disheartened to learn, later, that the United States declined to honor it.

The Senatorial prerogative of vetoing or ratifying a treaty, — of which the European people have heard so much *since* the war, — however real to us, is in European eyes only a pretext. This suggestion occurs again and again, sometimes explicitly, but more frequently by implication in the use of such words as 'betrayal' and

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'dodging' as descriptive of our failure to ratify.

3. As with the Treaty, so with the League of Nations. The idea of the League of Nations was conceived in the United States. Most of the practical politicians of Europe were in 1919 frankly skeptical of it. At the best, they argued, it could not be workable until at least ten years after the Treaty was signed. But President Wilson wove the League into the fabric of the Treaty. The Europeans gave way, in deference to American wishes and against their own desires. European statesmen accepted the League, not as a plan by which Europe was to work out her salvation by herself, but as a coöperative world scheme in which the United States would have an integral part. It was not intended to be merely a League of European Nations, nor yet a League of Nations exclusive of the United States. The United States was an essential, an indispensable, element in the structure. Yet to-day, ten years after the signing of the Peace Treaty, the United States is still outside the League.

The situation was put pointedly enough by so cultivated and well-disposed an observer as the Bishop of Aberdeen. 'The Americans are a strange people,' the Bishop told his countrymen, through the columns of a great London newspaper, on his return from a visit to our shores. 'They invented the Treaty of Versailles and refused to sign it. They invented the League of Nations and refused to join it. They invented the cocktail and refused to drink it.'

4. And so with regard to our failure to ratify the specific treaty, signed by President Wilson, Mr. Lansing, M. Clemenceau, and M. Pichon, whereby the United States, recognizing that 'adequate security and protection to France' might not be provided by the Peace Treaty, agreed 'to come immediately' to the assistance of France 'in the event of any unprovoked movement of aggression' by Germany. That agreement was arrived at on the same day that a similar undertaking was made by Great Britain — subject to the treaty with us being ratified. By our failure to ratify, it is contended, we threw the whole of Europe back into its ancient and vicious system of alliances. As Clemenceau said publicly on his visit to the United States, 'But for that undertaking by you, I would have demanded the Rhine!'

5. In European eyes, again, we are responsible, through our unwillingness to cancel the war debts, for the financial and industrial disasters which, after the war, came upon great parts of Europe. From the position of 'defaulter,' in the sense that we failed to implement the fourteen points, ratify the treaties, and join the League, we are lampooned as 'Uncle Shylock,' rapacious and heartless taxgatherer, concerned with the rest of the world merely for the purpose of exacting all he can get out of it in payment of war debts. The fluctuations of the franc in France, the heavy increase of the income tax in England, the burden of reparations in Germany, have all been ascribed — at least in part — to the exactions of 'Uncle Shylock.' We are said to be the one participant nation which 'made money out of the war,' and that not alone because we lent money, but also on the ground that we profiteered unconscionably in supplying munitions and other war materials, and, as a result of our profiteering, achieved our much-trumpeted prosperity. A very conservative Englishman and friend of America stated not long ago that he had only just been convinced that all American foreign policy was not controlled by a debt-collecting mania.

II

The transition to the next stage in the growth of the Black Legend — America an active menace to the rest of the world — followed almost inevitably.

First, we are Americanizing the world. Our material products, our ways of life, and our ideas are ousting others by more or less peaceful penetration. The menace is looked upon as perhaps unconscious on our part, but none the less profound. American goods, the foreigner contends, spread American habits and ideas. American films, complains a British publicist, have caused an appreciable demand for American manufactures; must we, asks a German, surrender our methods of production, our slow-going thoroughness, to compete with American efficiency? M. Tardieu indicates that France will have to give up her preoccupation with politics and pass into the American field — of economics — before she can treat with us. Mr. G. K. Chesterton notes the decay of the English inn and longs for the day when someone will throw a stone through the plate glass of an American-type palace hotel. The activities of Mayor Thompson of Chicago suggest to Englishmen that not only the future, but history, must be forced to bow to the dominant idea of America. One cannot walk a mile in any European capital without a hundred opportunities to buy an American cigarette; the cocktail, theoretically driven out from its native land, supersedes the apéritif; plays and novels are written in every country with both eyes on eventual sales in America — and if they are not, this excuse is given for whatever is cheap or tawdry in them.

With American habits of living come American habits of mind, to threaten traditional culture in Europe just as the Kultur of Prussianism threatened European life before 1914. Expressions of this dread are voiced not only in Europe, but in other parts of the world, where men cherish the spiritual heritage which has come down to them from ancient days. In Japan to-day the popular cry is, 'Back to the old!' A Belgian paper declares that Europe faces a more dangerous barbarity from the United States than from the East; from South Africa comes the remark that America is 'exerting an influence upon other nations which grows more marked. The whole of the English-speaking world is feeling the effect — an effect upon its culture and therefore upon its very existence. This is the real American danger.'

A correspondent of the London *Times*, in what in substance is a conciliatory article, remarks: 'When we say "Americanism," we mean a point of view about life that is new and alien to us.' Mr. Bernard Shaw instructs his secretary to write that 'an asylum for the sane would be empty in America.' Karel Čapek, the author of *R.U.R.*, denouncing what he conceives to be American conceptions, tells us that the watchword 'Success,' as exported from America, 'begins to demoralize Europe.' The *Kölnische Zeitung* summarizes the general fear by asking: 'To whom does the future belong? To the new mechanized civilization of America or to the old culture — which opposes the conquest of spiritual things to that of material things?'

Against the American language, against high buildings, mass production, standardization, materialism, hustle, self-assertiveness, vulgar wealth, mob-mindedness, electric signs, big headlines, ubiquitous advertising, the deification of self, of big business, and the machine — against everything, in short, which is or is supposed to be typical of America and Americans, a

not negligible part of the foreign world protests with considerable fervor and unfeigned alarm.

Americanization was heard of before the war, but not so loudly then, because we did not bulk so large in the eyes of the world, nor had our economic power grown to its present gigantic strength or made its presence felt so widely. The present-day fear has a new incidence. It is based not so much upon the voluntary adoption of American methods, the contagion of American ideas, or the growth of American export trade, or even upon the unfair assistance which the war debts are said to give America in competition. It is based to a much greater degree upon the unparalleled increase in our power as a creditor nation — for, leaving aside the war debts, our post-war investments extend to every part of the world. It is the effect of these post-war investments — precisely because they are infinitely greater than the war debts and go so much deeper — that gives the world anxiety.

At the beginning of 1927, the political or war debts to the United States were divided into two classes: those already funded, amounting to seven and a half billion dollars; the unfunded, amounting to three and a half billion — a total of eleven billions. At the end of the same year the nonpolitical investments of Americans abroad (not in Europe exclusively) amounted to fourteen and a half billion dollars. In the year 1927, two billion dollars were loaned either publicly or privately, or by purchase of foreign internal securities or properties abroad.

To understand the magnitude of these figures it is necessary only to make a single comparison. The financial centre of the world was established in London at the end of the Napoleonic Wars; Great Britain became the great creditor nation. A century later the foreign investments of Great Britain amounted to twenty billion dollars; whereas at the end of a *decade* of American lending the sum is twenty-five billions, and to this may be added the five billions which America owed in 1914 but which have now been paid — making a total change from one side of the ledger to the other of thirty billion dollars. As Dr. Max Winkler says: 'We lend money to public utility, railroad, and industrial enterprises in Canada. We finance machinery companies in Germany and Japan; steel companies in Germany and Luxemburg, Bulgaria and Rumania; plantation companies in the Dutch East Indies; oil companies in Australia and the Dutch East Indies; banks and financial institutions in Austria and Germany, Holland and Hungary, Colombia and Australia; hydroelectric companies in Germany and Italy, Norway and Japan; railways in Belgium and Argentina, Chile and Colombia; department stores in Germany and Great Britain; street railways in Germany; rubber and oil concerns in Bolivia; rubber and mining companies in Brazil; textile companies in Germany; automobile companies in France and Italy. We acquire telephone concerns in Austria and Brazil, Chile and Uruguay. We buy public utilities in Brazil; land in Panama and Guatemala. We secure oil concessions in Colombia and Venezuela and rubber concessions in Brazil. We buy real estate in Cuba. We finance steamship companies in Great Britain and France, Germany and Italy; sugar companies in Mexico; and even lend money to banks in Iceland.'

The history of economic penetration as practised by the great European nations gives reason to believe that economic penetration is almost always followed by political domination. The logic of events, more than determined

policy, has usually brought marines and warships to follow traders and missionaries. So that when our official spokesmen talk of America's 'moral obligations' in places like Nicaragua, the foreigner retorts that there is n't a pin to choose between that phrase and the older, franker term — imperialism. The less instructed Europeans concentrate on the war debts because they have there a sentimental argument. Wiser people abroad, in Europe and elsewhere, know that even if those debts were suddenly to vanish the world would still have to face the supervening fact of the immense financial power of the United States, its enormous industrial strength, its commercial aggressiveness. That fact underlies, much more than war debts, the movements of foreign diplomacy and the utterances of its publicists. So the menace grows. Americanization as an influence, probably unconscious and undesigned on our part, in peaceful penetration, now becomes 'American Imperialism' threatening the peace of the world, with a sinister and concerted plan, the conscious authors of which are variously represented to be our politicians, our Wall Street magnates, or our industrialists — or all three in unholy alliance. And their purpose is said to be — domination. In so many foreign eyes, these factors in America constitute a homogeneous entity, as compact and concentrated in purpose as was Kaiserism before the war.

Thus, as often as it is suggested in Congress that the United States ought not to assist Europe financially, either by remitting debts or by allowing new loans to be floated, because Europe will only spend the money on armaments, just so often Europeans reply that America is trying to use its money as a lever by which Europe will be forced into virtual subordination to American desires. Europeans felt that American pressure on Belgium was exerted to compel a reduction of defensive forces as one of the conditions of a loan. In 1926 and 1927 it was freely rumored that American bankers were trying to lay hands on French railroads and German shipping, beginning that economic penetration which, in small countries, leads to supervision of taxes, customs, and budgets. Czechoslovakia to-day frowns on loans from America lest they constitute financial colonization. English financial experts protest that Threadneedle Street has become a back alley of Wall Street, and a writer who takes the Anglo-American situation humorously suggests that England surrender its sovereignty to America — thereby compelling Americans to pay part of the British income tax — and then, 'since we have the better brains,' take control of the new Anglo-American Empire.

III

It is an odd fact that the three countries in which the United States is most popular to-day are those — Germany, Russia, and Japan — which have the least ground, by reason of our recent acts in relation to them, to like us. We were an enemy of Germany during the war, and the war fever cooled but slowly; we scorn to have any relations with Russia, yet even Stalin himself writes, 'The union of Russian revolutionary inspiration with the American practical spirit — this is the essence of practical Leninism.' By our immigration law, we cast a slur upon the Japanese people. Yet in all these countries there is much popular good will for us.

The Germans remember with gratitude the help we gave them in their great effort at reconstruction. The Russians turn to us eagerly for technical and financial coöperation in building

up their industries and developing their vast resources. They have little fear of imperialism from America, although they fear it acutely from Great Britain. One prominent Russian leader expressed a general feeling when he said: 'The United States is the only great country in the world whose interests do not impinge upon those of Russia at any point. I believe, and our people have always believed, in America and have always had a traditional friendship for the American people. The ambassador from no other country would be or could be listened to at Moscow with the same friendliness, consideration, and influence as an ambassador from the United States of America.' The Japanese, who had been told constantly by their Junker Party that the United States was waiting for an opportunity to crush them, became extremely apprehensive when that opportunity seemed to present itself at the time of the disaster in Japan in 1923. When, instead of stepping in to exploit the calamity, we sent money and other tangible proofs of our sympathy and genuine desire to help, the great masses of the Japanese responded with gratitude and good will, which still animate them in their attitude to us. The Junker Party, which had been preaching enmity toward us based on the insult of our immigration exclusion, was exposed and nonplused.

There is plenty of good will for America, too, in the Balkans and in Central Europe. Czechoslovakia is extremely cordial. So is Poland. In Bulgaria, Hungary, and Austria, while the feeling persists that America failed to carry out President Wilson's fourteen points, we are liked, and one meets with frequent expressions of gratitude to the United States for the help it gave in feeding the starving peoples and rehabilitating those countries after the war.

Even in France, where criticism of America is so pointed with Gallic wit and irony, there is little aversion to us on any deep, metaphysical, or even imperialistic grounds. The French, at heart, are not afraid that their culture, their conceptions of life, or their institutions are imperiled by the 'American menace.' They are a practical people and their concern is much more with their pocketbook. France's attitude is influenced primarily by the debt question. If any signs were forthcoming that the United States was prepared to wipe off the debt due from France, French criticism of us would be transformed into an outburst of eloquent and vociferous good will.

It is in England that the distrust of America goes deepest, that dislike of Americanization is most intense, and that the challenge of American domination comes to a head. 'There is daily proof of increasing misunderstanding between England and America . . . enmity grows apace,' Mr. Andrew Soutar, the novelist, testified recently. 'Never since the Boston Tea Party have the two peoples watched so closely for an opening through which to pour ridicule. And yet quiet reflection should convince both sides that, from the point of view of the welfare of the world, there are no two nations which should be so solidly welded in friendship.' 'Granted that the American has many noble and charming qualities,' Mr. G. K. Chesterton declared in a speech 'violently objecting' to the Americanization of England, 'granted that he has retained a great fountain of simple enthusiasm, — almost always turned to absurd objects, but still genuine, — affairs have come, I think, to the point of defending our native land and damning all Americans to hell.' The financial editor of one of the greatest of the English newspapers remarked recently: 'What disturbs me

about this whole situation is the feeling that somehow or other America and England do not seem to think alike any more on what some of us feel are great problems of international morality.' Mr. Ramsay Macdonald admits that Great Britain is 'getting out at elbows' with us. Sir Auckland Geddes speaks of many Chinese 'Westernized,' 'Americanized,' 'anti-Britishized,' implying that British troubles in China may be traced to our influence. Lord Riddell tells his countrymen that America's imperialistic, naval, military, and commercial policy is 'fraught with menace to the rest of the world.'

America is blamed in Britain for the failure of the British scheme to keep up world prices of rubber; she is blamed for buying Soviet oil and for trading with the Bolsheviki in other ways; she is said to be attempting to supplant British trade in South America; upon her is put the responsibility for a preference for certain American manufactures in the British Dominions and Colonies. America is seen as a menace to British traditions, British culture, British trade, British respect for law, British standards of sportsmanship and morality, the British countryside, and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

While nowhere in the world has America keener adverse critics than in Britain and its Dominions, probably nowhere, also, has she truer and more discriminating friends among thinking and responsible people. Nowhere, too, is the demand for understanding and constructive coöperation with America more genuine or more dependable than it is in Britain. Fortunately, the leader in seeking to promote Anglo-American good will is Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister himself. Indeed, Sir Austen Chamberlain may be regarded as voicing the sentiments of the British Government when he recently said: 'We have no nearer and dearer friendship than our friendship with the United States. As we seek to be loyal to other friends, so we will seek to be loyal to that nation which is nearest, most akin, in racial and in moral outlook of all nations of the world.'

Both friendship and adverse criticism have a common basis in our interests and our relationships. For long, Great Britain was the dominant Power in the world: we have come at least to share that position with her. Hitherto, because of our common speech and tradition, understanding has been taken too readily for granted; divergences and different interpretations have not been sufficiently allowed for. The post-war years have accentuated the differences without giving sufficient time to comprehend them and make clear the ways in which they may make for mutual strength because they spring from qualities which may so readily complement each other.

Meantime there has arisen the question of naval parity. It is complicated; the technical points confuse the layman, and the political questions are involved in sentiment. The fundamental disagreement at the Geneva Conference was due to the fact that the United States and Great Britain each held to a programme apparently unsuitable for the other. Great Britain, with strategically situated naval bases, thought she needed cruisers of greater range. The British programme, in American eyes, meant saddling us with the expense of an unserviceable cruiser fleet; the American programme, as England saw it, meant assent to America's building a fleet mathematically equal to the British, but effectively superior. According to others, the failure at Geneva finally translates the fine-sounding phrase 'naval parity' into 'naval competition.'

The ostensible misunderstandings at

the Conference were abysmal. One of our admirals there told the British First Lord, 'I cannot understand why you attach so much importance to food supplies.' The British delegates were irritated by the fact that the Americans had to refer back to Washington, and were totally unprepared for the violence of the American press in discussing all proposals. After the breakdown, the press of each country accused the other of bad faith, and instead of discussing the reasons for the failure — which go back to fundamentally different conceptions of sea power, commercial rights during war time, the vexed 'freedom of the seas' — both brought on the spectre of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. British papers insist that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was dropped out of deference to American sentiment and in consideration of the creation of the 5–5–3 ratio at Washington. Their editorial writers say that as soon as the agreement is renewed, with an implication that it must be directed against the United States, the implacable attitude of this country will change. The *Washington Post*, in answer, writes: —

'The Geneva naval fiasco is followed by a secret understanding between the former proprietors of the Anglo-Japanese treaty . . . which we thought we had got rid of at the Washington Conference at a terrible price. The full extent of the way Uncle Sam has been "gypped" will convince the American people some day that they need the kind of navy they need.'

The *Round Table* wrote gravely: 'If the two halves of the English-speaking world continue as they are at present, it will be very difficult for them to avoid drifting into antagonism and competition. If they think only of themselves — the scene will have been set for a world war which will end civilization.'

Since that warning was sounded the Anglo-French Naval Pact proposal and President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech have again focused attention upon the subject. Doubtless the first influenced the second; if one had not heard of the Anglo-French Naval Pact, President Coolidge would probably not have commemorated Armistice Day with such pointed references to the 'value of our treasure to be protected' and the need for larger warships for the purpose. One would have been spared a jingo press campaign demanding 'the right kind and number of submarine fleet, air fleet, and swift cruisers, always kept up to the mark, always excelling in power the fleets of any other two nations on earth,' on the ground that 'the only way to secure respect is *to compel respect*.'

On the other hand, we should not have had the striking evidence, on both sides of the Atlantic, of increasing appreciation of the dangers and of a corresponding determination to avoid them.

Commenting upon the effect caused by the Anglo-French Naval Pact proposal, Lord Grey said: 'We are going to pay the price in a temporary political estrangement between the British people and the United States.' True — but why?

How did it come about that such an unfortunate misconception was created, not only in the United States, but also in Germany? It came about, as Lord Grey said, because the matter 'was so extraordinarily badly handled,' in his own opinion, by the governments of France and Great Britain. The world was left for weeks to feed on forgeries, garbled versions, and rumors. By the time the official papers were issued such a storm had been aroused as made clear thinking difficult and left the way open for the impression that publication of the agreement, instead of being voluntary, had been forced

by public pressure. It is equally clear that the 'Anglo-French Compromise' was killed, while yet in its swaddling clothes, by liberal opinion in Great Britain itself, utterly uninfluenced by pressure from the United States.

The underlying public feeling in England was again made clear when recently Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington, intimated that Great Britain would yet seek a renewal of naval limitation with the United States. The British Government next day announced that that intimation of the Ambassador should not be taken too definitely, whereupon there was an immediate outburst of protest from the British press. The British people apparently want not only peace with the United States and the rest of the world — they want an assurance, indeed a guaranty, of permanent peace. There are many judges of British politics who feel that the next general election may turn upon that very problem.

IV

Sentimentality is now at a discount. Many impeding illusions have been dispelled. The nations of Europe are being asked, by intelligent publicists like Garvin and Wickham Steed and Spender and 'Pertinax' and Romier and Bernhard, to cast off slogans and easy formulas and to face concrete issues in the light of clear facts. This is an essential preliminary to genuine understanding between Europe and America. It makes possible, for the first time in any general sense, the sane and balanced recognition of divergences which both sides must respect. Until now very few people in Europe, especially during the war, could see plainly, much less consider, the many factors — historical, geographical, racial, social, and economic — which of necessity have differentiated American ways of life, American conceptions, and American purposes, from theirs. Befogging sentimentality and a distorted brand of patriotism have not been confined to one side. But the new spirit of critical realism is doing much to dispel the mischievous effects. As with the Geneva Conference, divergences, once clearly formulated and grasped, have brought concrete issues into the open, and future endeavors to achieve understanding will, at least, not be baffled by the polite fiction that those issues do not exist.

There may be a ray of light in a recent article in the *Round Table*, which said: '. . . The nations of the British Commonwealth should make a much more serious effort to understand the problems and the difficulties of the United States. They have, no doubt, much ground for resentment against her since 1919. But resentment is a poor guide in the matter of policy. If the United States is to be brought into the family of nations for the sake of world peace, it will be because the limits of what she can do are clearly understood. The United States is quite unlike any ordinary "nation." . . . She has a form of government totally unlike the Parliamentary and responsible systems usual elsewhere. . . . The Government of the United States is weak and public opinion dominant, to an extent almost unintelligible to the stay-at-home European. If we are to have confident relations with the most powerful nation in the post-war world, our diplomacy must understand and accommodate itself intelligently to the constitution and the political necessities of the United States. . . . One of the first necessities is that those who take part in the public life of Great Britain should try to understand the public life of America better.'

Mentioning the great central plains

of our country, Professor A. P. Brigham, of Colgate University, told an English audience recently: 'It is not an easy field for internationalism. Its deep, black prairie soils are better for corn, wheat, and cattle, and for resultant roads and great cities. It has little contact with Europe, or any other continent. It does not "go down to the sea in ships." Its people, most of them, have never seen an international boundary and never will. They know only their own language. They are safe from invasion. Who cares for abroad? You meet charming folk from Chicago, St. Louis, or Minneapolis, but the mass of good common folk you never see. They are looking in on their own things. Hence Washington is sometimes slow to international action. But time tells. . . . No nation can escape the era of international cooperation which is coming.'

'We on our side often fail to appreciate the American point of view,' Sir Rennell Rodd, the distinguished British diplomatist, pointed out, following a recent visit here; '. . . imperialism is a state of mind which the majority of the American people cannot understand anyone accusing them of entertaining. After talking to men of all grades and classes there, my own experience has led me to the conclusion that the average American is generally a very fair-minded man, inclined to think things out for himself with a direct and simple mentality which on matters outside his own country is indifferently informed. But if facts are put before him straightly he sees straightly, without prejudice, and he is pretty sure to arrive at a just conclusion.'

Who is to interpret 'the mass of good common folk' to corresponding masses of 'good common folk' abroad? Who is to give truer expression to that spirit which animates us as a people, conscious, indeed, of our wider powers, but conscious, also, of our greater need for understanding and for friendly collaboration in the larger tasks which lie ahead?

Emphatic testimony to the need for truer interpretation was provided, both by President Coolidge in his Armistice Day speech and by Mr. Stanley Baldwin in his comment upon it. President Coolidge said: 'It is always plain that Europe and the United States are lacking in mutual understanding. We are prone to think they can do as we do. We are not interested in their age-old animosities, we have not suffered from centuries of violent hostilities. We do not see how difficult it is for them to displace distrust in each other with faith in each other. On the other hand, they appear to think that we are going to do exactly what they would do if they had our chance. If they would give a little more attention to our history and judge us a little more closely by our own record, and, especially, find out in what directions we believe our real interests to lie, much which they now appear to find obscure would be quite apparent.'

Speaking in the House of Commons, two days later, Mr. Baldwin agreed that 'there is lacking between Europe and America mutual understanding' — and he gravely and profoundly regretted it. What is more, he made two helpful suggestions. The first was to acknowledge that 'it is most important that all of us who may be called upon to speak about America in her foreign relations or about our relations with America should really get to understand, by studying its political system, that country, because it is so different from any European system. On that difference shipwreck has more than once been reached. It is important for the avoidance of future shipwreck and for the avoidance of possible ill

relations after such shipwreck that we should be familiar, on this side, with the marked difference in political systems in the two countries.'

Like other friendly observers, Mr. Baldwin pleaded for more frequent personal contact. In Europe all the statesmen have got into the habit of meeting at Geneva and talking together. They learn not only each other's point of view, but each other's idiosyncrasies as individuals. There is consequently coming into European statesmanship, between European statesmen *inter se*, a desire in negotiations to see the other point of view and to compromise, if something can be effected by compromise, far more than before the war. But European statesmen do not know American statesmen. The intercourse that takes place is largely by written dispatches across 3000 miles of ocean. It is difficult to get mutual understanding in those circumstances. Some of the most effective efforts made financially since the war have been in the process of financial reconstruction in which America has been engaged with England and other countries. This effectiveness was due largely to the fact that not only were the protagonists, the Governor of the Bank of England and the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, close personal friends in constant touch, but every time a difficulty was seen coming ahead one or the other would cross the Atlantic at once, either the Englishman to New York or the American to London or Paris, as the case might be, and discussions would take place instead of dispatches.

V

To dispel a legend which has taken so firm a hold upon the European mind it is hardly enough to say that Europe must 'give a little more attention to our history' and 'find out in what directions we believe our real interests to lie.' Our work of interpretation must be more constructive information. Personal contacts are infinitely worth while — whether between humble mortals, bank governors, or statesmen. Lindbergh's good-will flight, the success of Mr. Dwight Morrow in Mexico, and Mr. Hoover's South American tour have abundantly proved the values of personal contact. Above all, nothing has so impressed the British with the good will of America as the sincere sympathy manifested by the American people over the illness of King George. There is nothing like human contact to produce understanding among men.

Among the happy agencies for sharpening intelligence and encouraging a longer view seems to be that group of associations, such as the Royal Institute of International Affairs in Great Britain, and the Foreign Policy Association and the Council of Foreign Relations in the United States, which devote themselves to a sympathetic study of world affairs. Unofficial as these organizations are, they watch the formation of policy and they help increasingly to create that atmosphere of sane judgment and good will upon which statesmen may rely later to give time for negotiation and adjustment. Such bodies perform valuable work of interpretation. Through them we can become aware of tendencies before they reach a point of tension. They act, moreover, as guides and checks. Similarly, the new International Chamber of Commerce serves to smooth out differences before they become acute. Indeed, if the Chamber succeeds in breaking down some of the barriers which unduly restrict international trade, it will have done more for international prosperity than all the chancelleries put together. How trade

agreements promote peaceful understanding is seen in the friendliness between Germany and France brought about in 1927, through the cartels arranged by industrial leaders on both sides, at a time when 'the spirit of Locarno' was imperiled and political cordiality was chilled.

Foreign offices of governments seldom frame policies long in advance or give careful consideration to tendencies. They cannot do so. Practical problems arise in foreign affairs every day, and foreign offices of every country are very apt to decide the questions of the day in the light of practical and immediate considerations and let the future take care of itself.

In our military establishment we have a War College, which carefully studies every possible contingency that might develop in case of war with any country in the world. This War College is not related to the actual administration of the army or navy of the moment, but merely plans for all possible future contingencies. It looks ahead. Would it not be extremely helpful if in our State Department there was a similar group studying fundamental tendencies and seeking to anticipate possibilities of friction in the future?

Yet, helpful as an International Affairs College might be, and valuable as the various existing methods making for contact and understanding undoubtedly are, something at once simpler, more direct, and more authoritative is needed if America is to be interpreted worthily and decisively, and if the fog of misunderstanding and fear which hangs over Europe in particular is to be removed.

In the next three years this work of interpretation can be done only by conscious acts of statesmanship conceived in a new spirit and, in turn, engendering a new spirit. It will have for its basis the good will which exists in the hearts of the American people. It will challenge crude symbols, fantastic legends, and outworn conceptions at home and abroad. It will be conscious of our greater power, our widened interests, and our profound responsibilities. The interpretation will be not only to the world, but to ourselves. It will speak for us and to us, not only as a nation, but as a partner in the family of nations.

It is related that at a partners' meeting of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, some years ago, there was much discussion of the attitude of certain sections of the public toward the firm. The late Mr. J. P. Morgan is said to have directed the discussion with this observation: 'It is not of so much importance what the public thinks of us; what really matters is what is our attitude toward the public, and what do we deserve to have the public think of us.' While it is of interest for us to know of the Black Legend Europe is conceiving about America, it is of primary consequence to consider what America's attitude is toward the world.

Shall we so fear entanglement with other nations and consequent subservience of our policies to theirs that we shall in turn become slaves to events we shall have refused to help shape before they become critical? What do we propose to do when complications grow out of our economic penetration in various parts of the world? Shall we bring political pressure or attempt political intervention when our investments abroad are endangered or when foreign countries default on their debts to Americans? Shall we leave our protection in such matters to other nations, or shall we join in advance in responsible and coöperative efforts so to shape events that independent or selfishly protective action by any nation will be unnecessary?

THE MAGISTRATE'S INDIAN DIARY

A Tour of Inspection

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

I STARTED off, a week ago, for a tour in camp which will — if the gods are good — last for many months. 'For lo, the summer is past, the rain is over and gone,' to paraphrase Solomon. We in India have more excuse for writing about the weather than Solomon had; for, when all is said and done, climate is one of the basic inescapable facts that govern, in the last resort, everything of importance here. Through the long ages it has made men of our own stock into the Indians of to-day. Looked at from a more personal angle, it changes India in a couple of months from a land where joy can run high to a field of strife where, at times, the balance sways uneasily between human beings, and insects and all manner of creeping things; where life is one long misery of physical unhappiness; where the will doggedly holds on, and week after weary week drives the reluctant body along the mapped-out course.

But all that, I thank whatever gods may be, is over and done with for another six months. I am lapped in coolth; around me are fields of an incredibly vivid green; the air, night and morning, has the unmistakable tang of the fast-approaching cold weather; the age-old scent of wood fires permeates everywhere; and in the early mornings it is now cold enough in tents to afford one the delicious joy of sending down an exploratory foot to the cold recesses of one's bed, and of drawing it up hastily again to the warmer regions of the equator. Sounds childish, but none the less it is as deliciously enjoyable as childish things usually are. 'The hot weather,' 'the rains,' are now but dim, unhappy, far-off things, and there are six months of glorious camping before me; vast plains to ride over, much interesting work to do, forests to hunt in, rivers to fish in, camp fires to talk by. Could one ask for more?

You, I gather, are perturbed about India. You have been shocked by *Mother India;* Gandhi has shaken your faith; Moti Lal Nehru has unsettled your beliefs; you wonder whether Sir John Simon and his Commission can do anything helpful; and you feel more than a little doubtful whether England's right hand has not lost its cunning. Is the old faith dimmed? Do the English, in their relations with India, still love righteousness and hate iniquity? Are they prepared to hold fast, through good report and evil report, to the basic principles that most Americans and Englishmen agree in considering fundamental? Are they resolved to build deep and strong, sure in the faith that their edifice will one day stand foursquare to the winds of heaven? Or will they 'baulk the end half-won for an instant meed of praise'?

Much that you ask I cannot answer. I do not suppose that anyone can.

But I feel quite certain that the most important question — and the one regarding which there is least knowledge and least information — is how matters go in the districts. That is the vital point of contact. It is in the districts that the Government really touches the people. Probably 85 per cent of them do not know what the system of government is. For them 'the Government' is the district officer; they look no further. If things are well in the districts, then 85 per cent of the people are reasonably contented and happy; if things are wrong in the districts, then assuredly the end of the present system — probably the end of any possible system based on English ideas — has come. I have no intention of embarking on a political discussion; it may, however, assist in giving you some sort of living perception of how 'the wheels go round' in India if I take you with me, as it were, on my tour through the district.

Dr. Johnson's explanation on a famous occasion, 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance,' has a wide application as regards most things Indian. The cold-weather visitor talks disparagingly of the supineness of the Government, to take the first illustration that comes into my head, because an important river, possibly 150 yards wide in its winter bed, is left unbridged; he would revise his opinion if he could see that same river leaping down from the hills, fourteen miles from bank to bank, and these banks falling in, in hundred-yard slices, with a noise like fifteen-inch guns. Even from the safe shelter of a high bank, it is terrifying to watch the Ganges in flood stoop down to some impertinent groyne in one long, smooth, powerful spring, and hear — a mile away — the screech of the grinding boulders. But I apologize; my business is to get on with the washing!

II

Spartan and I, then, left headquarters just seven days ago for a tour that will, I hope, last for five months at least. Let me introduce you to Spartan. A Waler, fifteen hands two inches, bright chestnut — with the traditional temper of the bright chestnut. His trot is a devastating earthquake; his canter is powerful, but infernally rough; his gallop is as smooth as oil.

A notable steeplechaser in his day, his heart is entirely in the right place; and if St. Paul's Cathedral came in front of him he would try to jump it, if asked to do so. He reaches out, with effortless ease, tucking his great thighs under him at every stride. All round, the country is emerald green — the vivid green of the young wheat or barley that has just pushed through the soil. The land is flat, almost dead flat; there are scattered trees, mostly mangoes with their dull, heavy green foliage, which in the mass, and over the distances that one has here, produce the impression that one is always at the centre of a great plain ringed round by dark green forest. On my right, throughout the ride, the Himalayas jut up, white and glittering, into the pale blue sky. One will lose them soon, when the dust dims the air; but for some weeks the rain-washed atmosphere is incredibly transparent, and Trisul, Nunga Devi, and the other giants of the north peer out from the roof of the world over the green plains of Hindustan.

One rides from village to village, carefully choosing a route by which one is *not* expected. If one goes about surrounded by a cloud of subordinates, one learns little or nothing. I always cut out all that by riding seven miles or so out of my way, and then taking a line for camp. When I am alone, the talks with the villagers are delightful — and

informative. The other morning, for example, I pushed into Talpore, when I was officially expected ten miles off. The Muhammadan whom I met outside the village — tall, straight as a ramrod, courteous in his manner, with a long beard dyed a bright henna-red — gave me his views on education.

'There is but one thing worth knowing — the Koran. That contains the sum of all human wisdom. Your schools! They teach little worth learning, and that badly. It is all deceit and make-believe. Religion is shaken; respect for the aged and for parents is destroyed. We Muhammadans cannot make our brains turn and twist like the Hindu — nor is that a man's work.'

There was a lot more of it, of course. I asked him if he had boys. 'Yes — three.' Were they at school? 'No.' 'Why? Any special reasons?' To that I could get no reply that was not a masterpiece of nebulous evasion.

I left him, and wandered along to find the school; things promised to be interesting. The first man I met did n't know where the school was, though it was quite a small village; he did n't think there was a school. Gradually the usual little crowd tacked on; and by dint of repeated questionings I got 'warmer and warmer,' as the children say. At last I found the school. It was a rather decent building, as rural schools go in India; but it seemed strangely silent and deserted. Again as usual, the people gave no assistance, volunteered no information. I entered the main classroom, to find no boys, but two well-fed and sturdy-looking country ponies! The other rooms were locked. Of course no one had the key, or knew where it could be found; so I solved the problem by getting the village blacksmith to wrench out the staple. One room was used as a storehouse for cheap cloth; in the third I found the school furniture, registers, and so on.

Without comment, I went through the attendance register with the crowd. It had not been written up for twenty days. 'Who is Ram Sahai, son of Ram Lal?' 'There is no such person in the village.' 'And Maqbool Husain, son of Abdul Ghani?' 'There is no such person.' 'Dullo, son of Kesri?' 'Ah, yes; but he died four months ago of the evil eye.' And so it went. Roughly, out of thirty-odd names, twenty-five were fictitious; there were five pupils only, and they enjoyed what was practically a perpetual holiday.

When the facts were clear, the crowd — again as usual — became informative. The teacher kept school occasionally, but usually he sold cloth in the surrounding villages. That was what the ponies were for. There might possibly be five pupils. The registers were fudged — the people evidently thought that reflected the greatest credit on the teacher's ingenuity and resourcefulness. 'Oh, yes — the inspector sahib has been here quite often to inspect. When he comes, the school is always full. The teacher arranges with relatives of his, teachers in villages not too distant, to send boys over, so that the classes will be full, and the inspector sahib will have boys to examine.' Everyone in the village knew of the fraud; no one did anything to stop it. The hard-working inspectors of schools, with an enormous area to cover, and dependent to a large extent in practice on local hospitality, could not make surprise visits. Everything fitted in nicely — but no one in the village got any education.

The people thought the Government had a bee in its bonnet on this matter; it preached the virtues of learning, in season and out of season. But the villagers were not impressed with the 'educated' products of the system; and

boys were useful, from a very early age, in herding goats, doing odd jobs about the house or the farm, playing with and looking after the younger children. The parents had got on without being able to read or write; that was, quite clearly, the business of the priest, or of the village accountant. One could not do everything. To send their children to school meant some hardship — some inconvenience, at any rate; and this thoughtful teacher had evolved a sound method which conciliated village opinion, avoided all difficulties with the powers that were, and incidentally gave the villagers something of a hold over him, which, they doubtless hoped, might materialize into cloth fractionally cheaper than otherwise obtainable.

III

At one of the smaller towns I have been visiting there is a very famous Hindu shrine, which attracts pilgrims from all parts of the country. I have the mythical history of the place rather mixed, but the essentials are that Krishna, in one of his incarnations, amused himself there, — there must have been many milkmaids in the vicinity in these days, — and when he left, pushing off to ascend to Heaven, his foot struck a deep hole in the solid earth. The temple is built over the hole, and adjoining it there is the inevitable and essential sacred tank for the bathing of the devout.

The temple is a source of considerable revenue — I happen to know, as for various reasons I, in my official capacity, have a fourth share in the proceeds! One passed along in a constant stream of pilgrims, through narrow, tortuous passages, turning right-angled corner after right-angled corner, till one came to the central core — the little white temple, pierced with four openings at the ground level, and of the typical Hindu form. Inside, one descended a few steps to the holy of holies. The floor was of black and white marble; in the centre, under the vaulted, flat-arched roof, blackened with soot from the saucers of cocoanut oil, each with its little wick overlapping the edge, which constituted the sole illumination, there was what looked like a well, the rim being of alternate squares of black and white marble. This rim stood perhaps a foot and a half above the floor; the mouth of the well was about a yard and a half across; and each marble square had a golden sovereign inlaid in its centre! Occupying the central position in the well was the usual vertical and roughly cylindrical stone, the top of this reaching to within six inches or so of the level of the rim. Inside the well was a disgusting mass of flour, clarified butter, water, red dye, marigolds, and heaven knows what else. And deep down under all that lay the rupees and the smaller silver, the copper and the nickel, all the mass of coins which the faithful threw in with prayers and devotion, and which the practical realists grubbed out each evening and solemnly divided.

The priests of that particular temple — and for various reasons I had to know them intimately — were a peculiarly hard-bitten lot. On one occasion, when my partner the chief priest was enjoying the hospitality of the local jail in connection with a peculiarly bad case of murder and dacoity, I had to keep him alive with laudanum. He was a confirmed opium eater — the only one, by the way, that I ever encountered in all my time in India. But all that, which was of course common property, naturally made no difference whatever to the sacredness of the temple.

One sees the Indians at their best during these religious pilgrimages. They come in family groups, usually: *papa, maman, et bébé*. The womenfolk

are decked in their best and wear all their jewels. They glance up coyly as one looks at them; shift their position to make their silver anklets jangle and ring; and the sari, a corner of which they hold in their teeth to hide their face, performs its functions but half-heartedly. In that intense sunlight and in that variegated crowd one seldom sees colors out of tone or harsh. It is like a flower garden — all beautiful, and all harmonious.

The streets are lined with thousands of small booths, and the happy crowd pushes round the popular stalls in an unending flux and change. It is like a bed of flowers swayed by a wind. Behind the shops creaks, everlastingly, the merry-go-round; four uncomfortable little square boxes are hung to four rough-dressed wooden arms, and the owner grinds perspiringly at a crank that turns the crazy contraption round and round, while the children in the ascending and descending boxes squeal and shriek with joy. The crank man is naked to the waist, and his bronze muscles ripple and bulge in the sunlight. Everything is incredibly cheap — and incredibly nasty. The thumb rings that the women buy are made in Birmingham; they are scarlet and green and gold, have a little mirror about the size of a shilling in the centre, and cost about tenpence! The glass bangles run about twopence each. Prints from Manchester and Japan, cheap scent from Kobe, mysterious foodstuffs, beads of every color, and the ever-popular 'ring game' and lottery wheels, which we frown on and usually eject from the fair. The people are too simple to make anything that savors of gambling safe or desirable. And through it all the crowd moves and flows, cheerful and talkative, happy in the knowledge of having combined religious duty with pleasurable excitement.

A fair of this kind requires a good deal of arrangement. Cholera is a spectre one cannot ignore. Sweepers have to be collected from towns often hundreds of miles distant, and special police have to be provided. The plausible stranger, of their own caste, who marks down the prosperous family party and persuades them to eat the sweetmeats he provides — sweetmeats containing the deadly *dhatura* — is a standing feature of every big fair. He is a professional poisoner, and often reaps a rich harvest. He robs his victims as soon as they are dead or unconscious — little he cares which — and disappears again into the countless millions of India. And so special police, knowing some of these men by sight, are posted on all roads and at all the stations; the roads to and from the fair are patrolled by mounted and unmounted men; and the 'criminal tribes' within striking distance are held firmly at their own settlements. But, when everything that can be done has been done, there are always some who get through the net; and each fair has invariably its record of petty and serious crime.

I visited the chief school at this centre shortly after the fair. The boys in the highest class were eighteen to nineteen years of age, and at the end of their — purely vernacular — education. They had been taught, from the age of about seven, in their own tongue. Of the thousands who had been poured into the funnel, perhaps fifty had emerged. I was particularly interested in this final product. At mental arithmetic they were astonishingly good — far better, low be it spoken, than I myself. And yet they were not nearly good enough for the local bunnias and shopkeepers; *they* wanted something much better than the school could produce. The customer in India buys in ridiculously minute quantities, and the arithmetical problems are disturbing in their complexity. So the local

people had set up a school of their own, and the results were amazing. The most complicated calculations — which would have taken me minutes to do, with a pencil and paper — were solved instantly, and correctly, by boys of fifteen or thereabouts. They wrote the cramped Hindi, which is the language of the accountant here, with extraordinary ease. And, apart from these two acquirements, they knew nothing. They were not interested in anything else, nor were their parents.

In the government school, the spreading of effort seemed to have produced even less result. The boys could read — even read well; but they seldom knew the meaning of the words they used. 'What does *intizam* mean?' Followed a succession of shots, most of them very wide of the mark. The boys were told, given synonyms. 'And *huqqiqat?*' *Même jeu.* One wondered that the mere context did not give some idea — but it did n't. I would then make them close their books and repeat, in their own words, what they had just read. Off they would start, pell-mell, reproducing the lesson word for word, without a slip. But they could not give the substance in their own words; they did n't really know what it was all about. Memory — and nothing else.

I asked them who the Emperor of India now was. One boy finally hazarded the opinion that he was called Akbar! When it came to geography, things were more amusing. By chance, I asked if the sea was deep. Instantly they all burst into song; the deepest sounding was 5674 fathoms — or whatever it was. That was in the Pacific. I then asked how one went from Bombay to England. That was a 'stock question' too; they simply rushed to Aden, and the Canal; told me how many miles long it was, — which I did n't know myself, — how one turned round at Gibraltar, and all the rest of it.

'What about the nighttime?' I asked. 'Oh, the ship ties up then.' 'But you showed me on the map how it went direct from Bombay to Aden. That is all sea. What does it tie up to?' 'There are barrels to which it ties up.' 'Why should it tie up at all?' 'Well, no one can see to go in the dark.'

'And what are the barrels tied to?' No one could answer that. They finally agreed, after much discussion, that the first answer was wrong; the ship must clearly creep round the coast, tying up at night where it found itself.

'What makes the ship go?' They did not know. 'How can it find its way to Aden? One can't see Aden from Bombay.' Again they did not know.

They were very learned about the submarine cables shown on the map, and pointed out the route they took to London. 'How are these cables laid? How are they arranged?' They were carried on poles! We hunted up the soundings given on the map, and I urged that it would be difficult to find poles 18,000 feet long. They saw that, and then suggested that the cables were hung on poles which were supported on barrels. I sent for a cork and some matches; and they tried to make the cork, with a match stuck in it, float upright. It was also suggested that cables hanging from poles supported in barrels would hinder shipping. Every effort to make them think it out failed. Their final solution, which is typical, was '*Ap log sab chiz karsakte hain*' — 'You people can do anything.'

Curiously enough, they were in general very good at mathematics. But they seemed to have no capacity for reasoning, apart from mathematical subjects. In one of the lessons they read, a reference occurred to the Himalaya; and there was a rather good

description of the hills as seen from a distance, and then again close at hand, as one climbed the lower slopes. 'Where is the Himalaya?' They did not know. And we were sitting outside the schoolhouse, in the shade, with the giant peak of Trisul cleaving the sky in front of us! 'Have you ever seen the Himalaya — the home of snow?' They had not — and they were n't interested in it, either.

I agree with Roosevelt, — was n't it he? — who said that the Romans had never done anything half so fine as the English achievement in India; but 'this person,' as Kai Lung would say, thinks that on their roll of honor the word 'education' will not be found.

IV

I had another glimpse into Indian mentality the other day which amazed me, hardened as I am to these surprises after twenty-odd years of them. I had to go back to headquarters for two days, to count the cash, stamps, and so on, in the treasury. The district officer is personally responsible for every rupee in the government treasury — and there are usually well over a million of them! He must count them, with his own fairy fingers, once each month; but when he is on tour, and as a special act of grace, he can depute someone else to perform that uninteresting task for one month — not more. So back I had to go.

My bearer accompanied me. He has been with me for many years; he is well educated, learned some English at a mission school, reads and writes his own language fluently and easily, and has been living with better-class English people all his life. Well, I gave him an urgent letter to post one evening. The post office was perhaps three hundred yards away. The sun had just set. Half an hour or so later, I asked him if the letter had been posted. He said it had; but his manner suggested to me that it had not. I pressed him, and he finally admitted that he still had it. When I 'pitched into him' he gave as his excuse the following extraordinary reason: —

'Sahib, it is my fault. I admit it. I have done wrong. But I had not the courage to go to the post office. The *momai*-sahib is about. That — the chance of meeting him — made my bones water and my liver melt. Even for you, I cannot do it. Fear has eaten me up.'

'Who is the momai-sahib?' Even as I asked there came back to my memory, like an underdeveloped plate struggling to build up an image in the solution, something I had read in Sleeman many years before.

'The momai-sahib! Ah, he is terrible. He is all-powerful. One is like a reed in his strong hands. He has authority from the Government to wander about, like a bat in the evening, choosing his own path. He takes those he likes. There is nothing to mark him; he is like other sahibs. But, as one meets him, he slowly pushes near your face a little stick — a tiny little stick like the chewed twig we folk use for a toothbrush. And he looks at you, without saying a word. Then you become senseless. Fear eats you up and overpowers you; you cannot cry or speak; and you must follow him wherever he leads. Your liver melts; your head swims; but you walk on, walk on, with him striding in front, never turning round, never speaking. Passers-by do not see you, or him, once he has secured a victim. You pass invisible.

'He leads you on and on to the deserted places — anywhere far from the town, where there is a tree. When you get there, you lie down. He takes from his pocket a little pick; and he drives, with one swift blow, a small round hole

in the top of your skull, at the place where we Hindus wear the *choti* [the unshaven tuft at the top of the head]. Then he strings you up by the heels to the tree; your head is in the middle of an iron pot that he has ready there; he lights a fire of wood beneath; and your brains drip out slowly, slowly, into the pot, and sizzle and splutter there till your skull is empty. You die slowly, and the pain is great.'

'And what is all this for?' I asked.

'The roasted brains make a very powerful medicine that the Government uses in all its dispensaries. It is a medicine of very great price, and without it many miraculous cures could not take place. It is wonderful medicine. The Government must have it, to cure the sick; the English doctors cannot work without it. That is why the Government every now and then allows the momai-sahib to walk abroad in the land. The bodies of his victims are never found; no one ever sees them following him to the fire. They are never burned as Hindus should be, nor can their sons perform the funeral rites. That is a very great calamity.'

Now think what this means. Here was my faithful bearer quivering with fright at the mere recital of the awful activities of the 'momai-sahib' — which, by the way, means the 'sahib who makes wax.' After twenty years of life and work with Indians, I had stumbled on the real hidden motive for what would at first sight have seemed to be merely a careless neglect of duty. Would any European have conceived that a man could believe such a farrago of nonsense who had lived with English people all his life, who had been educated mainly by English teachers, who had unrivaled opportunities for observing the principles on which English people act, their outlook on life, their invariable kindness, and their revulsion from acts of torture or cruelty? Yet believe it he did, and all my efforts to shake that belief were useless. He still believes the story; and I have no doubt that his son's son's son's son's son — to the *n*th — will believe it, and shake with palsied fright when the rumor goes forth that the momai-sahib is wandering about at the hour of the going down of the sun.

V

If you are not surfeited with horrors, you may be interested in the details of a characteristic little murder which took place near here recently. It is interesting because it is typical, and because it discloses the working of one of the safety valves which the operation of our laws possibly renders necessary.

Ram Gopal was a bunnia, about forty years of age. He came, ten years ago, to the little village of Kumheria, which nestles among the nim and peepul trees close to the bank of the big river. Behind the village the forest begins; it stretches on, for miles and miles. Kumheria is, as you see, rather isolated; with the river in front and the impassable forest behind, the only approaches are parallel to the river, and the nearest villages are many miles away, over rough and difficult ground.

Ram Gopal had prospered exceedingly. He lent money, and he lent grain for sowing; he sold cheap cloth; he supplied funds when a marriage or a death forced the cultivators to spend largely in order to maintain their prestige, to follow the custom of their fathers, and to conform to the rules of their caste. The normal interest he charged was 60 per cent; but sometimes he did much better than that. Further, he kept the accounts; his clients could neither read nor write.

In brief, Ram Gopal was greedy and cunning, and entirely without bowels of compassion. Little by little he got

the whole village into his power; they must work hard, all their lives, for him; and when they died their sons, and their sons' sons, must still carry the burden. All that they bore, patiently, though it was grievous enough. But when Ram Gopal had squeezed the village dry as a gourd in the hot weather, he felt that something more was wanted. He began to insist on 'payment in kind' — to interfere with their women. When that stage was reached, matters developed rapidly.

One fine night Ram Gopal was murdered. His body was found on the *charpai*, or string bed; the throat was cut so deeply that the head was almost severed from the body; the small room in which he had been sleeping was a shambles.

As usual, the police got hold of the *kachchha hal* — the 'raw facts' — very quickly. Ram Gopal had been murdered after a village council had been held on the subject; the murder was, as it were, a communal affair — all were in it. Not an atom of information, or of evidence, could be obtained. No one knew anything. No bloodstained clothing could be discovered, no bloodstained knife; no one could give any clue; nobody was suspected. All the account books had been burned — which, I may say, is an almost invariable feature when a bunnia is killed.

I went to the village myself to verify the position. The facts were as reported by the police. I spoke to dozens of people, old and young, taking each alone. They were not uneasy; they showed no undue anxiety — but they knew nothing! It was of course distressing that the bunnia had been murdered; it was possibly unusual that they knew nothing about it; but these were the facts. No strangers had come to the village — though of course dacoits might have been prowling about; one never knew. They, at any rate, had seen nothing and knew nothing. And that was that; it was impossible to get further.

I did a little duck shooting along the river banks, and took the village *chaukidar* with me. The chaukidar is the representative of the police — of law and order generally — resident in each village. It is customary for him to accompany sahibs when shooting, as he knows the ground and the local conditions better than anyone else. When we were well away from the village, and alone in the wide spaces that flank the cold-weather bed of the river, I began to talk of Ram Gopal.

Yes, he had been a hard man. He gave unwillingly. He took heavy interest. He ground them as the barley is ground between the millstones.

Bit by bit the chaukidar became more talkative. I then put it to him that he must know what had happened. He must have been in the village that night; it was small enough for everyone to know all that happened — and this was a big happening. I told him I wanted to hear the story from him; I was not going to use it, but I wanted to know what had happened. He told me, frankly enough, the details.

Matters came suddenly to a head when Ram Gopal demanded that the young and good-looking wife of the potter should come to his house at night. Kallu, the husband, went immediately to the village elders. A special council was called; they did not debate long. Ram Gopal had earned death a thousand times; he must be killed. The whole village — a small one of about ninety people — was with them in that decision. They rapidly arranged the details.

Three young men were chosen as the executioners. They were to enter the house at a fixed time, naked except for small loin cloths, provided for that purpose by one of the council. After

the execution, these loin cloths would be burned; and the young men would swim in one of the great pools left near the village by the shrinking river. In this way there would be no bloodstains. Further, each would still have his own loin cloth, and clothes, unmarked by blood. Each of the chosen three was also provided with a cloth mask (a most unusual feature, this, in my experience) so that they could not be identified by the bunnia or his family.

They had explicit instructions. The whole village would assemble, opposite the bunnia's house, under the great peepul tree, and would sing *bhajans* (hymns) there. This would drown any outcry. The three would dress in their own houses in the new loin cloths, and would fix their masks; one of the village elders would see that this was properly attended to. They would then pass by the singing crowd, and would enter the bunnia's house by the main gate. They knew his sleeping room; they would, if possible, cut his throat while he was asleep. If they could not, he must be dispatched, somehow or anyhow. Then the account books must be taken and burned in the courtyard. The three executioners had to do this, and the bhajans would continue until they had returned. The bunnia's family was not to be interfered with. The servants would be decoyed away if possible; but they would doubtless offer no opposition, and in any case the crowd would guard the door if necessity arose. If anyone else had to be killed to prevent detection, the three young men must kill him.

It all worked out according to plan. The crowd started its hymn singing; the three young fellows — chosen for their strength from among those with special reason for hating Ram Gopal — entered the house under cover of the noise, found the bunnia asleep in his usual room, and cut his throat. They had little difficulty in forcing the recess where the books were kept, and they burned them in the courtyard of the house. Gory with blood, they walked past the singing crowd, followed by one of the village elders. They swam for an hour in the great pool, while their loin cloths and masks were burned by the old man who accompanied them. They took their knives in the water, and also cleansed them by plunging them into the sand of the river bed. The police found no finger marks of any kind — that too had been attended to!

The chaukidar, of course, knew everything. But he too had his private interest in the disappearance of Ram Gopal; and he was told that if he disclosed the facts he would share the same fate. The village felt safe — and with reason. Clearly there was nothing which one could put before a court. The chaukidar was willing to tell me the facts, privately; he had undoubtedly given them to his subinspector of police; but, even had we been stupid enough to try to get him to give evidence in court, he would have denied all knowledge of the affair, rather than run the risk of reprisals by the villagers.

There, you see, is the safety valve which has been evolved! When oppression becomes intolerable, when forbearance has been pushed to the limit, there is what one might call a communal murder. On the theoretical side one could deal with it easily enough; on the practical side there seems — for the time being, at all events — no practicable solution. And yet — murder as a kind of unofficial safety valve gives one furiously to think! It is a disconcerting idea, but the actuality exists, all the same. Such cases are rare, but they occur.

(Succeeding papers will deal with other aspects of India to-day)

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC GIVING

BY JULIUS ROSENWALD

I

THERE are few colleges in the land to-day which are not striving for 'adequate endowment.' Museums, orchestras, operas, homes for the aged, hospitals, orphanages, and countless other charitable and remedial organizations, are aiming at the same goal. It was recently estimated that more than two and a half billion dollars were given to various endowments in this country in the last fifteen years. The sum is vast, equal to the total national wealth a hundred years ago, but institutions continue to solicit more and greater endowments, and men of wealth are encouraging them with ever-increasing gifts.

All of this giving and receiving is proceeding without much, if any, attention to the underlying question whether perpetual endowments are desirable. Perhaps the time has come to examine, or rather reëxamine, this question, for it is not a new one in the long history of philanthropy.

I approach this discussion neither as an economist nor as a sociologist, but simply as an American citizen whose experience as a contributor to charitable causes and as a trustee of endowed institutions has given him some insight into the practical side of the problem. My only purpose is to raise the question of how best we may aid in the advancement of public welfare.

We can learn much from British experience, which has been more varied as well as longer than our own. Monasteries, in the earlier centuries, received such enormous grants that Edward I and his successors undertook to limit their possessions. Despite these efforts, it is estimated that shortly before Henry VIII secularized the monasteries between one third and one half of the public wealth of England was held for philanthropic use. This first great struggle between the living State and the dead hand indicated, as Sir Arthur Hobhouse has pointed out, that the 'nation cannot endure for long the spectacle of large masses of property settled to unalterable uses.'

This experience was reflected in laws intended to restrict charitable bequests in perpetuity, but the endowment of charities of all kinds continued until there was hardly a community in all England without its local fund. So obvious had abuses become that a Parliamentary Commission was created to inquire into the situation. Its preliminary report, published in 1837, filled thirty-eight folio volumes and listed nearly thirty thousand endowments with a combined annual income of more than £1,200,000.

Those who view endowments uncritically might think the condition of English charities fifty years ago happy in the extreme, for less than 5 per cent of the population lived in parishes without endowed charities, all sorts of human needs had been provided for by generous donors, and funds were increasing rapidly. But Mr. Gladstone, who certainly was a humanitarian, rose in the House of

Commons to say that the three commissions which had investigated the endowed charities 'all condemned them, and spoke of them as doing a greater amount of evil than of good in the forms in which they have been established and now exist.'

The history of charities abounds in illustrations of the paradoxical axiom that, while charity tends to do good, perpetual charities tend to do evil. James C. Young, in a recent article, 'The Dead Hand in Philanthropy,' reports that some twenty thousand English foundations have ceased to operate because changing conditions have nullified the good intentions of the donors; and a large number of American funds, many of them of comparatively recent origin, have likewise become useless.

II

When I was a boy in Springfield, Illinois, the covered wagons, westward bound, rolled past our door. The road ahead was long and full of hardships for the pioneers. They were hardy and self-reliant men and women, but many of them were so inadequately equipped that if misfortune overtook them, as it frequently did, they were almost certainly doomed to suffering, and perhaps death.

The worst hardships and dangers of the Western trail had passed in my boyhood, but there was still use, then, for the Bryan Mullanphy fund, established in 1851 for 'worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West.' A few years later the trustees could with difficulty find anyone to whom the proceeds of the fund might be given. Some years ago, for lack of beneficiaries, the income had piled up until the fund totaled a million dollars. I have not followed its later fortunes, but, unless the courts have authorized a change in the will, that money is still accumulating, and will accumulate indefinitely. The Mullanphy gift was a godsend in its brief day. The man who gave it found one of the most urgent needs of his time and filled that need precisely. He made only one mistake: he focused his gift too sharply. He forgot that time passes and nothing — not even the crying needs of an era — endures. He deserves to be remembered as a generous-hearted man who realized, perhaps better than anyone else in his generation, that a wealth of pioneer blood and energy was being dissipated in the creation of our American empire. If he is remembered at all, it is more likely as the creator of a perpetuity which lost its usefulness almost as soon as it was established.

Mullanphy's mistake has been made not once but countless scores of times. It has been made by some of the wisest of men. Benjamin Franklin in drawing his will assumed that there would always be apprentices and that they would always have difficulty when starting in business for themselves in borrowing money at a rate as low as 5 per cent. In addition, he assumed that a loan of three hundred dollars was enough to enable a young mechanic to establish himself independently. With these assumptions in mind, Franklin set up two loan funds of a thousand pounds each. One was for the benefit of 'young married artificers not over the age of twenty-five' who had served their apprenticeships in Boston, and the other for young men of similar situation in Philadelphia. The accumulated interest as well as the principal was to be lent out for a hundred years. By that time, Franklin's calculations showed, each thousand pounds would have amounted to £135,000. One hundred thousand

pounds of each fund was then to be spent. The Boston fund was to be used in constructing 'fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements or whatever may make living in the town more convenient for its people and render it more agreeable to strangers.' In Philadelphia, he foresaw that the wells which in his day supplied the city with water would become polluted; accordingly, he proposed that Philadelphia's fund should be used for piping the waters of Wissihicken Creek into the city. Fortunately, Boston provided herself with pavements, and Philadelphia herself with a water supply, without waiting for Franklin's money. Great as his intellectual powers were, he had miscalculated at every point. The class he proposed to benefit gradually became nonexistent; therefore the funds failed to accumulate as rapidly as he had anticipated. At the end of a hundred years, instead of the $675,000 he had expected in each fund, there were only $391,000 in Boston and $90,000 in Philadelphia, and meanwhile the good works which he had chosen as the grand climax of a career devoted to good works had long been provided.

Benjamin Franklin was a wise man, and so was Alexander Hamilton; yet it was Hamilton who drafted the will of Robert Richard Randall, who in the first years of the last century left a farm to be used as a haven for superannuated sailors. A good many years ago the courts were called upon to construe the word 'sailor' to include men employed on steamships. Even so, the fund for Snug Harbor, I am assured, vastly exceeds any reasonable requirement for the care of retired seafarers. The farm happened to be situated on Fifth Avenue, New York. To-day it is valued at thirty or forty million dollars.

I have heard of a fund which provides a baked potato at each meal for each young woman at Bryn Mawr, and of another, dating from one of the great famines, which pays for half a loaf of bread deposited each day at the door of each student in one of the colleges at Oxford. Gifts to educational institutions often contain provisions which are made absurd by the advance of learning. An American university has an endowed lectureship on coal gas as the cause of malarial fever. In 1727, Dr. Woodward, in endowing a chair at Cambridge, England, directed that the incumbent should lecture for all time on his *Natural History of the Earth* and his defense of it against Dr. Camerarius. It did not occur to the good doctor that his scientific theories might eventually become obsolete; yet, with the passing of years and the progress of scientific knowledge, the holder of the chair had to admit his inability to comply with the founder's instructions and at the same time execute Dr. Woodward's plain intent — namely, to teach science. The list of these precisely focused gifts which have lost their usefulness could be extended into volumes, but I am willing to rest the case on Franklin and Hamilton. With all their sagacity, they could not foresee what the future would bring. The world does not stand still. Anyone old enough to vote has seen revolutionary changes in the mechanics of living, and these changes have been accompanied and abetted by changing points of view toward the needs and desires of our fellow men.

I do not know how many millions of dollars have been given in perpetuity for the support of orphan asylums. The Hershey endowment alone is said to total $40,000,000 and more. Orphan asylums began to disappear about the time the old-fashioned wall telephone went out. We know now that it is far

better for penniless orphans, as for other children, to be brought up under home influence. The cost of home care for orphans is no greater than the cost of maintaining them in an orphanage. But the question is not one of cost, but of the better interest of the children. Institutional life exposes them needlessly to contagion, and is likely to breed a sense of inferiority that twists the mind. The money which the dead hand holds out to orphan asylums cannot be used for any other purposes than maintaining orphan asylums; it therefore serves to perpetuate a type of institution that most men of good will and good sense no longer approve.

To protest twenty-five years ago that orphans were not best cared for in asylums would have been considered visionary; fifty years ago it would have been considered crack-brained. There is no endowed institution to-day which is more firmly approved by public opinion than orphanages were within the lifetime of any man of middle age. Let that fact serve as a symbol and a warning to those who are tempted to pile up endowments in perpetuity.

III

There is another and to my mind no less grievous error into which many givers still are likely to fall. They conceive that money given for philanthropic purposes must be given, if not for a limited object, then at least in perpetuity: the principal must remain intact and only the income may be spent. The result has been, as many a trustee knows, that institutions have become 'endowment poor.' Though they have many millions of dollars in their treasuries, the trustees can touch only the 4 or 5 per cent a year that the money earns. There is no means of meeting an extraordinary demand upon the institution, an extraordinary opportunity for increasing its usefulness. Research suffers; museums are unable to purchase objects that never again will be available; experiments of all sorts are frowned upon, not because they do not promise well, but because money to undertake anything out of the ordinary cannot be found, while huge sums are regularly budgeted to carry on traditional and routine activities. And nothing serves more successfully to discourage additional gifts than the knowledge that an institution already possesses great endowments.

As a trustee of the University of Chicago, I know how difficult the problem is. Opportunities for purchasing libraries or for extending the work of some department into new fields are continually coming before us, and though we have endowments of $43,000,000, we have frequently been unable to authorize the use of even a few thousands for some object which would add much to the University's resources and usefulness, to say nothing of its prestige. We may not even convert the principal of our endowments into books or men, which are the real endowment of any university.

A number of years ago the University started collecting more endowment. I did not contribute to the fund, but instead turned over a sum of which the principal may be exhausted. That fund, I am assured, has been of considerable service. It has been used for such diverse purposes as the purchase of the library of a Cambridge professor; for paying part of the cost of Professor Michelson's ether-drift experiments; for reconstructing the twelve-inch telescope at Yerkes Observatory; for a continuation of research in glacial erosion in the State of Washington, and for research in phonetics. If the fund had been given as permanent endowment, it is obvious that

some of the objects could not have been achieved. The men who desired to undertake experiments and research might have been forced to postpone their investigations; the books purchased might have been scattered among a dozen libraries, never to be reassembled. It is true that money disbursed now will not yield income to the University fifty years hence, but it is also true that fifty years hence other contributors can be found to supply the current needs of that generation.

I am convinced that the timidity of trustees themselves is often responsible for their inability to spend principal. Donors would in many cases be willing to give greater discretion to trustees in such matters if they were asked to do so. A notable example in point is the consent by Mr. Carnegie, more than ten years ago, to the current use of funds which he had given originally for endowment to Tuskegee Institute. At a time when this school was in desperate need of money, I proposed at a meeting of the board of which Honorable Seth Low was chairman and Theodore Roosevelt was a member that we request Mr. Carnegie to permit us to spend not only the interest but also a small portion of the principal of his gift. My suggestion was at first frowned upon. Finally the board agreed, and a letter, dated January 24, 1916, was sent to Mr. Carnegie by Mr. Low which read in part as follows: —

> I am writing to submit to you a suggestion which has been made to me by one or two of my fellow trustees of the board of the Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Rosenwald, in particular, who is a generous supporter of the Institute, feels very strongly that a permanent endowment fund is less useful than a fund the principal of which can be used up in fifty years, his idea being that every institution like a school ought to commend itself so strongly to the living as to command their interest and support. . . . In accordance with this suggestion, I am writing to ask whether you would be willing to permit the trustees to use, each year, at their discretion, not more than 2 per cent of the principal of the fund which you so generously gave some years ago toward the endowment of the Institute. It is always possible that within the lifetime of the next generation industrial training for the negro race will be assumed by the state or national government. Should any such change or any unforeseen change in conditions take place, a fund so firmly tied up in perpetuity that the principal cannot be touched, except possibly through an act of the legislature, might be a disadvantage rather than an advantage.

To this Mr. Carnegie's secretary, Mr. John A. Poynton, replied on February 23, 1916, giving Mr. Carnegie's approval to the suggestion in the following terms: —

> Mr. Carnegie has given careful thought to the proposal that your trustees be permitted to use each year a portion of the principal of the fund which he contributed toward endowment.
>
> In establishing his foundation Mr. Carnegie has favored the plan of giving the trustees and their successors the right to change the policy governing the disposition of the principal as well as interest when to them it might seem expedient, believing it impossible for those now living to anticipate the needs of future generations. Mr. Carnegie would be happy to have the trustees of Tuskegee assume a similar responsibility in connection with the fund which he contributed toward the endowment of that institute, and asks me to say that he is willing to have a small percentage of the principal used annually for current expenses if three fourths of the members of your board should decide in favor of such a plan.

Here is evidence that Mr. Carnegie might have relaxed the terms of his other gifts had he been asked to do so. It was not the donor but the trustees

who were timid. (I have seen trustees act in much the same way in matters of financial administration. Men accustomed to investing a large part of their private fortunes in sound common stocks have felt that as trustees they must invest only in first mortgages or bonds. Of late a good many boards of trustees have enjoyed a change of heart, to the vast benefit of the institutions they serve. But that is a digression.) In some of the institutions with which I am best acquainted, funds given with no strings attached have been added to the perpetual endowment as a matter of course. It is a noteworthy fact, though not as widely known as it should be, that the Rockefeller foundations are not perpetuities. If any of them to-day are wealthier than at their establishment, it is not because the trustees are not free to spend principal when the occasion rises. As a matter of fact, I am told these boards have expended about seventy-five million dollars of their capital or special funds, and it is probable that at least two of them will disburse all of their principal funds within another decade or two.

IV

I am opposed to gifts in perpetuity for any purpose. I do not advocate profligate spending of principal. That is not the true alternative to perpetuities. I advocate the gift which provides that the trustees *may* spend a small portion of the capital — say, not to exceed 5 or 10 per cent — in any one year in addition to the income if in their judgment there is good use at hand for the additional sums. Men who argue that permission to spend principal will lead to profligate spending do not know the temper of trustees and the sense of responsibility they feel toward funds entrusted to them; nor do they appreciate the real difficulties which face donors and trustees of foundations in finding objects worthy of support. I am prepared to say that some of the keenest minds in this country are employed by foundations and universities in seeking such objects; yet, when a real need is discovered, it often cannot be met adequately, simply because of restrictions placed on funds in hand.

The point has been raised that great institutions must have perpetual endowments to tide them through hard times when new money may not be forthcoming. Those are precisely the times when it is most important to have unrestricted funds which will permit our institutions to continue their work until conditions improve, as they always do. A great institution like Harvard ought not to have to restrict its activities merely because its income for one reason or another has been temporarily curtailed. The spending of a million or two of principal at such a time is not imprudent. Sound business sense, indeed, would commend it.

I am thinking not only of university endowments, but also of the great foundations established to increase the sum of knowledge and happiness among men. Too many of these are in perpetuity. It is an astonishing fact that the men who gave them — for the most part, hard-headed business men who abhorred bureaucracy — have not guarded, in their giving, against this blight. I think it is almost inevitable that as trustees and officers of perpetuities grow old they become more concerned to conserve the funds in their care than to wring from those funds the greatest possible usefulness. That tendency is evident already in some of the foundations, and as time goes on it will not lessen but increase. The cure for this disease is a radical

operation. If the funds must exhaust themselves within a generation, no bureaucracy is likely to develop around them.

What would happen, it might be asked, if the billions tied up in perpetuities in this country should be released over a period of fifty or one hundred years? What would become of education and of scientific research? How could society care for the sick, the helpless, and the impoverished? The answer is that all these needs would be as well provided for as the demands of the day justified. Wisdom, kindness of heart, and good will are not going to die with this generation.

Instead of welcoming perpetuities, trustees, it seems to me, would be justified in resenting them. Perpetuities are, in a measure at least, an avowal of lack of confidence in the trustees by the donor. And it is a strange avowal. The trustees are told that they are wise enough and honest enough to invest the money and spend the income amounting to 4 or 5 per cent each year; but they are told in the same breath that they are not capable of spending 6 or 10 or 15 per cent wisely.

If trustees are not resentful, it is because they know that donors of perpetuities are not thinking in those terms. Sometimes perpetuities are created only because lawyers who draft deeds of gifts and wills have not learned that money can be given in any other way. More often, probably, perpetuities are set up because of the donor's altogether human desire to establish an enduring memorial on earth — an end which becomes increasingly attractive to many men with advancing years.

I am certain that those who seek by perpetuities to create for themselves a kind of immortality on earth will fail, if only because no institution and no foundation can live forever. If some men are remembered years and centuries after the death of the last of their contemporaries, it is not because of endowments they created. The names of Harvard, Yale, Bodley, and Smithson, to be sure, are still on men's lips, but the names are now not those of men but of institutions. If any of these men strove for everlasting remembrance, they must feel kinship with Nesselrode, who lived a diplomat, but is immortal as a pudding.

V

There has been evolution in the art of giving, as in other activities. The gift intended to meet a particular need or support a particular institution in perpetuity was once generally approved, but is now outmoded. There are evidences that all perpetuities are becoming less popular, and I look forward with confidence to the day when they will become a rarity. They have not stood the test of time.

To prove that I practise what I preach, it may not be out of place to say that every donation that I have made may be expended at the discretion of the directors of the institution to which it is given. The charter of the foundation which I created some years ago provides that principal as well as income may be spent as the trustees think best. This year, as the management of this fund was being reorganized, I was anxious to make sure that the trustees and officers would meet present needs instead of hoarding the funds for possible future uses. I have stipulated, therefore, that not only the income but also all of the principal of this fund *must* be expended within twenty-five years of my death. This I did in the following letter to the board of trustees, approved and

accepted by the board at its meeting in Chicago on April 29, 1928: —

I am happy to present herewith to the Trustees of the Julius Rosenwald Fund certificate for twenty thousand shares of the stock of Sears, Roebuck and Company.

When the Julius Rosenwald Fund was created and sums of money turned over, it was provided that the principal as well as the income might be spent from time to time at the discretion of the Trustees, and it was my expectation from the beginning that the entire principal should be spent within a reasonable period of time. My experience is that trustees controlling large funds are not only desirous of conserving principal, but often favor adding to it from surplus income.

I am not in sympathy with this policy of perpetuating endowment, and believe that more good can be accomplished by expending funds as trustees find opportunities for constructive work than by storing up large sums of money for long periods of time. By adopting a policy of using the fund within this generation we may avoid those tendencies toward bureaucracy and a formal or perfunctory attitude toward the work which almost inevitably develop in organizations which prolong their existence indefinitely. Coming generations can be relied upon to provide for their own needs as they arise.

In accepting the shares of stock now offered, I ask that the Trustees do so with the understanding that the entire fund in the hands of the Board, both income and principal, be expended within twenty-five years of the time of my death.

I submitted this letter, in advance, to a wide circle of men and women experienced in philanthropy and education, anticipating a good deal of dissent. There was almost none. Twenty years ago when I, among others, spoke in this vein, our ideas were considered visionary; to-day they are receiving an ever wider approval.

I believe that large gifts should not be restricted to narrowly specified objects, and that under no circumstances should funds be held in perpetuity. I am not opposed to endowments for colleges or other institutions which require some continuity of support, provided permission is given to use part of the principal from time to time as needs arise. This does not mean profligate spending. It is simply placing confidence in living trustees; it prevents control by the dead hand; it discourages the building up of bureaucratic groups of men, who tend to become overconservative and timid in investment and disbursement of trust funds. I have confidence in future generations and in their ability to meet their own needs wisely and generously.

THE SHEEP HERDER CALLS IT A DAY

BY ARCHER B. GILFILLAN

I

PICTURE to yourself the old Conestoga wagon or prairie schooner, shorten it somewhat, widen it to extend out over the wheels, pull the canvas taut and smooth so that there is no ribbed appearance, put a small window in the back and a door in the front — and there you have the herder's happy home. There is a short length of stovepipe sticking up through the canvas on one side near the front. You will notice that the door is not placed squarely in the middle, but toward the opposite side from the stovepipe. The door itself is unusual. It is built in two halves, one above, one below; and each half swings independently on its own hinges. In the upper half are three small windowpanes in a vertical line. How much light they admit depends upon how recently they have been installed, because of course the herder is a herder and not a window washer by profession.

The usual explanation for the divided door is that it permits the wagon to be ventilated without cooling off the stove. But I think that is only part of it. It is really the most convenient thing imaginable. You may want to keep the dog in or out without keeping the door shut, so you close the lower half. Also, if you open the full door, the effect is somewhat like opening one entire side of a house. But by keeping the bottom half closed you prevent floor drafts, while the top half, being fastened with a chain, may be kept open at any angle desired, thus affording a perfect means of ventilation. The window at the rear is hinged at the top and may be raised or lowered by a rope passing over a pulley and fastened inside within easy reach. Thus the window also may be held open at any point desired, making the sheep wagon one of the most easily and perfectly ventilated abodes of man.

You get into the wagon by the simple process of stepping on the wagon tongue, grasping the sides of the door, and hoisting yourself in. Some herders use a box or a pair of steps. As you stand in the doorway you have the stove on one hand, with the dish cupboard behind it, and on the other side a bench running from the door to the bed. The latter, built crosswise of the wagon, takes up the last four or five feet of space. Opposite the long bench is a shorter one running from the bed to the dish cupboard. These benches are directly over the wheels. If you examine them closely, you will see a trapdoor in the centre of each, and these lead into the grub boxes. As may be seen from the outside, the grub boxes are suspended in the space between the rear and front wheels, thus carrying out that economy of space which is the keynote of the sheep wagon.

To return to the inside: hinged to the bed and jutting forward between the two benches is the table. Its forward edge is supported either by a gate leg beneath or by a chain dropped from the framework of the top. In either case the table may be let down and out of the way when not in use. Sometimes it

is arranged to slide in and out beneath the bed. There is also quite a space beneath the bed, where the dogs may be out from underfoot and where bulky articles may be kept.

The bed itself is a built-in bunk with sides a foot or more high. Sometimes it has a set of springs resting on its hard board bottom, but more often only a mattress. Sometimes the herder furnishes the bedding, sometimes the boss. Customs vary in different regions. Just above the bed is a small window, mentioned before, through which the herder may look out over his sheep at night without getting up. Over the bed is a shelf or two, where the herder keeps his clothes, books, and papers.

Such, in brief, is 'the wagon,' and for the purposes for which it was designed it would seem hard to improve on it. The keynote of it, as said before, is economy of space. The door and window both open out. The top is high enough so that a tall man may stand upright. For one man there is plenty of room; two crowd it; three are unbearable. But it was intended and designed for one.

We hear so much of the number of steps a woman has to take in pursuit of her work. Someone has even computed the number of miles she is compelled to walk daily — that is, around the house and excluding trips to the movies and the barber. Think of this household marathon and then think of being able to stand in one spot to get an entire meal, to take two steps to sit down and eat it, and then to rise in place and wash the dishes. If the efficiency experts once get a good look at a sheep wagon, they will shortly have all the women under canvas. The herder has no upstairs work to do. He sweeps his wagon whenever it needs it, usually twice a day, and he does the scrubbing and dusting every time the Republicans sweep the solid South.

It is a wonder that there are so few women sharing their husbands' lives in a wagon. Think of a woman's being able to get her housework for the day done in fifteen or twenty minutes. That is all the time the herder spends on it. And yet I am not sure it would work out that way. I have known many a woman homesteader to spend the whole day keeping house in a ten-by-twelve shack, and be busy all the time. What she did or could find to do for that length of time must take its place with the great number of other feminine mysteries. I have heard women say that it is harder to keep house in a small place than a large one. On the other hand we have all heard of 'the burden of a large house.' That is a woman every time. She gets you going and coming.

Of course there are some problems connected with housekeeping even in a wagon. For instance, I am in the habit of putting the coffeepot down into the stove to encourage early boiling. Naturally the pot collects a thick coat of soot. The boss claims that a mixture of soap and elbow grease would cause this soot to disappear. I claim that it would n't. The question has not yet been settled. Then there is another problem arising from the fact that the water pail stands directly beneath the mirror, which causes complications. However, there must be some way out of the difficulty, and doubtless in time I shall discover it.

An observant visitor in a wagon would notice that each of the shelves of the dish cupboard has a three-inch strip of wood hinged to its front edge, the strip being equipped with hooks so that the shelf may be converted into an open box at will. He might also notice that the dishes, both cups and plates, are of tin. These little details point significantly to the herder's secret sorrow, to the fly in the amber of

his peaceful existence — that is, moving day. An old proverb says that three removes are as bad as a fire. That being so, how would you like, once every month, to pile all your belongings on the bed, have an unsympathetic earthquake attached to the front of the house, and have the aforesaid house dragged over several miles of rough country? Yet this is just what happens to the herder. At the end of the journey he may find that the mirror has again been cracked across, or that the kerosene can has been upset on the bed, inducing dreams of oil-stock swindles, or that the syrup pail has tipped over and has spread its contents in a thin veneer over all adjacent objects. All these accidents can and do happen, but a merciful providence usually sees to it that they do not all happen at once. The condition of things at the end of the journey depends largely on the skill and carefulness of the camp tender, whose business it is to move the wagon. But a person will always take better care of his own stuff than another will, and some of the camp tenders are stronger in the back than they are north of the ears. The herder can sometimes do his own packing, if he knows with certainty the day on which he is to be moved, but he can never do the driving, as he has to tend to the sheep.

It would surprise the average person to know how comfortable a sheep wagon is, summer and winter. Almost everyone knows that the average tent is unbearable on a hot day. He might think that the sheep wagon, being a tent on wheels, would be the same way. But such is not the case. The canvas top is usually of several thicknesses, which renders it impervious to the sun's rays; with the door open in front and the window open in the rear, whatever breeze there is comes through; and unless the stove is going the wagon is cool compared with the outside. In like manner in winter the many layers of canvas above and the double matched-board floor beneath keep in a surprising amount of heat. Likewise the fact that there is such a comparatively small air space to heat makes it possible to keep the wagon at a very comfortable temperature. Many herders are out in their wagons all winter, and this in a country which sees forty below every year and in which zero weather frequently extends over long periods.

And yet, with all its attractions, the wagon seems to make a very limited appeal to women. It is the very great exception, even where the herder is married, that his wife lives with him in the wagon. To be sure, there is really room for only one, but then man and wife are supposed to be one, so that should n't make any difficulty. Of course there would be no room for temperament. But whether the reason is prudence on the part of the man or disdain on the part of the woman, the fact is that a wagon with a woman in it is as rare as a tearoom without one, and it seems likely that the wagon will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the refuge of the married man and the hiding place of the bachelor.

II

'A sheepman ain't got no friends' is the customary complaint of the flock owner. To this the classic retort is 'A sheepman don't want no friends.' In other words, the farther away a sheepman's neighbors are, the more grass he has for his stock. Besides, it is often easier to be on good terms with someone at a distance whose interests do not in any way conflict with yours than it is with your neighbor, whose lands may join yours for miles. If distance alone is enough to make

friends, we all ought to be friendly in this part of the country, where the population is less than two to the square mile and where, in spite of the one crop that never fails, there are fewer people than there were ten years ago. The ranch on which I work, one of average size, comprises about nineteen square miles, which would seem to give plenty of elbowroom. Size, however, is only relative. Several years ago the boss was talking with the representative of a sheep company out in Montana. This man said that they had been dried out the previous year and had run short of range, and so had had to lease six additional townships. A township is thirty-six square miles.

A herder's neighbors fall into two distinct classes. First, there are those whose land borders his employer's range. It is the herder's business to see that the sheep do not cross the line separating the ranges, and the diligence with which he does this is in direct proportion to the irascibility of the said neighbors. The herder is brought into direct contact with each of these neighbors in turn during the course of a year, and these contacts are of varying pleasantness. The following, however, may almost be considered axiomatic: if the herder can convince the neighbors that he is trying to do the right thing, they, being human themselves, will overlook his occasional lapses from his one hundred per cent ambitions. Besides this, they know that no herder can get the grass on his side up to the line without some of the sheep getting across; and if the neighbors themselves have stock running loose, as most of them do, they more than get that grass back again. Loose stock of any kind has very hazy ideas about boundary lines, but quite a clear conception of where the best feed is.

Sometimes a herder's difficulties are the fault of the sheepman. A new herder, beginning work on a certain ranch, asked his boss where the lines were. 'Oh,' said the sheepman, making large and expansive gestures, 'herd anywhere you like. It's all my range.' The trustful herder set out with the sheep, but every time he crossed a boundary line someone popped up, and if he was n't the owner, then the land belonged to his brother or his aunt or his grandmother, and he had been especially commissioned to keep any and all sheep off it. That night the new herder tendered his resignation, to take effect at once.

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. A certain sheepman, hiring a herder with a reputation for quarrelsomeness, warned him before he went out to the wagon to begin work: 'You can get into all the fights you want to, and you can get out of them yourself.'

The other class of neighbors with whom the herder has to do is comprised of people passing through the country on their various errands, or riders from other ranches looking for stock, or friends of the herder from a distance. The herder's relations with this class are uniformly pleasant. They break the monotony of the herding day and, in a land without telephone or telegraph, they bring the latest news, and the herder is often able to reciprocate with news from other sources. In fact, my boss used to say that the herder out on the prairie heard more news than he did at the ranch. Scarcely a day passes that the herder does not see someone. The longest period I ever passed without seeing a human being was six days. At the end of that time I was ready to marry or swear eternal brotherhood to the next person I met, according to sex. The absence of human companionship likewise has a tendency to make the tongue wag when the opportunity does come, for conversation with the sheep, however lively and

vigorous it may be, is too one-sided to be interesting.

Yet, strange as it may seem, the herder sometimes has too much company and finds himself in the position of being the unpaid proprietor of a short-order stand. Friends from a distance are always welcome, as their motives are above suspicion. But when a near neighbor makes a practice of dropping in just at mealtime a faint suspicion is apt to arise in the mind of the herder that his visitor is not so much attracted by the charm of the host's conversation as repelled by the thought of having to cook his own dinner at home.

But it stands the herder in good stead not to antagonize his neighbors, whether near or far, because he never knows when they may be in a position to do him a most substantial favor. Once in a while a few sheep may slip away without the herder's knowledge, and a neighbor who will bring them back to the herder, or tell him where they are, confers a benefit worth many meals to the herder, and incidentally to the boss, who pays for the food.

The transient rider going through the country and stopping at the wagon in the absence of the herder presents another problem. I have heard other herders say, and I take the same position myself, that if a man passing through is really in need of a meal he is welcome to go into the wagon, cook himself a meal, wash his dishes, and go on, leaving the wagon in as good order as he found it. But that is just what the transient is unwilling to do. He will take liberties in a sheep wagon that he would never dream of taking in a private house, unless he had a friend along to pick the buckshot out of him. He will eat up whatever food is cooked, especially any delicacies, drain the coffeepot, and be on his way rejoicing before the herder returns.

In earlier times herders were often left alone for long periods; in fact, one herder said that if his boss visited him oftener than once in three weeks he would begin to think his work was n't satisfactory. But it is doubtful whether such conditions exist to-day.

There is one peculiar result of the herder's isolation. Suppose the boss comes out to the wagon and says something the herder does n't like. The boss goes home and promptly forgets it in the numerous contacts he has with others, but the herder does not forget. He mulls it over in his mind, because he has no other immediate contacts to obliterate the memory of this unpleasant one. So he broods over it, and often it curdles the milk of his otherwise sunny disposition. But this is not the fault of the herder; it is merely the result of the conditions of his job.

There is an ever-recurrent story that the laws in certain states compel a sheepman to keep two men with the bunch all the time, one to herd the sheep and the other to keep the herder from going crazy. What would happen if the ovine influence should upset the mental equilibrium of both of them at the same time is a matter for conjecture. Speaking merely for myself, the sight of someone watching me from day to day for signs of incipient madness would be the surest and quickest way to call to life the germs of that disease which is supposed to lie latent in the herder's calling. And if, in addition, I had to do all the work, while the other fellow confined his labors to his optic nerve, there would inevitably steal into my consciousness the thought that insanity is a valid as well as popular excuse for several of the major crimes.

There is also the fable of another law compelling a sheepman to visit his wagon every so often. This is probably as apocryphal as the other. If this law were amended so as to compel the

sheepman to visit his wagon on certain days and on no others, it would receive the strong and hearty support of most herders. As it is, the boss is likely to drop in unannounced almost any time, and this is frequently a cause of embarrassment and deep mortification to the herder, all of which could be avoided by the simple passage of this law.

The fact that labor trouble is practically unknown in the relations between sheepman and herder may be due to various reasons. For one thing, herders are unorganized. The fact that one herder would have to walk several miles at night in order to organize with the next one may have something to do with that. Also, being hired for twenty-four hours a day, there is no time for them to attend meetings when their twenty-four-hour shift is over. Besides this, the extent of ground necessary for running a band of sheep is so large, and the wagons consequently so far apart, that it would take a day and a half to get together enough herders for a good poker game, let alone enough to serve as an audience for inflammatory speeches.

I have still another theory about the herders' lack of an organization, and that is that the nature of his work tends to make him independent. He prefers to do his own thinking rather than to pay someone else to do it for him, and he would be very much opposed to supporting some other herder in idleness for this purpose.

But I think that the real reason for the absence of labor troubles is that sheep raising is still carried on along the old patriarchal lines, and the old man-to-man relation still exists, as it formerly did in almost every occupation. Once in a while a sheepman may suddenly send his herder to join the ranks of the unemployed, or an occasional herder may tell his boss where to shove his sheep, but these are individual cases to be settled each on its own merits. And to counterbalance these melancholy incidents there are many cases where herders have worked for the same man as long as Jacob did for Laban, even without Jacob's incentive. When a herder has put in ten years working for one man, as I have, it looks as if the boss must be a pretty good fellow after all. Modesty forbids the reversal of the formula.

III

At first sight it might seem that the herder, consorting with a notably harmless animal, living for the most part aloof from his fellow man, with no temptations other than those afforded by the mail-order catalogues, ought to lead a life singularly free from hazards of all sorts. But my belief is and my experience has been that he runs all the risks that other people do, with a few peculiar to his own profession thrown in for good measure.

A few years ago I was sitting in the wagon one sultry Sunday afternoon in midsummer writing letters. It was about half past three, and the sheep were leaving water, but had not yet gone far enough to need attention. Going to the door of the wagon to make sure they were all right, I found myself staring directly at an immense black bowl-shaped cloud, from the bottom of which a black snaky trunk sought the earth, the tip of it licking the dust from a ridge not half a mile away. I had seen such a sight once before, from the safe distance of three miles, but if I had never seen one I could not have mistaken it for any but the deadly thing that it was.

The wagon, as always in summer, stood on the top of a hill. It occurred to me that a hilltop was about the poorest place imaginable in which to

entertain a visit from a tornado. To be more accurate, I should say that this occurred to me as I was actively engaged in leaving. I know that I broke several records getting down that hill, but since there was no one there with a stop watch I don't know just which ones they were. I reached the bottom and took out across the flat with every intention of running out of the path of that advancing column. But, as I kept track of it over my shoulder, it seemed to me that I was running directly into that path. So I turned and started back. Then I happened to remember that there was an old homestead well at the foot of the hill on which the wagon stood, one of those shallow wells into which the homesteader would pour a barrel of water on the day he proved up, and then go to town and swear himself black in the face that he had a well with water in it. Into this five-foot well I let myself, and from this favored spot watched the proceedings.

I had been subconsciously aware all this time of a great roaring in the air, but had put it down to thunder. Now I noticed that it was unvarying and continuous, like the roar of great express trains going by on either side. I saw the column still advancing, and was amazed at its comparatively slow progress, since I knew that within that whirling pillar the air was traveling at immeasurable velocity. As I watched the advancing column, I saw it break in two, one part dropping toward the earth, the other withdrawing toward the overhanging cloud; then the parts joined again; then the lower end drew up and let down quickly several times, as if it were rubber bouncing on the earth. Higher and higher were the bounces and shorter became the trunk, until finally it dissolved altogether into the gray cloud above it, and its all-pervading roar became merged into the new roar of an advancing hailstorm.

Late that afternoon, when the boss and his family came out to see how everything was, I learned that the tornado had struck a house about four miles west of where the wagon stood. In the house at the time were a young mother and four little girls. By the merest chance the mother happened to glance out of the window as the advancing column invaded the yard. She had just time to throw the children on the bed and fling a thick quilt over them, when the tornado struck. The walls seemed to press in and then fell outward, the roof disappeared, and in an instant the mother found herself flying through the air. As she was carried along the wind sucked her baby out of her arms, carried it aloft, and then restored it to her; a board kept gently tapping the back of her head; all she could think of was broken bones, broken bones; then quite suddenly she was on the ground with her children around her, with broken and twisted farm machinery scattered all about them; and, on the very verge of collapse, she sent the eldest girl after one of the little ones, who, stripped of every shred of clothing, was chasing the flying column down the field, sobbing as she ran.

Like all other mortals since the time man first cooked his meat instead of bolting it raw, the herder is subject to the hazards of fire. One day last spring at the beginning of lambing, I cooked breakfast for the other lamber and myself over a wood fire. I remarked to him that I would not use any coal, because we should not be in again till noon. We left the wagon about seven o'clock, and after I was outside I stepped back in again to make sure that I had closed the front draft. The wind was blowing a gale. Two hours later I saw the other lamber going toward the wagon with his horse on the run, but I merely thought that he was

going back after some tobacco. I was talking at the time with one of the neighbors and had my back to our wagon, when all of a sudden the neighbor straightened in the saddle and shouted, 'Look! Look!' I turned around and saw the wagon one mass of flames. I was a mile from where it stood, and afoot, so I could play only the part of a spectator, but the language in which I mourned the loss of my books, my clothing, and my typewriter started a prairie fire where I was standing.

The lamber first tried to get his tarp bed out from under the table, but it was firmly wedged there with his two suitcases behind it. Not knowing what else to do, and not wishing to remain idle, he threw out in rapid succession the ink bottle, the saltcellar, and the sugar bowl. Just then his hair and his moustache caught fire, and he decided to leave. It is barely possible he left before he fully decided. The man I had been talking to had in the meantime raced his horse to the wagon, and by a mixture of brain and muscle he succeeded in tipping off the burning upper portion, and thereby saved the running gears. We found that the bottom of the stove had rusted through just beneath the stovepipe. A spark must have dropped through on to the wood piled beneath, and there it smouldered for two hours before bursting into flame.

But the greatest danger that the herder has to face, in my opinion, is from lightning. He is peculiarly exposed to it. On the treeless plains of the West a man or a 'critter' forms a natural target for the lightning bolt. Numbers of cattle and still greater numbers of horses are killed in this way every year. Most human beings naturally seek shelter at the approach of a storm, but the herder must remain somewhere in the vicinity of his sheep.

They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. However that may be, it is a safe bet that it never strikes the same herder twice, if it gets a fair shot at him the first time. I knew a herder who was knocked unconscious for some time when lightning struck a bunch of sheep that he was driving into a corral. Several of the sheep were killed, and, strange to say, the others started to pile up on top of them. Another time a herder, who was taking my place while I was on vacation, had gravel thrown into his coat collar as he sat on his horse, when lightning struck a pebbly stretch of river shore just behind him. He too was rendered unconscious for some moments, and when he came to he was grasping the saddle horn to keep from falling.

My own closest call with lightning came several years ago. The wagon was perched on top of the highest hill in the neighborhood. A storm came up during the night, and as it drew nearer I sat up in bed and watched the sheep through the window in the back of the wagon. When the rain struck them they broke up into little groups, but did not go far because it was midsummer and the rain was warm. The lightning kept getting nearer and nearer, till suddenly there was a bolt and an almost simultaneous crash apparently right on top of the wagon. The thought flashed through my mind, 'I might as well die lying down as sitting up,' so I lay back on the bed and waited for the end of a perfect day. To my infinite relief the next crash sounded farther off. At daylight, not thirty paces from the wagon, I found four sheep dead, grouped closely, and already bloated, as is characteristic of lightning victims. Why the bolt should have struck such a comparatively low target as a sheep and should have ignored the wagon and its stovepipe, close by and on higher

ground, is a question that must be answered by someone more intimately acquainted with lightning than I am.

Not all herders are so lucky, however. In our own community several years ago there was the case of Andy Swanson. He had intended to quit herding and go to California as soon as shearing was over. The last time his boss saw him alive, Andy said, 'Well, Louie, I'm singing my last tune, and pretty soon I'll be going around them for the last time.' That afternoon a summer shower passed over — a mere sprinkle of rain, a few lightning flashes, and it was gone. The next day Andy's horse came to the ranch with the saddle on, but nobody thought anything of it, as it is no uncommon thing for a herder's horse to get away from him. But that evening was the time set for Andy to bring the sheep in to the ranch for shearing, and when he did not show up his boss went out to see what was the matter. He found sheep scattered all about, but no herder. Thoroughly alarmed, he summoned his neighbors, and all that night they hunted with lanterns and shouted, thinking Andy might have fallen off a bank and broken a leg. At ten o'clock the next morning on a high rocky ledge they found him. Andy had passed into the keeping of the Good Shepherd, who, if He disregardeth not the sparrow's fall, had surely in His infinite mercy already enfolded the soul of this poor herder who lay face downward upon the earth. He who at eventide counts His sheep one by one into the fold will at the last not leave the lowly herder standing outside.

A HALF-QUARTER SECTION

BY MERLE COLBY

I

THE Judge of the county watched a haze of sunlit dust settle like pollen on the road, and an oxcart disappear behind it.

'Fourteen, that 'ull be,' he said. 'Fourteen sence morn.'

Pop Downing laid down his quill beside a gourd half full of red lead tempered with turpentine.

'By Gollup,' he exclaimed, 'that 'ull fitch 'em. What time I've sit her to dry by the fire on the old woman's johnny-board, and yankied her over'th a coat of beeswax, she 'ull be the ornament of this-yer Bar and Land Office.'

One of his companions removed his moccasins from the window sill and spat on the verandah flooring.

'Et's drawed out right pretty,' he admitted. 'Thur's the whole town laid out neat as good riven, and no fuss ner shavens. A brick schoolhouse, too, 'uth real glass windies, and a lashen of meetenhouses, not to say a courthouse 'uth two stories and a cuploe, all carded out pretty 'n' proper.'

A tall yellow man, landlord of Sweet's Hotel, tended bar through the open window to the group lounging on the porch.

'This hotel es n't no Land Office jest because happens the Agent's setten on

the porch of her,' he protested. He leaned over the sill and squinted upsy-downsy at the plan. 'What d'y' aim t' call her?'

Pop Downing ran his scarlet fingers through his matted white hair and frowned perplexedly. The others watched him in silence. There were perhaps a dozen men on the verandah, sitting on long puncheons, — lengths of log rived off smooth on one side and resting on roughly split legs, — or spraddling in crude hewn chairs, or lying on their backs on the wedge-split flooring, staring up through the cottonwoods into the metallic sky of the late May afternoon. They were dressed for the most part in blue janes, but here and there one flaunted a pair of cotton trousers cut in flaring Dutch fashion, or fringed buckskins. At the elbow of each, on the floor of the rude trestle which served for open-air bar, stood a pewter mug of corn whiskey. In the dusty road which was the street, four grown men knelt playing marbles, laughing and shouting like boys.

Slightly above the town, on the crest of a bluff, stood an ancient limestone building, once a fort but now a French nunnery, and near it the French Catholic Church. These were decaying monuments to the original French settlers of the town, who could be sharply distinguished from the American settlers by their 'cappos,' or capes with hoods, and their headgear of gayly printed cotton kerchiefs. They were mostly Mississippi boaters, and no American who thought anything of himself would make way on the street for their slight, dark figures.

'You mought call her New Kaskasky,' volunteered one of the men on the verandah, after a period of deep thought. 'See-en this-yur town es Kaskasky, the name would be a right fitten one. And the "New" afurt adds to the flavor, like cheese to pie.'

A man next the speaker took a great pinch of snuff from the valley between two twisted knuckles, and lengthened the sniff into a snort of derision.

'Kaskasky!' he said. 'What kinda name es Kaskasky? Ever' time you mention et, I 'low I thenk of my old woman gritten hominy 'uth a hominy gritter. Kaskasky! W'y, a man roughens up his throat a-sayen of et.' He took a long pull from his mug to ease the harshness resulting from the articulation of the word.

Yet the name 'Kaskaskia' once sounded sweetly enough in the ears of Louis of France, in the days when that city was the capital and stronghold of his possessions in the New World. Three quarters of a century later the name rang again in the ears of a French monarch, this time less sweetly, when the fortress fell to the terrible Long-Knives of the Kentucky whites. From that time forth its importance had declined, until from a flourishing city of seven thousand it had become, in 1840, a small settlement numbering scarcely a thousand inhabitants, whose log huts and wooden public buildings contrasted strangely with the dressed and plastered limestone fortress that still stood above it.

In the days of the town's supremacy towns and cities flourished best in the heart of the forests lining the Mississippi. Now that the fertility of the prairie land had been discovered and turned to profit, the settlement was kept alive only by the fact that within the boundaries of the township the steep bluffs ended and the rolling prairies began. In another seventy-five years the railroad and radio would destroy the characteristic turns of speech of the farming folk, and the few remaining French and 'breeds' would be set to work in factories. Then, tired of waiting, the Mississippi was

to reach out absently one day and with a careless sweep of its yellow paw undermine the old fortress. Cameras were to click as a few spectators indifferently watched the heavy dressed stones crumbling sullenly into the waters over which they had once so proudly domineered.

II

One of the loungers at Sweet's sat up slowly, reached luxuriously behind him for his plug, and, having bitten off a chew, gazed comfortably around him.

'Seems to me you-all ur shinen a coon what es n't ben treed,' he said. 'Seems to me kinda like tiren out tongue-senew, namen a town what don't exest yit. You got a right pretty draw'n laid out thur, Pop, and don't know's I've seen a theng so gaudy and fanciful sence the hangen of Bennett. But Kaskasky Landen es Kaskasky Landen — forty rod of sand bottom and a couple acre cottonwood. Pop, your town es all 'n your eye.'

'En my eye, my eye!' exclaimed Pop Downing illogically, bringing down his fist with a crash on the trestle board where his drawing lay. 'Bottom ur no bottom, that piece of land es mine, 'uth a patent signed by Martin Van Buren, all wrote out neat and legal, 'uth the name of Ezekiel Downing across the top of her. Ef I choose to call her the Land of Goshen, I kin do so, by Gollup, and kin sell town lots in her to all and sendry, es long es the same es free, white 'n' twenty-one, and able to sign thur name by hand of wrote ur cross mark.' He looked triumphantly around the company. 'And the name of her's goen to be —'

Pop Downing paused and looked around him into faces touched with amusement or good-natured curiosity.

'Downingville,' he said. 'Downingville, Illinois, U. S. A.!'

There was a roar of approving laughter. The county surveyor, a loosely set-up man with a lean, horse-like head, laughed in a series of dry, staccato barks, at the end of which he stared around the circle, meeting the eye of each of his companions, nodding with a quick, sharp little shake of his head to one after another. The Judge laughed with a round ho-ho, taking no notice of his fellows, wiping his eyes on his broadcloth coat tail. Jeff Shorely, with his habitual gesture, thrust his hand under his great black beard and lifted his voice with a roar like the Mississippi in flood, then suddenly closed his jaws with a snap and stared truculently at the others. Pop Downing laughed, too, with a little thin tee-hee, mingled with small sneezes, chuckles, and broken syllables of profanity, carefully twisting up a corner of his bandanna and applying it to the corners of his eyes as his laughter wore itself out.

Three of the four men at marbles looked up with sympathetic grins. The fourth, profiting by his opponents' inattention, neglected to knuckle down, and managed to shoot every pellet out of the ring. With a howl, the players turned again to the shrewd fellow, and with cries of 'Punch 'um!' 'Git 'um, Jos!' 'Overs!' fell to belaboring him with good-natured blows, behind each of which lay two hundred pounds of muscle and bone.

'Yankied agin!' shouted one of them.

As if at a cue, Pop Downing laid back his throat and began to sing in a high quavering voice, keeping time to the punches resounding on the ribs of the victim, one of the thousand stanzas of a ditty that once rang all up and down the length of the Mississippi: —

'Fer nineteen year I huv not eat
Of pork ner beef ner civilized meat;
I bought me a clock 'uth a heifer plew,
And the clock don't run, but the clock tax do!

(*Chorus*) Woman, old woman, draw the latch-streng en:
I reckon es how I'm yankied agin!'

The surveyor flung his legs over an arm of his chair, and contributed another stanza: —

'I tuk me some grain to the county seat:
Three bushela corn, three bushela wheat.
And the miller tuk fer his millen turn
Three bushela wheat and three bushela corn!'

The group, with a vindictive howl, joined in on the chorus: —

'Woman, old woman, draw the latchstreng en:
I reckon es how I'm yankied agin!'

Jeff Shorely thrust his hand under his beard, lifted his chin, and roared: —

'The Dunkards and the Camelites say
The Baptists 'ull go to hell some day.
I prayed three hour on the mou'ners' bench
And I ain't made a handsome hoss-trade sence!
(*Chorus*) Woman, old woman, draw the latch-streng en:
I reckon es how I'm yankied agin!'

A locust started its ripsaw in one of the trees surrounding the verandah, and, as if warned by its sultry drone, the men halted their singing and reached each one for his mug. The landlord rested his shirt sleeves on the sill and grunted approvingly.

'A thirsty gullet,' he remarked, 'es the ree-ward of a good holler. Drenk hearty, boys. The next round es on Sweet.'

A man at the farther end of the open-air bar peered down the road between cupped hands.

'Four, this trep,' he said. 'How many's that, Jedge?'

The Judge wiped his lips with his coat tail and stared absently at the road.

'That 'ull make eighteen to-day,' he announced finally. 'Counten the young-uns.'

The others followed his gaze. At the head of a team walked a tall man, in janes and moccasins, his butternut shirt open at the throat. His two horses were hitched one behind the other, their work collars simply a pair of old leather breeches stuffed with straw and astraddle their shoulders. The traces were thongs of plaited corn husk, reaching from the breeches legs to the axletrees. The wagon itself had no tires to its wheels, and its bed consisted of sawn lengths of board resting upon the axles. Over the slats were thrown a corn-husk mattress and some blankets, upon which sat a woman, the whites of her eyes flashing oddly out of a sun-browned face. She held a child in her arms. Behind the wagon trotted a boy of perhaps six years. An exact replica of his father, he curvetted astride the stump of a bull whip discarded by some cattle drover farther east, swatting it with his palms and shouting shrilly.

The man halted his team with a word and stood staring unblinkingly at the marble players in the road, as if striving to accustom himself to the idea of men settled, at home and content, in a territory which was to him merely a passing-place.

'Howdy,' said one of the players, squatting upon his heels and reaching for his plug.

The stranger tried to spit, but succeeded only in making a convulsive movement with his throat. When his voice came, it was hushed and breathless, like the rattle of pebbles in a dried-up creek bed.

'Howdy,' he breathed.

'Goen fur?'

The man's throat twitched again with that nameless convulsive quiver.

'Further 'n that,' he said.

'Stay 'n' hev a drenk. And a swallow a melk fer your old woman.'

The man glanced up at the sun, a quarter down its setting course. 'No time,' said his breathless voice, almost as if it were speaking of its

own accord. 'Got to move on. Gitten West.'

'Missouri, stranger?'

'Gitten West. Geddap.'

The boy, who had listened attentively during the conversation, edged up shyly to the group around his father.

'Ask us agin!' he cried shrilly. 'Ask us agin whur we're a-goen!'

'Whur you goen, sonny?' asked one of the players indulgently, making a sudden reach for the tike as he pranced about them on his bull whip.

The youngster evaded the attempt to seize him and drew himself up proudly, a ludicrous caricature of the older man. The team lurched forward against the corn-husk traces, and the wagon started.

'Gitten West,' mimicked the boy. 'Geddap!' With a screaming gurgle of laughter he touched up his steed and pranced after the cloud of dust that was his ambient home.

Pop Downing grunted comfortably. 'Beggist raree-show on airth, right her' 'n this town. All you gotta pay es the price of a mug of corn licker on Sweet's porch, and set and glance your eye. Settlers. My Gawd, what a raft of 'em! And all gitten West. West!'

He looked round at his companions. 'Whur es this-yur West whur they're all a-gitten to?' he asked. 'Out in Pennsylvanny et's Ohio that's the West. En Ohio et's Illinois. En Illinois ef a man says he's gitten West you kin tuck en your pants' legs and wager et's Missouri he's lighten out fer. And en Missouri et's Gawd knows whur. West! Hell, there es n't no sech place.'

There was no sound of approval or dissent from the group.

'Passen through,' went on Pop. 'All hours of the night and day, passen through. Some of 'em stops to hev a drenk, some of 'em stops to say howdy, and some of 'em don't stop long enough to spet. Women, young-uns, boys, men, dogs, oxen, crittern, sheep. Riden, walken, a-sleepen, waken. And all goen West. West, by Judas, fer all the worl' 's ef thur was sech a place. Et gevs a man the fan-tods.'

The loungers remained silent and would not look at each other. As if to lessen their embarrassment, the county surveyor unwrapped his legs from about the leg of a chair and peered critically in the opposite direction to that from which the little caravan had come.

'Lookut comen,' he said at last. 'Ploughs a right crooked furrow.'

At the farther end of the dirt street appeared a brave figure. The wide road hardly contained his path as he swept uncertainly from rut to bank. He was dressed in new yellow coat and trousers, the latter carefully pressed at the sides. His coat lurched open at every step, allowing to appear a flannel waistcoat, woven crimson flowers on a light ground.

As the group focused its attention on the new arrival, he sat down with a groan and clumsily unlaced his great yellow shoes. With some effort he pulled them off his bare feet, knotting the laces and flinging them around his neck. A broad smile of relief spread placidly, like a pool of sorghum, over his face.

'By Gollup,' said somebody, 'et's young Lundy back from Cencennatty.'

III

The marble players left off their game as the boy arrived in front of the verandah. The loungers leaned forward to hear what he had to say. His fair hair was plastered close to his scalp with pomatum and sweat; his pudgy red cheeks glowed with heat and shook with excitement. He stood

swaying in the middle of the road, and out of his mouth words began to tumble. He was very drunk and very much in earnest.

'En the town of Cencennatty,' announced young Lundy, 'thur twenty-four meetenhouses. I ben en ever' one 'f 'um. Thur forty-nine bar, a collidge, and two museum. I ben stood drenks en all the bar, and brung me back picture cards of the collidge and museum.'

He stopped, drew a long breath, and flapped his broad tongue over his upper lip to lick off the sweat.

'En the town of Cencennatty thur grestmills and sawmills, and they work 'em all by steam. I seen 'em all. They got the best levee on the river, and the strongest current fer fefty mile aroun'. I swum that current.'

He paused to illustrate the assertion, lost and recovered his balance, then went gravely on.

'They got eighteen magazines and newspapers, and I bought a copy 'f ever' one 'f 'um, figgeren that when I git too old to drove I mought learn to read. Thur forty-sex thousen, three hunder' 'n' eighty-two people en the town of Cencennatty, not counten niggers and Yankee singen masters, and I seen the whole forty-sex thousen, three hunder' 'n' eighty-two on the streets, and some 'f 'um twicet.'

The boy paused to take thought, teetering gravely from heel to toe, then ended his tirade in a burst of rhetoric.

'En the town of Cencennatty ever'-body talks grammar and them foreign tongues, and land sells fer forty dollar a acre. They smoke seegars stida chewen 'em, and Fourth a July comes ever' other Tuesday. And them that lives en her calls her the Queen of the West, fer all she lies bang en the middle of the Eastern Hemisphere.'

Young Lundy reached out his hand, and as if by magic it held a full pewter mug. He took a long pull, and shuddered slightly. Then, fixing his eyes on the verandah thatch, he intoned the following string of facts in a singsong voice, like a child reading from a primer.

'I ben forty-one day driven sex hunder' 'n' fourteen head a cattle, all under three year and untaxable. They averaged fefty stone. My cast was ten head, at eighteen dollar a head. We's 'leven men, counten me and my long-tailed horse. We took forty-one day driven to git to Cencennatty, and the herd 'rived en better condition than she started. My sheer's a hunder' 'n' eighty dollar, 'uth drover's wages at fefty cents a day. I stayed five day en the town of Cencennatty, and come back by passenger boat, taken twelve day 'n' nine hour. The nine hour's 'casioned by striken a planter off Bird's Point and stoven a hole size of a wash-tub forrard. I won forty dollar at cards aboard the boat, and lost sexty. My partner, Jake Fairly, married a girl aboard the boat afur I could chance myself to speak to her, and the pair 'f 'um stayed on board, bound fer Cairo, en Egypt, Illinois. So I got off at Kaskasky Landen, 'uth ninety dollar en my pocket, and slipped en the clay and mired my clo'es. The whole trep heven took fefty-eight day, nine and one-half hour, complete, total, and to date.'

The county surveyor scratched the back of his head and stared quizzically at the speaker.

'Rec'lect hard,' he admonished. 'Hes n't cha fergot somethen?'

The bartender leaned out of the window and growled.

'Hev done, and let the lad be. Set down, young Lundy, and take your shoes off from aroun' your neck and git sociable.'

He reached a long arm out of the

window for the boy's mug. Lundy approached diffidently. He caught sight of Pop Downing's map, still spread out on the table, weighted down at each corner with an empty mug.

'Wheeroo!' he exclaimed. 'Pretty, es n't et? Whut mought et be?'

Pop hastily covered a major portion of the plan of Downingville with one elbow.

'Nothen much,' disclaimed Pop Downing, furtively. ''T es n't only a draw'n, sort of.'

The boy shouldered the older man away, planted his hands astride the gayly colored plan, and stared between them.

'Cencennatty,' he muttered. 'No, 't es n't. Et's begger, and the streets es wider. Priest! Whur mought et be?'

Somebody snickered. Young Lundy brought his eyes up slowly from the drawing and stared around the circle. A white spot appeared under each of his cheek bones.

'Tell me, then,' he commanded. 'Whut es this-yur a draw'n of? Tell me, then, some 'f you. Whur mought sech a town be?'

Pop avoided the boy's gaze, and the county surveyor spoke for him.

'Et's Kaskasky Landen,' he explained.

'Kaskasky Landen,' muttered the boy. 'Kaskasky Landen, whur I lef' my rifle and my telescope bag. When I come from thur, jest now, thur war n't only one house to et, a house that hed n't no roof yit. Whut kinda sass 'r' you aimen to gev me?'

'Leastways,' qualified the surveyor, 'et's the Landen the way Pop says she's goen to be. And the name of her es —'

'Downingville!' shrieked Pop Downing, at bay. 'Downingville, young Lundy. Downingville, Illinois, U. S. A.!'

'Downingville,' echoed the boy. 'And whut mought be the price of town lots en her, now? Whut mought the price of this-yur lot be?' He placed a finger at the junction of two wide streets, at the end of which were limned, respectively, a schoolhouse and a church.

Pop Downing winced and ducked his head. When he raised it, the boy still stared at him. There was no evading his question.

'I was thenken,' he said, 'of asken twelve dollar, specie, fer that lot, but —'

The boy thrust a hand inside his waistcoat and pulled out a buckskin bag, on the side of which an Indian head was crudely burnt, and jerked open the mouth.

'Twelve dollar, specie,' he repeated, flinging the amount at Pop Downing's knees. 'Do I git a recipee, er whut?'

Pop shamefacedly pocketed the money, edged over to a corner of the table, and with the quill laboriously wrote out a receipt. The boy thrust it away in the pouch, and without a further glance at the old man lowered himself into a chair before the plan of Downingville. He placed his chin on his folded arms, and stared before his nose at the portion of the plan that represented the town lot he had just purchased. Its government value, as determined by the auction upset, was perhaps sixty cents.

IV

Pop Downing sat down on the top step leading to the verandah. For a long time he was silent, watching the sun sink below the trees along the bluffs of the Landing. As the light ebbed, he slowly recovered his cheerfulness. With a stealthy movement, he drew the specie from his pocket and re-counted it softly, whistling between his teeth. From the hollow of young Lundy's

arms on the table came a gentle snore. Pop looked up, still whistling softly, and saw the first stars begin to wink.

Somewhere down the street a window glowed yellow. A woman's voice called. A boy separated himself from a group stealing down the road in single file and broke away in the direction of the light. The file wavered, hesitated, then scattered as if blown apart by the gust of wind that raised a series of dust devils before it.

One by one the men on Sweet's verandah rose and slipped away, too good neighbors for the formality of a good-night. The dusk drooped quickly, as it does on the prairie. A cow waiting to be milked lowed somewhere in a pasture. At length there were left on the verandah only the Judge, silent in a dark corner, the boy Lundy asleep at the table, and Pop Downing, seated on the step whistling out the stars.

A pair of oxen shambled into view down the road, drawing a heavy wagon hitched by thongs to their horns. The driver halted them opposite the verandah and flung his whip into the vehicle. There was a murmur of another voice. A passenger clambered heavily over a wheel, and, taking the driver's arm, jumped to the ground. The pair hesitated a moment, then walked slowly to the verandah steps and stood before Pop Downing, without a word.

Pop stared curiously through the dusk at the couple. The driver was perhaps five feet ten, heavy in proportion. He was dressed simply in a blue shirt, corduroy trousers, and drover's boots. He wore no hat, and his bare hands hung at his sides. His companion was a woman, little better than a girl, but heavy-boned and erect. Her eyes were dark, with a light in them like the reflection of a lantern in deep water at night. Pop saw that she was great with child.

'Howdy,' said Pop at last. 'Goen fur, stranger?'

The man stirred. 'I reckon not,' he said simply. 'I seen a stretch of land east a piece, and I — Where could I find the land agent of this county?'

'I'm him,' said Pop. 'Whut kin I do fer you?'

'I seen a stretch of land east a piece,' repeated the man. 'It was just before topping the knoll, a mile back, lying to the south of the road.'

'That 'ud be the eighty lyen next George Smalley's place,' said Pop. 'Eighty acre. A half-quarter section.'

'Can it be bought?'

'I reckon.'

'And the price?'

'Dollar 'n' a quarter a acre, specie. Bank notes at 10 per cent descount.'

The man let out his breath softly. Without speaking, he reached into his shirt and brought out a leather purse, from which he counted a hundred dollars in gold coins into Pop Downing's hands. Pop slid the heavy double eagles into his pocket, and in the light of the bar window wrote out a rough receipt.

'The east half of the northeast quarter of section four, this township,' said Pop. 'I'll enter et fer you, and the President 'ull mail your patent from Washington when he kin git round to et. Better git the land fenced en soon's may be. Take 'bout nine er ten thousen rail, 'uth a three-mile haul. Cost you 'bout a dollar a hundred, er you kin splet 'em yoursel'.'

The man took his receipt and nodded. 'I'll split 'em myself,' he agreed, flexing an arm, then fell silent again, listening closely to Pop's instructions and remarks.

'You'll need a strong plough to break up your eighty, and sod corn,

and a Collins axe, ef you es n't got one already, and wedges. You got a rifle, a course. Sod corn costs thirty cent a bushel, and seeds 'bout four acre. You need a roller, rope, and bucket fer your well. Fall seed wheat comes eighty cent a bushel. Cattle and horses es liable to a ad valorim tax at three year old. Your old woman 'ull hev a spennen wheel and loom. Land es n't taxable untel five year from date of purchase. Thur's a tax on clocks and watches, ef you hev any sech. You're liable to two days' work on the state road, and sex month en the milishy — but you won't be called out — at reg'lar pay. When you git en your fall seed, thur's squirrel hunten and coon hunten, and horse racen. Ninepins es agin the law en these parts, so we plays tenpins, Sundays.'

The woman plucked at her husband's arm. The man nodded, and sent her back to the wagon with a gentle push. The moon began to rise over the prairie. The two men fell silent, listening to the snores of the boy on the verandah. Pop Downing shifted his position on the step and spoke, very softly, as if afraid to break a spell.

'Et's good land, that eighty,' he said. 'None better. . . . Rich dirt. Good loom, though; not too rich. . . . Deep, too. I could n't make bottom.'

Pop paused and considered. 'And well dreened. . . . Thur's a crick runs below et. Thur's a shady piece, too. A knoll, 'uth half a dozen heckory trees. . . . Et's good land, that eighty. . . . Et's sweet land.'

'Yes,' said the man. 'I tasted it.'

He turned to go, bringing both fists up to a level with his head, his shoulder muscles rippling through his shirt. Pop considered him, surprisedly, against the moon.

'Me and my old woman kin put you up fer the night,' offered Pop. 'Plenty room en our house now.'

The man whirled around again, facing Pop. He brought his clenched hands down to his sides. When he spoke, his voice rang out strangely along the shadowy street.

'No, I thank you,' he said, and his oxen lifted their heads as if at a command. 'Me and my woman, we aim to spend the night — on our land.'

He strode rapidly to his team, swung them about, and started them back in the direction from which he had come. Pop sat rubbing his stubbled chin with the heel of his palm, his eyes following them meditatively.

There was a rustle in the corner, and the Judge's voice came out of the darkness.

'Twenty,' said the voice.

THE THREE CHILDREN

(Near Clonmel)

I MET three children on the road —
The hawthorn trees were sweet with rain,
The hills had drawn their white blinds down —
Three children on the road from town.

Their wealthy eyes in splendor mocked
Their faded rags and bare wet feet —
The King had sent his daughters out
To play at peasants in the street.

I could not see the palace walls,
The avenues were dumb with mist;
Perhaps a queen would watch and weep
For lips that she had borne and kissed.

And lost about the lonely world,
With treasury of hair and eye,
The tigers of the world will spring,
The merchants of the world will buy.

And one will sell her eyes for gold,
And one will sell her eyes for bread,
And one will watch their glory fade
Beside the looking-glass, unwed.

A hundred years will softly pass —
Yet on the Tipperary hills
The shadow of a king and queen
Will darken on the daffodils.

EILEEN SHANAHAN

MASS PRODUCTION MAKES A BETTER WORLD

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

I

It is agreed by competent observers in this country and in Europe that America's increasing general prosperity and high standards of living are due chiefly to the rapidly increasing use of scientific mass production and distribution.

Yet there are some — mostly impractical theorists — who profess to see in mass methods the threat of grave danger to mankind. Where I see good, they see evil. Where I see the means of liberating the masses of the people economically, the critics of mass methods see the probability that men will become veritable slaves of their machines. The theorists foretell an era of machine-made ugliness, while I look to low-cost mass production to make beauty more general and to put more of it within the reach of the masses. In short, the theorists assert that mass production and distribution are bad in many ways for both producers and consumers. I am convinced that they benefit both.

I am going to consider categorically the principal allegations which are made against mass methods. But first let us see clearly just what mass methods are and what they imply.

Scientific mass production, for example, is not merely the production of large quantities of highly standardized goods. It implies that those goods shall be made under the most modern and efficient methods, largely by means of machinery, and with a high degree of division, or specialization, of labor. The original aim was cost reduction rather than the production of great quantities of goods, but it was soon discovered that costs can be reduced to the minimum only by producing in large quantities — millions of articles — and thereby reducing 'overhead' expense to the point where the charge against each unit is comparatively negligible.

But mass producers also found out that when goods are produced in great quantities there must be millions of consumers. It would be foolish, for instance, to make a million automobiles or two million pairs of shoes if you were going to charge $25,000 for each automobile and $50 for each pair of shoes.

Fortunately, mass production can produce consumers by creating buying power. This it does through (*a*) paying high wages; (*b*) selling cheaply. Because production per man is high, it is possible to pay high wages. Furthermore, when many articles are made by each worker under scientific mass methods the difference between a high wage and a low wage is a relatively small part of the cost of each article. Then mass producers discover that the greatest total profits are made from the smallest practical profit per unit, because only by selling cheaply can the price be brought within the reach of the masses of consumers.

However, merely to produce goods and to supply the buying power are seldom enough except for the most essential necessities of life. People will not usually buy, even when they

have the necessary buying power, unless they want the goods. Therefore it is necessary that the goods made by mass-production methods be attractive in appearance and of good quality, if they are to be bought again and again.

II

With these fundamentals well in mind, let us proceed to examine some of the objections which are most commonly made to mass production.

1. It is said that mass methods make the worker the slave of his machine — that the machine forces him to maintain a killing pace.

It is the almost universal practice of industrialists and industrial engineers when installing scientific mass-production methods to insist that the new methods must increase production but at the same time reduce the fatigue which the worker experiences from a day's work. This is accomplished in many ways. Conveyors carry the loads that once broke human backs. Whereas a worker formerly spent much time walking around a factory to get his next batch of materials or needed tools, these are now brought to him by conveyors or power trucks. It is certainly easier for a worker to make a forging on a power hammer than by swinging a sledge, and easier to drill twenty holes simultaneously by a power-operated drill press in a fraction of a minute than to drill even a single hole by hand in five or ten minutes. There are countless instances that can be cited to prove that the machine is the slave of man, not man the slave of the machine.

2. It is said that mass methods kill the worker's soul, and turn craftsmen into automatons.

Admit that machines now do many of the things that formerly called for the skill of a craftsman. Yet there are more skilled craftsmen employed to-day than ever before in proportion to the population, and the demand is greater than the supply. Not all men are creatively inclined. The vast armies of unskilled or semiskilled machine operators are not generally recruited from the skilled artisans, but from the ranks of unskilled common labor — from those who have no creative talent and who would otherwise do harder work at lower wages. Complicated, specialized, high-speed machines call for the service of many highly skilled mechanics for repair work, toolmakers, diesinkers, and machine designers. That is where the skilled craftsman finds his niche at higher wages and with full scope for any creative talent he may have.

It is a common mistake to assume that monotonous repetitive work is necessarily offensive to all men. Engineers have found, on the contrary, that most workers prefer to perform a simple, specialized, repetitive operation. It leaves their minds free to ruminate on other things. They do not abhor monotony, but desire it, as is often shown when workers refuse to be transferred from a repetitive job to which they have become accustomed, even though the new job would pay them better. So great is the need for more skilled mechanics, however, that many employers maintain courses of training for the purpose of developing latent craftsmanship wherever it appears among their workers.

The machine does not bind down the creative craftsman to a dull routine job. It sets him free to do those skilled creative jobs which even the most ingenious and humanlike machine cannot do. And it enables the unskilled, unintelligent man to earn more money than before with far less effort and with no harm to his mind and soul. It permits him to have an avocation as well

as a vocation in the longer hours that he has free for recreation and cultivation.

Not only does mass production benefit the man while he is in the shop, but, by increasing the earning and buying power of the masses through higher wages and lower prices, mass production is making it possible for them to secure the necessities of life with fewer hours of labor. I confidently look forward to further important reductions in the time which a man will have to spend at work in order to provide a proper living for himself and his family.

The leisure which the masses will then have will enable them to get more education and to enjoy more of the good things of life than they now have time for. It is not work, no matter how monotonous, that kills the soul and the spirit, but such long hours that the worker has not time or strength for recreation and improvement. And the workman, if any there should be who cannot express and exercise to the full his creative instincts in his work, will have the opportunity to do so during the many leisure hours each day which mass production will give him. The uncreative, the unskilled, will be able to look forward at the end of a short, unfatiguing workday to occupying himself with activities which suit his tastes. He will have the money and the leisure to enjoy the things of life which seem to him the most worth while.

3. It is said that mass methods, by increasing the amount of goods which a man can turn out per hour, cause unemployment.

This is based on the fallacious but persistent idea that there is only a definitely limited amount of work to be done — which in turn springs from the equally fallacious idea that only a certain amount of goods can be consumed per capita. If that were so, it would be true that to double one man's production would throw another man out of work. But both of these conceptions are false.

It is obvious, with a little thought, that the masses of the American people are consuming many things which they could not afford to buy even ten years ago. The contribution of mass methods is reflected in the general comparatively high standard of living, in the rarity of acute poverty among those who are able and willing to work, and in the general ownership of such luxuries as the motor car and the wide use of the telephone.

The point is this: Mass production, by reducing costs and prices and by increasing wages, has increased the purchasing power of everyone. The increase in per capita consumption has kept pace with the increase in per capita production, so that, in the long run, mass production has not resulted in unemployment. The reverse is true.

Take the automobile industry as an example. In 1895 only four automobiles were made in the United States. Probably only a few dozen workmen were employed in the industry. For the next few years the increase in the use of cars was slow, chiefly because the price was high. Automobiles were rich men's toys. But, as mass production brought the price of cars down to a point where most people could afford to buy them, the sales of cars rapidly increased.

In fifteen years the production of cars per man hour increased tenfold. That is, in a given period one man can turn out the number of cars that ten men made fifteen years ago. To the old school of thought it would follow that nine men out of every ten were laid off in the automobile industry because of the improved methods. The fact is that the number of workers in the automobile and subsidiary industries

has grown constantly until in 1926 there were employed, directly and indirectly, 3,743,781, according to figures of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. In 1919, in automobile and truck factories alone 210,559 workers were employed. In 1926 this figure had grown to 375,281, in spite of the fact that production per man hour had increased more than 25 per cent between 1919 and 1926.

While only 375,281 workers were employed in automobile and truck factories in 1926, hundreds of thousands more found employment in industries directly dependent on motor cars and trucks. For example, there were 320,000 workers in automobile-accessory factories; 100,000 tire-factory workers; 455,000 dealers and salesmen distributing automobiles, trucks, tires, and other accessories; 1,400,000 chauffeurs and truck drivers; 575,000 garage and repair-shop employees. The automobile is the largest consumer of gasoline and oils, and it is estimated that 110,000 workers in this field owe their employment to the motor industry.

In addition, nearly 400,000 jobs in a wide variety of industries and professions probably would not exist if mass methods had not brought the automobile to its present general use — if machinery and intelligent management had not made possible the great increase in the volume of production. Some who have studied this situation — and I can find no grounds for disagreement with their figures — estimate that the automobile has given employment to 70,000 iron and steel workers, 95,000 railroad workers, 15,000 plate-glass workers, 10,000 tannery and leather workers, 15,000 woodworkers, 20,000 machine-tool workers; and that is not a complete list.

So I cannot see how anyone can find just cause to regret the application of scientific mass methods to the automobile industry, or to any other industry. There is no ground for the fear that machinery and the consequent increased productivity will cause more than temporary unemployment. In the motor industry there is no evidence of even temporary unemployment due to increased production. With the exception of 1921, the year of our most serious depression, the number of workers in automobile factories has increased each year, advancing from 210,559 in 1919 to 375,281 in 1926. In the same period the average earnings of these employees increased from $1482 to $1726 a year, an increase of more than 23 per cent. To complete the case for scientific mass methods, the figures show that the average wholesale value of motor vehicles declined from $955 in 1919 to $714 in 1926 — a reduction of more than 25 per cent.

That is what happens in most basic industries which adopt scientific mass methods. As prices come down and earnings rise most people increase their consumption of practically all kinds of goods. It is hardly possible to set a limit to the number of suits, hats, dresses, books, and household supplies the average person would buy provided the price were made low enough and wages were increased. And this will apply to almost all 'luxury' goods — if mass methods put the price within the reach of the general public.

Thus, while for a short time a great increase in the productivity per man in a particular plant may cause some workers to be laid off, yet very shortly the stimulated consumption due to the increased buying power brought by the use of mass production creates added demand for commodities and services which give employment to as many as or more than before.

4. It is said that mass production will eliminate individuality, put us all

into uniforms, standardize us, and replace beauty with machine-made ugliness.

It is true that a fundamental principle of mass production is the elimination of needless varieties and styles, but that does not involve putting us all into uniforms. Men's clothing, for example, can be made by mass methods — in many cases is now. One medium-sized plant makes nothing but blue serge suits in a very few models. That does not mean that we must all wear blue serge suits. It means merely that the plant is able to supply blue serge suits to those men who happen to want them at a low price, quality considered, owing to the economies which it has been able to effect by adopting mass methods.

III

In the future I expect confidently to see this specialization carried much further. With increasing demand a factory will be able to concentrate on a single specialty in some field instead of making a multitude of varieties by old-fashioned, inefficient methods. A case in point is that of an old established knit-underwear mill which for many years tried to produce all styles and varieties of men's, women's, and children's underwear. Study proved that this involved great wastes. So it was decided to eliminate all but a line of babies' bands. Concentrating on this line, the mill went into mass production and is operating close to capacity and at a satisfactory profit. There is enough demand for babies' bands to absorb all this mill can produce.

It is a common mistake to think of specialization as standardization and of standardization as implying that only a single style, design, or variety of any product will be made. Standardization does not at all imply that we shall all be as like one another as peas in a pod.

There is no danger that consumers will permit standardization to be carried to its utmost except in cases where it will result in greater convenience or lower cost without affecting the attractiveness of a product or the pleasure to be gotten from it.

For example: Formerly eighteen varieties and sizes of food choppers were made. It was found that three served every useful purpose just as well; so those three were standardized, with great savings all round. Surely the most æsthetic would not contend that eighteen varieties of food choppers were necessary for human happiness. Again, common bricks were formerly made in thirty-four sizes. The one size which was used in far the largest quantities was standardized and the others discontinued, with enormous savings. That is standardization.

Ford, by insisting on standardizing for so long a style of car which many people thought none too handsome, and by allowing no deviation even in color to suit the individual taste, was no doubt largely to blame for the belief that mass production, involving as it must standardization, meant that we should have uniform ugliness thrust down our throats. But Ford was probably right in his insistence during the days when he was perfecting the methods of mass production and popularizing the automobile. To get the automobile widely used a very low price was necessary. Now that the automobile has become a necessity, and the principles of mass production have been brought to a higher state of perfection, Ford has redesigned his car. It is a thing of beauty, and yet it is standardized to the point of complete interchangeability and is produced under scientific mass methods.

In fact it must be evident to the

thoughtful that mass production can be made a powerful influence for beauty. The purpose of standardization is to make the product as simple as possible to the end that mass production can be achieved. It is a fact acknowledged by artists that simplicity usually makes for beauty, while complication of design and overelaboration make for ugliness.

There is just now a tendency to the use of color in many things which are primarily utilitarian. Typewriters, cameras, and many other devices are offered in many different but beautiful colors. That does not preclude mass production. I am told that it is now as cheap to produce a product in several colors as to produce only a single color, as Ford did with his Model T.

Those who object that mass production makes for ugliness I would refer to the low- and medium-priced cars which crowd the streets to-day. All of them are made by scientific mass methods, yet most of them are in design, lines, and colors undeniably beautiful — far more beautiful than they were in the old days before mass-production methods were used, and when each car was individually hand-built by mechanics who were known as craftsmen.

Mass production enables better artists to be employed for designing a product. The high fees that competent artists charge can be spread over a large volume of output. The plant which makes only a small number of any product cannot afford to employ high-class designers. This holds true in any line.

And finally, by lowering prices, mass production puts the beautiful things it produces within the reach of the masses, and, by creating an appreciation for beauty where it did not exist before, makes the world a much better place to live in.

I have set down my beliefs on this subject in a paragraph which I call 'A shopkeeper's vision of beauty.' It is this. —

'In the final analysis beauty is the greatest objective of the world. But we cannot teach spiritual truths effectively to a starving people. One great way to make more beauty in this world is to make the obtaining of a living — the obtaining of the necessary food, clothing, and shelter, and the necessary minimum of luxuries — so mechanical and so little time-consuming that we shall all have time for avocations, have time to work for and search for better things — to search for beauty. This can be accomplished by saving of waste, by more economic justice, by invention and better organization of production and distribution, by better training of workers and leaders.'

IV

So much for the objections made to mass production by those theorists who see in it an influence making for human unhappiness, dull uniformity, and ugliness. They are the ones who commonly have no first-hand knowledge of what mass production really is, of how it works, or of its true economic significance. It is perhaps not so very strange that those people should think they see a danger in a technique which they do not understand.

But it is truly strange that some business men, who certainly ought thoroughly to understand the full implications and methods of mass production, should see in it a danger to business as a whole. They hold that to sell the vast quantities of goods which mass methods produce calls for high-pressure and very expensive selling efforts which largely offset the economies made in the factory.

It is obvious that those who hold that view do not yet grasp all of the

implications of mass production. They assume that we must have thrust down our throats the goods which mass production turns out. The fact is that there is still a tremendous potential, but ineffective, demand for large quantities of nearly every kind of goods. The reason why this potential demand does not manifest itself in effective demand, in actual consumption, is that the people have not yet the buying power they must have before they can satisfy all of their wants. Either they have insufficient wages, or the prices they are asked to pay are too high, or both.

As I have said, it is the part of mass production to increase their wages and to reduce the prices of the things the masses would *like* to buy but as yet cannot buy. When that is done, the potential demand will at once become effective, and those products which almost all people want will all but sell themselves. Expensive high-pressure methods are not necessary in order to sell wanted goods to people who have sufficient money with which to buy them. Producers must, of course, make sure that the commodities which they turn out in large volume are the things which large numbers of people want. The goods must fill a need, and be of proper quality and style.

It all comes down to this: Business, to succeed largely in these days, must produce in large quantities, pay high wages, and sell cheaply. That is the basis of prosperity — the buying power of the masses, which has been created by scientific mass methods in production and distribution. As prosperity spreads throughout the world it will become a bulwark against war. Contrary to a popular belief, peace is a growth, not a manufacture; which simply means that you cannot 'make' a lasting peace.

Such a peace will be brought about only by conditions that are just to all — just to the rich as well as the poor. Above all, conditions that give every man the certainty of always getting enough work to earn an adequate living for his wife, his children, and himself; and to keep him and his fellow men from supporting war or revolution in the belief that any change is preferable to existing conditions.

Prosperity is the Road to Peace. Because of my deep conviction that this is true, I have joined with others in maintaining at Geneva the International Management Institute, which seeks to spread the knowledge and use of scientific mass methods in European industry. Mass methods will make Europe prosperous — as they have made America prosperous.

I have studied mass production in all of its aspects since its inception, and have watched its development. I have studied especially closely its social and economic aspects, and I can say without qualification that if it is used by leaders who understand that in order to make the greatest total profits they must pay ever-higher wages, constantly reduce prices, and keep profits per unit of output down to the very minimum, mass production holds no dangers to the common welfare, but on the contrary holds possibilities of accomplishing for mankind all of the good that theoretical reformers or irrational radicals hope to secure by revolutionary means.

THE FALLACY OF AN INDUSTRIAL PANACEA

BY A. LINCOLN FILENE

I

OURS is a business civilization. Significant changes in the methods of making and distributing goods assume in our minds the proportions of a menace or a blessing, and have been so discussed by thoughtful writers. A large part of this discussion, however, has been conducted by people not themselves engaged in business, who have tended for the most part to overlook a fact about new business developments that would be clearly apparent to them if they were discussing changes, for example, in politics, art, or domestic life.

Innumerable factors complicate the business situation, requiring more than an offhand and detached knowledge for their analysis. The truth is that any change in the methods of doing business, such as the growth of chain stores, direct selling to the retailer, installment selling, mass production, mergers, or national advertising, is introduced into a highly complex environment. It runs at once against prejudices in favor of old ways of doing things and the special advantages which established business methods have for achieving certain ends.

To the uninitiated public it may frequently look as if the new way were going to overwhelm the old and inaugurate a scheme of things that must have profound implications for our economic life and incidentally for our social state in general. To the business man engaged in a new form of production or distribution, the problem of making it 'go' has no such simplicity. If he was not canny or careful enough in advance to realize the limitations that hedge a new idea, experience soon teaches him, and unforeseen consequences of his actions arise to plague him. His competitors, who work along traditional lines, redouble their efforts to make their way of doing things more attractive to the customer. Slowly but surely the area of his conquest, which at first grew with prodigious rapidity, approaches its limits. The seven-day wonder becomes itself merely another of the accustomed procedures of business, and the stage is cleared for the next disturbing innovation.

Among the new things business is doing, mass production has created probably the greatest popular interest. Many have hailed it as the economic messiah, which, by reducing the price of goods and at the same time raising wages, is to redeem the world from poverty. Others have asserted that it will spread throughout the industrial world, enslaving man to the machine and so imposing a spiritual poverty more serious than material want.

The average recipe for mass production would read about like this: Confine yourself to the manufacture of a few highly standardized products. Take a large plant employing many workers. Break up the manufacturing processes into minute parts. Train the individual worker to perform a very simple operation in a very expert manner. Substitute quick and accurate machine labor for hand labor wherever possible. See

that the workers and machines are continuously supplied with the necessary materials to do their work. Then set everything going as fast as is humanly, or at least humanely, possible.

In the mass-production system of industry everything is definitely subordinated to the greatest possible production of standardized articles on the basis of the lowest possible costs.

Mass production in America, though young, has had a very significant growth. Unfortunately statistical evidence on its present extent is not easy to obtain. The rapid increase in the number of large-scale industrial establishments is apparent from a glance at the Federal Census of Manufactures. In 1914, 17.8 per cent of all industrial workers were employed in factories employing over 1000 workers. In 1923, 24 per cent of all workers were in such factories. However, large-scale production and mass production must be sharply differentiated.

In 1923 (the latest year in which the census classifies industries by size of establishments according to number of workers employed), of the total number of wage earners in factories employing over 1000 people 63 per cent are found in eight industries. Heading the list are iron and steel works. A portion of these mills is engaged in mass production, and another portion is just as definitely not so engaged. Next come motor vehicles and bodies, with which may be grouped the manufacture of tires. These are in very large part mass-production industries. Next but one is cotton goods. The manufacture of cotton cloth (gray goods) may probably be called a mass-production industry. This is decidedly not true of the production of the great variety of finished cotton goods. The nub of the matter lies in the definition of mass production already given. Mass production implies concentration on a few highly standardized articles. Once the manufacturer departs from an ever-higher standardization of product and processes resulting in ever-decreasing cost, he may be using large-scale production methods, but he ceases to be a real mass producer.

II

Are there factors in our present economic and social life which tend to restrict or limit the efficiency of mass production?

It is impossible to prevent certain wastes when centralized control is undertaken over large numbers of men and over many operations. In order to ensure perfect coördination among the parts of a huge factory, elaborate systems of control become necessary, and such systems can easily degenerate into the red tape which frequently stifles valuable initiative among subordinate executives and workers. Huge factories do not, of course, necessarily suffer from inflexibility, but the potentiality is there and must be constantly guarded against.

When products are made up of several different kinds of raw materials, a distinct saving in transportation costs can often be effected by making certain parts near the source of raw materials. A similar economy exists in establishing assembly plants close to points of delivery, as the component parts can usually be shipped more cheaply than the finished article. Both of these factors, it is apparent, necessitate the decentralization of the large factory unit, although on a reduced scale the mass-production formula of standardization of products, breaking down working processes into simple units, systematic routing of work, and so forth, can still be preserved.

Another tendency eating away at the huge central-factory idea is the advantage of placing small subsidiary

plants in outlying communities, because of lower rentals, cheaper wages, and so forth. Here too, of course, what is being sacrificed in the mass-production idea is only the large central factory, the emphasis on uniform cheap production remaining.

The serious difficulties of mass production spring from another source — from the new conditions of the consumption market developed by business itself. Obviously, mass production requires mass demand for that which has been produced. The mass-produced article must so appeal to the public that consumers will willingly buy it in large quantities. Utility, uniform quality, and low prices are, generally, the grounds on which manufacturers of standardized products made in quantity expect the public to spend its money. That expectation no longer has its old-time validity for a number of products.

In whatever lines of merchandise mass production was started, its success was bound to breed competition. Newcomers to mass production, who wanted to make the virtues of their competing products known to the public at large, resorted naturally to national advertising. The manufacturer who was first in the field then had to follow suit. That the consumer was being stimulated from several different sources to think in terms of a certain kind of product raised the importance of that product in the public's estimation. More of it was bought, and other manufacturers naturally became eager to make it. Through advertising devices each was able to convince a section of the consuming public of alleged superiorities in his particular product. Price appeal could no longer be the sole criterion of purchase.

The story of tooth paste is illuminating in this connection. In the golden age before mass production and national advertising were thought of, there were one or two well-known tooth powders and a number of lesser brands having largely a local sale. Not very much attention was paid to making these tooth powders attractive to the consumer. Brushing one's teeth was one of those necessary personal duties performed somewhat shamefacedly. Then came the first tooth paste, followed by national advertising, followed by numerous imitators. Thanks to the leadership of skilled copy writers, brushing the teeth became a major item of personal and social hygiene and etiquette — and a public duty. Tooth paste began to taste nice and to look attractive. It became associated with feminine daintiness and flashing masculine vigor. Brushing the teeth became another indispensable rite in the apotheosis of sex appeal!

Now the moral of this is that greatly enhanced tooth-paste demand was created by mass production with the aid of its twin brother, national advertising. This situation was responsible for numerous tooth-paste manufacturers, all of whom might practise mass production within limits, but no one of whom could hope to dominate the domestic market with one huge industrial aggregation grinding out the country's tooth paste at a continually lower cost — what the first tooth-paste manufacturer may have very well expected to achieve before he was disillusioned. National advertising has become responsible for what might be termed extensible consumption, which by widening markets at first favors mass production, then restricts it by attracting new competitors into the field.

Competition wars even more ruthlessly against standardized production where the type of merchandise is one on which the individual consumer is already trained to discriminate out of his own experience. A consumer can be lured by ingratiating writing on the

wall to a certain brand of tooth paste. Of its hygienic or actual value he knows nothing more than is told him — a condition which does not hold for women's stockings, for example. Every woman has her own ideas as to what she should get in the way of stocking value for a given amount of money. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find innumerable manufacturers treading on each other's heels in the industry; and styles, as will become clear farther on, aggravate the situation. We have, in addition to manufacturers' brands, wholesalers' brands, the brands of retailers, and stockings that have no brand name at all. With a field full of manufacturers the area of mass production is definitely hedged about. What is true of stockings also holds for a vast and important variety of other articles.

Chain stores, too, have caused interesting alignments of forces. Chain stores are natural allies of mass production; they constitute large areas of concentrated buying power. The inevitable uniformity of the merchandise carried by the chains, however, tends to restrict the field over which they operate. Their concentration on reliable staple items sold cheaply is already in certain lines forcing the department and the specialty stores to stimulate a demand for novelties and highly seasonal articles in order that they may make up in other ways what they lose to the chains in staple goods. As the chains tend to cover new fields of merchandise, this counterattack of the department store will gain added impetus and scope. Manufacturers will spring up to cater to the ever-widening emphasis of the department and specialty stores on new articles of individuality and distinction. It is not difficult to imagine a gigantic economic struggle in the future, in which the department stores will be constantly striving to raise certain articles into the style class, while the chains, by the bait of low price, will endeavor to keep them as staples; and style goods cannot, generally speaking, be produced in mass.

III

Retail buying habits manifesting themselves in the predominant hand-to-mouth buying are bringing additional worries to the mass and large-scale producer. The distributor is not likely to order his merchandise in advance of need, preferring to let the manufacturer or the wholesaler gamble on acquiring stocks of merchandise which, by the current caprice of consumer desire, may become obsolete and unprofitable overnight. So far as manufacturers by sheer economic necessity or by skillful anticipation of coming styles undertake to produce in advance, they can employ large-scale production methods, but hand-to-mouth buying, by discouraging advance production and even discouraging planning for advance production, acts as a deterrent.

So marked a factor indeed has style become of recent years in the production and marketing of goods that one might as properly call this an era of style as an era of mass production. Yet there is definite opposition between these tendencies. The trend of fashion is constantly making certain styles obsolete, and obviously this acts as a powerful brake on mass production, which can, by its very nature, succeed only when there is a continuous and widening demand for the same product. If women would wear uniforms, to take an extreme instance, mass production of dresses would lower costs so steeply as to bring more than one sigh of relief from the head of the family. Since women, on the contrary, prefer individuality in their dress and frequent change of style, we have in the manufacture of women's dresses the very

converse of mass production — that is, production in many small manufacturing plants, each of which produces a fairly wide variety of merchandise.

Strange things are happening. No matter how humble its origin, style is rapidly entering fields in which the development of highly standardized merchandise has hitherto appeared to be the natural goal. The kitchen is the latest field to undergo style invasion. Yellow stoves, beflowered refrigerators, bright-colored pots and pans, are the order of the consumer's day; and who shall say what unassuming utensil will next begin to adorn itself?

If style only manifested itself in changes of color, the interference with mass production would be, of course, slight indeed; but when variation in shape and structure becomes important, mass production receives a telling blow.

Of this tendency the automobile industry — hitherto the mainstay of mass production, as witness the Ford factory — is at the moment the paramount example. Each year one cannot help being more and more impressed with the extent to which variations in color, line, and upholstery seem to play a determining part in the choice of a car to be purchased. If utility and price were the sole criteria for motor cars, there need never have been any other car than the Ford! Whereas, on the contrary, there have arisen a host of successful competitors in the industry, vying with each other in style quite as much as in price. Even Ford was compelled to smash one of his most cherished mass-production traditions and reëquip his plant for the production of a new kind of car — a car with style appeal. Once launched on a style-production career, it is difficult to know how far he may travel the road that leads to restriction of the mass-production ideal of which he has been here and abroad the most lauded representative.

Perhaps it is not necessary to probe too deeply into the causes of this condition. Even America, with its dominant democratic institutions, is not immune from one form of social prestige — that arising out of a capacity for expenditure. Many a man of average intelligence buys a hat or a pair of shoes at a store known for the high prices of its merchandise so that his friends and the world in general will recognize his ability to splurge. To meet a similar demand there has had to be a series of motor cars gradually ascending in price; and, although at present there is a gradual lowering of all automobile prices, due to the application of mass-production methods, relative differences in price are nevertheless scrupulously maintained and style is carefully emphasized. Clearly the automobile is a long way from a standardized utility with cost pared to the bone by mass production! And the absence of deeply imbued caste tastes and habits in the nation has been largely responsible for the paradox that, so far as mass production has meant increased income to the wage earner, this income has been to a considerable extent spent by him for the purchase of style-influenced articles. With rising means, the human desire for individuality, for being in fashion, for excelling one's neighbors in competitive expenditure, comes to the fore — frailties that advertising knows expertly how to transmute into highest virtues. To a degree, therefore, mass production, by providing greater purchasing power to consumers, has carried within itself the seed of its own undoing.

IV

But the vexations of mass production do not end here. Extensive and expensive advertising campaigns plus

high-pressure selling devices have in the past been employed in order to dispose of the vast and growing heaps of merchandise which the fertile machines have produced. In recent years a great share of the savings in cost of manufacture through mass production has been lost in increased cost of sales.

Much American salesmanship has seemed to take on the aspect of bludgeoning or cajoling the consumer into the purchase of products which he has not really needed or wanted. Forward-looking large-scale producers, confronted with the heavy expenditures necessitated by such a policy, are realizing that very substantial savings can be made by following public demand instead of trying to direct it, when a preliminary survey shows that the expense of the effort is likely to exceed the profits of the result.

A hosiery manufacturer with more than 14,000 retail outlets has, for example, arranged to keep an accurate daily record of just what types of stocking are selling in the various sections of the country. This enables the company to plan its production more intelligently, to cut down its selling cost, to increase its own turnover of finished stocks, and to achieve the economies which flow from continuity of operation throughout the year.

Other organizations turning out an enormous volume will no doubt be forced more and more into close study of the consumers' needs and wants, or else will bear serious losses in profit due to the added expense of super-high-pressure salesmanship and advertising required to sell products not freely welcomed by consumers.

There is, however, no single panacea for a complex situation. The menace of overproduction is constantly dogging the heels of mass production. Granted the best intelligence on the part of mass-production industries as to scientific analysis of demand, it still remains true that the domestic market cannot long hope to keep up with the rapidly advancing capacity of machines and skilled management to turn out goods.

Development of exports to the extent necessary to absorb surplus capacity is, in consequence, mass production's next big hurdle. American business, sophisticated within its own borders, has, generally speaking, betrayed an astonishing naïveté in regard to foreign sales. It has been indifferent to foreigners and complacently ignorant of their tastes and customs. It has yet to realize the strength behind the foreigner's desire to want things done in his own way and to meet his particular prejudices or predilections. Its narrow outlook on international affairs, which has prevented it from seeing that it cannot build up foreign markets in the face of high tariff walls against foreign goods, and its overexacting policy on foreign national debts are only particular phases of a general situation. How far America advances in its understanding of the outside world and in its desire to reach an accommodation with the foreign point of view will soon be a matter of major importance to the successful functioning of mass production.

In view of this imposing array of forces insidiously or openly agitating within business against an unmodified mass-production policy, it may seem hardly necessary to call more than passing attention to the numerous social problems that are threatening the system from without.

Students have frequently declared that mass production, by increasing the unit of output per man hour, and thereby lowering the cost of the product while raising wages, has broken the dismal shackles of traditional economics and firmly set the wage earner on the road to permanent prosperity; but lately this optimistic speculation has

become overclouded by the realization that the wholesale application of power and machinery to work has resulted in forcing large numbers of workers out of employment.

According to figures issued by the National Industrial Conference Board, the physical volume of product in manufacturing industries increased 54 per cent from 1921 to 1923 against an increase in average number of wage earners in these industries of only 26.4 per cent. From 1923 to 1925 the physical volume of product increased 5.3 per cent, while the average number of wage earners decreased 4.4 per cent. On the basis of 100.0 in 1914, the product per wage earner increased from 100.8 in 1919 to 135.3 in 1925.

Theoretically, continual lowering of the cost of the product through introduction of labor-saving machinery should result in greater consumption, and hence keep employment fairly stable over a long period. In practice, however, lowering of cost cannot extend the market for any product indefinitely.

The faster industries are able to increase the output of the individual worker, the more serious the prospect for general unemployment will be. (Recent studies tend to show that large numbers of workers displaced from manufacturing industries are being absorbed in distributive enterprises.) In the long run this situation should correct itself, since human economic wants are indefinitely extensible. New kinds of products will probably be created continually to absorb the labor which has been thrown on the streets by the rapid increase in capacity of the machine. In the meantime it may seem to many that the solution lies largely in decreasing the output per worker, which would again be contrary to the traditions of mass production, instead of persistently prodding humanity to acquire new desires so that the jobless may find new jobs. The Government might even take it into its head to try to put a stop to an increase in mass-production methods for the sake of curbing growing unemployment.

The problem is not to be settled, of course, in an offhand manner, any more than the sociological objection to the standardization of labor and its consequences can be. As yet we have developed no criteria for determining the strict correctness of judgments on these matters, and must wait for enlightenment from time itself. Nevertheless, prophets are by no means rare who, like Mrs. Dora Russell, predict that subordinating primitive emotional expression to lifeless machine rhythm can only result in a spiritual reaction which will bring the whole machine age crashing about our ears.

Sufficient it is in itself that already, in the few brief years that mass production has been a major economic factor, it has encountered weighty economic obstacles to its progress: the competition which its own success engendered, important developments in the distribution system, limitations to the efficiency of centralization, and, most recently, the consumer demand for style and the motive of purchase for prestige rather than economy. Clear it is — and the realization of this is of great importance to business leaders — that mass production is not destined, as was once expected, to be undisputed sovereign of American industrial life.

Mass production could have saved itself, and those dependent on it for a living, much money if it had tried to visualize the obstacles which have inevitably risen against it. If it is to move forward successfully in the future, it will do so only at the cost of careful study of economic and social problems which it is creating and which it must solve.

American business must be on guard against the effects of a superabundance of energy and overconfidence natural to youth and young nations. These qualities have enabled us to perform industrial miracles. They have also allowed us to rush into vast economic experiments with little or no attempt to foresee difficulties and danger. American business men are amply endowed with courage and imagination, qualities which have enabled them to overcome setbacks that would have been extremely dangerous to a less buoyant people. However, a farther vision, a more cautious planning for the future, must be added, it seems, to present excellences if American business is to fulfill its splendid promise.

SCENERY AND THE DRAMA

BY LEE SIMONSON

I

THE myth of a godhead persists even among iconoclasts. And the primitive impulse to believe in creation by the will of a father clings to innovators. Therefore modern stage scenery is commonly supposed to have sprung from the visions of Gordon Craig and the prophetic books of Adolphe Appia. Scenic art has been analyzed almost entirely in terms of sin and salvation. Almost every discussion of its problems ends with some rigidly logical theory of the final and perfect type of stage setting, just as Moroccan Berbers still cultivate a pigtail so that, at their death, the Prophet can conveniently yank them into Paradise.

We have been assured that the modern theatre would be regenerated because its new backgrounds emphasized and aureoled the actor, and then that any and every form of tangible background must be destroyed in order to give proper emphasis to the actor, picked out by a spotlight from the void. The stage was to be redeemed by putting the actor behind a mask; it was to be saved by suppressing the actor entirely and replacing him with a supermarionette. The dilemma was to be resolved by making stage settings of nothing but light, pulsing like music, controlled by keyboards as flexible as any piano's. More recently we have been told that the modern stage must be as bare as the walls of a factory, and scenery, the outline of its construction, as rigid as the iron skeletons of skyscrapers, derricks, or railway trestles. Over these the artists of the theatre were to mount into eternal life much as the gods once ascended a rainbow into Walhalla. And if the theatre was not to be saved by this method, it could be saved in any case by ignoring the proscenium frame and becoming an arena or a circus: the final renascence would result from the actor mingling freely with his audience. Original sin has been successively paint and the scene painter, the actor and the spoken word, realism of any sort, decoration in any form. And the prototype of salvation has been discovered in every

golden past: among the ritual dances of Asia and Africa, the archaic theatres of Attica, the naves of cathedrals, the platforms of Elizabethan innyards, and the ballrooms of baroque palaces hung with eighteenth-century tapestries.

Such, within the last ten years, have been a few of the alternatives presented by the theatre's theologians. They offer no immediate aid to a designer who wishes to analyze the basis of the art of designing stage settings as a means of practising it more intelligently. If he approaches his problem realistically, he will, I think, recognize at once that the choice of method and the problem of style, in the theatre of to-day, are entirely relative and the particular method chosen, in itself, unimportant. Like all modern art, the art of the theatre cannot be pure in the sense that the earlier arts have been pure or single in their tradition, for the reason that the material from which the theatre to-day selects its themes is no longer a homogeneous body of myth — the tale of Troy and Pelops' line of the Greek arenas, or the sacred mysteries and legends of the mediæval market place. We stage not one world, but a dozen different ones. A century of 'culture' engendered by popular education and archæology disseminated through art museums has made us acutely conscious of the Greeks and the Romans, the Medes and the Persians, not only as human beings, but as inhabitants of civilizations essentially different from our own. We are also vividly aware of the variety of all the races that inhabit the globe at present, and we are eager for dramatic interpretations of them. And after one hundred years of what we term the Industrial Revolution and the acceleration of all the means of communication, every metropolis imports alien plays as continuously as it imports foreign fruits and vegetables to vary its diet and absorbs them just as it absorbs dates, bananas, or alligator pears.

Every age is our quarry, every manner our prerogative, every myth a challenge to reinterpretation. And none is seen by either the playwright or his audience from any single and accepted point of view, either moral, religious, or political. If we revive the ancient world, it is not to dramatize accepted codes as to political ambition and the fate of tyrants and traitors. We recall them in order to demonstrate what intelligent statesmanship should be, just as we reconstruct China or Jerusalem in order to criticize current moralities. And our avowedly romantic plays underline the fact that neither Cyrano's escapades nor Ponce de León's quest was undertaken because dueling and swashbuckling were the order of the day.

There can be no unity of style in mounting contemporary plays, because there is so little unity of style even in the work of a single contemporary playwright. Eugene O'Neill is typical of an age in which dramatists have almost as many methods as they have subjects, and change in swift succession from the colloquial idiom of sailors in stokeholds or water-front saloons to the heroic manner of traditional poetic verse and even mingle them in one and the same play. But, whatever method the playwright may adopt, the setting of his stage is more important than ever. For in the theatre to-day the stage picture is nothing less than a form of literary expression.

After a century and a half, during which a theory of democratic government has become increasingly self-evident, we conceive the individual as part of society, as typical of a group, as expressing himself as much through his environment as through his person. Hence the pictures on his walls, the furniture on which he sits, even the

pattern of his wall paper, may speak to us as eloquently as any words — witness the stage directions of Bernard Shaw. And nineteenth-century painting has emphasized this in pictorial terms by training us to see a human being, not as an isolated form bounded by a hard and arbitrary outline, but enmeshed in 'atmosphere' and light that unite him with a visible background. The furnishings of the modern stage are invariably something more than the traditional boards with a table and a few chairs, because the background of action is, in a very literal and concrete manner, written into plays so that even the mechanics of action depend upon it. Any frame with a means of getting on and off will do for almost any comedy of Molière. But deliver the wrong set of scenery to almost any current play and the action cannot be made plausible enough to continue. Realism must remain one necessary form of theatrical art, whether or not it is pictorially good or bad, ugly or beautiful, just so long as modern playwrights like Shaw and O'Neill use it as one method of arousing our emotions and projecting ideas about the world we live in, which seem important enough to lure us into the theatre.

There the spoken word is not in itself enough to dramatize even the so-called 'poetic' play, because the dramatist so rarely depends entirely upon it. The Hairy Ape must be lighted with the glow of his particular hell, or as a symbol he becomes meaningless; and the rhythmical crunch of coal is as essential an accompaniment to his diatribes as the chant of any chorus. The actor is called upon to project a world he cannot possibly convey wholly by his person, partly because the playwright does not rely on him to do so, and partly because the world in which he acts, even when he revives classic masterpieces, is not the accepted world of his audience. The connotations of speech are insufficient to convey it. Word pictures in themselves cannot satisfy modern audiences unless they are entirely colloquial. The action of fully half the plays produced would seem implausible, remote, often preposterous, unless the world of which the actor is a part were separately dramatized.

Inevitably the age of the dominant mime, the 'star,' has passed, and no one has arisen to take the place of Irving, Mansfield, Bernhardt, Coquelin, or Duse. Plays to-day are not only acted — they are produced. And the way they are acted is determined by the mind of a director who creates a carefully integrated whole and directs his players as a conductor does a symphonic orchestra. The age of the great actor-managers, of soloists in the theatre, of histrionic virtuosi, has been succeeded by an age of dominant directors — the age of Reinhardt, Jessner, Fehling, Barker, Copeau, Stanislavsky, Tairoff, and Meyerhold. And to these the designer, whether painter or architect, is almost as essential as the actor himself in interpreting their material and arousing the emotions of their audiences.

II

It is these directors who realized the need of changing the rôle of scenery from a static and perfunctory background to a dynamic element in projecting a play across the footlights. The record of their productions is the history of modern scenery in all its phases. But to compare pictures of this half century of renovated stage settings and discuss them in pictorial terms, as though they were pictures in frames, is to miss the essential quality which made them a new art. For it is only as a factor in impinging the imagination of a particular playwright upon the imagination of a particular audience,

under particular social and political conditions, that modern stage settings, even as a craft, have any new meaning. It is only as part of an event that they contribute new life to the theatre.

To Stanislavsky and Danchenko the method of meticulous realism had all the authority of law and all the finality of a true art of the theatre. But realism became their method primarily because Tchekoff was the only important playwright that the Moscow Art Theatre discovered. The success of that troupe was based very largely upon Tchekoff's career as a playwright, so much so that the sea gull became the Art Theatre's monogram. Stanislavsky felt very rightly that in Tchekoff he had found a profound intuition into Russian character and the typical dreams and dilemmas that confronted the Russian soul. But to Russian audiences Tchekoff's insight was at first neither plausible nor convincing. At the outset they refused to accept these helpless intellectuals as either significant or typical, just as they could not accept their elliptical and casual colloquies, which seemingly led nowhere, as having any dramatic force whatsoever. The whole effort of the Moscow Art Theatre was to evolve a method of acting that made these ineffective gentlefolk the accepted symbols of their time, until every play said in effect, 'This is you; this is really Russia. We are nothing more than this. At our best we do nothing more than this.' And the plausible solidity and equally plausible detail of realistic background, of costume and make-up, were only part of the effort of two producers to make Tchekoff's characters and themes a part of the recognizable, unmistakable texture of Russian life.

After the Revolution of 1917, when these politically impotent intellectuals were wiped out as a class and replaced by a militant and dominant proletariat, the realism of Stanislavsky immediately seemed 'classic' and old-fashioned. The Moscow Art Theatre to-day is the 'First Academic Theatre.' A nonrealistic formula of stage setting, of constructivist skeletons, in which the industrial and mechanical structure of the world is symbolized, seems a significant form and the final type of scenery to a populace eager to graft the dictatorship of the factory worker on a nation of peasants, dominated by statesmen who conceive a political Utopia in terms of industrial efficiency. Precisely because this is the vision to which the imagination of present-day Russia responds, constructivism has become appropriate even for reviving French operettas of the Second Empire such as *Giroflé-Girofla*, in which singers swing from trapezes and chorus men turn handsprings over trestles like acrobats. *Lysistrata* is made hilarious by grotesque mobs that chase each other over and under a skeleton Acropolis, and *Carmen* is rewritten so that it can be sung by a people's chorus.

Outside of Russia, where collectivism is not a dominant creed, constructivism has been imported and accepted as an art form. Nevertheless, despite constant critical acclaim, it has failed to become an appropriate setting for accepted masterpieces. And playwrights who hail it as a great liberation and write scenes that can be interpreted only on trestles, chutes, and elevator shafts invariably write empty and pretentious allegories. Where collectivism is not a faith outside the theatre, constructivism within it very quickly degenerates into a sporadic stunt.

Reinhardt's career at first glance seems the inevitable triumph of one form of theatre art over another. In reality, it is a record of a director's triumphs over successive types of audiences. When Hauptmann's Weavers, Rose Bernds, and Fuhrmann

Henschels were a revelation to Germans of their national character, Reinhardt very rightly exploited every naturalistic device to give them added force and plausibility. When Tolstoi's peasants seemed the creations of an equally important vision, the peasant yard in *The Power of Darkness* was complete to the last shed and the stage floor littered with straw. The appetite for the classics of a rigorously educated German bourgeoisie was sustained with period backgrounds of convincing completeness for Schiller and Goethe. Shakespeare's poetry, dulled in translation, was heightened with the all too solid pictures of which the revolving stage was capable, rotated with such precision that the entire text could nevertheless be given in three hours.

When the growing prestige of democratic consciousness asserted itself in opposition to the waning prestige of Kaiserdom, the tragedy of Œdipus was performed with a chorus enlarged to a mob, in whose gestures the pity and terror of his fate could be magnified. After the collapse of the monarchy *Danton's Death* was expanded into a circus arena, 'The Theatre of the Ten Thousand,' and the sans-culottes howled and swirled among the audience. But, despite an amazing number of prolific German playwrights, none of them could write enough plays to keep this circus theatre open; it was abandoned as a playhouse almost as soon as it had been proclaimed the theatre of the future. When the economic consequences of the peace wiped out the German bourgeoisie as an effective audience and made a repertory of the classics financially precarious, Reinhardt rediscovered the theatrical methods and manners of the eighteenth century. His productions became festivals, his audiences cosmopolitans on pilgrimages to old-world shrines, and these, in turn, his 'ideal stages,' where the glamour of baroque palaces and churches could, as backgrounds, add a romantic glamour to the play.

The æsthetic methods of the stage designer, like those of his director, are determined by factors not in themselves æsthetic. Design in the theatre is essentially nothing more than a kind of visual eloquence, integrally part of the act of interpreting a theme. It will be vital only where it is a necessary factor in the struggle to impregnate spectators with a dramatist's idea, whether it illuminates their present or revives a fresh sense of their past.

The style of modern stage settings is therefore a relative, not an absolute, matter. It can be neither deduced from any formal concepts of pure beauty nor evolved by avoiding any specific ugliness. Its beauty will be only the vividness with which it reflects dramatic ideas that a producer can bring to life; its finality, as form, no greater than the insight or the imagination of which audiences of to-day are capable.

III

If designers had docilely accepted Gordon Craig's dogmas and turned scenery into uniform screenery, their settings could never have had any relation to a living theatre. Modern scenery has been associated with 'Art Theatres' not because these have been born of an interest in art, in its formal sense, but because they have been born of an interest in ideas. What makes our modern theatre modern is not a trick or two of carpentry, or even the magic illusions of which electric lamps, rather than gas jets and candles, are capable, but a widespread realization that the theatre is, at this moment, suited to reinterpreting life and reconceiving the world. It is typical that theatrical designing rose to the rank of a separate profession in this country, in art

theatres like our American Washington Square Players, Provincetown Playhouse, and the Theatre Guild — theatres that were dedicated, not to provide visually beautiful spectacles, but to propagate what seemed to them significant and important ideas in terms of dramatic tales. The importance of visual beauty in the theatre was made plain just as often in stage pictures of drab fo'c'sles and peasant kitchens as in vistas into kings' palaces or visions of the Garden of Eden.

The incentive to design was primarily the necessity of making the world of the play as real to an audience as it was to the playwright. The scene designer was enlisted as part of the job of 'putting the play over,' of creating the backgrounds that made seeing believing. And he was most necessary in theatres where the theme of the play was neither accepted nor obvious, where the picture of life it conveyed did not correspond to the pictures already in our heads.

Plays that arouse none of this conflict with the audience are rarely mounted with beauty. Themes that are universally accepted are rarely staged with any distinction of style, because they have no need to be. For an audience of editors of the Variorum Edition and the old lady to whom Shakespeare was so full of familiar quotations, any set of dull and puffy costumes and drab flats from the nearest storehouse are enough to dress any of the tragedies or the comedies. Molière has always been staged with solid dullness at the Comédie-Française, where he was a universally accepted classic. The backgrounds of *Don Juan* in Russia, where the world of Molière was an alien thing, needed the brush of Golovin and the hand of Meyerhold and 'hundreds of wax candles in three chandeliers . . . little negroes flitting to pick up lace handkerchiefs from the hands of Don Juan, or to push the chairs before tired actors . . . handing the actors lanterns when the stage is submerged in semi-darkness.' 'These,' writes Meyerhold, 'are not tricks created for the diversion of snobs; all this is the main object of the play: to show the gilded Versailles realm.'

Back drops no better than enlarged postcards of Norwegian fjords did well enough for years in Norway where Peer Gynt was a national hero, his story part of a national folklore. The hills and valleys of his adventures first had the lure of a fairy tale in Berlin and New York, where he was the mouthpiece of an exotic legend. If *Liliom*, as I have been frequently told, was more beautifully staged at its New York première than in Budapest, the reason was simply that here his haunts had to be created. To his native audience the amusement park where he flourished as a barker was no less familiar than Coney Island is to us. It was, in fact, so fresh in their memory that the meanest suggestion of it in the theatre was enough. Here it had to be designed, in order to make it live vividly as part of Liliom's life. And the impulse to invest the tawdry squalor of his world with beauty was based upon the fact that to the Theatre Guild the play was something more than the story of a thief, amusing bits of first-hand observation twisted into a highly sentimental ending. Liliom was less recognizable as a fact than as a symbol. The play seemed worth doing, not as a picture of a foreign underworld, but as an expression, through the mouth of a thief, of a romantic faith in human compassion, eloquent enough to make its poignant allegory. For that reason it became essential to give beauty even to the tumble-down shack where this 'bum' lived and the dusty corner of a city park where he fell in love under the light of a lamp-post.

Shakespeare was first restaged in every variety of style of which the modern art theatre of its day in Germany was capable, beginning with the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's company, long before England or America felt the necessity for anything but the back drops of their grandfathers. It was not until the obvious word magic of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* began to fade that Barker created a more magical and iridescent forest. It is only when Hamlet's agony over his mother's incest, no longer a sin to us, begins to make his tragedy seem remote that we become supremely modern and put him in a dinner jacket in order to make him one of us. It is only because so much of the fun of *The Taming of the Shrew* begins to be heavy and meaningless that we send Petruchio and Katherine rattling from Padua to Verona in a Ford.

We stage designers like to think of ourselves as so many Lochinvars trailing clouds of glory in pigment and colored light behind us, and are inclined to believe historians who tell us that a revolution has been accomplished because painters entered the theatre — Roller, Bakst, Stern, and Sievert — and replaced the lifeless palette and the rigid drawing of traditional scene painting with the living color, composition, and light of modern art. It is true that we have re-created and beautified many things. Foliage no longer hangs in rows like the washing of some giantess hung out to dry; and the heroine's shadow is no longer cast on the back drop. That back drop now seems as illimitable as the sky of Perugino, and the stage a world vibrant with all the moods of day and night. Hovels or palaces have a solidity which delights us as the interplay of architectural form does, and a balance of light on structural surfaces. But the stage has been transfigured before, if not by painters, then by architects — Serlio, Inigo Jones, and the three Bibbienas. There have been spectacles three centuries before our day which our ingenuity, with all our modern devices, would be hard put to it to duplicate, such as *The Love of the Gods*, with its sixteen changes of scene, or the contemporary masque at the court of Ferrara, where seven mounds welled up from the stage, then changed to seven abysses belching smoke, and the sky finally opened while a cloud carrying a gilded car with Venus and the three Graces and the five Hours was 'seen to sink gradually and most beautifully to the stage.'

If the etched intentions of Gordon Craig, the sepia water colors of Robert Edmond Jones, — where figures in vermilion and silver challenge the Calvinistic gloom of rooms and battlements, — or the drawings of Norman Geddes, in which Dante's dream ascends again from Hell to Heaven, survive as records of our stage, they may seem pallid and meagre compared to the prodigious invention and the lavish pictorial beauty of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century stages, already catalogued in the archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Albertina. The librarian of 2029 will probably compare our sketches patiently in order to discover some common aim which would make them evidence of a revolution in theatrical art. He will probably smile if he finds a footnote anywhere telling him that the revolution was really in our souls, and that an age which abandoned its churches and paraded its skepticism did believe that the theatre was a place where the meaning of life, the past and the future, could be revealed. Nor will he suspect that, even as pictures, the beauty of our stage settings moved us, because they were part of adventurous moments of insight and ecstasy.

VALLEY FOLKS

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

A MOUNTAINEER, in a speculative mood, will push back his hat, take an extra chew of tobacco, and drawl: 'I don't noways aim ter shorten the power o' Gawddlemighty, but I 'low hit 'pears lak hit seems thet thar's one thing He kain't do Hisself. He kain't make two mountings 'ithout a valley atween 'em.'

Peter often tossed this nugget of wisdom at me as I irrationally considered some way of avoiding valleys and valley folks on our journey with the pushcart.

It seemed preposterous that a mere protuberance on the earth's surface should so change the manners of people living but a few miles from each other. I was reminded that the way we earn our bread makes a vast difference in us; and that the people of the rich valleys earn their bread in an easier way than the mountaineers, and earn more of it. The labor of others serves the owner of valley land, and his manners — the mirror of man's relation to other men — seem to have lost the antique dignity which still distinguishes the mountain man. 'For no pauper ever felt him condescend, nor Prince presume.' He has no need for the nice adjustment of his relation to other men; for he knows but one class, and gives every man the respect he feels due himself.

Something of this was in my mind as we pushed Sisyphus slowly down the dusty road of the little town toward the bank where we had come to cash the last one of our traveler's checks. We were light-heartedly penniless, for I had just spent our last forty-five cents for an airy nothing in the way of a crocheted hat. But though we were in sight of funds we were tired and hungry; Sis was empty of food; and it was Saturday afternoon. So we hurried on for fear of the bank's closing early.

It was a little town with no railway. We passed pretentious places with well-cared-for grounds, and beside them neglected tumble-down shacks. In a mountain village it is true that the inhabitants would collect about us and gaze wonderingly at our Chinese wheelbarrow with 'Sisy' painted on one side and '-phus' on the other, and at our beloved mongrel John walking so proudly beside it. But they ever regarded us with a certain compassion, knowing us to be homeless wanderers. These valley folks stared at us with hard eyes of derisive curiosity. One by one the inhabitants of the town set out after us; and, rather annoyed Pied Pipers, we trudged before them on the way to the bank.

'Give you fifty cents fur that dawg.'

'Where you-all goin'?'

'Whut you sellin'?'

'Whut a consarned little wagon!'

'Hello, Sisy! Goin' ter give a show? Goin' ter preach, Sis?'

I counted the minutes until we could get the money and climb the nearest road to the mountain. The 'sweet security of streets' was not for us.

Charles Lamb's ghost could n't find security in streets to-day.

The crowd, constantly augmented, followed us into the little bank, and the overflow pressed against the window. I went inside with the check, because John was in no pleasant mood, and there might be a dog fight to settle.

A solemn, pasty-faced man peered at me over his spectacles as I hurriedly reached in the chamois bag at my neck and gave him the last little crisp paper. He read it carefully, then contemptuously tossed it back to me.

'This is n't a check,' he said. 'It's just the printed wrapper that comes around the checks.'

I gazed at the paper in horror. It was too true. I recalled now that Peter had insisted that we had cashed them all. But I carried the checks, and there was that little paper with the formula printed thereon! Now, disaster! How could I face Peter, waiting so hopefully outside?

The grinning crowd now chuckled in open amusement. 'Fifty cents fur yer dawg!' 'Hit the grit, Sis!'

I longed to run to Peter and transfer this trouble to him. But it was all my fault, so I turned to the banker and asked him if he would telegraph to our bankers on the Eastern Shore of Mobile.

'There is a telephone at the drug store,' he said. 'You can telephone from there. We have no telegraph.'

'But,' I said, 'I have n't any money. Could n't you telephone and pay yourself for the trouble when the money comes?'

'I could n't take the risk. It would cost something. Would have to be relayed twice.' And he turned away. The crowd jeered openly. You could n't fool their banker! Cruel? No. They were reveling in a fresh emotion, elated by the moral elevation that comes from catching a would-be swindler.

As I tried to push my way to the door a tall youth bent his sunburnt face above me and said in a low tone, 'There is another bank here. A little one. The Farmer's Bank. Try it. I'll show you the way.'

II

Outside, in a few broken words, I told the tragic tale, and we set out for the other bank — Peter, Sis, John, and I in the middle of the street like a circus parade; followed, I do believe, by every able-bodied man in the town except the pasty-faced banker.

Before a little green one-roomed building, in an easy-chair on the sidewalk, dozed a ponderous man. He straightened up with difficulty, rubbed his eyes, and stared at this mob descending upon him with an air almost of fright. Our friend the youth spoke a word to him; he heaved himself up, waddled heavily into the room, followed by Peter, glared threateningly at the rest of us, and slammed the door. Presently Peter came to the window and nodded reassuringly to me. I whispered a word to my sunburnt knight, who stood beside me, and he pushed Sisyphus across to the drug store. In a moment I had unlocked the cart, tuned my violin, and climbed on the bench before the store. I meant to pay for my carelessness and to make this crowd pay for its impudent curiosity. So I bowed in my best manner, and said: 'My friends, I feel sure that you will be pleased to know that the Farmer's Bank is sending for our money. But we must live until it comes. This is Saturday. The money will not come, perhaps, until Monday. I intend to play for you, and I intend to pass the hat afterward; so if anyone does n't care to hear he may leave now. I shall spend every cent I collect at the grocery store

next door — putting the money at once back into circulation in your charming little city.' And I dashed into what fireworks I could command at the moment. I hoped to finish before Peter could know, but he ran across the street, mingled horror and amusement in his face. I ended hastily on an improvised chord, and passed my hat. While the crowd cheered, — more in admiration of my nerve than my music, I fear, — Peter, not to be outdone, reached in the cart for a book we had received at the last mountain post office. He stepped jauntily on the bench, and, waving the book, cried: —

'Fellow citizens. As I look into the faces of this intelligent audience, the thought comes that I can say nothing that is new to you, nothing that will interest you. But there is one late discovery that maybe some of you have not heard. This is that we are all living inside the earth instead of outside it. Korish Colony of Estero, Florida, — which we recently visited, — has proved this; at least no one has disproved it. We are all crawling around like flies inside of an empty orange skin, and the stars are in the middle of it.' I pulled frantically at Peter's blouse. This was tempting fate with utter recklessness! 'Peter!' I cried. 'Stop! They'll put us in the asylum!' But he went on: 'Here where you are all conversant with the latest thought of the age, you will grasp eagerly the book called *The Cellular Universe* for the ridiculous sum of twenty-five cents! Who wants to know that he is living inside the earth for only twenty-five cents? Also there are pictures in it — at least there are diagrams.'

A wizened old man in a black coat approached and said: 'I'll take that book.' 'Here you are,' said Peter. 'I wish I had more of them for the rest of you. But it is limited in circulation. The gentleman who bought it can explain it to you — if he can understand it. I never could. I thank you.'

The temper of the crowd had changed. No longer hostile, they cheered us wildly, and the druggist insisted that we come in for ice-cream soda. I invited my friend the youth to join us, and he told us that the druggist kept the key to the schoolhouse, and that we might camp there over Sunday. We accepted thankfully, for we knew there would be no privacy in our little tent in this town. I proudly counted my money. There was one dollar and twenty-six cents. With Peter's twenty-five cents we were rich again, and we spent it all at the grocery next door.

It was well that we had the key to the schoolhouse, for sixteen men and boys sat about watching us at supper by our camp fire, and I doubt if we could have slept without a retreat.

Sunday morning as we built a little breakfast fire in the schoolhouse yard a voice called, 'Come on in to breakfast!' And there, leaning on the fence at the back of the yard, was the owner of *The Cellular Universe*. We thanked him, but declined, and presently his wife appeared at the fence with a covered dish of griddle cakes, homemade sausage, and a square of chocolate cake. The man leaned over the fence and said: 'Say, do you reckon that book is so?' To save Peter embarrassment I replied that I considered it a dangerous book, because while I was reading it I could n't help but believe it.

'Well,' said the old man, 'I'm not afraid to believe anything that seems so to me.'

'Hurrah for you!' cried Peter. 'Perhaps I'd believe it if I could understand it. Anyway, it's worth the money, is n't it?' he asked uneasily.

'Yes, it is,' answered the man. 'I'll work on it this winter.'

We went to church. We had never attended a valley church. A very old and feeble man preached courageously on 'Old things are passed away,' and spent half an hour on the inadvisability of burnt sacrifice and other personal matters concerning the Jews. The sermon was convincing, but the dear old man read from notes, and it was a relief when the organ gasped a prelude and four men sang, — I quote the refrain from memory, —

'I think I see my mother floating there,
Around the hills of glory with the angels fair;
Floating, floating, I see my mother there.'

This somewhat disconcerting picture was relieved by the beautiful voice of the bass. Utterly without self-consciousness, he gazed through the open door to the blue hills beyond, and his voice rolled out, sonorous, sweet, true, expressive. There was, to him, nothing incongruous in the vision of his mother floating there just as he remembered her, with the addition of wings. Nor was there to me while his rich voice boomed out the refrain. We waited to speak to him after the service. He was the village carpenter. A simple man, and, I feel sure, as fine and as true as his voice.

Monday morning the ponderous banker with the soft drawl and shrewd eyes gave us the money, and I humbly asked Peter to carry it. I reminded him that traveler's checks had always brought me misfortune. For once, when we were passing through a Southern city, I looked up from lunch on the gallery of our apartment into two gleaming pistols, and looked down at two armed policemen in the yard below. All because one is expected, absurdly enough, to sign one's name as well in a mood of depression as when one happens to be enjoying a moment of ease and quiet nerves! The law seems rather an inhuman, unreasonable thing. But I have a criminal record, having once before been arrested for refusing to pay an outrageous city license on a car of apples I had raised. These cases were settled in my favor at once; and never, in the clutches of the law, have I had such a feeling of utter helplessness as at the window of the bank in this valley town.

III

I was feverishly anxious to climb the mountain and forget the marts of men. For to one of us this journey meant not only an escape from the world, but a last good-bye to earth. Soon, we thought, one of us must greet the summer dawns and watch the winter stars alone. And while the devout believe in the communion of saints, and admit, perhaps, the companionship of spirits quick or dead, yet no spirit may put his face against the rough bark of a tree and, listening for its heartbeat, say, 'I too, brother!' Nor may he break the smooth surface of blue water where long ago an Indian cooled his bronzed breast, or dappled fawns drank timidly, and say, 'I too pass this way, with our sister the rain and our brother the wind.' Dust to dust. No more the dear close kinship with the earth, whatever star the eye of faith may discern in the impenetrable darkness beyond.

'Now,' said Peter, gently but firmly, 'we are compelled to walk down the valley road. There is absolutely no way over the mountain here.'

It was a blow. For though this fertile valley would have brought joy to the heart of a farmer, the trees were all cut down for fields, and no bird sang. Only a meadow lark on a rail fence sang his song 'twice over,' and no impudent mocking bird derided. But the insects droned through the 'lazy jack,' as the negroes call the

drifting heat waves; and the sun blazed down on the unshaded way. The road was being repaired, and we met motor cars in deepest grief, while the spirited horses of the valley shied always at Sis and rendered us unpopular on the road.

Late in the afternoon we came upon a little feudal valley where a great house bullied the surrounding tenant cottages. Suddenly a splendid race horse bore down upon us. Our inoffensive Sisyphus appeared to him as a monster of such frightful mien that we expected to see his rider, a boy of twelve perhaps, thrown at our feet. But we did not know Richard then! When he was safely past us and we had sighed relief, there was a thunder of hoofs and the struggle began once more. Again and again the boy forced the terrified animal past the cart, until at last the horse stood trembling and snorting beside us. Four great black eyes blazed at us alike. Then the boy in the elegant riding breeches and billowing silk shirt suddenly patted the arched neck, and they were off without a word.

The day was gray now and sullen clouds loomed in the west, so we pushed Sis under a tall oak in a vacant lot between two small houses, one of which seemed unoccupied, and began hurriedly to make camp. 'Hi there!' called a voice, and the horse took the ditch before the lot with a splendid jump. 'It's going to rain in a minute like the very devil!' cried the boy in a curious voice starting in a gruff bass and ending in a muted tenor. 'Go into that empty house at the left. I'll get the key.' He dashed to the house at the right, and called, 'Hi! Mr. Bell! Bring out the key to Paw's house!' An old man appeared with the key. The boy tied his horse to the fence, and we followed them into the house — unfurnished, but with a welcoming fireplace. 'No chairs,' said the boy, and, running back to Mr. Bell's house, he brought over two chairs. Then he mounted his horse and rode away.

'Who is that remarkable person?' I asked.

'That's Richard. Richard Winstone. His paw owns about everything in the valley, and he does just what he pleases. His paw can't do anything with him. He's the only boy. His sister's just home from boarding school and he pesters the life out of her. Don't worry. It'll be all right — your stopping here. Lord! The old man'd be glad if that's the worst he'd do! He'll be back right away.'

And he was; appearing on foot, and bearing two generous slices of ham and a segment of loaf cake. 'Richard,' said Mr. Bell, 'you stole that ham and cake! You'll get these folks in trouble. Now don't take nothing from nobody else.'

'I did n't steal 'em. I got 'em at home. Mister, can you play that violin?'

It rained. We built a fire in the fireplace, sat on real chairs, and dined sumptuously. As Peter lighted a luxurious tailor-made cigarette, I saw the green shutters move, and a decapitated fowl fell in the middle of the floor. A gruff voice called, 'For breakfast!' Peter rushed to the window and cried, 'Richard, you really must not go on like this! You'll get us in bad in the village!'

'No, I'll not!' cried the sweet tenor. 'That pullet was n't ours. I got it at Miller's. He owes Paw anyway. I'll be back with some folks to hear you play the violin.'

He returned with three men and a boy, who appeared rather apologetic. But not Richard. As I played he sat on the floor in his fine gray breeches and beat time on the hearth with the poker.

He was satisfied with the performance, for he said to the audience, 'Now there's Dorothy. She's been squeaking away on her violin — taking lessons ever since I was a kid, and you know the lonesome stuff she pulls out!'

During our stay of two rainy days I fancy Richard ate and slept little. We snatched what we could. For when he was not raiding the village for supplies for us he was sitting before the fire on the floor, asking eager questions about the world outside. In vain did his father send men with messages telling him to return home at once. Richard would answer amiably, 'Tell Paw I'll be on directly.' And once he said, 'You go tell Paw he's got these folks all wrong. You tell Dorothy to come over and hear this woman play on the violin. She might learn something. You tell Paw these folks are all right. They are not gypsies.'

Fearing Richard would accompany us, on the morning of the third day we stole away at dawn, leaving a note of thanks for many favors. But at our noon camp there came the sound of galloping hoofs, and there was Richard with a loaf of homemade bread and a whole cake. He lunched with us, delighted with our oven dug in the ground, where we had baked an apple pie, covering it with the iron lid we carried. As he leaned against a tree with a lighted cigarette, there was the sound of wheels. 'That's Paw,' he said resignedly. An irate voice called, 'Richard, you get on your horse and come home. This minute, sir!'

'Which road are you going to take?' asked Richard, as he mounted his horse. 'Maybe I'll be back to-morrow.'

We watched him ride away behind the cart, in which his father slumped wearily. From the rear he gently lifted a white flour sack which appeared to be heavy, and, leaning from his horse, softly deposited it in the road. Then he made a time-honored gesture with his thumb toward his father, waved his velvet cap, and pointed to the sack with his riding whip. Peter wanted to rush after the cart and call. But why get Richard in trouble at this last moment? So I walked down the road and found half a bushel of rare peaches with which no doubt some tenant had presented his father on the way. Dear, lawless, generous Richard of the lion's heart! He told us he was to be sent away to school in the fall. Upon what school he descended, and how long it was before he was expelled, we never learned. 'Feudalism,' said Peter, 'has its points.' Weeks later, at a mountain post office, we received a marked copy of a little county paper.

> Some of the nicest folks ever in this valley camped here this week. And the lady could play the violin better than some folks who took lessons for five years. Come again, folks!

'Richard's fine Italian hand,' I said. 'His last gesture of defiance.'

'I wish,' said Peter, 'I could have seen him defying that editor!'

IV

Still we must pursue the valley road. And at sunset we camped in a grove beside a little church. Suddenly from the church came the sound of most exhilarating jazz. I peeped in at the open door. Two young men were smoking cigarettes; one lolled in the pulpit chair, and one thumped joyously on the tin-pan piano. 'Come in!' called the youth in the pulpit. Though I confess that I was shocked at this surprising irreverence, I sat down to rest and to listen; and after a while complimented the youth at the piano on the quality of his jazz.

'Oh, I just play by ear,' he said modestly. 'I can only play in the black keys.'

'Some players think that difficult,' I said.

'Can you play?'

'Only a little.'

The youth in the pulpit had already gone out, and was curiously watching Peter make camp. I gazed away to the mountains through the open door, and rather ungraciously played Mendelssohn, and drifted into scraps of Beethoven, as befitting a church.

I said, 'I fear I can't play anything in a church that you will care for.' I was rewarded for my priggishness. 'Ho,' said the youth, 'music is music! What has a church to do with it?'

It was one of those haunted summer nights when the world suddenly blanches under a bright moon and as suddenly vanishes under a flying cloud. We sat before the tent in silence, when the two young men of the church appeared and asked us to go in a car up the mountain to a house where there was a piano, and play the violin. We declined. They insisted. But we had no desire to career up a dangerous mountain road in the night, with two unknown men, to an unknown destination — probably a moonshine party. They went away, visibly disappointed; and presently one returned alone, and sat quietly beside us. 'You see,' he said, 'I thought maybe you-all might think we wanted you to go to some low-down party up the mountain. These people we want you to go play for are nice folks. Valley folks. They went to live up on the mountain because Roy — he was my buddy in the war — was sick. Could n't breathe good in the valley. He's been wounded — in the face — and he's been gassed. He can't live much longer. His mother lives up there alone with him. She's seventy-five and she plays the piano fine. I telephoned about you-all, and they want you to come mighty bad. You see, Roy was going to marry Judge Weir's girl in the valley here, and he would n't marry her after he was gassed — and he don't look nice now — his face is all shot up. But she wanted to marry him. They are mighty lonesome nights up the mountain.'

Already I was taking my heavy coat from Sis, and Peter was assisting the youth in pushing the cart into the church and locking the door. But I insisted that John come with us. If we were to be kidnaped we should at least all die together.

'Is it far?' asked Peter, as we glided down the valley road. 'It's the first road up the mountain,' the driver answered ambiguously. After what seemed a long drive, we turned to the left and ascended the mountain. The moon would suddenly light some deep gorge over which we seemed to hang suspended. Around hairpin curves and over great rocks we rushed. We splashed through unseen waters, and skidded on sandy hills. On and on with these two reckless youths who smoked and played jazz in a church, and who told a preposterous romantic tale to lure us here. I clutched John tightly, pulled my coat about me in the chill air, thought of our last traveler's check in the chamois bag, and resolved to sell my life dearly. Peter said, 'Are you cold?' And one of the youths said that he had a bottle of good liquor, and if I did n't mind taking a drink from the bottle it would warm me. I did n't mind. If it were knock-out drops the pangs of dissolution would be eased; and presently when the moon came out I could look down a precipice calmly.

At last we stopped, and to my relief a man appeared with a flash light and conducted us across a yard into a great,

bare, dimly lighted hall where a grandfather's clock ticked, and on into a well-furnished living room where, before an open fire, stood a little, gray, black-eyed, birdlike old lady in black silk. At first I was cold with fright, for fear I could not understand the speech of this fair-haired, tall youth who had been so handsome, and who yet lived on a while in his marred beauty. But his friends unobtrusively helped me to understand him. His mother played a nice accompaniment for simple airs, the youth of the five flats pounded out enticing jazz, and Peter told his funniest stories. After a while our hostess tinkled old-fashioned polkas and mazurkas, and we sang, — not war songs, not a word of the war, — and we were all merry together.

Then Roy asked me if I would play at the telephone in the hall. Radios were slow to penetrate the mountains, and he wanted a friend in the valley to hear. He called someone, and I followed him into the hall. 'Can you play "Good-bye, Summer"?' he asked. 'She likes that song.' And as my fingers searched the strings for the familiar air he leaned his yellow head against the wall, where the light fell from the open door, and covered his disfigured face with his hands. As the old clock ticked away his life — and mine — I had a curious feeling that neither of us was there, on the mountain, in the shadowy hall — that only the broken shell of the youth was there against the wall, and that he himself walked proudly down the valley road with another, and that I myself was but an echo of the night through the gulf that divided these lovers. And always, as I recall that moment, I have a strange feeling that I left something of myself there on the lonely mountain. Or a feeling that I was not I, but a voice calling over and over again, 'Good-bye! Good-bye, Summer!'

I finished, and left the boy leaning against the wall, with his scarred face in his hands.

Presently I heard him at the telephone, and after a while he appeared from another room with a tray bearing a great bowl of eggnog and little old-fashioned seed cakes, and he served us with feverish gayety. The little old lady and Peter danced while I played a waltz; and the other lad and I fox-trotted to hilarious jazz. Then Roy said, 'It's late and cold, and you are not going down the mountain to-night. You are going to stay here, and we'll have fried chicken and waffles and honey for breakfast!'

But the gay little lady was weary now, and her hand trembled on the railing as she climbed the stairs before me to show me the room with its dainty curtains and hooked rugs. As she said good-night she murmured, 'I want to thank you for coming to cheer my boy. He's lonely. And I'm seventy-five, and he's all I have. He'll not be here much longer.' The little white head raised itself proudly. 'But I'm not afraid.'

What had I to offer that dauntless spirit?

At breakfast we were gay. And there were yellow roses on snowy linen, and a single waxen-white rose at my plate.

On the way down the mountain the driver said, 'Jim, we ought to come up oftener to see Roy. Some day he'll go West and we'll feel pretty mean. He's lonesome. Let's bring the girls and come up Sunday. He misses the valley folks.'

'Dear kind valley folks!' I cried, patting his shoulder.

'Belated justice,' said Peter. And the boy turned surprised young eyes upon us.

OLE MAN GOD

A Sermon

Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden,
Walkin' in de gahden at de even-time;
Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden —
Lawdy, it was cool in de even-time.

Round de big tree God came a-walkin',
De big black tree dat Adam cain't eat;
Round about de big tree God came a-walkin',
De lions an' de elephantses bowed at His feet.

'Tree look good,' say God, still a-walkin',
'Gwine have big crop o' apples dis fall.'
Ole Man God, He's doomed to disappointment —
Tree ain't gwine bear fruit a-tall.

Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden,
Walkin' after Adam in de even-time;
Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden —
Lawdy, it was cool in de even-time.

Walkin' pas' de tree God step on a sarpent —
Nasty black sarpent wif eyes all flame:
Sarpent run away fum God, wriggle 'tween de fence-pales;
Sarpent leave de gahden — Satan 's his name.

'Whut you doin' in dis heah gahden?
Whut you doin'?' God scream loud.
God walk on an' His min' is troubled;
God walk on an' His face wear a cloud.

Sarpent turn an' laff den, laff at God Almighty —
Laff in His face an' tell Him 'bout de tree:
God's hot eyes make de sarpent squirm an' wriggle —
Dat's why he allays wriggle, you see.

'Oh, Adam,' wailed de Lord God, 'oh, Adam,' wailed
de God ob Hosts,
'Whut you gone an' done wit de unripe prize?
Oh, now, Adam, Ise bitter disappointed —
Dat tree was gwine be de ladder to de skies!'

God, He cubber up His face fum de gahden;
God, He weep for whut gone by;
God seek Adam, stumblin' th'ough de dahkness
Wif His hands to His face, fo' God still cry.

Walkin' in de gahden, walkin' in de gahden,
Ole Man God found Adam in his shame
Hidin' fum de Lord God, hidin' fum His walkin';
Adam hide his face an' say, 'De woman's to blame.'

God take away de tree an' de gahden,
God take away de fruit an' de tree;
God cast 'em out to walk in de desert:
God make 'em p'izzoners, settin' of 'em free.

God go walkin', walkin' back to Heb'n,
Cubberin' His face, fo' God still cry;
God go walkin' up de clouds into Heb'n—
Mebbe God come walk ag'in by'mbye.

Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden,
Adam ain't dar in de even-time;
Ole Man God came a-walkin' in de gahden —
Lawdy, it was *cold* in de even-time.

God gonna walk ag'in, God gonna walk ag'in —
Ole Man God comin' back by'mbye;
Doan grieve, Fathuh: come fo' yo' chillun —
Doan hide yo' face no mo' — fo' God still cry.

God come sometime, walkin' in de gahden,
God come welcomin' His chillun in de day;
God come a-walkin' aftah all de sons ob Adam —
God come a-greetin' us — let's us pray!

GEORGE EDWARD HOFFMAN

'THESE SAD YOUNG MEN'

BY EDITH HAMILTON

I

'We have come, willy-nilly, to see the soul of man as commonplace and its emotions as mean. . . . The death of Tragedy is, like the death of Love, one of those emotional fatalities as the result of which the human as distinguished from the natural world grows more and more a desert.'

So Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch in a recent number of the *Atlantic*. He is by no means a lonely voice crying in the wilderness of this desert world. Quite a number of young people are with him. A perusal of their writings almost persuades one that, however it may be with Tragedy and Love, laughter is in imminent peril. Mr. Aldous Huxley, for instance: —

> I'm so tired of all the rubbish about the higher life and moral and intellectual progress and living for ideals and all the rest of it. It all leads to death. Christians and moralists and cultured æsthetes and bright young scientists — all the poor little human frogs, just going pop, ceasing to be anything but the fragments of a little frog, — decaying fragments at that. The whole thing's a huge stupidity, a huge disgusting lie.
>
> Life could have been so beautiful. . . . Yes, and it *was* beautiful once. Now it is just an insanity; it's just death violently galvanized, twitching about and making a hellish hullaballoo to persuade itself that it is n't really death. . . . Think of New York.

To multiply quotations would be to incur the danger of monotony — a danger, it may be noted, which these young writers themselves do not shrink from. Their denunciations — I beg their pardon. They would not do anything so unsophisticated as to denounce; they would be faintly, ironically, amused at being supposed to care enough about anything to denounce it. Let me say, then, that their gestures of futility are all singularly alike. They are in complete agreement that most things worth while died the day before yesterday and that by the day after to-morrow none will be left. Love, for instance, — the love of man and woman, — is no more, Mr. Krutch tells us. Once it was potent; in Victorian times even especially so. In the eighteen-nineties few escaped its illusion. But no more. We see it clearly now as mere bathos or an obscene joke. 'In the general wreck, the wreck of love is conspicuous.' Portentous times, these of ours, which in a decade or two completely finished off what has been a mainspring of human action ever since men first started writing books. 'Vertiginous rapidity,' comments Mr. Krutch, and on this point he will command a universal agreement. Anything, it would appear, in Mr. Krutch's world, may happen overnight.

A by-product of the works of these despondent young people, which may well prove in the end their most important contribution, is to give a new vantage point to those who uphold the value of a classical education. For the classical student learns inevitably to see human nature and human life, in

the broad outline, as a fairly invariable constant. It is impossible for one rooted and grounded in the classics to feel the uniqueness of the present. How often when the dangerous youth of to-day are being arraigned by despairing elders I have thought of Aristophanes or Xenophon or Isocrates yearning for 'the good old kind of education,' the days, now past forever, alas! when 'children were seen, not heard,' when 'at meals they were not allowed to grab at the dainties and giggle and cross their feet,' when 'young people were courteous to their elders and honored their parents,' when boys 'were an impersonation of modesty — instead of running after ballet-girls.' Now, all lament, the children are tyrants in their families and hardly better in their schools. Alcibiades boxed the ears of his literature teacher! What is the world coming to!

That question is echoed by generation after generation. This terrible new world that our fathers knew not of — what will become of it?

'Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!'

cried Bernard of Cluny in the twelfth century — a strange new day, a time the very worst that there could be. And, as every schoolboy knows, Cicero is credibly reported to have exclaimed, *'O tempora! O mores!'* Never an age that is not appalled at its own depravity.

II

The point is one I should like to urge on all these sad young men. The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Let the young writers take heart. From any point of view of the past it would appear something more than a possibility that the end of all good things is not yet in sight. Indeed, the classical student is so far from the vision of mankind slipping swiftly down a steep decline that he is apt to find his discouragement in what appears to him the patent fact that through all the millenniums and the cataclysms of history the human heart remains so astoundingly the same. Within that inner world a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past; the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears, of Aristophanes' Athenians are ours to-day.

Mr. Huxley, Mr. Krutch, and the rest, ultramoderns as they conceive themselves to be, are yet not a new product. They have been known before. Nor are they the veritable moderns. It is true that that which we call the modern mind is also not the product of to-day. As I have said elsewhere, its exponents exist in every age and every generation. When Professor Murray made Euripides popular in the first years of this century, people read him with amazement that he was so modern. To-day those to whom the ways of 1900 are hopelessly dated still find themselves astonishingly at home in him. In 400 B.C. they felt in the same way, and when old age shall this generation waste, Euripides will remain, still speaking to those who are in the vanguard of their time. He is the outstanding exponent of the modern mind. The young writers under consideration have nothing in common with him. Those who possess the modern mind are the people who never feel pain commonplace or suffering trivial. They are peculiarly sensitized to 'the giant agony of the world.' What they see as needless misery around them and what they envisage as needless misery to come are intolerable to them. Mr. H. G. Wells cannot sleep at night for thinking of what will happen to England when the coal age is over; he feels a very passion of despairing grief.

To such men it is past bearing to wait for the slow and clumsy adjustments in the passing of years and centuries of time; to look on helplessly while mankind takes what is so clearly the wrong turning or fails to take what is so manifestly the right. The world to them is made up of individuals, each with a terrible power to suffer, and the poignant pity of their own hearts precludes them from any philosophy in the face of this awful sum of pain, and any capacity to detach themselves from it. 'We grope for the wall like the blind . . . we stumble at noon day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men. . . . We look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far off from us. . . . And justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth. . . . We are all as an unclean thing . . . and we all do fade as a leaf.' Seven hundred years before Christ those words were written by the greatest modern mind of Judæa. Such men must bear the burden of the valley of vision, but that vision and that protest are not thrown away. 'The life without criticism,' Plato says, 'is not worthy to be lived.' The possessors of the modern mind are the perpetual critics, and, whatever else they fail to shatter, complacent self-content shrivels before them.

Side by side with this profoundly serious spirit there exists another which has superficial points of resemblance but is in reality completely different — the spirit that animates our despairing young writers. The modern spirit has its roots in pain; it suffers for mankind. Quite the reverse is true of the other. It is Byronic; its despair is not the result of suffering, but the source of gratification. I venture the assertion that no one who is not young and fortunate is capable of it. A pleasing self-consciousness is a foremost feature. Alone, high above the thoughtless herd, stands disillusioned youth, completely aware of its sad eminence. So Lara when our grandfathers were young: —

> A vital scorn of all,
> As if the worst had fall'n which could befall.

So Manfred and Childe Harold: —

> If it be life to wear within myself
> This barrenness of spirit and to be
> My own soul's sepulchre —
>
> We are alike unfit
> To sink or soar. . . . We breathe
> The breath of degradation.

So too Mr. Krutch: —

> Distrusting its thought, despising its passions, realizing its impotent unimportance in the universe, it [our society to-day] can tell itself no stories except those which make it still more acutely aware of its trivial miseries.

The idiom changes and the outward semblance. Marble brows and clustering curls of raven hue and gloomy grace and all that chilling mystery of mien are gone. Undoubtedly we have lost in picturesqueness. We have exchanged the Hellespont for the subway. But the spirit is unchanged and we need not weep for the Hellespont. Beyond all question some future generation will be lamenting the lost beauty of the alternations of light and gloom, the jeweled ruby and emerald lights against the blackness, the sense of rushing through the unseen, once enjoyed in the ancient subway. The setting passes, but that is all.

Mr. Aldous Huxley's Byronism is not quite of this order. In the nineties Wilde was the most distinguished exponent of the Byronic spirit, and Mr. Huxley inclines that way rather than to the simpler, older form. The paradox enchants him just as it did Wilde. 'One way of knowing God,' Mr. Huxley's foremost character in *Point Counter Point* concludes, 'is to deny

him.' That is Wilde to the echo. Paradox after paradox used to flow from him: Not to pray was more devotional than to pray; ignorance of oneself to be preferred to knowledge; the artist perfect in proportion as he produced nothing, and so on and so on. Mr. Huxley can match them all, the only difference being that Wilde merely talked, and Mr. Huxley, appropriately to the age he lives in, uses a loud speaker: 'Telling men to obey Jesus literally is telling them to behave like idiots and finally like devils'; 'Your little stink-pot of a St. Francis . . . only succeeding in killing whatever sense or decency there was in him — the disgusting little pervert'; 'Deaf and purblind, the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual truth'; 'The real charm of the intellectual life is its easiness. . . . The intellectual life is child's play, which is why intellectuals tend to become children, and then imbeciles, and finally homicidal lunatics and wild beasts.' Again quotation becomes monotonous. The receipt is too apparent: take anything men agree is true and state the exact opposite. That, one would suppose, would be revealed to Mr. Huxley as even easier than the intellectual life. The underlying motive is, in his case just as in Wilde's, to assert the sense of superiority which is essential to Byronism. To startle and not be startled — all the naïve egotism of youth is in that desire.

III

But there are many examples of the spirit Byron has forever stamped. Mr. Ernest Hemingway harks back to yet another model. It seems a far cry from *La Dame aux Camélias* to *The Sun Also Rises*, but, for all the outward difference, Mr. Hemingway and Dumas *fils* are brothers under the skin. When the lady with the camellias renounces forever the love of her life, in that moment of excruciating agony her active consciousness leaves her. What she does she knows not, but her unconscious self is guided by the exalted determination of her sacrifice, and in the morning she wakes up in the bed of the marquis — or was it the duke? Another man, at all events. This is the great moment that reveals the sheer nobility of her heroic renunciation. In Mr. Hemingway's novel the sex is changed, but that is all: the hero in his great moment is the reincarnation of the fair, frail lady. In a Spanish cabaret he sits with the girl of his adoration. Enters a magnificent young toreador to whom the lady succumbs instantly. She tells the hero that she must have him and that he, who loves her so madly, must get him for her. No less than Dumas's heroine does he show the heights that true love can rise to. He goes up to the superb young Spaniard; he tells him his errand in clear, unfaltering accents; back to her side he brings him; he feels the repercussion of two passions meeting; and past the sneering crowd, who realize the full significance of his act, he walks out — alone — into the blackness of the night. The idiom, of course, shows marked variations from type. *La dame* and her Armand converse in terms of high-flown rhetoric, while Mr. Hemingway's hero and heroine bid each other go to hell with unvarying persistency, but the informing spirit changes not at all. It is hardly necessary to point out that the heroine of Mr. Michael Arlen's best-known novel is also of this order. The end of the lady with the green hat will occur to everyone as a very slight variation on Dumas's theme.

Dumas *fils* we know by now to be an arrant sentimentalist. It is so easy to recognize sentimentality in the dress of another age: a haughty young figure posed against Greek columns; a mantle

flung over one shoulder; a proudly curling lip; an air of weary disdain. We smile appreciatively. But to see it as clearly in the dress of our own day, in the very most modish and up-to-date costume — that is another matter. These hard-headed, ultramodern young people, who seemed so far removed from any least touch of sentimentality? They are not; their world-weary sophistication differs in no essential from Byron's or from his prototypes' through the ages. Each generation of the young looks with amused or lofty superiority at its fond and foolish elders, and proclaims itself the finally disillusioned, and each is as sentimental as it is the prerogative of youth forever to be.

Sentimentality is a most curious thing. Nothing else assumes so many cunning disguises; nothing is harder to define. To assert, however, that it is based on unreality is to venture on no debatable ground; so much is of common consent. By it we escape from the tyranny of fact. Only a very few, the true *âmes d'élite*, are completely free from it by nature; the rest of us must trust to the faulty and fickle education of circumstance. It used to be considered the peculiar prerogative of women, but the reason was only that they were sheltered in large measure from the world of fact. Women were not sentimental about their own facts; they were not often enthusiastic about dishwashing and childbearing. When they talked as if they were it was because they found it wise policy to echo the unbounded enthusiasm men have always had for these pursuits. It was when the women ventured beyond their own experience that they became sentimental. Experience is the only corrective; to go beyond what one has oneself felt is to become infallibly and inevitably sentimental. Sincerity and sentimentality are incompatible; sentimentality is unconscious insincerity. And the one and only basis of sincerity is that most difficult page in the book of human knowledge, self-knowledge, the power to distinguish between what one has experienced and what one has not.

Mr. Aldous Huxley and his kind are sentimental because they write of what they have not felt. They do not, certainly as yet, belong to the rank of those who can completely transcend the limitations of their own experience, and they have turned aside from the difficult task of seeking within themselves what they know for themselves is the truth indeed. When Shakespeare says in words the most terrible ever spoken of human life that

> It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing,

we bear it; we catch a glimpse of a depth of pain that awes us. Before that mystery of suffering, protest is silenced. When Mr. Huxley or Mr. Krutch tells us that humanity is contemptible and life a trivial misery that has no meaning, we can afford to smile. Whoever finds pain trivial, whoever lightly despises human life, is still living on the surface. He has not yet had 'the great initiation,' which alone entitles him to touch upon great themes.

> None can usurp this height . . .
> But those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest.

Like the nineteenth-century women who talked in tones of shocked purity about the horrid world of politics, these young men have gone beyond the field of their experience. Clever young men, brilliant young men — the pity, we feel, that they who undoubtedly know much that we ordinary mortals are cut off from do not confine themselves to cultivating their own garden and wait awhile before trying to compass the boundless horizon. The world

is a very big and a very surprising place; human beings are forever acting in incalculable ways. To comprehend the soul, Plato tells us, we have to understand the whole of nature — no light matter. Our young writers would do well to consider Sir Thomas Browne: 'Think of things long past and long to come, acquaint thyself with the Choragium of the Stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. *Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles.*' The best receipt for shrinking the world to the dimensions of one's own garden is to measure it by oneself.

Mr. Aldous Huxley is a witty raconteur, with a keen eye for the ironies of life. We could enjoy him as a kind of twentieth-century Jane Austen if he would only leave the universe alone and learn to laugh at himself. What should we not have lost if Miss Austen had been unable to laugh, if she had persisted in holding up Mr. Collins to damn the Christian Church, and Mr. Wickham to damn all the rest. Schnitzler's Anatol and Max can match any of Mr. Hemingway's bad young men, but Schnitzler takes them for what they are, not as an argument of despair for mankind. In that book of balance and proportion, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Miss Anita Loos does not bring an indictment against the universe in the person of Lorelei. She knows how to laugh, and that knowledge is the very best preservative there is against losing the true perspective. Let the young men beware. Without a sense of humor one must keep hands off the universe unless one is prepared to be oneself an unconscious addition to the sum of the ridiculous.

IV

Modern life — that is what this disillusioned generation feels to be intolerable. The Age of Man's Domination by Machines. From the terror of it Mr. Huxley looks back longingly to the bronze age. Unfortunately there are so few records of what happened then, but one cannot but conceive some of the features of it as alarming, and involuntarily one is set to wondering what Mr. Huxley would do confronted with a sabre-toothed tiger, when he cannot face a victrola and can hardly endure a motor car. Mr. Krutch is less drastic in his historic preferences. The age of Pericles for him, or of Elizabeth, when gorgeous Tragedy was still alive. But if Mr. Krutch would ponder certain parts of Shakespeare and reread all of Aristophanes he might be convinced that other things too were then alive even less desirable than modern Gnosticism.

That 'paralysis of the will by the intellect' which Mr. Krutch so deplores, as Stendhal did a hundred years before him, has always been the peculiar distinction of the little — very little — band of those who in each age are completely conscious of being the intelligentsia. No generalization based upon them about life in the past or life now can be valid. One fact would seem beyond dispute: modern life does not furnish a soft berth for a weak will. Undoubtedly man in the past had to bear discomforts far beyond any known to-day, but the patient endurance of misery has never ranked high among those qualities that make us men. Life to-day demands not less effort than life once did, but more. A peasant ploughing his furrow becomes a workman on the girders of a skyscraper catching red-hot rivets flung at him through space. The engineer on a continental express must have qualities Mr. Weller aloft on his stagecoach was never called upon to exercise. To be sure, Mr. Krutch's point of view is not unique; undoubtedly when the first man hoisted a bit of bark to sail his boat

across the river without aid from him, those watching on the bank despaired for the future of mankind now that manly vigor was no more to be exercised. But as yet electricity and steam heat and telephones have not played a determining part in shaping human character. Life in a great modern city still makes its own urgent demands for hard living. Here is not the place, nor is mine the power, to sing the Age of Industrialism. That will be done when another era has dawned, by some *laudator temporis acti*. The point I would press is that — strange mystery of human nature — we refuse ever to take our ease. If it were not so, if with each time-saving and space-shortening device the effort put into life lessened, we should be well in sight by now of the end of the downward path, Capuans warranted to make any Hannibal effeminate. But as soon as one world is conquered we must have another instantly to essay. When we are not obliged to live dangerously we choose to do so. Our attention not being engaged by Indians trying to tomahawk us, we turn it of our own free will to making airplanes. No less than in the days of old are we driven on by the adamantine goddess, stern Necessity. Only her form has changed.

The enfeeblement of the spirit of man, which has already brought us to a point where we cannot find either love or nobility any more in the world — this is Mr. Krutch's central thesis. The spirit of man, which nothing in the past was ever able to subdue, is fallen and will never rise again. I would that our young men could be persuaded to add to their litany one more petition: From swift and shallow generalization, good Lord, deliver us. Eyes as keen as Mr. Krutch's undoubtedly are, — if he would but take time to commune with his own heart, and be still, — are not needed to discern to-day the shining spirit of the gay adventurer rejoicing to risk all. That which moved Sir Richard Grenville sailing the little *Revenge* against the Spanish Armada is one with Lindbergh in the spaces over the sea. The Crusaders aflame for the Holy City become the doctors who die to discover the cause of a disease. Heroism in its two distinctive forms so clearly here beside us. And, even more to give us courage for what is to come, an ever-rising tide of human kindness, a deepening conviction that we are, in most practical fact, our brother's keeper, due not to any essential difference in the spirit, but to the fact that the focus has shifted. It has moved away from the single man, king, hero, saint, raised on high for all to see, to the indistinguishable units that make up the hurrying crowds, to the anonymous individual. No longer the general, but the regiment; not the captain any more than the crew; not this or that great single figure, but the nameless heroes, the engineers, the bridge builders, the workers in steel and steam and electricity and dynamos and turbines and all the things that build and drive this mighty age. We are asserting in our own terms what every age in its own way has voiced, the profoundest conviction of humanity — the worth of human life. In truth, if we do not allow ourselves to grow impatient with the vagaries of adolescent thought which are, after all, so natural, we can perceive in the very restlessness and bewildered unhappiness of many of our young people a sign of that strangest of all the strange things that move within us, 'the mysterious preference for the best.' 'He who finds it miserable not to be a king, must be a king dethroned' — the consciousness of our finiteness, of our insignificance, of our misery, is the seal of our greatness.

THE PORTRAIT THAT SARGENT FORGOT

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Is it possible for an artist entirely to forget his own creation? One would be inclined to think not, yet the following is an absolutely true story of one of the world's great painters.

A portrait by John Singer Sargent hangs on the wall of my dining room at 'Sol's Cliff' on Mount Desert Island, Maine. It is of Benjamin P. Kissam, once a well-known New York banker, and was painted in London thirty years ago in five sittings.

It is a brilliant full-face portrait of a slight, pink and white old gentleman with soft white hair and beard and flowing white moustache. He wears a dark-colored business suit that merges into a background of indefinite bronze-green. An impression of punctilious neatness is conveyed by the turn-down collar, the soft bow tie, the pearl stud, and the white handkerchief which protrudes from the pocket of the sack coat. The face is highly intelligent, the expression at once whimsical, shrewd, immensely tolerant, but the slanting blue eyes are a little sad and world-weary. Keen but kindly, they follow one everywhere.

'An elderly successful man of affairs,' one might say. 'An amiable, perspicacious old gentleman, who knows a thing or two, has had some hard knocks and survived them, but whose innate sense of values is too sound to take his own success too highly. A country lad, perhaps, grown old in city harness, who would like to retire to the farm and go fishing — sometime.' It is a face one would remember. An arresting portrait — done with all the dash and certainty characteristic of the artist. It is signed 'John S. Sargent' in the upper left-hand corner; and dated '1890' in the upper right-hand.

For thirty years it was not signed.

Mr. Sargent was lunching with me one day in the summer of 1921. He was sitting with his back to the portrait. Halfway through the meal I said to him: —

'Please take a look at that portrait behind you, Mr. Sargent, and tell me what you think of it.'

The artist half turned, and glanced up over his shoulder at the picture.

'H'm!' he said. 'Very good! Very good indeed! An excellent piece of work!'

'I'm glad you think so,' I replied with a smile.

'Who did it?' he asked with a polite show of interest.

We all laughed.

'*You* did,' I answered.

Sargent eyed me suspiciously, evidently thinking I was 'ragging' him.

'I mean it,' I assured him.

Seeing that I was serious, he looked at it again, then shook his head impatiently.

'You must be mistaken,' he declared. 'I have n't the slightest recollection either of the sitter or of painting the picture.'

'Well, you *did!*' I retorted.

'Who is the subject? When was it done?' he inquired.

'Benjamin P. Kissam of New York.

You painted it in London in 1890 in five sittings.'

By this time everybody's attention was concentrated on Mr. Sargent's bewildered expression. The artist got up and faced the portrait.

'It is n't possible!' he reiterated. 'I don't remember a thing about it!'

Then, taking a glass from his pocket, he went over the canvas in detail.

'Well,' we heard him mutter after a few moments, 'it *looks* like me!' Then in a tone of half-incredulous amusement, 'It *is* me!'

By this time we had all arisen from the table and had joined him around the portrait.

'Yes, that is mine,' he admitted. 'Although I've no recollection of it, I recognize my work.'

'Are you sure you did it?' I asked.

'Absolutely,' he replied.

'What makes you so certain?' I persisted.

Mr. Sargent pointed to the edge of the white handkerchief in the coat pocket.

'Do you see that green line around the white? That settles it for me. I recognize my own style, of course, but the handkerchief is conclusive as far as I am concerned.'

We all studied the handkerchief, but without perceiving its significance.

'I have an astigmatism,' he explained, 'that makes me see a red or green line around white objects. Often I paint it in. I have done so here. That green border obviously is not part of the handkerchief. It's a sort of penumbra. By it I can absolutely identify this portrait as mine. I am prepared to qualify as an expert on my own work!'

'Why did n't you sign it?'

The artist gave a shrug.

'If it was painted in five sittings it was probably done in a hurry, and I forgot to. If you have any paints I'll gladly do so now.'

It so happened that, since we had a daughter of artistic tendencies, there were paints in the house. While I was fetching them Mr. Sargent took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, lifted the portrait from the wall, and removed it from the frame. Together with paint, brushes, turpentine, and palette, we carried it into the adjacent library, where he cleaned and moistened the brush, squeezed his usual vermilion upon the palette, and signed the portrait.

'A hundred years from now,' he said, 'there'll be a battle between experts as to the authenticity of this picture. They will be able to prove from the condition of the paint that, while the portrait was made in 1890 and is so dated, it was not signed until 1921. However, that need n't worry us now. Let 'em fight it out among themselves when the time comes!'

Since my regard for experts is perhaps greater than that of Mr. Sargent, I record this anecdote both to save these gentlemen from unnecessary confusion and to ensure the listing of the Kissam portrait among the painter's authentic works.

REPARATIONS

BY GEORGE P. AULD

I

THE reparation question is a continuing problem, marked by recurrent crises. Until the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, these periods of excess strain arose with increasing frequency and intensity. Then came the work of the Dawes Committee, offering a *modus vivendi* to the disputing parties and bringing order out of reparation chaos.

Almost instantaneously the blighting effects of the controversy on the state of feeling in Europe and on the conditions of its economic life were removed. A marked recovery of industry and trade set in, and a degree of order was brought into the public finances of the Continent. In these processes the invigorating and stabilizing effects of the introduction of American capital, loaned principally to Germany, were strongly felt.

In this revival, which has continued up to the present, both France and Germany notably participated. Great strides have been taken by both countries back toward economic health, and an almost unbelievable improvement has been registered in Franco-German relations.

The reparation plan which gave the first impetus to these appeasements has had nearly five years of successful operation; and it is now proposed to revise it to some more permanent basis than that of an interim arrangement, which was all that it purported to be.

The new international committee, which is now examining the subject under the presidency of Owen D. Young, and which, when these words appear, will probably have completed its labors, has taken up the problem at the point where the Dawes Committee left off. The latter resuscitated Germany. It reorganized her currency and budget, and by the expedient of a foreign loan of $200,000,000 secured a breathing spell for her, without interrupting the flow of reparations to the ex-Allies. It prescribed an indeterminate series of annual reparation payments in an amount which it believed Germany could carry. Having done these vitally necessary things, it wisely stopped short of any attempt formally to fix Germany's total obligation and to provide a permanent scheme of payments for its discharge. The committee was, in fact, debarred under its powers from dealing with this group of subjects. The new committee, however, has been convened for this precise purpose, and is able to approach these once bitterly controversial questions in the light of the experience gained from the operation of the Dawes Plan.

The circumstances in which the new committee meets are very different from those in which its predecessor assembled in January 1924. The latter met in the shadow of a dire emergency. The appalling confusion of the post-Armistice period had culminated in an event which threatened widespread disaster. The cutting off of the Ruhr from Germany meant the economic

dismemberment of a community which constituted a great and integral part of the Western European system. There was no semblance of agreement among the interested governments as to a substantive policy for meeting the common dangers of the situation. The Dawes Committee was called together by the Allied governments as a last expedient, resorted to with no show of confidence in the outcome, and only after a final stinging interchange of diplomatic insults on the subject of the powers to be accorded to it.

By these standards the Young Committee — or, as Mr. Young calls it, the Second Dawes Committee — has been faced with no crisis at all, but rather with the orderly completion of a certain period of trial of the Dawes régime. The project was conceived by Foreign Ministers Briand and Stresemann in the hopeful atmosphere of Geneva, and given form in a protocol signed there last September. Its authors aimed at the rational working out of a 'final settlement' by the conference method. Thus the Young Committee is the child of no ominous movement of events clamoring for attention, but rather of a belief in the power of reason to forestall any new movement of the kind.

The major question of statesmanship involved in the formulating of this project was whether or not the time was ripe for it. The reparation problem is an incredibly tangled one. Its roots reach deeply into the social-economic soil of a great complex of rival civilizations. Under the *modus vivendi* of the Dawes Plan, the controversy had been quiescent for half a decade. The question was, did this indicate that the problem was working itself out, albeit slowly, toward an ultimate solution, and that, if sleeping dogs were let alone, the process would go forward with increasing certainty to the end? Or was this quiescence only a lull before a new storm? Were the still-present irritations merely gathering force for a new explosion?

There are no certain answers to these questions. But it may at least be said that no external symptoms of a great emergency were present. And in this fact plainly lies one of the chief difficulties of the task of the new committee. The devil of impending calamity was a powerful ally of the Dawes Committee in its search for a temporary formula which would be acceptable to all; but the new body, in seeking a settlement of a much more binding character, is able to rely on no such adventitious aid.

The calibre of the individuals pressed into service on the new committee is evidence of a recognition of the difficulties which confront it. Collectively, it represents probably the best array of brains, character, and prestige that could have been brought together. In point of reputation and influence, in financial judgment and experience, and in practical grasp of European conditions, no stronger group of its kind has ever been assembled.

Five of its fourteen members, including its president, were members of the Dawes Committee. Germany, which was not represented in the predecessor body, is now included on a basis of full equality with France, Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium. A Japanese delegation has also been added. The United States participates in the persons of Owen D. Young and J. Pierpont Morgan. These two members, with their respective alternates, Thomas Nelson Perkins and Thomas W. Lamont, serve as individuals and not as delegates of their government. They nevertheless represent, in a very real sense, the vast influence of this country in world affairs.

Consideration of American official

policy relating to the Interallied debts is not within the powers of the committee. In this formal sense, therefore, American interests are not at issue, though the debts themselves figure as monumental objects in the reparation landscape. But in the sense that what happens to Europe is of prime importance to our manufacturers, farmers, and investors, American interests are, obviously, deeply involved. Our concern, broadly, is in the reaching of an agreement acceptable to the immediate parties, which will give assurance of continued stability in European affairs. And not the least of the grounds for expecting such an outcome lies in the exceptional equipment brought to the conference by the American members.

II

Circumstances require, as they did five years ago, that any settlement reached be by unanimous consent. And the inclusion of an official German representation now places a formal seal on this practical necessity. The ex-Allies long ago abandoned the pretension of explicitly dictating terms to Germany. It of course goes without saying that they still stand on their general rights to reparations, as conferred by the Treaty of Versailles; but the extent and real character of those rights were substantially modified, in effect though not technically, by the Dawes Plan.

The Plan placed Germany's obligation (inclusive of all financial liabilities under the Treaty) at a standard annual amount of $595,000,000. Of this amount, $228,000,000 represented five per cent interest and one per cent sinking-fund installment on $3,800,000,000 mortgage bonds issued to the Allies by the German railways and German industry under the guaranty of the German Government. The annual payments, which are a charge on the railways and industry, will run until the bonds are retired in about thirty-seven years by operation of the sinking fund. The remainder of Germany's annual obligation, $367,000,000, provided out of taxation, is in the form of an indeterminate annuity. It may be regarded as representing interest and a sinking-fund payment on a capital sum of a certain general magnitude. Assuming the same interest and sinking-fund rates as those carried by the bonds, the capital sum would be nearly $6,200,000,000. The entire capital debt, therefore, would be about $10,000,000,000, and it would be fully retired, with interest, by payment of the total annuity of $595,000,000 over a period of thirty-seven years.

The Dawes Committee specified no such details as to the composition of the total annuity, nor did it specify its period, for to have done so would have been equivalent to stating a new capital sum in revision of the debt fixed in 1921 by the Reparation Commission. That debt was determined under Treaty provisions requiring assessment of the property damage done to civilians of the Allied nationalities, plus an amount representing the capitalized value of Allied pension charges arising out of the war. This obligation (after various indeterminate deductions) came to about $31,000,000,000. Legally, the assessment still stands; practically, it is universally acknowledged to be of no effect. The Treaty figure has been effectively scaled down to about one third. Five years' acceptance of the Dawes Plan has limited the claim of the Allies to one of the general magnitude of $10,000,000,000.

Again, the Plan, while not formally repudiating the conception of the reparation debt as a penalty for crime, which it derived from the war-guilt

clauses of the Treaty, nevertheless specifically characterized the Dawes annuity as Germany's equitable contribution to the reconstruction of Europe. Equity here meant an even distribution of taxpayers' burdens among all the ex-belligerents. This is a profoundly difficult subject, as the Dawes Committee remarked. Nevertheless, a study of the evidence supports the broad conclusion that the committee's award achieved substantial equity in this sense. And on these grounds the award has never been seriously questioned.

Such a definition of equity, however, is not one to which either the French or the Germans, at large, can be expected heartily to subscribe. To the popular mind everywhere, and especially in France and Germany, the idea of a personalized national war guilt has intense reality, and under such a conception equity concerns itself chiefly with the assessment of a proper penalty for crime.

On such grounds, many Frenchmen would insist that the reparation obligation should be adjusted indefinitely upward and many Germans would believe that it should be reduced to nothing at all or assessed in the reverse direction. Few of either nationality, however, any longer strongly insist publicly on these views. The futility of such a controversy was evident to sensible men, and time, besides, has dulled its edge.

In this evolution it is, of course, the Germans who have had to make the greatest mental adjustment. Their liability still stands, but Germans generally now appear to regard it in a light which does credit to their political sagacity — as an obligation the discharge of which is dictated by the highest expediency, and the character of which they therefore presumably recognize as hardly to be distinguished from that of an authentic moral obligation. Thus, both France and Germany have come to the realistic conclusion that an obligation of the general magnitude implied by the Dawes Plan indubitably exists as a semipermanent fixture of the political landscape of Europe, and that any present attempt radically to alter it would be folly.

Political considerations plainly require that the new settlement contain the elements of a bargain. Each delegation must carry home something which its public will be prepared or can be persuaded to regard as more important than that which has been conceded. Each party came to the conference table to get something, and each was, therefore, prepared to give something.

The elements of the possible bargain which are perhaps the most difficult for the observer to weigh are those concerned with Germany's desire to find some means of accelerating the evacuation of the Rhineland and of freeing herself from the system of financial control set up by the Dawes Plan.

The northern zone of the military occupation, centring on the bridgehead at Cologne and extending to a line south of Bonn, was evacuated on February 1, 1926. The Treaty provides that the middle zone, centring on Coblenz and extending south to a line running westerly from Bacharach on the Rhine, shall be evacuated in 1930, and the southern zone, centring on Mainz, in 1935.

The foreign financial organization provided by the Dawes Plan embraces an Allied Agent General for Reparation Payments (an American), a transfer committee of six members of Allied nationalities (including the Agent General and one other American), a Commissioner of the Reichsbank (a Hollander) and seven foreign members

out of a total of fourteen members of the Council of the bank, a Commissioner of the Railways (a Frenchman) and four foreign members out of a total of eighteen members of the Railway Board, a Commissioner of Controlled Revenues (an Englishman), a trustee of industrial debentures (an Italian), and a trustee of the railway bonds (a Belgian).

These visible and not wholly mute evidences of defeat, with whatever apparent equanimity endured, can be nothing else than galling to the German people. Imponderables such as this have from the first been factors of the highest importance in the reparation controversy. But, as things stand, the sands of the occupation are now running out, and the financial control in practice partakes more of the character of inoffensive observation, and at most of rarely exercised powers of veto rather than of operating interference. All in all, and unless numerous recent German comments on the subject are to be regarded as wholly for effect, it does not appear that German opinion is prepared to accept heavy material sacrifices for the purpose of hastening the disappearance of foreign intervention.

Germany and France each enter the conference facing the near approach of certain financial commitments, which might be liquidated painlessly if a binding agreement on reparations could now be reached. An increase in Germany's standard reparation annuity of $595,000,000 will begin to run next fall by operation of the so-called prosperity index of the Dawes Plan. This index is compiled by taking as a standard the average statistics of certain economic activities in Germany for specified years, such as 1926 to 1929 and 1912 and 1913. The statistics embrace those relating to population, foreign trade, budgetary receipts and expenditures, railway traffic, and the consumption of coal, sugar, tobacco, beer, and alcohol. The standard index having been calculated by the prescribed formula, increases registered after September 1, 1929, will be reflected in the reparation annuity — for the year commencing September 1, 1929, by applying the percentage increase to half the standard annuity, and for succeeding years by applying it to the full standard annuity.

No authoritative estimates of the probable increase in the annuity are available; unofficial figures, however, set it at an annual amount of from two to three and a half per cent — that is to say, at an increase by such a percentage each year of the total of the annuity of the year preceding. In time the cumulative effect of this would be considerable, but for the first few years the effect would be slight. The importance of this factor in bringing about an immediate settlement of a binding character would therefore presumably not be great.

France, for her part, faces in August of this year the maturing of her special debt of about $400,000,000 to the United States for the purchase of surplus war stocks left in France. It is a large sum of money. Under the Mellon-Bérenger funding agreement of April 29, 1926, — not yet presented to the French Parliament for ratification, — it is provided that this debt shall be merged in the general war-loan obligation. Ratification of the accord would thus render unnecessary the payment of the war-material debt in a capital sum; only the annual payment on the merged debt would be necessary. This annual payment would be only $32,500,000 in 1929 (thereafter rising gradually to a maximum of $125,000,000 a year in 1942 and succeeding years up to 1986, with a final payment of $118,000,000 in 1987).

Opposition to the accord is such as to make any present chances of ratification by Parliament very dubious, if not nonexistent. M. Poincaré, though he has not submitted the agreement for ratification, has kept it alive by making annual payments on account approximately equal to the scheduled annuities. It is presumed that the conclusion of a favorable settlement with Germany in which her obligations would be defined would make an early ratification by Parliament possible. Thus the treasury would be relieved from the considerable embarrassment of finding $400,000,000 in the near future.

From these facts it might appear that an early agreement with Germany is a matter of importance to the French Government. And this is so, but with limitations. For M. Poincaré is holding something in reserve. The coming into effect of the debt-funding agreement is contingent, in the words of the document itself, on 'ratification in France,' and experts in the French law have expressed the opinion that as this document, being a financial instrument, does not operate to increase the French public debt, the Government itself would be legally competent to ratify it, if it so desired, without submittal to Parliament. Undoubtedly such action would cause a great uproar in France. But M. Poincaré is a man of courage and a lover of his country. He has publicly stated that rather than accept an unfavorable settlement with Germany he will fall back on the indeterminate annuity of $315,000,000 accorded to France under the Dawes Plan. Assuming an intransigent attitude by the Germans in the present negotiations, it seems distinctly possible that he will grasp the other horn of his dilemma and decide on governmental ratification of the American debt accord as being in his judgment the better course for France.

III

All in all, while the considerations just discussed undoubtedly played a part in bringing the conference together, it would seem that in themselves they were not of sufficient weight to carry the day against the obvious advantages of permitting time still further to soften this highly indurated problem. Other more tempting considerations must have been in the air at Geneva. Those considerations appear to have been, on the one side, a substantial, though undefined, concession to Germany on the annuities, and on the other side, as compensation to France and her ex-allies, the attractive idea of a large public sale or 'commercialization' of reparation bonds, the cash proceeds of which would fall as a capital sum into the hard-pressed treasuries of the creditor governments.

The question whether the conference project was well founded, in so far as it rested on such a basis, can be answered only by the event. But in any case the first response of public opinion in this country to the commercialization scheme was not such as to make its immediate realization on a large scale seem likely. Prior to the meeting of the committee, therefore, the basis of the contemplated bargain seemed to undergo a gradual modification. The suggestion was made that, even though commercialization on a large scale might not immediately be practicable, there could still very usefully be provided a framework for such a scheme, to be utilized when and as circumstances favored the public sale of bonds. In addition, it was suggested that there might be arranged some scheme of 'mobilization' — that is, the substitution of German reparation bonds for the obligations of the Allied Governments in the hands of private

holders, thus permitting the retirement of portions of the public debts of the Allied Governments.

In this preconference evolution, a considerable part of the cash that under the first plan would have been immediately realizable disappeared from the picture, and with it presumably went a considerable part of the attractiveness of the scheme to the French. This seems to have involved some corresponding modification of French ideas as to the necessary concession to Germany — a drift of opinion which might have had embarrassing results, as the conference project was already well under way. Fortunately there appeared to be a way out. In lieu of any absolute reduction in the total of the German obligation from a figure of the general magnitude implied by the Dawes Plan, — namely, $10,000,000,000, — the term of payment of the debt might be lengthened to the period contemplated by the Allied debt-funding agreements with the United States. By extending the period to one of this length, say sixty years, the annual payments for sinking fund would be smaller. And, if the total annual payments were to be graduated in size in some manner roughly corresponding to the schedules of payments under the debt-funding agreements, the amounts required in the earlier years would be smaller still, though naturally those required in the later years would be correspondingly larger.

Without pretense of special insight into the minds of those who called the conference, one may say that the foregoing hypotheses, based in part on published dispatches of a semiofficial character, provide the elements of a very reasonable basis of settlement. Let us look at the details.

Just before the opening of the conference the French and Belgian positions were repeatedly stated, though unofficially, to be that Germany should reimburse France and Belgium for the amount of their Interallied obligations, together with ninety to one hundred billion francs to cover reparation for French property damages (that is, excluding pensions), and an unnamed sum for reparations for Belgium, presumably relatively small. The English have never abandoned the position taken in the Balfour Note in 1922 that no more would be claimed from England's European ex-allies and the Germans together than would be necessary to meet her American debt. Italy's position has not been made clear, but it may be assumed to be the same, so far as her Interallied obligations are concerned, with perhaps several hundred million dollars added for reparations.

What does all this come to? Taking the Interallied debts to the United States, we find that their value, if the prescribed annuities are capitalized at 5 per cent (the rate used above in computing the approximate value of the Dawes Plan), is $5,900,000,000 (as shown in the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*). Out of this total England would look to Germany for $3,300,000,000 to care for her American debt; France would expect $1,700,000,000; Italy $426,000,000, and Belgium $192,000,000.

As reparations, France would claim an amount of $3,500,000,000 to $3,900,000,000, the dollar value of her franc claim, converted at the new depreciated value of 3.9 cents to the franc. This represents a large reduction from the real values expended in reconstruction, as the francs, when expended, had nearly twice the gold value of the franc to-day. Those expenditures, as made, amounting to about 86,000,000,000 francs direct cost, plus 14,000,000,000 for interest costs on reconstruction

debt, had a value at the time of about $7,400,000,000.

The amounts which Belgium and Italy might claim as reparations, clear of their Interallied obligations, may be regarded as restricted practically to their shares of the Dawes Plan payments, less the amount of those obligations. Taking the value of the Dawes Plan at $10,000,000,000, Belgium's share is about $440,000,000, out of which she has to meet her American debt of $192,000,000, leaving $248,000,000 for reparations; Italy, out of a share of $977,000,000, would meet her American debt of $426,000,000, leaving $551,000,000 for reparations.

If Italy and France were still required to meet their Interallied obligations to Great Britain, those matters would be for Interallied adjustment of shares in the total claim on Germany. (The share of France is now 53 per cent, and of England 22½ per cent.) Whatever those adjustments, the total claim on Germany remains unaffected. All the Interallied obligations wash out to a total of $5,900,000,000 to be recovered from Germany. If to this is added a maximum of $3,900,000,000 or a minimum of $3,500,000,000 for French reparations, with $250,000,000 for Belgian reparations and $550,000,000 for Italian damages, the Allied claim comes to a maximum of $10,600,000,000 or a minimum of $10,200,000,000.

IV

The Allies are thus in a position of claiming from Germany an amount approximately equivalent to the value of the Dawes Plan annuities. It is a remarkably strong position, from whatever angle examined. Politically, the total claim of $10,000,000,000 or thereabouts has the strength which five years' operation of the Dawes Plan has given a figure of that general magnitude. Equitably, on the principle of even distribution of taxpayers' burdens, it has the weight of the findings of the Dawes Committee behind it. And if the components of the claim and their purposes are scrutinized, it must be regarded as equally strong. The largest item goes into one pocket only to go out of the other. World opinion, with the precedents of history in mind, can hardly fail to regard such a claim by the victors in a great conflict as singularly moderate. From almost any point of view, it is difficult to see how Germany can expect to secure any substantially more favorable settlement.

Assuming that the Allied representatives stand on some figure around $10,000,000,000, it seems likely that the terms of payment will be so fixed, by prolonging the period, as to reduce the amount of the present annuity. Such an arrangement would offer a welcome relief, for the time being, to the German taxpayer, and in consequence would presumably be politically more acceptable in Germany. Some such arrangement appears at the present writing to be foreshadowed by the negotiations in progress at Paris.

Spreading the payments evenly over sixty years, a debt of $10,000,000,000 at 5 per cent would be discharged by an annuity of $528,000,000, representing interest of $500,000,000 and a sinking-fund installment of $28,000,000. That portion of the total annuity of $528,000,000 which would be required to care for the Allies' debts to the United States of $5,900,000,000 would be $311,000,000, and if this portion were graduated in size to correspond with the Allies' annuities to the United States it could now start at about $215,000,000 (gradually increasing to a maximum of about $425,000,000 near the end of the period in 1987.) The total commencing annuity to discharge the debt of

$10,000,000,000 in sixty years would therefore be $432,000,000 (that is, $215,000,000 for the Allies' debts and $217,000,000 for reparations), and the maximum annuity in the 1980's would be about $642,000,000.

Whether German opinion would regard such a settlement as a real concession by the Allies is another question. Probably it would not. Doubtless the Germans will formulate demands for concessions of other kinds, and those the Allies could well afford to make. Clearly there are many reasons why the fixation of the debt is highly desirable, and if the Allies hope to figure as beneficiaries of a commercialization scheme, it is essential. For without a definite determination of Germany's liability any sale of bonds on a really large scale would be impossible.

It does not follow that the debt, if fixed, must or will be fixed as a capital sum or entirely as a capital sum. A definite series of annuities is no less a fixation of a definite liability than the stating of a capital sum or the translating of the annuities at some explicitly stated rate into a capital sum. Since the war, political advantages have been seen in allowing intergovernmental settlements to remain stated in terms of annuities only. How real these advantages may be need not be discussed here. The result, at all events, is that the present (capital) value of such settlements may be interpreted at different figures, depending on the rate of interest assumed. The higher the interest rate, the lower the indicated capital value of the annuity series, and vice versa.

The reason for this can easily be demonstrated by the layman by considering how an annuity payment falling due say five years from now might be provided for by the investment to-day of a sum of money at compound interest. To meet a payment of $100 due five years hence, it would be sufficient at 5 per cent interest to set aside to-day $78.35. But if the interest earnings were to be only at the rate of 4 per cent, the present sum required would be $82.19. Differences of this sort in the interpretation of the present values of annuities do not, however, affect the general result of the settlement. The annuities are the thing, and they are not changed by changes in assumed interest rates. But with various unevenly graduated series of annuities receivable and payable, such as are or may be involved in a general settlement of reparations, present values are the only common denominator by which the whole position may be visualized and the general results weighed. Some interest rate must be assumed by the student, and if the same one is used for all the interrelated transactions affecting the various parties it is not very important whether it be 5 per cent or, say, 4 per cent, or even some other rate not greatly different from these.

V

Before arriving at its crucial task of fixing the annuities and of considering the feasibility of commercializing some part of the obligation, the present conference will be obliged, and at this writing has already begun, to take up several preliminary stages of investigation and negotiation. Two subjects in particular have to be canvassed — the 'transfer problem,' so called, and the matter of 'capacity to pay.'

The transfer problem has been the subject of much controversy the past seven or eight years. It is a hypothetical dilemma relating to the international transfer of debt payments, which was first posed by J. M. Keynes, the English economist, at the time of the creation of the reparation and Interallied debts. One horn of the Keynesian

dilemma is that the transfer of payments on large international obligations will prove impossible, owing to the inability of debtor countries to develop surpluses of exports over imports sufficiently great to procure the foreign currencies necessary for payment. The other horn is that, if such surpluses should in fact be developed, the industries of the receiving countries will be seriously embarrassed or ruined by the influx of foreign goods by which the payment is effected. Thus, under the Keynes doctrine, the creditors lose either way; and, under an extension of the doctrine to the affairs of the debtor country, efforts by the latter to purchase foreign currencies for debt payment by the offering of home currency in exchange would, in the absence of an export surplus, depreciate the value of the home currency, and if persisted in would result in its collapse.

These hypotheses have enjoyed a wide vogue and have exercised an important psychological influence on all past reparation negotiations. It is only recently that a realization of their inherent absurdity and their conflict with the facts of economic history has become at all general among students of economics. The Keynesians made the mistake of jumping to their conclusion before they had reflected upon a certain condition in international financial relations which had always existed, but which before the war was a very unobtrusive one. International debts of great magnitude have always existed, and the interest and sinking-fund payments on them have always been collected without the slightest economic disturbance. Before the war Europe was creditor to the world in the amount of fifty billion dollars in present-day values (thirty-three billions pre-war, as estimated by Harvey E. Fisk), and every good debt was duly collected in cash, without any suspicion ever arising that such a thing as a transfer problem existed. The post-war vogue of this purely subjective 'problem' was the product of a vast and not unnatural astonishment on the part of the layman at the size of the widely advertised reparation and Interallied debts, and a complete lack of curiosity on the part of the Keynesians as to the nature of the processes involved in the international distribution of capital.

The facts are that the economic practicability of international debt collection depends on one factor only — the ability of the debtor to provide the annual interest and sinking-fund installment, out of taxation in the case of a public obligation, or out of earnings in the case of corporation debt. If the provision is duly made, the transfer of payment follows automatically and harmlessly as a result of one of two processes, depending upon the position of international trade at the time. One of those processes consists of further foreign borrowing by other enterprises of the debtor country, and the alternative process is the exportation of goods. By one process or the other, foreign exchange is rendered available to the nationals of the paying country, and either the one or the other process must always be characteristic of the economic position of every civilized nation.

Axiomatically, every country in its international trade relations for a given period has either a surplus of imports of goods (and services) over exports or a surplus of exports over imports. It is either importing a surplus or exporting one, and that surplus is part of the world surplus production — part of the stock of new capital in process of distribution by countries long of capital to countries short of capital.

The movement of a surplus of goods, *as goods*, is the trade aspect, or obverse

face, of international economic relations. The movement of a surplus of goods, *as capital*, is the financial aspect, or reverse face, of precisely the same economic condition. An importing country is borrowing. It settles for its import balances by giving its securities. An exporting country is lending. It receives settlement of its export balances by taking securities (first taking its own previously given securities and then taking the securities of the debtors).

An importing country is short of new capital, as Germany is to-day, and the securities offered by its corporations to procure capital for productive enterprise are taken by the investors of the exporting country — such as the United States or England (English trade balances, including services, being really export balances, and not, as is widely believed, import balances). The surplus product shipped by the manufacturers of the exporting country is new capital savings being sent abroad for the account of the investors of that country. This product is taken by the enterprises of the importing country which are seeking new capital, and they emit their securities against its receipt.

Germany to-day is an importing country, as was the United States before the war. This condition, in itself, is not broadly significant to the matter of economic strength or feebleness — for the strongest often borrow and the feeblest cannot borrow for lack of credit. It is rather an indication of trend. It indicates enterprise and expansion. A country that is borrowing is building. It is ploughing all its savings back into new enterprise, and still needs more. Since 1924, Germany has borrowed abroad on long-term bonds, according to the Reichs Credit Bank, some $1,800,000,000, of which about $1,200,000,000 was procured from the United States. It is clear that her borrowings have been used productively, that they have not been dissipated, that she has not, as the saying goes, paid reparations out of borrowed money. For, according to estimates of the authority just cited, her new capital formation while the borrowings have been going on has been about $4,800,000,000, after payment of reparations. And it is clear in another way that she is not living on borrowed capital, for she is regularly setting aside the interest and sinking fund on her borrowings out of taxation or earnings. It is a healthy process of reconstruction that is going on, and it will continue until Germany, rebuilt by foreign capital, will need no more, and — her productivity reëstablished — will produce an export surplus of new capital of her own.

VI

Now as to the mechanics of debt settlement. It is clear to everyone that, when the time does arrive when Germany produces an export surplus, there will be available foreign exchange in the possession of her nationals through the shipment of that surplus abroad in exchange for dollars, pounds, francs, or guilders; and that the Reich or any individual German who owes a debt abroad will be able to procure this foreign currency by handing over to the German exporters (through the banks) the marks which have been saved to pay the debt. This is transfer of Stage II, as we may call it — the stage of an advanced national economic development.

Transfer of Stage I, the other alternative, is transfer as now effected by Germany. Germany is importing — borrowing. New prospective borrowers in Germany are offering their securities to prospective lenders. They want new capital. On the other hand, the Reich or individual Germans who owe debts

abroad have set aside a certain amount of savings to meet their foreign obligations. This part of the new capital produced in Germany belongs to foreigners. Foreigners are lending to Germany, and they proceed to lend to Germans not only new foreign capital produced abroad, but also that part of the new capital produced in Germany which belongs to foreigners. It is through the lending of this latter — the actual savings set aside to pay foreign debts — that the transfer of the equivalent of those savings to the foreign bondholder is accomplished. A new foreign lender furnishes dollars to the banks in exchange for the new securities of the new borrower. The old debtor furnishes marks to the banks in exchange for the coupons or other evidences of maturing debt which have been presented by the old creditor. The banks deliver the dollars to the old creditor and the marks to the new debtor.

The transfer under Stage I is thus complete — marks for dollars, without movement of goods. Nor has any threat to the stability of the mark been involved, since marks have not been put up at auction on the exchange market, but changed into dollars in a normal way under an equal pressure of demand against supply. Reparations have been effectually transferred out of Germany, since the reparation creditors take dollars, pounds, francs, lire, or guilders indiscriminately to meet their foreign obligations or to be exchanged into other currencies through the multifarious operations of international finance. Transfers all work around to their ultimate destination through the sea of international trade, without causing a ripple on its broad surface.

This is transfer of Stage I. And either Stage I or Stage II is always in effect. It is immaterial how soon Stage II eventuates. It will come in good time, as determined by the processes of economic development. These are processes which naturally come to fruition over periods measured by decades rather than years. The idea that the month-to-month development of trade balances has to be anxiously watched to see whether transfers are still going to be possible is an absurdity.

The supposed threat to creditor nations under Stage II (the German export stage) is nonexistent, for the reason that if the creditors become importing countries they will become so from a shortage of capital, and, as capital is goods, they will be short not only of productive capacity, but of product, and the character of the imported product as competitive or noncompetitive on the home market will be, broadly, of no consequence to them at all.

And a related idea that imports will be artificially stimulated by the pressure of foreign debt seeking to be paid is equally without reality. Imports arise on account of shortage of capital. Debt collection is a purely passive factor in international economic relations. The active factor is the distribution of world surplus production, and in that distribution all settlements are automatically provided for. It could not be otherwise. Those great processes of economic fertilization could not be of such preposterous futility as to be balked by mere bookkeeping. And the history of the nineteenth century supports this statement.

The so-called transfer problem, though a complete economic nonentity, bulks large in the important field of the psychology of reparations. For this great myth, or humbug, or mere confusion of thought, as one prefers, has traveled faster and further than the answer to it. The Dawes Committee solved the psychological difficulty as it existed in 1924 by setting up a Transfer

Committee with power to stop transfers to the Allies should the stability of the mark be threatened. It never has been threatened, and the annuities have been duly transferred as set aside in marks by the German Government.

But 'transfer protection,' so called, is still a factor in the reparation problem. The German delegates to the conference appear to value it highly. At least, if they are correctly reported, they intimate that, in its absence, Germany would have to be extremely cautious in the matter of the size of the annuity which she would definitely bind herself to pay. Reports of the discussion seem to suggest that the transfer problem no longer as formerly broods over the councils of reparations as an authentic spectre of economic woe, but now figures merely as a part of the horse trade. The Allies are interested in commercialization of reparation bonds, and such bonds, to be salable, must be free of any such flaw as would be implied by the existence of any authority to suspend transfer of the interest in case of some supposed threat to the stability of the mark. It appears that a compromise is being worked out in conference, whereby a part of the debt will have 'transfer protection' and a part will be an unqualified obligation.

VII

Another question which will occupy the conference is that of 'capacity to pay.' It is not wholly, or even chiefly, as economic experts that the committee may be looked to for an authoritative definition of Germany's capacity to pay. It is rather as men having an understanding of political and social realities, and, withal, being in a position to shape their definition from facts demonstrated by experience through the operation of the Dawes Plan. As a scientific conception, national capacity to pay is hardly more than a figure of speech.

Capacity to pay means ability to support taxes — an elusive subject, of very restricted economic implications. The productive capacity of any one of the great industrial nations of the modern world is a colossal thing. Economically, the margin of that capacity over subsistence requirements has not nearly been exhausted, even by the burdens imposed by the greatest of all conflicts. But man does not live by bread alone, and when taxation reaches out for a fifth of Everyman's earnings, as in Europe, not science but only something greater than science can undertake to measure the remaining margin of political stability and social safety.

Dealing in a practical way with yield of taxes and other fiscal aspects, S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent General for Reparations, said in December 1928 that 'no question can fairly arise in the light of practical experience thus far as to the ability of the Budget of the Reich to provide the full amount of its standard contribution to the plan,' and he similarly confirmed the ability of the railways and industry to carry their charges under the plan.[1] Mr. Gilbert is a competent and impartial authority. But there may well be an honest difference of opinion on the subject, and the Germans do not appear to agree with Mr. Gilbert.

In the final judgment, one cannot get very far away from the question

[1] The standard annuity of $595,000,000 began to run September 1, 1928. For the four years of the Dawes Plan ended that date, Germany paid, on an increasing annual scale, an average of $325,000,000 a year. For the six prior years, commencing at the date of the Armistice, she paid in cash and materials, according to the valuations of the Reparation Commission, an average of $212,000,000 a year. — AUTHOR

of relative national burdens. A burden which may be regarded as too hard or impossible for Germany, viewing Germany by herself, cannot be deemed truly so if the shifting of it would throw even more difficult burdens on her neighbors. According to the estimates of a leading authority, Harvey E. Fisk, of the Bankers Trust Company, the percentages of the income of the population taken by national and local taxation in 1926 (or 1926–1927) were in England 23.6 per cent, in Belgium 19.8 per cent, in France 19.7 per cent, in Italy 19.5 per cent, in Germany 17.9 per cent (and in the United States 8.9 per cent). Adjustments during that year to the average of the Dawes Plan payments on a sixty-year annuity basis (that is, $528,000,000 a year on $10,000,000,000) would have changed the percentages of the two principal protagonists to: Germany, 22.3 per cent; France, 18.2. By further adjusting the percentage of France to the average basis of her British and American debt annuities ($58,000,000 to England and $90,000,000 to the United States), her percentage would be 19.5 per cent.[2]

All such figures include indefinite factors on the income side, and, if one raises the question as to the purposes for which taxes are raised, highly controversial elements on the expenditure side. It is an infinitely complicated subject. But the results broadly may be taken as confirming that the Dawes settlement was as fair a settlement, from the aspect of relative tax burdens, as could have been made.

This being so, Germany cannot with very good grace plead incapacity to pay the Dawes Plan annuity. And, what is no less significant, the new committee is not likely to consider getting very far away from such a figure (unless, as above suggested, by assessing an equivalent burden through taking a lower annuity for sixty years instead of something like the present annuity for the thirty-seven years implied by the Dawes Plan). For a voyage on the uncharted sea of a brand-new inquiry on 'capacity to pay' would disclose rocks of controversy which not only are the members of the conference under no obligation personally to hazard, but which would place in jeopardy the great gains achieved during the past five years in the state of public feeling on the reparation question. The channel which was opened by the Dawes Committee and has now been marked by the Dawes Plan offers the only safe and practicable course.

Germany, as any great nation similarly situated would do, will pay what she thinks it in her best interest to pay. A Berlin editor, unnamed but described by a leading American newspaper correspondent in Europe as 'certainly no Nationalist,' was recently quoted as saying, 'It is not a question of what Germany must pay, so much as a question of what Germany is willing to pay.' No one can quarrel with this. It is a perfectly fair and realistic statement of what everyone knows. And it is not at all different from Poincaré's famous saying of seven years ago, for which in those stormy days he earned unlimited vituperation, that it was all a question of Germany's 'will to pay.'

The attitude of the taxpayer is the chief element in national capacity to pay. The war taught us that, given an object of sufficient importance in the public mind, capacity to pay is, for all practical purposes, unlimited. To-day, of course, no such situation

[2] Mr. Fisk estimates German national income during the fiscal year 1926–1927 at 10.7 billion dollars and French national income during the year 1926 at 7.8 billion dollars. The present value of the annuities payable by France over sixty-two years under the Franco-British debt-funding agreement, at 5 per cent, is about $1,100,000,000. — AUTHOR

exists. Nevertheless, with her industry reviving and her foreign markets expanding, Germany to-day has a stake in the preservation of good relations with the ex-Allies which is worth many times the five or ten dollars a head which the reparation bill will annually cost her; and her present leaders have given every indication of recognizing that fact.

Germany can afford to bind herself for sixty years, if need be, just as the Allies have bound themselves to the United States. For time will work on her side. Intergovernmental debts can never be other than an irritant in international relations, and before six decades of debt collection have dragged themselves out creditors are likely to discover that the results are not all clear profit. The United States is the final creditor, and in our search for foreign markets to take our surplus products we shall one day doubtless ask ourselves whether a principle so highly regarded in domestic trade as the cultivation of customer goodwill has any importance in the interchanges of foreign commerce; and, if it has, what its probable value is as compared with the three dollars a head which we propose to collect annually on the debt settlements. Eventually our statesmen may welcome the tender of a liquidating payment, whether in cash or some other form of valuable consideration, as offering a politically feasible means of wiping the slate clean.

The Germans in the present juncture, knowing that time will continue to work toward further downward revision, are doubtless not enthusiastic about having too much of their obligation converted into bonds running to the investing public. For their responsible leaders are aware that no German government could ever dream of offering to compromise commitments of such a character. Some concession by Germany in the direction of a commercialization scheme, however, seems highly probable. It follows that there will be counter-concessions by the Allies — in part, perhaps, of a kind to be arranged by separate agreement between the governments, similar to the arrangement for the evacuation of the Ruhr, which was entered into concurrently with the adoption of the Dawes Plan.

It seems reasonable to expect as a result of the conference a considerable advance — perhaps a very great advance — in the long process of untying the reparation knot. It would be unreasonable to expect a 'final settlement,' for no settlement can be final until the last payment is made.

THE DEEPENING TARIFF DARKNESS

BY PAUL T. HOMAN

I

THE recent presidential campaign is commonly held to have represented a distinct advance in the sphere of public discussion of important national problems. The supporters of Governor Smith in particular find some solace in the thought that, though defeated, their candidate has made a valuable contribution to public education. I should not care to argue against this view in a general way. On certain questions, notably that of power, his service was unquestionably great. But I should like to call attention to the setback which the campaign has administered to intelligent treatment of the tariff.

The number of people in the United States capable of discussing the tariff impartially and sensibly, without reference to self-interest, has always been small. Historically it has been the battle ground for conflicting interests, or at least for interests conceived to be conflicting. Originally these interests divided mainly on territorial lines, and have reshaped themselves by the processes of industrial change, as illustrated by the conversion of New England from free trade to protection, as its central preoccupation turned from shipping to manufacture, between 1815 and 1830. The dominance of a protectionist or free-trade interest in each section has, however, caused the Congressional history of the tariff to be written in terms more strictly sectional than the facts justify. Across the territorial lines have run lines of horizontal cleavage, creating in each section majority and minority interests not disclosed in Congressional votes.

Since 1816, and particularly since the Civil War, the tariff argument has never run strictly on the grounds of protection versus free trade. The nature of an industrial organization reared behind tariff walls has made it impossible for any but the most doctrinaire free traders to conceive the establishment of free trade for the United States within the calculable future. Nevertheless, the Democratic Party has had continual resort to the armory of logic developed by the liberal English economists in favor of freedom of trade. In our own day one is apt to look somewhat askance at that logic, as at many other aspects of liberal negativism. But its continued presence in the realm of practical tariff politics was of inestimable value, by reason of the fact that it carried with it the most profound available analysis of the nature of the benefits which arise from international trade. It was a perpetual corrective of the veiled mercantilism which insinuates itself into all popular discussion of the tariff. Whatever its concessions to expediency or to fiscal necessities, the logic of the Democratic position on the tariff has been the logic of free trade. That logic is universal in character, in the sense that it promises the maximum well-being for all nations, not for one nation, and for all members of each nation, not for privileged classes within each nation.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to frame the protectionist argument in these terms of universality. Nationalism is, indeed, of its essence, and its direct implication, not disagreeable to its proponents, is national gain at the expense of other national units, or their members. To make it politically effective, however, in a democratic society, it has been necessary to adopt the other half of the free-trade argument — maximum benefit to each class and person within the country affected.

This attempt to construct an argument designed to prove the harmony of interests within a country supporting a protective policy places an almost prohibitive strain upon the human capacity for intellectual plausibility. It is easy enough for a protected manufacturer to see the benefits to himself. With the abridged mental processes characteristic of their kind, manufacturers have mainly been content — quite sincerely, of course — to generalize the sum of their private interests into a concept of the general good. This short-cut process has, however, been politically insufficient, since it has been necessary to convince other classes, not directly protected, of the benefits to themselves. These classes have mainly consisted of farmers, for whom the home-market argument was designed and for whose benefit often fictitious rates on their products have been scheduled, and the wage-earning class, for whom the argument that high wages and steady employment depend upon the tariff has been developed. The complete argument has at times taken on a form of extraordinary plausibility, as in McKinley's speech on the Mills Bill. At other times its crudeness in political debate would have been supposed to be an insult to the human intelligence had it not been that the hearers were not insulted.

II

It ought to be apparent that neither the free-trade nor the protectionist contention is capable of objective proof. That America has been protectionist and prosperous proves no more than does the fact that England has been free trade and prosperous. Nor does the relatively greater prosperity of protectionist America over free-trade England prove any more than does the relatively greater prosperity of free-trade England over protectionist Germany or France. The historical dominance of the two diverse policies in England and America runs back to a common source — the effectively propagated interests of the manufacturing class. In England those interests were in the direction of foreign markets and cheap imported materials and food. In America they were in the direction of home markets, cheap imported labor, and cheap home-grown food. Consequently the abstract economic analysis which was congenial to the English industrial interests was anathema to the similar American interests.

As an argument, the tariff argument thus inhabits the field of intellectual abstractions. The problem it puts upon the mind is the problem of which keeps closer to the concrete facts, which analyzes those facts the more completely and astutely, which attains the higher degree of intellectual credibility. On these grounds it is a very striking fact that the free-trade argument has been so almost unanimously the more impressive upon the highly trained minds of well-informed and impartial students of the problem. Many of these men have, however, found in peculiar American conditions adequate grounds for supporting a moderate protectionist policy — grounds mainly connected with what is known as the

'infant industry' argument. It is further true that men of this sort, while contemptuous of the political hokum of protectionism, are not ordinarily advocates of a free-trade policy for the United States. The reason, of course, is that our future industrial policy must be built upon our present foundation, and our present foundation is an industrial structure into which the tariff has been irrevocably built. One of the most effective elements of the present protectionist argument is the fear of the upsetting consequences, the industrial ruin and unemployment, which might attend unwise downward revision of the tariff. Those fears are of course justified, but they do not in any comprehensible sense lend support to the positive arguments for protection.

Because of this recognition of the fact that the fundamental American tariff problem is, first, to attain an exact knowledge of the effect of the tariff in the several industries, as distinct from a theory of its effects upon the country at large, and, second, to make tariff adjustments in line with such detailed knowledge, it has been generally felt by intelligent students of the problem that an expert commission with wide powers should, so far as the Constitution permits, supplant Congress in the adjustment of rates, though of course operating upon the lines of general policy dictated by Congress.

These general remarks upon the history and the recent status of the tariff controversy are so much the commonplaces of economists and other students of the tariff that they would hardly be worthy of repetition were the atmosphere not so clouded with campaign dust. Under the circumstances some such introduction seemed desirable before considering the state of the tariff question as it emerged from the recent campaign.

III

Concerning the Republican contribution to public knowledge of the tariff, it is very easy to arrive at an adequate and inclusive conclusion. It was exactly nothing. That is to say, the party as such reaffirmed its historic position, its spokesmen repeated the timeworn arguments stressing the disaster which would befall the nation if any but the Grand Old Party were entrusted with tariff policy, and Mr. Hoover, with emphasis and corollaries of his own, repeated the familiar story. My acquaintance with economists is less than universal, but if I may generalize my experience with many of them I should say that economists were on the whole favorably disposed toward Mr. Hoover at the start, that they were startled by certain economic passages in the speech of acceptance, and completely dumbfounded by the Boston address on the tariff. They were convinced that out of his wide experience he must have learned more of the theory and the nature of foreign trade than he there displayed, and were forced to conclude either that he knew less than they had credited him with knowing, or, more cynically, that a just and adequate survey of our foreign trade and tariff problems was less important to him than his satisfaction of his party and his election to the Presidency.

In the nature of the case, the Republican Party is incapable of any constructive addition to tariff theory or policy, since its sinews of war derive from the people who are the direct beneficiaries of protection. Its task is simply to generalize the benefits of its policy, and that task was completed a generation ago and now calls only for repetition. The strength of its argument lies in its plausibility, its apparent simplicity, and the direct appeal

to self-interest, whether real or only apparent. Its practical potency is not disturbed by the fact that every impartial mind that has ever examined the argument finds it larded with fallacy, delusion, and simple faith, which do not darken the sincerity, but only the intelligence, of its advocates.

In a way, the present campaign represents a retrograde movement, because of the magnitude of the victory, and because of the peculiar confidence with which the party was able to speak in this year of prosperity — in severe contrast to 1908 and 1912, when the 'high cost of living' and the 'trusts' compelled it to draw in its claims for the protective system.

When one turns to the Democratic Party, there are two developments to observe, one having to do with the platform, the other with Governor Smith's treatment of the question. On the first point, it is apparent that the party has abandoned its historic position — with reservations, no doubt, but it would seem irretrievably — and become, if not as protectionist as the Republicans, at least as much so as they were in 1908. This conversion was perhaps inevitable as a matter of practical politics, since the South's growing industrialism has implanted a protectionist sentiment there, and since proposals for farm relief have taken the guise of effecting a mechanism for creating benefits for the farmer similar to those which the tariff creates for industry. The McNary-Haugen bill is in effect the tariff for those farmers raising crops of which we produce an exportable surplus. Whatever the political exigencies which led to this about-face in Democratic tariff policy, it is unquestionable that it has removed from the field of public discussion the whole of those ideas about the mutual benefits of foreign trade which are commonplaces to economists but somehow penetrate with difficulty into the common mind. The result is to raise the protectionist theory to the elevation of a national dogma, instead of a merely party dogma as formerly.

So preposterous a situation would be unbelievable were it not plainly the fact. No one could suppose that the Democratic Party has been the chosen vessel of truth against Republican error. Its political opportunism, on the tariff as elsewhere, has been equally great. But by chance its tariff position compelled it to have continuous resort to the best-authenticated results of economic investigation and analysis. Its reversal thus withdraws from current politics any channel by which expert economic knowledge can penetrate to the electorate. One result of the Democratic change of policy must necessarily be to widen the gap between economic knowledge and national economic policy.

It may, of course, be that the interpretation given of current Democratic policy is exaggerated or incorrect. The platform may be read to mean merely — what any sensible person would advocate — that schedules will not be unwisely tampered with to the inevitable distress of our industries. If, however, such was the meaning, it was excellently concealed during the course of the campaign in appeals to that doubtful part of the electorate which it was hoped to inveigle into the Democratic net. It is certainly my belief that the *volte-face* is irrevocable, because of the dominant protectionism in the country at large. From the point of view of political expediency there can be little doubt of the necessity of the step. Nevertheless, the episode throws its own light upon the educational value of the present campaign.

With regard to Governor Smith's personal contribution to tariff education, many well-informed people have thought his Louisville speech to be on the right side and in the right direction. In it he exposed the evils of Congressional tariff-making, on two counts — first, of the disturbance to industry occasioned by a general tariff bill, and, second, of the unscientific process of bargaining, logrolling, and interested lobbying by which the rates are arrived at. He emphasized what all impartial students of the tariff have long pointed out, the evils which arise from the necessity that Congressmen please their powerful constituents and supporters. He displayed the ineffectiveness of the commission as at present organized. And finally he arrived at his solution of a reconstituted commission with wide powers to adjust individual rates in the light of detailed economic studies of American industries. This proposal is, as we have earlier seen, the point to which the thinking of most of the more intelligent students of the tariff had brought them. It is the heart of what is known as 'taking the tariff out of politics.'

No one, of course, really thinks that the tariff can be taken out of politics. Any question so closely affecting the economic interests of large numbers of influential people is bound to be of political concern. Nevertheless, the hope has been that an administrative system might be devised for applying a general policy with more intelligent concern for economic realities and less resort to political bargaining. So long as there existed within the country a real conflict of opinion it also appeared that any such commission would, if properly constructed as to pay and tenure, probably command the services of at least some men able to bring to its deliberations the ripest economic judgment and knowledge.

IV

The probability is, however, that such hopes are optimistic and vain. No better evidence of this could be asked than the recent turn given to the interest of the National Association of Manufacturers in the subject of tariff administration. This Association originally owed its existence to a conference called in 1894 for the purpose — to quote its official organ, *American Industries* (November 1928) — of discussing 'ways and means of bringing the country out of the doldrum epoch into which the Wilson bill had plunged it.' This quotation is interesting because it shows that the Association belongs to that large group of people who attribute the depression of the middle nineties to Democratic tariff policy and the escape from that depression to Republican tariff policy. The persistence of this theory is of much interest, since it illustrates the great difficulty of disseminating accurate information concerning the tariff. The theory has been exposed and discarded by every economic historian and every disinterested student of the tariff who has studied this period. It continues, nevertheless, as part of the stock in trade of Republican orators, the Tariff League, the National Association of Manufacturers, and in fact of every organization directly interested in protection. It is not a case of willful misrepresentation, but rather of 'wishful thinking,' which makes it impossible for any directly interested group to comprehend or accept any accurate economic analysis of the nature of international trade relationships or of the effects of protective tariffs.

I have referred to the history of this Association only to establish the nature of its interest in this question. The real immediate interest in the Association

is due to the fact that the entire number of its journal to which reference has been made is given over to an argument against general tariff bills and in favor of continuous adjustments by an administrative commission with much wider powers than the present commission. This, it will be recalled, is exactly the reform which impartial students of the tariff have tended to advocate, and the one which constituted practically the whole of Governor Smith's constructive proposals. It is certainly an interesting phenomenon to see the thunder of tariff reformers, who wished to prevent the rates being written by those who stood to benefit, being thus stolen by those very interests which are most directly and powerfully affected by the tariff.

If those who think the rates generally too high and hope for downward revision, those who wish to maintain high rates or to make them higher, and those who are less interested in rates than in effective administration and less in political aspects than in impartial economic analysis of the tariff, all tend to concentrate in the direction of a commission with greater power to adjust rates, there must stand in the eye of each a somewhat different view of how the commission shall be constituted and what its general instructions from Congress shall be. The first group has expected adequate representation for other than protectionist sentiment and interests. The third group has generally conceived that the commission, properly constituted, should scientifically study the effects of the tariff in relation to each affected industry with an open mind, that it should be manned by our most expert students of the subject, and that its recommendations to Congress or its substantive adjustments should be ruled solely by competent economic analysis. Of necessity, competent economic analysis must start from a position in which any original bias toward protectionism is absent.

The expectation of the other group is made sufficiently plain in the words of the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, that 'it is possible for the first time to disregard the question of a protective policy. That has been settled by the American people in no uncertain terms. . . . It is a question now of how that policy is going to be applied, whether it is going to be applied politically by Congress in a bunglesome way . . . or whether it is going to be . . . committed as far as possible to a body properly equipped for treating the subject as it should be treated.' The first assumption of this group is that there is no longer any controversy over the protectionist policy. Of course, there is not, in the sense that any sane policy will start from the base line of our present industrial situation. But, if it be meant that the dogma of protectionism, the logic of which is exclusion of all goods that can be domestically produced, is now unquestioned, there may indeed have been an end of controversy between Democratic and Republican parties, but certainly no end of it between the direct beneficiaries of the tariff and all impartial students of foreign trade who have a smattering of sense and economic knowledge.

The second assumption of the group is that, where distress appears in any industry affected by the tariff, rates should be quickly and effectively raised. That is why a commission is wanted, to act more rapidly than a protectionist Congress. Such more or less automatic raising of rates when evidence is produced of insufficient protection to some members of an industry has nothing to do with scientific analysis of the effects of a tariff. It might well be sound tariff policy to adopt rates which would

not protect the least efficient, or high-cost, enterprises. A competent survey might conceivably dictate a gradual decline in rates as the general policy best adapted to promote the fullest utilization of our labor and capital resources. Almost inevitably the treatment accorded different industries would be different, according to their importance in the national economy, the degree of their dependence on the tariff, and the complex of factors determining their present prosperity and status. But no such discriminating treatment is implied in the project of the manufacturers for a strong commission.

In advocating a strong commission to make more effective the protective dogma in practice, it has of course been necessary to do lip service to the power to reduce rates when they are unnecessarily high. But experience has shown that rates can seldom be too high, in the manufacturers' apprehension. The reason is that, at whatever level a rate is set, almost every industry can point to firms that are unprofitable. It is the existence of such submarginal firms that lends plausibility to the demand for almost endless increases. The effectiveness of such considerations has led to the result that the bulk of the American electorate has been convinced, by the sheer weight of propaganda of the interested parties, that it is better to pay more for goods than less, to direct our energy into wasteful channels rather than into those where we can get the most return for our effort. Some subtle poison of national pride, some obtuseness in the face of gross sophistry, has clouded our intelligence — to such a point that the protected interests can step in to capture and operate the one improvement in tariff administration which had been looked to as a barrier to their incessant grasping.

V

The conclusion, then, seems to emerge with an air of inevitability that the sort of tariff reform advocated by Governor Smith has promise in it only if the commission be free to bring a critical economic intelligence to its task. By shaking off its early tariff principles, the Democratic Party has greatly lessened the chance that such would be the outcome, and has made it possible for manufacturers to assume that the commission would be their constant ally and support. With no effective political support remaining, enlightened economic analysis seems more remote from American tariff policy than ever in its history. Seen in this light, and in reference to this one issue only, the recent political campaign seems to have been the exact reverse of educational. The tariff, politically considered, moves from deep shadows into utter darkness.

That is the only conclusion to which I have cared to carry this analysis. Had it been desired to deal more technically with the problems of tariff administration, it would have been necessary to indicate that there are limitations upon the avarice of tariff beneficiaries. They lie primarily in the interests of importing houses, in the interests of manufacturers mainly producing for export, and in conflicts of interest between manufacturers and producers of raw materials. It would have been necessary to show also the different effects of the tariff upon different types of industry, the purely nominal character of many of the existing rates, and the relation of the tariff to our export trade. To deal intelligibly with such matters would carry the discussion far afield and to great length.

The impression created upon the mind is that American tariff policy

follows the line of least resistance in the midst of those conflicting forces which feel an immediate economic interest in it. That is a line of thought which has by some observers been elevated into a philosophy of politics. I am not myself inclined to so simple a philosophy, but the hard evidence of facts appears to make it inescapable in this limited field. An economist, without conscious loyalty to any political party and interested only in the competent analysis and direction of our national economy, may be forgiven a mild cynicism in the face of the existing situation. It is the manufacturing interest which now dominates the scene, and gives the main direction within the parallelogram of tariff forces. It would doubtless be an exaggeration to say that no manufacturer is capable of understanding the effects of a tariff. But he would be ill-advised to attempt this, unless he is an exporter. It is so much more comfortable to remain opaquely unaware of those facets of knowledge inimical to one's personal and private interests. Clothed in such ignorance, it is possible, in utter sincerity and benevolence, to propagate the gospel of the historical dependence of American prosperity upon the tariff. Thus we have with us, in a field the very essence of which is differential gain and loss, a dogma of complete harmony of interest. Such is the prevailing metaphysics of the perennial American optimism.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA

BY KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

I

WHAT opinion shall we hold of Christian missions in China? Have they had any important influence upon the country? If so, has that influence been harmful or helpful? These are questions which many thoughtful people are asking, both in and out of China, and both inside and outside of Christian circles. They have repeatedly been raised, but lately they have been unusually insistent, chiefly because of the antichristian movement in China of the past seven years, and the forced exodus of missionaries — mainly those of the Protestant body — two years ago. The nature and the importance of the discussion that has been aroused are evidenced by three articles in the *Atlantic* — 'A Missionary Audit,' by Mr. Mark M. Jones, in December 1927; 'Christianity in China,' by Mr. Moore Bennett, in August 1928; and 'Humanizing the Missionary,' by Miss Louise Strong Hammond, in November 1928.

The missionary enterprise in China is certainly extensive enough to warrant attention. In the main it is conducted by two great branches of the Church, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. The mission of the Russian Orthodox Church, although nearly two hundred and fifty years old, does not compare in size or influence with the others, and in any attempt at a brief appraisal of the general movement can be ignored.

Roman Catholic missions have been in China continuously since the latter half of the sixteenth century. A few Franciscans had come to Cathay in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, just subsequent to the sojourn of Marco Polo, but had left behind them no enduring communities. Roman Catholic missionaries to-day in China total about thirty-one hundred, — in round numbers, seventeen hundred and fifty priests, two hundred and fifty lay brothers, and eleven hundred sisters, — and are to be found in all the twenty-two provinces. The majority are from Latin Europe, — France, Italy, and Spain, in about the order named, — but with substantial groups of Germans and Belgians, and, latterly, of Americans. The interest of the Roman Catholics of the United States in missions in China, almost nonexistent twenty years ago, is, indeed, rapidly growing, and is expressing itself in the establishment of several new missions and in substantial financial contributions. Roman Catholic missions in China are maintained by more than two-score orders, societies, congregations, and sisterhoods. They have chiefly emphasized building and nourishing a Church, and so successful have they been that to-day the Chinese Republic contains between two and a quarter and two and a half million members of their communion, a little over three times the number of twenty-five years ago. Roman Catholics have a fairly extensive educational system, but, with the exception of a few secondary schools and two small universities, the institutions of higher grade have been primarily for the training of catechists and priests. A large number of orphanages and a few hospitals and dispensaries are maintained. The funds to support the missions come partly from gifts from Europe and America, partly from contributions from Chinese, but very largely from extensive investments, mainly in real estate, in China — a form of endowment in accord with Chinese usage.

Protestant missions in China began in 1807, and so are much younger than those of Roman Catholics. Protestant missionaries, just before the exodus of 1926 and 1927, numbered about eight thousand, of whom about three thousand were men, about twenty-four hundred were wives, and about twenty-six hundred were unmarried women. Like the Roman Catholics, they were to be found in all the twenty-two provinces. Probably fifteen hundred of the eight thousand were at home on sick leave or their customary furloughs, making a constantly effective force in China of about sixty-five hundred. At the present writing those actually in China number about four thousand, a total that is being steadily augmented by refugees returning to their posts. In contrast with the Roman Catholics, the great majority of Protestant missionaries are English-speaking, about half coming from the United States, a slightly smaller proportion from Great Britain and Ireland, and still smaller numbers from Canada and Australia. There are, however, substantial groups from Germany and Scandinavia.

The missionaries are divided among about one hundred and sixty different societies, but, as we shall see in a moment, this disunion is much more apparent than real. Protestants, like Roman Catholics, have sought to build up a Church — or churches. Their efforts, too, have been so successful that the baptized Protestant community to-day numbers something over half a million, and is about four times what it was twenty-five years ago. The Protestant communities, in other words, beginning more than two centuries later than the Roman Catholic,

are much smaller, but, proportionately, have grown more rapidly. Protestants, too, have engaged in more diversified activities than have the Roman Catholics, and have sought to influence the nation outside as well as inside the Christian fellowship. They have placed much more emphasis upon education, and especially upon higher education. Thirteen or fourteen of their institutions are of what Americans would call college grade, and at least five are doing university work. Protestants have medical schools and numerous hospitals. They have prepared an extensive literature on both secular and religious subjects. In a great variety of other ways they are seeking to touch constructively the nation's life. Unlike the Roman Catholics, Protestants have built up few endowments in China, and the funds to support their work come from the churches which send the missionaries and from contributions and school and hospital fees from the Chinese.

II

An appraisal of this extensive missionary enterprise, to have any hope of accuracy, must be made against the background of present-day movements in China. These movements, as everyone knows, centre around the one word 'revolution.' All phases of China's life — political, social, economic, intellectual, and religious — are being radically altered. The cause is the penetration of China by the Occident. Of this missions are a part. The impact of the Occident, however, is primarily economic and political. Revolution, therefore, would probably have occurred in China had never a missionary left his native land. It has been chiefly for markets and raw materials that the Westerner has come to China. The wars and treaties by which Occidentals first imposed themselves on the Middle Kingdom had as their chief objects commerce and political prestige. The Chinese began to recast their culture after the humiliations they suffered at the hands of Japan and Western Powers between 1894 and 1905. While, however, missions have not been the main cause of the change, they are modifying the results — and wholesomely.

The economic and political phases of the Western invasion of China have been primarily destructive. That does not mean that at times they have not been helpful. The Maritime Customs Service, and its child, the Post Office, — both, in their inception, the work of foreigners and outgrowths of commercial relations, — have been of inestimable service. Western commerce itself has not been without great benefits to the Chinese, and many merchants have had the welfare of China sincerely at heart. For the most part, however, the good which has accrued to China from commercial and political contacts has been incidental and undesigned; most merchants and diplomats have been in China for other purposes than the well-being of the Chinese. Having set in motion the forces that destroyed the old, they have done relatively little to assist China to achieve a new and better culture.

The missionary, on the other hand, has set himself primarily to the task of making the impact of the West helpful rather than harmful, of putting the Chinese in touch with whatever in the Occident has intellectual, physical, spiritual, and moral worth, and has devoted his energies unselfishly to bringing the Chinese into contact with the best elements in Western civilization. At times, of course, the missionary has been destructive. Some of the old religious life he has opposed, and, since religion was intertwined with the State, the family, the village, the city, and the guild, these institutions have been

weakened by his presence. While it would have come without him, the missionary assisted in bringing the revolution. Long before it arrived, however, he had set in motion processes which would help build upon and from the ruins of the old a new and, he has hoped, a better China. The ways in which he has sought to do this, and the present results, will be enumerated shortly.

III

Before these are described, however, it should be said that the missionary enterprise has not been without grave faults. Missionaries have reproduced in China many of the weaknesses of Occidental Christianity, and at times have done harm when they meant good. Most of the missionaries' failings, however, have been greatly exaggerated by critics, and other failings attributed to missions are purely imaginary.

Take, for example, the criticisms made in the first two of the three articles in the *Atlantic*. Both writers — in common with many others — make much of the seeming lack of unity of Protestant missions, and Mr. Moore Bennett contrasts it unfavorably with the unity among Roman Catholics. The real facts are that extensive coöperation among Protestants is found in China — much more than in this country. To stress the one hundred and sixty different Protestant societies operating in China is very misleading. Over half the missionary force is under twelve of the larger societies. Several of the hundred and sixty, like Yale-in-China and the much more extensive Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, are performing specialized tasks in conjunction and not in competition with denominational bodies. Numbers of others represent national or other subdivisions of the same denomination and unite in coöperating with a single Chinese body of the same communion. Considerably more than half the missionaries and Chinese Protestants are in fellowship with three great Chinese Christian groups which have arisen during the past twenty years. One of these groups, called the Church of Christ in China, is made up of elements as diverse as Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, United Brethren, and former Methodists (now in the United Church of Canada) — an ecclesiastical union more comprehensive than any heretofore effected in Protestant Christendom. Moreover, the majority of the denominational societies, by mutual understanding, have avoided duplicating each other's efforts. Then, too, among Protestants a great deal of coöperation exists on a national scale — more, strange to say, than among the various Roman Catholic bodies. On the National Christian Council, formed in 1922 and succeeding another body formed in 1913, the majority of the Protestant groups, Chinese and foreign, are represented. For more than thirty-five years Protestant missionary physicians the nation over have coöperated through a single organization. The Christian Educational Association coördinates most of the Protestant educational efforts, and considerable progress has been made toward a unified Protestant system of schools, particularly of those of college and university grade.

In contrast with these many Protestant coöperative enterprises, not until after the World War did Roman Catholics achieve a continuing national organization of any kind. While they have had more unity of doctrine, they have not enjoyed as much unity of fellowship. The Propaganda has parceled out the country among the various orders, societies, and congregations, and each of these has gone on its way

knowing all too little of what the others were doing. Protestant missionaries have never in any country had as prolonged or acrimonious a controversy as that over the 'rites' which troubled the Roman Catholics in China in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The fellowship among missionaries, while extensive, is not all that could be desired. Between Roman Catholics and Protestants a great gulf exists, with occasional local clashes between the Chinese adherents of the two groups. Many of the smaller Protestant societies, and an occasional larger one, hold back from close coöperation with other bodies. The Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy for a time threatened a split in Protestant ranks. A single Chinese Christian Church is as yet a very remote possibility.

As to the quality and training of the missionary body, Mr. Moore Bennett is grossly inaccurate. He declares of Protestants that, 'leaving aside such lights as Legge and Martin, Morrison and a very few others, the men sent out by the Protestant Church can make no pretense to the higher education even of their own countries, let alone advanced study in Asiatic history and culture.' The facts, fortunately, are otherwise. A minority of Protestant missionaries, most of them sent out by smaller boards, are poorly educated. Some, to be sure, are very crude, and are disdainful of China's heritage. The boards appointing the majority of the missionaries, however, insist upon thorough preparation, and high standards of character, ability, and health. Most of the appointees from the United States and Canada have not only their bachelor's degrees, but advanced degrees as well — in theology or medicine, or in arts and science. A large proportion spend their furloughs in further graduate study. On their arrival in China, Protestant missionaries are usually sent to a language school for from one to two years, and there acquire not only the rudiments of the language, but an introduction to Chinese history and culture. It is significant that of those teaching Chinese history and culture in colleges and universities in this country about half have been members of the Protestant missionary body. The Harvard-Yenching project, the best-financed undertaking yet launched in the United States for the scholarly study of things Chinese, has as its China centre a Protestant university. The professors of Chinese at Oxford and the University of London obtained the expert knowledge that qualified them for these posts during long and busy years as Protestant missionaries. Many of us wish the average missionary were better prepared in the language and in knowledge of the civilization of China, but, even so, in these respects he is far ahead of the members of the foreign business communities.

To the charge of luxurious living — which Mr. Moore Bennett and other critics have brought against the Protestant missionary — Miss Hammond's article[1] seems an ample reply.

As to the exodus of Protestant missionaries two years ago while the majority of Roman Catholic missionaries remained at their posts, — a contrast of which critics have made much, — again the facts are that British and Americans, merchants as well as missionaries, were singled out for attack by Communist agitators, and the Germans, French, Italians, and Spaniards were largely ignored. Since most of the Protestant missionaries belong to the former and most Roman Catholic missionaries to the latter group, Protestants were more affected. In centre after centre, however, Chinese Christians rose nobly to the emergency and

[1] See the *Atlantic* for November 1928

carried on the tasks dropped by the foreigner. Some observers, indeed, believe that the Protestant movement is emerging from the testing more firmly established in Chinese hearts than before.

IV

This naturally leads to a query of Mr. Jones as to whether 'reasonable progress is being made in nationalizing local projects by turning them over to the management of the Chinese,' and to the criticism of Mr. Moore Bennett that Protestants are denationalizing the Chinese. From the inception of their enterprises both Roman Catholics and Protestants have striven to train Chinese to whom they could transfer the leadership of the Church. For Roman Catholics, with their conscientious insistence that Chinese Christians must remain in full communion with Rome and reasonably free from danger of schism, the process has been delayed until an adequate and trustworthy body of native-born clergy could be created. Of late years, however, and especially during the World War, when missionary staffs were depleted and could with difficulty be filled, both the number of Chinese priests and their proportion to the foreign clergy have rapidly increased. The reigning Pontiff has been especially insistent that a native clergy be developed, and three years ago gave vivid demonstration of his sincerity by raising six Chinese to the episcopate, the first of their race to be promoted by Rome to that dignity after a single experiment in the seventeenth century.

Protestants, being less bound by a rigid ecclesiastical system, and being traditionally more tolerant of nationalism, have made even more rapid progress toward the goal of a Chinese-manned Church. They now count two Chinese bishops — a larger proportion than in the case of the Roman Catholics, for only a minority of the Protestants in China are under the Episcopal polity. For years Chinese have predominated on the governing bodies of the Young Men's Christian Associations, and the National General Secretary is a Chinese. The chairman, the senior secretary, and a majority of the members of the National Christian Council are Chinese. In Christian community after Christian community and denomination after denomination, the control, these past few years, has been transferred to Chinese. One of the latest developments is the appointment of Chinese presidents and governing bodies for about half the Protestant colleges and universities. Under the new day some of the missionaries are going at the invitation and are being placed under the direction of Chinese ecclesiastical authorities or of governing bodies in which Chinese are in the majority.

With independence of foreign control is coming, although less rapidly, financial self-support. Many of the Protestant schools have long been entirely supported by fees and contributions from Chinese or have received from abroad only the salaries of foreign teachers and funds for new equipment. A number of hospitals are largely maintained by fees and local gifts. In 1926, as against $1,650,000 of American funds spent in China by the Northern Presbyterians on all branches of their work, $587,135 came from Chinese in fees and gifts to the hospitals and schools under that board. Churches have been slower to develop self-maintenance, particularly since the Chinese usually support their temples and monasteries by endowments and so are unaccustomed to the system of regular subscriptions which is in use by Protestants. However, in spite of the financial distress caused by the political

chaos of recent years, numbers of congregations are entirely independent of funds from abroad and are giving to the extension of the faith in their own land.

Some denationalizing of Chinese Christians is inevitable. By its very nature, Christianity runs counter to many older Chinese customs and beliefs. The guild, the family, the village, and the State all have religious observances entwined in their structure which Christians feel they must oppose. Both Roman Catholics and Protestants have condemned the customary honors to ancestors and thus have threatened one of the strongest supports of that basic Chinese social institution, the family. However, substitutes have sometimes been arranged, particularly by Protestants. It is important to remember, moreover, that other forces than missions are threatening the family and that both groups of missionaries are seeking to nourish a new type of family life which they believe to be superior to the old.

Unnecessary denationalizing does undoubtedly exist. Western forms of worship and organization are unintelligently reproduced. Many pupils in mission schools have, in their enthusiastic zeal for new ways, taken on foreign dress and manners and have failed to acquire much knowledge of Chinese culture. A substantial proportion of the students in Protestant schools are there because they want the English language and a knowledge of Western subjects, and tend to slide through the Chinese side of the curriculum as easily as possible. Appeals have been made for French support for some of the Roman Catholic schools on the grounds that they teach Chinese the French language, and so further French influence. On the other hand, the initial department in the new Catholic university in Peking was one of Chinese language and culture, and Protestant educators have attempted, even though with many failures, to cultivate in their students a respect for and knowledge of the older native civilization.

The antichristian movement of the past few years has opposed Christian missions, in the main, on three grounds: that they are seeking to propagate a faith which scientifically is untenable and which is being abandoned in the Occident; that they are agents of Western capitalism; and that they are part of Western imperialism. Of the first of these criticisms nothing should be said here; an examination of the claims advanced for the intellectual validity of Christianity cannot adequately be made in an article of this length. As to the charge that missionaries are tools of Western capitalism, no further answer should be needed than the lack of sympathy, amounting often to a gulf, which exists between the foreign business and missionary communities.

In support of the third criticism, however, a number of uncomfortable facts can be adduced. The interpreters through whom several of the early treaties between China and the Powers were negotiated were Roman Catholic or Protestant missionaries. The official murder of a Catholic missionary was made an excuse by France for war on China in 1856, and the death of two other missionaries of the Roman communion gave the Germans a pretext for the seizure of Kiaochow in 1897. For many years the French protectorate of Roman Catholic missions was a means of strengthening French influence in China, and recently Mussolini has subsidized Italian missions. The toleration clauses in the treaties, usually introduced at the instance of missionaries and unanimously welcomed by them, by guaranteeing to the Chinese liberty to profess and practise Christianity, in effect have tended to remove Chinese Christians from the jurisdiction of their

own officials and to weaken the State. Under cover of these clauses Chinese have sought the assistance of missionaries in litigation, and not infrequently missionaries, particularly Roman Catholic missionaries, have brought pressure to bear through their consuls on Chinese courts, to the just indignation of the Chinese.

Against these facts, however, must be placed others. Protestant missionary bodies and Rome have strictly forbidden interference in lawsuits. The majority of Protestant missionaries and of the more important Protestant mission boards have recently shown by formal action that they would welcome the abolition of the toleration clauses. A large number of Protestant missionaries desire the rescinding of extraterritoriality, and many have put themselves on record as opposing any use of force by their respective governments to protect them or avenge injuries to them. As long ago as the Boxer Uprising, the China Inland Mission, the heaviest sufferer among the Protestants from that disaster, adopted the policy of declining to ask for or to accept indemnities for property destroyed or lives lost, and other Protestant groups have since taken that position.

V

From the criticisms of missions, it is pleasant to turn to the positive achievements of the enterprise.

Missionaries are, of course, bringing into existence Christian communities. Baptized Protestants, as we have seen, number about half a million, and Roman Catholics between two and a quarter and two and a half millions. All told, therefore, there are to-day in China about three million professing Christians. It is well to recall, moreover, that during the past eighty years both Roman Catholics and Protestants have been increasing proportionately far more rapidly than has the population as a whole.

Much more important than the number of Christians is the question of their quality. Is becoming a Christian merely a change of labels, or is conversion real, and does it mark the beginning of spiritual and moral improvement? Do Christians, by virtue of being Christians, add anything constructive to Chinese life? To anyone who knows the situation it is obvious that Chinese 'study the doctrine' from a variety of motives. Some have been attracted by expected support in litigation, and some by hope of financial assistance — for several of the Roman Catholic missions pay the expenses of Chinese while they are in the catechumenate being prepared for baptism, or give aid in time of famine on condition that the recipient enroll for religious instruction, and Protestants employ so large a proportion of the membership in the service of the Church that a Chinese may come to them hoping to fill his rice bowl. Others expect Christianity to give them more effectively than could their former faiths freedom from misfortune for themselves and their domestic animals. Many, on the other hand, are attracted by the lives of worthy Christians whom they have known. Not infrequently some high-minded soul affiliates himself with the Church because in China's present plight he despairs of any regeneration for the country unless a new dynamic can work a moral and spiritual revolution, and believes that this is to be found in Christianity. Still others, left hopeless by the agnostic tendencies of traditional Chinese philosophy, and conscious of a desperate need for the supporting fellowship of a loving and wise God who is at work in the universe, find in Christianity the experience for which they have been looking.

Coming into the Church as they do from a variety of motives, Christians are of varying quality. The testimony both of experienced missionaries and of neutral well-informed foreign observers, however, is predominantly to the effect that, taken as a whole, Christians are superior to their non-Christian neighbors. Protestant missionaries and travelers are usually agreed that 'old Catholics' — the descendants of converts and reared from infancy in the faith — are cleaner, more orderly, more thrifty, and of more admirable moral character than are the non-Christians around them. Instance after instance, too, is to be found of Protestants who by their new faith have been freed from the opium habit, or have turned away from thieving and gambling, or have been reconciled to their families, or have been saved from despair over their country's ills, and have lived inspiring, unselfish lives.

To discover the reasons for the improvement wrought in Christians, it would be necessary ultimately to examine the nature of the Gospel. Part of the secret, however, is to be found in the character of the missionaries through whom the Chinese have seen the faith. Some missionaries are bigoted and narrow, others are eccentric to a degree, and now and then is one who is ignorant. The vast majority, however, while by no means freed by their profession from human frailty, are high-minded, devoted to the Chinese, pure in speech and life, quietly courageous, and show by their lives their profound confidence in a God who loves men and longs to save them. Both Catholic and Protestant missionaries, however much they may differ in other respects, display these qualities; for nobility of life it is hard to choose between the two groups.

Chinese Christians, moreover, are much better educated than the average Chinese about them. In the school systems organized by the missionaries a very large proportion of the children of Christians are being given regular instruction. Fourteen per cent of the Roman Catholics are in school, as against two per cent of the population of the country. Protestants especially have made much of the school; several of their missions endeavor to teach every Christian to read, if for no other purpose than to be able to study the Bible. Sixty per cent of the men and forty per cent of the women who are members of Protestant churches are sufficiently literate to be able to read the New Testament. This is many times the percentage of literacy of the non-Christian population. Particularly have Protestants stressed secondary and higher schools.

Missionaries, especially Protestants, were pioneers in introducing the educational methods and materials of the West. The result has been that in the Christian and notably in the Protestant community China has a body of men and women who are better prepared than the great body of their fellow countrymen for the transition brought by the coming of the West. One of the most hopeful educational enterprises in China to-day, the Popular Education Movement, has as its organizer James Yen, a Christian, and was begun under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was at the hands of Protestant teachers in Hawaii and Hongkong that Sun Yat-sen obtained most of such education as he acquired through schools. Sun Yat-sen may have been too radical and visionary, but he furnished leadership for the idealism which, otherwise unorganized on a national scale, was weary of the sordidly selfish strife of militarists into which the collapse of the Manchus had thrown the country. Six out of ten of the present heads of the executive

departments at Nanking are Protestant Christians, some of them the product of Protestant schools, and one the son of a Protestant clergyman. The largest publishing house in China, — and, incidentally, in the world, — the Commercial Press, which is doing more than any other single agency to put China in touch with the printed form of the best thought of the new age and has provided a large proportion of the textbooks for the new government schools, was begun by men trained in a Protestant mission press.

In numbers of other ways missionaries have been pioneers in preparing China to take the best from the West. When in the nineties the 'reform movement' started in China, — the first widespread attempt to adjust China to the invading Occident, — literature prepared by Protestant missionaries was one of the chief sources of information open to the liberals. Protestants have translated and disseminated by the millions of copies, either entirely or in portions, one of the greatest religious classics of all time, the Bible, particularly the New Testament. In 1927, in spite of the stress under which missions were placed, over eight million Bibles or portions of the Bible were circulated. We hear much in these days, and rightly, of the literary revolution inaugurated by young radicals, with its substitution of the vernacular for the classical style. Yet more than a generation ago, in translating the Bible, Protestants dared to use the language of the common people. In some dialects the Bible was the first literature.

National unity in China is being assisted by the country-wide organization of the Church; for instance, by the Roman Catholic gathering of 1924, the first of its kind, and by the many Protestant national bodies, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Church of Christ in China, the National Christian Council, and numbers of others, some of them now in existence for a generation. Moreover, Protestant bodies, most of them democratically governed, provide practical training in the kind of political machinery which must be adopted if China is to make a success of the Republic.

The new medical profession of China, embodying the best of modern science, and an immeasurable distance beyond the older Chinese systems, has been largely the product of Protestant missionaries. The majority of the best hospitals are under Christian auspices, as are most of the best medical schools. The China Medical Association is an outgrowth of the Medical Missionary Association. If the future medical profession of China maintains ideals of unselfish service and disinterested scientific accuracy, it will be largely because of its missionary parentage. The promotion of public health has much of it been inaugurated by the Protestant missionary. The first hospital in all China for the insane was the work of a Protestant missionary, as was the first successful attempt to teach the Chinese blind to read.

A large proportion of the famine relief of recent years has been administered by missionaries, and missionaries have usually taken the lead in stirring up Europe and America to give to famine funds. The even more difficult problem of preventing famines has been attacked by missionaries, partly through improvements in agricultural methods. Roman Catholics have extensive farm colonies, and Protestants, through agricultural and forestry schools, particularly the notable school in Nanking, are assisting the Chinese with the best that Western science has to say about increasing a nation's food supply.

Roman Catholic orphanages, with their thousands of children rescued from beggary and death, have helped to place new value on child life, and Protestant missions for prostitutes have encouraged care for the wrecks of society. Both great branches of the Church have stood against any of their members engaging in the preparation or sale of opium. Protestants have been active in initiating and supporting local and national campaigns in China against the drug, and in Great Britain and elsewhere against foreign complicity in the traffic.

VI

In a day when not only does China need to come in touch with the best of the Occident, but the Occident must have a sympathetic understanding of China, missionaries have been among the most intelligent interpreters of the land of their sojourn. After Marco Polo, it was the Roman Catholic missionaries of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries who gave Europe its first scholarly information concerning China. Members of the Russian Mission supplied their native land with its earliest Sinologues. A large proportion of the standard books on China in English, from Williams's *Middle Kingdom* through Legge's translations of the classics, and on down to Bruce's books on Chu Hsi, have been the work of Protestant missionaries. The Institute of Pacific Relations, that promising undertaking for bringing together, unofficially, representatives of the peoples of the Pacific, is an outgrowth of the foreign missions of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Through their education of their home constituencies in the support of their enterprise, Protestant missionary agencies are spreading in this country a sympathetic understanding of China. Some missionaries, in their eagerness to arouse support for their undertakings, have pictured to their constituencies the seamy side of Chinese life, but on the whole China has had in this country no more discerning and fair-minded interpreters, and no more enthusiastic advocates, than Protestant missionaries.

Christian missions, then, with all their mistakes and shortcomings, have been and are of inestimable service to China. No one knows what the future of China is to be, whether the nation is to disintegrate, with disaster to its millions and to the world, or whether it is to produce a new and richer culture — whether the present distresses are death throes or birth pangs. If a newer and finer China emerges, as some of us have faith to anticipate, it will be in part because in the days of its transition there were unselfishly laboring in it thousands of foreigners who sought to bring it in touch with the best that the Occident had to give.

The day of the missionary is by no means done. His relation to the Chinese churches is changing. In the future he must go out to assist rather than to lead. The Chinese churches are showing commendable vitality and are propagating their faith. They are, however, still so small and are faced with so many urgent tasks that for at least another generation they must have foreign assistance in money and personnel. His position is more difficult and more fraught with personal danger than it was a decade ago, but in some respects the missionary is more needed than he ever has been. It may be a hundred years or more before stability and order return in China. In that interval the missionary enterprise offers one of the most effective ways for the West to ensure and hasten the coming of a better day to that great country.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The third degree

When two or more Doctors of Philosophy are gathered together, their erudite conversation sometime or other gets round to the happily remembered horrors of their final examinations. There is no sport quite so delightful to them as putting the fear of the examiners in the hearts of prospective candidates. In fact, one might almost believe that the solemn torture of doctor-making is kept alive for the sport of the initiation ceremonies.

There used to be some fun in it, so the veterans of the day when we sent our professors, as well as our opera singers, to Germany for a final grooming like to remind us. You learned in a few weeks to speak the dialect of your professors, endured the Seminar in Old Frisian, wrote a thesis out of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Finally you bought a dress suit, called on your professors, and told them what you'd like best to be questioned on. The hour arrived. The hall was crowded or was n't crowded, depending on the kind of show you were expected to furnish. A friend of mine, the first American to invade a certain Swiss university, arrived, perspiring and quaking in new dress clothes cut by a Swiss tailor, to find the whole town awaiting him, from the mayor, the curé, and the prefect of police down to the dog catcher. The examiners, one of them borrowed from France to make sure no American bought even a doctor's degree at market price, were as fussed as the candidate and asked questions no one, not even they themselves, could answer. He got the degree; the enthusiastic crowd would have mobbed the professors otherwise, for they admired his heroism under fire.

Always there was the consolation of the coming frolic to be anticipated, even in those terrible moments when the preoccupied professor forgot his instructions as to the limits of your knowledge and ventured into the quicksands. How many tales have I heard from the lips of sober deans and heads of departments, busy now in closing 'speak-easies' to sophomores, of nights spent in Faustian revels, of inns where the bewildered host believed the Walpurgis Night had descended on his bar, astounding tales of waking up in the morning battered and half-naked under strange hedges. No matter how many officials tried to collect damages done to wrecked villages in the path of the celebrating doctors, you had the degree safely stowed away, and it was now only a matter of making a quick getaway.

And what a difference! Like the procession of sacrificial lambs in a Chicago abattoir they stream into our doctor-factory in this latter day. A few bleats, a well-directed blow from the Lord High Executioner, and that is all. One university I know still advertises its doctoral examinations as 'public,' but the public usually consists of a clerk from the graduate office sent to see that the professors don't cheat by going home to lunch before the time is up, a stray, morbidly-minded undergraduate, well-meaning but ill-advised friends of the candidate, and an extra professor fatally addicted to intellectual autopsies. Once a mother came and sat knitting to make her son feel at home while

juggling with the parts of the strong verb in Gothic.

In most places there is no attempt to conceal the fact that it's a nasty business. The guillotiners shut the door on the secret session and stuff the keyhole so that the wails of the victim will not penetrate to the world outside. One never really knows what goes on within, because, while the sacrifice rejoices to show his wounds, he can never recall what horrible things were done to make them. Out of the sky comes a sudden bolt aimed straight and unescapable, or the professor prefers to creep up by a circuitous route, covering all avenues of escape until he confronts his victim with the dilemma. He can remember perfectly the names of the poets laureate from Shadwell to Pye, but the author of the *Faerie Queene* escapes him and he is inclined to think it is Shakespeare.[1] One influential member of the Modern Language Association of America, when asked by his examiners — hoping in this way to stop the wavering of his knees — the name of his Alma Mater, gave it out as Harvard. Now he had really gone to Williams, but before finally admitting the fact, under pressure, he tried to claim Amherst! Such are the minor madnesses of a doctor's examination.

Now and again a candidate has to be revived before he can get through to the end. I ran into one a few months ago being supported along the path from the library while his chagrined professor babbled to him of green fields and tried to make him forget how sadly he'd confused the writings of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. Occasionally one goes mad, — temporarily, of course, — but so evidently that his fantastic rearrangements of the cherished facts of his subject cannot be laid to a natural indisposition of mind.

[1] This is no fable. I know the man who for ten minutes maintained this monstrous thesis.

Two alleviating practices let me, finally, commend, for we may not hope that the cult of the Ph.D. will die out in our time. Certain professors seem to regard the examination as a kind of intellectual spree. They lead their candidate where neither he nor the rest of the committee can find a trail out. The moment is painful for the candidate, but let him be at rest; minutes will rush by while the triumphant examiner leads the procession out of the woods, only to be hotly challenged by his colleagues immediately he emerges. In the ensuing battle the incipient doctor may draw breath safe from danger. One American professor, now unfortunately emeritus, employed a painless method of extracting a minimum of information which used to enrage his bloodthirsty fellow examiners but anæsthetized the candidate. I commend it to all graduate-school committees inclined to mercy. He held the novel opinion that the examiners were present to learn. He poked about in the miscellaneous knowledge of his victim until he came on something new. He continued to pump him dry and then looked about for more — humiliating for his colleagues, most flattering to the candidate, and apparently considerable fun for the whimsical doctor.

'What's in a name?'

The novelty of a first job was wearing a bit thin. Sorting numbers and filing orders in neat little folders had been quite an enjoyable pastime for a few days, but was now becoming rather monotonous.

Number 26378, 49502, 83508 — my weary eyes trailed off to rest themselves momentarily on the names attached to these orders. Mrs. Briggle — delightful name! And the address some romantic spot in Turkey. A note was attached and I hungrily scanned it.

Why, Mrs. Briggle complained, did the —— *Monthly* include so many advertisements? And would n't they please change the color of its cover? It did n't harmonize with anything in her parlor, and she was sure a pretty, neutral shade would be more popular.

My flagging interest in life was aroused by Mrs. Briggle, and thereafter my attention was divided between names and numbers.

Before going further I should like to state that my own name borders on the ridiculous, so that the amusement I derive from other names is not due to a snobbish feeling of superiority. Even in the anonymity of the Club, I may confess that it rhymes with 'splutter.' Any filing clerk coming across my name in the course of a hard day's work is at perfect liberty to laugh heartily if so inclined — and, this permission having been granted, I feel I may also be allowed to glean what amusement I can from our esteemed subscribers.

The names fall naturally into pairs or groups, and it is rather like playing old maid to find one name and then suddenly come across one that matches it. A few days ago I found Mr. Honk, and to-day who should appear but Mrs. Toot? Mr. Parsley and Mrs. Sellery were followed shortly by Mr. Beans and then Mr. Colliflower. After them came Messrs. Ruff and Ready and the Misses Wilde and Woolley, with Dr. Ill accompanied by Mrs. Ake. Mr. Freeze and Miss Shivers appeared together one cold morning, and after them came Mr. April, Mrs. Showers, and Miss M. Flowers. Mr. Midwinter paired with Miss Easterday, and Miss Worms came with Mr. Bugg and Mr. Beetle.

The Ook family was well represented, and included Mr. Zook, Mrs. Pook, Colonel Shook, and Mrs. Snook.

The largest group comprised the athletes, led off by Mr. Spry and Mr. Lively, followed by Miss Walk, Mr. Ran, Mrs. Gallup, Mr. Jump, Dr. Dash, Mrs. Hurdle, Miss Hopps, Mrs. Shove, Mr. Staggers, and finally Mrs. Bump.

Mr. Sheets and Mrs. Pillow made quite a striking pair, and were later joined by Mr. Blanket and Miss Bolster. My hopes of a Mrs. Four-poster were doomed to disappointment, but Mrs. Couch finally appeared to complete the picture.

Many of them might have stepped out of Dickens's works — Mr. Spinx and Mr. Twitty; Mr. Panky, Mrs. Gump, and Mr. Scroggs. Also Angelina Mudge, Selina Heaps, Mrs. Wiggers, Mr. Heebink, Mrs. Tubby, and Mr. Maul Measey. Others were more individualistic — Peachy Fleet, for instance, and Artie Skoog; Mr. Goodnight, Miss Blythe Slaughter, Josie Wardrobe, Miss Finefrock, Thomas Doubt, and Mr. O. Heck.

My list also includes a name which may in Finland be as common as Smith in America, but which looks rather striking to the New England eye — Rautatiekirjakauppa. Some day I hope to meet a Finn who can spare the time to pronounce this name for me.

The list continues indefinitely, and I feel that I am doing many of our subscribers an injustice by not including their names. But I must close with a quartette that deserve at least honorable mention — Mr. Cuss, Mrs. Sass, Mrs. Gass, and Miss Hiss.

In conclusion, may I thank any of the above-mentioned people who happen to read this for helping to brighten the life of one very appreciative filing clerk?

After all, lacking a touch of humor, what's in a name?

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XII

Two evenings later Eden Whiteoak was sauntering along lower Fifth Avenue, one hand thrust in a pocket of a rather shabby tweed jacket, the other carrying a light stick. The change in him since he had disappeared from Jalna was remarkable. He had become thin almost to emaciation. His movements were still graceful, but the bright vigor of his carriage was gone. He seemed to progress only by an effort of the will, either because of bodily weakness or because of extreme despondency. If he had removed his hat, one would have seen that his hair, which had lain like a shining metal casque upon his head, was now rough and unkempt. Above the hollows in his cheeks two feverish spots burned where had been only a fresh glow. The beauty of his large blue eyes seemed accentuated. They still retained their peculiar unseeing expression, which sometimes disturbed one in company with him, and his lips still curved in their odd half-smile.

He was feeling himself near the end of his tether, and he was filled with a cynical dislike toward the moving mass of people who shared the pavement with him. This dislike, through some whim or perhaps some old resentment, was directed chiefly toward those of the opposite sex. And his aversion was at the moment centred upon their legs, which, like the sleek antennæ of insects, moved mechanically past him. It seemed to him that if ever he should look back upon this night of humid, unseasonable heat, he would recall it as being borne along its course by innumerable silk-clad legs.

Four girls approached abreast, wearing French heels and flesh-colored stockings, their eight legs flashing in quick rhythm. 'Beasts,' he thought. 'Beasts. Why cumber ye the earth? Why, in God's name? I wish I could help you off it. Four. Why should there be four of you, all alike?' He glanced up at their faces — heavy-eyed, smooth-cheeked, crimson-mouthed faces. He scowled at them. Beasts. A little later he singled out one walking with a thin, undersized youth. Her skirt was very short. Her calves large, caught inward abruptly at knee and ankle. Her feet ridiculously short. Oh, the grotesque shape of her! Why should she exist? Why, oh, why? How could the spotted-faced youth endure her?

There was no air. The air seemed to have been sucked out of the street, leaving it a vacuum through which a dreamlike procession marched, a procession so dreamlike that it required no air. The faces, the legs, passed in a blur before Eden's eyes, until at last the form of an old woman stood out clearly. She was in rusty black, wearing an old-fashioned bonnet, the strings of which were tied in a greasy bow beneath her withered, jutting chin. Her slate-colored eyes, which had once been as blue as Eden's, were fixed in the unseeing stare of one who had looked too long on life and could bear to look no more. Her sunken upper lip gnawed always the pendulous lower one. The turned-out toes of her large shoes could barely be seen beneath the heavy width of her draggled skirt. Instantly she appeared as something precious to Eden. Here was a woman who had meaning. One could

[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

understand why she existed, not cumbering the earth, gracing it — beautiful. Ah, the gracious, exquisite reality of her waddling legless form! There she was — a woman. He was jostled, almost pushed from the curb as he stared. He drew a bank note, his last, from his pocket, and hurried after her. He pressed it into her hand. The hand, a claw, closed over it. She shambled on without a glance at him.

He entered the little garden in Madison Square, sat down on one of the benches, and lighted a cigarette. A feeling of extreme lassitude crept over him, from the legs upward, at last reaching his head and making him drowsy. The figures passing through the park became shadowy. He saw as in a dream the twilight arch of the sky, the far-off hazy moon, the rows of lights, like strings of bright beads in the surrounding buildings.

He was weary with a deep sickness of dejection. He remembered his young strength, his gifts — and they had come to this! And he was twenty-five! He remembered Jalna, his brothers, Alayne. He had harmed them all in one way or another, he supposed. But he did not think of them clearly. Himself only he saw with great clarity. His own white face, like the face of a drowning man, risen for a moment on the crest of a wave.

What was there for him to do? He could not now earn his living. He could not go home. He had parted from the woman with whom he had been living, because he could no longer contribute to their joint expenses. She would have been glad to pay all — but he had hardly come to that! How they had quarreled, and she had rained tears whom he had thought too hard ever to shed one! How he had grown to hate her heavy arms! To be free of them — that was the one bright spot.

The smell of damp earth rose from the roots of the new grass about him. The sound of traffic was lulled to a deep hum. He felt isolated, as though he were on an island in the midst of a lonely sea. He was alone. Utterly alone. A wave of loneliness swept over him, so engulfing that beside it the homesickness of Finch was little more than a ripple. He sank back on the bench, his chin sunk on his chest.

Two people had come and seated themselves beside him. They were talking steadily, but in low tones — a mellow old voice and a boyish one. He scarcely heard them. A fit of coughing came upon him, and he clung to the back of the bench for support. When it was past he took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. The elder of the two men leaned forward and looked toward him with compassion. Eden, embarrassed, took out a cigarette, struck a match. His face was illuminated.

'My God!' cried Ernest, springing up. 'Eden, is it you?'

Eden looked up at him, too astounded for speech.

'Speak, Eden! Tell me what is the matter.'

'Everything, I guess.'

'But that cough! It's simply terrible. How long have you had it?'

'Several months. Don't bother. It will be all right when the warm weather comes.'

'But the weather is hot now!'

'It's unseasonable. Probably be cold again to-morrow. . . . Please don't trouble about me. Tell me why you are here. Is that young Finch?'

Finch got to his feet, trembling. He was bewildered, frightened by this sudden meeting with Eden. He remembered his last encounter with him. That summer night when he had discovered Eden and Pheasant in the birch wood together. His mind fastened on an incident strikingly similar in both meetings, and yet how dissimilar! On each occasion Eden had, at a moment of climax, struck a match, illuminated a face. But in the first instance it had been the white, terrified face of Finch; now it was his own, hollow-cheeked, feverish. Then he had exclaimed bitterly, 'What a worm you are, brother Finch!' Now he said in a low tone of reckless self-possession, 'Hullo, Finch! You here, too? God, what a meeting!'

'Hullo!' returned Finch, but he could not hold out his hand. His heart sank when he looked at Eden. He had helped to bring him to this.

'Eden, Eden!' cried their uncle. 'I am distressed to find you looking so ill. I could not have believed —'

'Oh, I'm not in such bad shape as I look.' He stared at these newly arrived members of his family in satiric mirth. 'Lord, what a quaint pair you are! When did you come here, and why?'

Ernest and Finch glanced at each other uncomfortably.

'I — he —' mumbled the boy.

'He — I —' stammered Ernest.

Eden broke into laughter. 'I see it all! You ran away, Finch, and Uncle Ernest came to fetch you. Or was it the other way about? Never mind, it's enough that you're here! I would n't have believed you'd have the guts.'

'You must come back to my hotel,' said Ernest.

'I wish I could invite you to my lodgings, but they're too tough for you, by a long shot.'

Ernest was greatly upset. He turned to Finch. 'Get a taxi. Eden is n't fit to walk.'

On the way to the hotel, Eden asked, 'Have you seen Alayne?'

'Yes, I've had dinner with her — and luncheon. M-yes. She's looking lovely, Eden.'

'She would! Some women thrive on marital troubles. They find them more stimulating than babies.'

In the hotel bedroom Ernest said, 'What you need is a good hot toddy, but how am I to get you one?'

'No, thanks,' said Eden. 'I could n't possibly take anything.' He drank a glass of water and fidgeted about the room, talking in a way that seemed to Ernest rather strange and wild. Finch sat by the window smoking, and took no part in the conversation. Eden did not speak to him.

After a time Eden announced his intention of going, but just as he took up his hat he was attacked by another fit of coughing. His last strength seemed to go into this. After it was over, he flung himself on the bed and shivered from head to foot. He was plainly so ill that Ernest was distraught. He sent Finch running downstairs to inquire about a doctor. The next morning he sent a telegram to Renny which read: —

HAVE FOUND EDEN VERY ILL PLEASE COME AT ONCE CANNOT COPE WITH THIS

E. WHITEOAK

XIII

On the morning that followed, another member of the Whiteoak family might have been seen ascending in the hotel lift, attended by a porter carrying a rather shabby suitcase. When they alighted, he limped vigorously after the man and knocked with impatience on the designated door. It was opened by Finch.

When the porter had been tipped and the door closed behind him, Renny swept his eyes over the boy and gave a grunt, half of satisfaction at beholding him, half of derision.

Finch, red in the face, drew a step nearer. The elder took him by the arm, then kissed him. Finch seemed to him little more grown up than Wakefield. Joy and pure love surged through Finch. Animal joy and love that made him want to leap on Renny and caress him roughly like a joyous dog. He stood still, grinning sheepishly.

'Where's Eden?' demanded Renny.

'In there.' He nodded toward the next room. 'Uncle Ernest's with him.'

Ernest himself then entered. He looked white and drawn.

'Heavens above!' he exclaimed. 'I'm thankful you've come,' and he gripped Renny's hand.

'This is a pretty mess,' said Renny. 'Have you a doctor? How ill is he? What 's the matter with him?'

'It is indeed,' returned Ernest. 'I don't know when I've been so upset. I called a doctor as soon as he was taken badly. I think he's a good one.' He braced himself and looked Renny in the eyes. 'Renny, it's the boy's lungs. They're in a bad way. He's in great danger, the doctor says.'

Renny's brow contracted. He set the point of his stick in the centre of the geometrical pattern of the rug and stared at it. He said in a low voice, 'His mother died of consumption.'

'Yes. But none of the children have shown any tendency that way. I suppose he 's been exposing himself.'

Renny began to limp nervously up and down the room. Ernest asked, solicitously, 'How is your knee? It is a shame to have brought you here, when you're not fit, but I — you understand —'

'It's nothing. I wish I had our own doctor to see him. This man may be an alarmist.'

'I don't know. I hope so. He says that he must have the very best care.'

'We must take him home. . . . What does Alayne think of this?'

'She's terribly upset, naturally. She's shocked. There's no hatred in her toward Eden. She thinks that he simply can't help being what he is. Unfaithful. I agree, too. What do you think?'

'I think he's a damned nuisance. All these brothers of mine are.' He turned his incisive gaze suddenly on Finch. 'I hope you're going to behave yourself, now,' he said.

Finch pulled at his underlip.

Ernest put in, 'It's God's mercy that the boy ran away. We should never have heard of Eden till too late.'

Both men stared at Finch. He writhed inwardly, not knowing whether he was being commended or jeered at.

Ernest continued, 'Alayne had got him quite a decent position in a publishing house, as costing clerk. I saw this Mr. Cory and got him to let him off at once. I had to have his help with Eden. I could n't be alone here, not knowing what might happen. I little thought, when I left home, the time I'd have.'

'Well, it's a good thing he's been of some use,' replied Renny. 'Now, you'd better take me in to Eden.'

Eden was propped up in bed, not seeming so ill as Renny had expected until he had taken the hot dry hand and felt the thinness of it, noticed the sharp outline of the limbs under the coverings.

Renny seated himself on the side of the bed and surveyed his brother. 'You've got yourself into a pretty state, have n't you?'

Eden had been told that Renny was coming, but it seemed too unreal to see his family thus gathering about him. It frightened him. Was he so dreadfully ill? He withdrew his hand quickly from Renny's and raised himself in the bed. He said, excitedly, 'I don't like this at all! What in hell's the matter? Does that doctor say I'm going to die?'

'I have n't been told anything of the sort,' returned Renny, with composure. 'Uncle Ernest wired me that he had come across you, and that you were on the rocks. Well, you are, are n't you? What are you getting up in the air about?'

Sweat stood on Eden's forehead. 'He wired you! Show me the telegram!'

'I can't. It's at home. For heaven's sake, keep your hair on! You don't feel like dying, I suppose.' He grinned as he asked the question, but he was filled by a great anxiety. All that was sturdy in him rushed out toward Eden to protect him.

'Tell me what he said! Had he seen the doctor yet?' He dropped back on the pillow. 'Never mind. You would n't tell me the truth.'

'I'm going to take you home.'

Eden's agitation had subsided. Now he stared at his brother hungrily. 'God, it looks good to see you sitting there! But I wish you'd take a chair! You make the bed sag. You're no featherweight, Renny. . . . Look at my arm.' He thrust it out from the sleeve, thin, dead-white, blue-veined. Renny scowled at it.

He got up, dragged a chair to one side of the bed, and reseated himself.

'I can't think how you got yourself into such a state. You don't look as though you'd had enough to eat. Why have n't you sent to me for money?'

'Should you have sent it?'

'You know I should.'

'And now you want to take me home?'

'That's why I'm here.'

'Good old patriarch! The two lost lambs. Young Finch and I. . . . But what about Piers? He'd not stand for that. God, I should like to see his face if it were suggested!'

'I did see it. I told him I might fetch you if you were fit to travel.'

Eden laughed, suddenly and maliciously. 'Poor Piers! What did he say? That he'd poison all his pigs and then take a dose himself?'

'No,' Renny returned, sternly. 'He remarked that you were a waster and always would be. He said that if you were coming home to — to —'

'To die. . . . Go on.'

'That he'd take Pheasant away till it was over.'

Again Eden was moved to mirth, but this time there was a hysterical note in it.

'It's a good thing you're amused,' Renny observed calmly. 'I should say that the joke is on you.' He thought, 'I wish I knew what is in the bottom of his mind. I wish I knew what he's been up to the past year.'

But Eden's laughter brought on a fit of coughing. Renny watched him, his hard, thin frame tense with misery. 'Can I do anything?' he entreated.

Eden raised his head, which he had buried in the pillow. His hair was plastered in damp locks on his forehead, his face flushed crimson.

'Look here, Renny.'

'Yes.'

'My mother died of lung trouble, did n't she?'

'The doctor called it that, but I think she simply pined away after Wake's birth. Father's death was hard on her.'

'That's the way I'll go!'

'If you are determined to look on the black side of this trouble, you'll die and no mistake,' declared Renny, emphatically. 'Buck up! Be a man! I'm going to take you home. You'll get good care — the best care —'

'Who will take care of me?'

'A nurse, I suppose.'

'Like hell she will! I tell you, I hate women! I won't have a nurse about me. I loathe them — starchy, flat-footed, hard-eyed — I'll not go home if you make me have a nurse! I'll die first!'

Ernest, his face puckered by anxiety, came into the sick room. Finch, drawn by morbid curiosity, slunk after him.

Ernest said, reproachfully, 'This will never do. The doctor says he must be kept quiet. I don't think you realize how ill he is, Renny.' He poured something into a glass and brought it to Eden.

Renny regarded the proceeding with intense irritation and concern. He remarked, 'I realize that he's making this affair as difficult as possible.'

Ernest, looking down his nose, smoothed Eden's pillow.

'Perhaps you expect Uncle Ernie to nurse you,' observed Renny, sarcastically.

Finch guffawed.

Renny wheeled on him. 'What —' he began. 'What —'

'Let the lad be,' said Ernest. 'Finch, my boy, fill the hot-water bottle and fetch it.'

Eden did not want the hot-water bottle, but he pretended that he did, since the need of it made him appear rather more ill-used. Finch, with Renny's eye on him, slunk out with the bottle.

'I'll die before I'll have a nurse,' Eden persisted, in a weak voice, after a silence broken only by the running of a tap.

The hot-water bottle was put in with him. Ernest patted his back, and said, 'If it were not for Meggie's baby, she would be the very one! She would be perfect. She is almost perfect in every way.'

'Yes,' agreed Renny. 'She is.'

'Could n't she get someone to look after the kid?' asked Eden.

'She has a sort of companion, but she'd never trust it to her entirely. She's a perfect mother,' said Ernest. After a little he continued, hesitatingly, 'Do you know, I have an idea. It may not be feasible, but,' — he looked from one to the other, — 'but the whole affair is so unusual . . .'

'What is your idea?' asked Renny.

'Oh, I'm afraid it would be impossible. We'd better not discuss it. We had better think of someone possible. Eden, if the thought of a trained nurse is so intolerable to you, how would it do if we engaged some elderly woman who has had experience —'

'I saw one on the street!' interrupted Eden. 'Wonderful old body! Tatters, and a face like one of the Fates.'

Renny asked of Ernest, 'Do you think he's a little light in his head?'

'Not at all,' said Ernest. 'You don't understand him, that is all. . . . Now the person I have in mind is Mrs. Patch. She is reliable. She has had experience in nursing —'

Finch, unable to stop himself, interjected, 'She ought to do. She's buried three of her own with T. B.'

'Finch,' said his uncle, sternly, 'that remark was in very bad taste. I'm surprised at you!'

'Don't mind me,' said Eden, faintly smiling. 'Only please tell me about this idea of yours. Whom had you in mind?'

Ernest answered, looking, not at him,

but at Renny, 'I was wondering whether Alayne might be persuaded to nurse him.'

This sudden mention of her name seemed to conjure Alayne's bodily presence before the occupants of the room. A subtle embarrassment dimmed their vision of each other. Ernest, after uttering the words, was moved to wish that he could recall them. They had seemed to him to besmirch her present aloofness, to drag her again into the shame and darkness of her last days at Jalna. He looked rather pathetically into the faces of his nephews, seeing each in his relation to those days.

Renny, experiencing a feeling of shock by the proposal, stared at Eden, lying on the bed, disheveled, ill, beautiful. He saw him as again the possessor of Alayne. He felt in himself the pain for something he could never possess. No, she must not do such a thing. It would be cruel to ask her, and yet — if she could bring herself to do it — he thought of her as standing reluctant in the room, midway between himself and Eden. . . .

'She's not quite a saint,' he said.

Finch, crouching in a big chair, twisted his fingers together. Figures in a dream, that was what they were — gesticulating, hiding their troubled eyes, disappearing, reappearing, beckoning one who had eluded them to return, seeking to draw her again into the circle. Again, in spite of himself, he spoke. 'Do women,' he asked, 'ever take a man back after a thing like that?'

His brothers regarded him in silence, too astounded to speak. It was Ernest's mellow voice that answered.

'Many a woman has taken a man back after such an escapade. . . . I was only suggesting that if Alayne could be persuaded to return to Jalna with us — to help look after Eden — how splendid it would be. . . . I was thinking of her hands. They're so cool, so capable.'

'You must think she's without character,' said Renny.

'Not at all! I think she has great strength of character, or I should not suggest such a thing. . . . She's sick and tired of her life as it is. If she should return to Jalna she might never leave it again. Mamma is really too much for Augusta.'

Renny turned to Eden. 'What do you think? Should you like Alayne to nurse you?'

Eden rolled over, hiding his face in the pillow.

Finch exclaimed, 'He does n't want her! He does n't want her!' He could not bear the idea of Alayne's being drawn again into Jalna, as into a whirlpool in which she would be sucked under.

'Let him be,' said his uncle. 'Let him have time to think.'

The three sat with their eyes on the hunched-up figure on the bed. In and out, through the mazes of their thoughts, the shape of Alayne moved, in a kind of mystic dance. The roar of traffic from below rose as a wall around them.

At last Eden rolled over and faced them. 'I give you my word,' he said, 'that unless Alayne comes to help me get well I shall die.' His eyes were challenging, his mouth feverish.

Finch kept saying over and over again to himself, 'It's a shame — a shame to ask her.'

'You are the one to ask her,' said Ernest to Renny. 'You must go to see her at once.'

'I think you are the one to ask her. You've been talking to her.'

'No — no. It must be you, Renny.'

'I will bring her here, and he shall ask her himself.'

'I am afraid it will upset him.'

'I'll prepare her, but he must do the asking.'

'Very well,' said Eden. 'Bring her here to see me. She can't refuse that.'

Renny's feelings, as he stood waiting for Alayne to answer her door, were a strange mixture. He had a disheartened, hang-dog feeling at being forced, through his solicitude for Eden, to come on such an errand. Yet stirring all through him was a ruthless exhilaration at the thought of once more becoming a moving force in Alayne's life, in tearing her from her security and exposing her to the tyranny of passions and desires which she had thought to set aside.

As she stood before him, his thought was that she was in no way striking, as he had pictured her in his fancy. She was less tall, her hair was a paler gold, her eyes more gray

than blue, her lips closed in a colder line. Yet his reaction to this meeting was greater than he had expected. He felt a magnetic fervor coursing in his blood as his hand held hers. He wondered if this was palpable to her. If it was, he marveled at her self-control.

Alayne's sensations were the very reverse of his. Standing before her in the flesh, his characteristics were even more intense than in her memory. He was taller, more incisive, his eyes more burning, his nose larger, more arrogantly curved at the nostrils. Inversely, his effect on her was less profound than she had feared. She was like a swimmer who, dreading the force of current, finds himself unexpectedly able to breast it. She felt that since she had last seen him she had gained in self-confidence and maturity.

With the conflict of these undiscovered emotions surging between them, they entered the living room.

He said, 'One after another we are appearing. Only wait and you shall have Gran at your door with Boney on her shoulder.'

She gave a little laugh, and then said, gravely, 'But it is too bad it is trouble that brings you.'

He looked at her shrewdly. 'You know how serious Eden's condition is?'

'I have talked about it with your uncle.' Her face was quite calm.

He said, his eyes devouring her, 'God, it seems strange to see you!'

'And you!'

'Has the time seemed long or short to you?'

'Very long.'

'Short to me. Gone like the wind.'

'Ah, well, you have your horses, your dogs, your family. I am rather a lonely person.'

'But you're busy.' He glanced at the books on the writing table.

She gave a little shrug, and then said, 'I am afraid I think too much and take too little exercise.'

'You should have more exercise. I do my best thinking on horseback. Do you remember our rides together? You thought I was a stern riding master, did n't you?'

'Our rides together,' she murmured, and in a flash saw herself and Renny galloping along the lake shore, heard the mad thud of hoofs, the strain of leather, saw again the shining, flying manes. Her breath came quickly, as though she had indeed been riding. 'How is Letty?' she asked. Letty was the mare she had ridden.

'Beautiful as ever. Ready — waiting for you to ride her again.'

'I am afraid I shall never do that,' she said, in a low voice.

'Are n't you ever coming to visit us?'

'Renny,' she said with sudden passion, 'we said good-bye on that last night. You should not have come here to see me.'

'Have I disturbed you?' he asked. 'You look cool enough in all conscience.'

'That is what I wish to be. I — I want to forget the past.'

He spoke soothingly, as to a nervous horse. 'Of course. Of course. That's right, too. I should never have come if I were n't so worried about Eden.'

She opened her eyes wide. 'I cannot do anything for Eden,' she said, abruptly.

'Not come to see him?'

'Go to see Eden! I could not possibly. Why should I?'

'When you have seen him you won't ask that question. He's a sick man. I don't believe he'll get over this. His mother went in consumption, you know.'

Consumption! They would still call it that at Jalna. What a terrible word!

'I am the last person Eden would want to see.'

'You're mistaken. He's terribly keen to see you.'

'But why?'

'There's no accounting for the desires of anyone as ill as Eden. Possibly he has something to say to you that he thinks is important.'

'That is what has brought you here?'

'Yes.'

A flash of bitter disappointment pierced her. He had not sought her out because he must set eyes on her, but for Eden's sake. She said, 'I cannot see him.'

'Oh, but I think you will. You could n't refuse.'

He sat doggedly smoking, endeavoring to override her opposition, she felt, by his taciturn tyranny.

She murmured, 'It will be a difficult scene for me.'

He replied, 'There will not necessarily be a scene. Why should women always expect scenes?'

'Perhaps I learned to expect them in your family,' she retorted.

He showed his teeth in the Court grin, which, subsiding, left his face again dogged.

'You will come, Alayne,' he said. 'You can scarcely refuse to see him for five minutes.'

'Do you know,' she said, 'I believe I guess what he wants. He is frightened about himself and he wants me to look after him — nurse him back to health!'

'That may be,' Renny replied, imperturbably. 'At all events he absolutely refuses to have a trained nurse. I don't know how Aunt Augusta and Mrs. Wragge will make out with him. Uncle Ernest suggested old Mrs. Patch, and Finch said at once that she ought to know something of nursing consumption, as she had buried three of her own with it!'

He looked shrewdly into her eyes to read the effect of his words there, and saw dismay, even horror.

'Mrs. Wragge — Mrs. Patch,' she repeated. 'They would be the end of him!' Another thought struck her. 'He should not be in the house with the boys — Wakefield, Finch. It would be dangerous.'

'I had thought of that,' said Renny, 'and I have an idea. You remember Fiddler's Hut?'

Was she likely to forget it? 'Yes, I remember.'

'Very well. Early this spring I had it cleaned up, painted, made quite decent for a Scotch couple who were to work for Piers. Something went wrong. They did not turn up. Now, I'm wondering whether it might not be made quite a decent place for Eden. You have a great deal of influence over him still. You might persuade him to have a trained nurse. God, if you only knew how troubled I am about him!'

Suddenly he seemed, not domineering, but naïve to her; pathetic in his confidence in her. She did not look into his eyes, which for her were dark and dangerous, but at the troubled pucker on his forehead, above which the rust-colored hair grew in a point.

She pictured the mismanagement of a sick room at Jalna. She thought of Fiddler's Hut, embowered in trees and rank growths. And Eden terribly ill. All her New England love of order, of seemliness, cried out against the disorder, the muddle-headedness of the Whiteoaks. She was trembling with agitation, even while she heard herself agreeing in a level voice to accompany him to the hotel.

In less than an hour she found herself, with a sense of unreality, by Eden's bed, pale, with set lips.

He lay, his fair hair wildly tossed, his white throat and breast uncovered. She thought of dying poets, of Keats, of Shelley sinking in the waves. Young as they had been, both older than he. And his poetry was beautiful, too. She still loved his poetry. She knew it by heart. What might he not write if he could only be made well again! Was it her duty to Art? To the love she still felt for his poetry, his beauty? Ah, he had been her lover once, lying with that same head on her breast! Dear heaven, how sweet their love had been, and — how fleeting!

Eden caught her hand and held it. He said, huskily, 'I knew you'd come! You could n't refuse me that — now. Alayne, don't leave me. Stay with me — save me! You've no idea how I need you. I refused to have a nurse because I knew it was only you who could help me. It's your strength — your support . . . I can't get well without it.'

He broke into a passion of tears, and, with his eyes still wet, fell into a paroxysm of coughing.

She looked down on him, her face contorted like a child's in the effort to keep from crying. She heard herself promise in a broken voice to accompany him back to Jalna.

XIV

Eden had borne the journey well. Renny had taken a compartment for his comfort, and had shared it with him so as to be on hand to wait on him. Ernest, Finch, and Alayne had berths at the other end of the car. The four — for Eden had not been visible to the other occupants of the car — were the subjects of much conjecture. The men — tall, thin, absorbed in

themselves and their female companion — made their numerous passages from end to end of the car in complete obliviousness of the other travelers. Thus the Whiteoaks revealed their power of carrying their own atmosphere with them. With calculated reserve they raised a wall about themselves, excluding the rest of the world. In the smoking compartment not one of them exchanged more than a glance, which itself lacked any appearance of friendliness, with any other passenger.

They were met on their arrival by two motor cars. One was of English make, a very old car but still good, owned by Maurice Vaughan, Renny's brother-in-law, and driven by him. Eden was installed in it, and with him went Ernest and Renny. Watching their departure, Alayne wondered why Renny had not chosen to ride with her. She was relieved that the propinquity of a long drive had not to be endured, but she felt a quick disappointment, even resentment, that he had shunned her. His mixture of coldness and fire, of calculation and restrained impulse, had always disturbed her. To be near him was to experience alternate moods of exhilaration and depression. She was glad that she was not to be in the house with him. Fiddler's Hut was near enough.

As she settled herself in the familiar shabby car of the Whiteoaks beside Finch, beheld the remembered form of Wright, the stableman, driving, she wondered what had been the force which had impelled her to this strange return. Had it indeed been the shadow of her dead love for Eden — springing desire to cherish his life for the sake of his poetry? Or was it that, knowing Renny willed it so, she had no self-denying power to resist? Or was it simply and terribly that the old house — Jalna itself — had caught her in the coil of its spell, had stretched forth its arm to draw her back into its bosom?

Finch and she said little. An understanding that made words no obligation had been born between them. He too had his moving thoughts. He was passing through the town where his school was. What a great city it had seemed to him until he had seen New York! Now it looked as though it had had a blow on the head that had flattened it. Its streets looked incredibly narrow. The crowd, which had seemed to him once to surge, now merely loitered. They had different faces, too — less set, more good-humored. And how jolly the policemen looked in their helmets!

They came to the low white cottages of Evandale, the blacksmith's, Mrs. Brawn's tiny shop, the English church on its high, wooded knoll, the vine-covered rectory. The wind blew, high and fresh, scattering the last of the orchard blossoms. They entered the driveway of Jalna just as the occupants of the other car were alighting. Renny had Eden by the arm.

They were crowded together in the porch. The lawn seemed less spacious than Alayne had remembered it. The great evergreen trees, with their heavy, draped boughs, seemed to have drawn nearer, to be whispering together in groups, observing the return.

Rags flung wide the front door, disclosing, as in a tableau, the grandmother, supported by Nicholas and Augusta. Her face was set in a grin of joyous anticipation. She wore her purple velvet tea gown, and her largest cap, with the purple ribbons. Her shapely old hand, resting on the ebony stick, bore many rich-tinted rings. Behind her, down the hall, the sunlight, coming through the stained-glass window, cast strangely shaped bright-colored patches. Still grasping her stick, she took a step forward and extended her arms.

The arrival had been well timed for her. After a sound night's sleep, she had just arisen refreshed, her initial vitality not yet lowered by the agitations of the day.

'Ha!' she exclaimed. 'Ha! Children. All my children. . . . Kiss me quick!'

They pressed about her, almost hiding her — Ernest, Renny, Finch, Eden. Loud smacks were exchanged.

Her mind had never grasped the fact that Eden and Alayne were estranged, separated. She saw them now only as an inseparable pair who had disappeared for a long time and were now returned miraculously to her.

'Ha!' she ejaculated. 'And so you're here! At last, eh? My young couple. Bonny as ever. Lord, what a time I've had getting ready for you! What a to-do! Eh, Augusta? A to-do, eh? Alayne, my dear, you remember my daughter, Lady Bunkley?

She's failing. I notice it. This climate don't agree with her. It takes an old war horse like me to stand it. I've lived through India and I've lived through Canada. Roasting and freezing — all one to me.'

Augusta looked down her nose. She was greatly chagrined by the old lady's remarks. She said, 'It is no great wonder if I am unwell. It has been a trying time.' She directed her offended gaze toward Renny.

He did not see it. His eyes were fixed on his grandmother. He was absorbing her aspect, delighting in her. Some perversity of his nature had impelled him to write to her, asking her to oversee the furnishing of the Hut for Eden and Alayne—she was the one above all who would see to it that the Hut was made comfortable. This he wrote, knowing that she was capable only of making things difficult for his aunt. His feeling toward Augusta was not altogether dutiful, though on occasion he would be demonstratively affectionate. Augusta too often interfered with the boys. She too often sounded the note of England's superiority, of the crudity of the Colonies. He admired her, but he resented her. He admired his grandmother and resented not her most flagrant absurdities. Now her air of hilarity, of the exaltation of a superior being, moved him to tenderness toward her. He forgot for the moment his anxiety over Eden. He forgot his smouldering passion for Alayne. He was satisfied to see her sitting at his grandmother's right hand, for a while, at least, a member of his tribe. He felt the tug of those unseen cords between himself and every being in the room.

Eden's exhaustion after the journey was, for the moment, forgotten in the excitement of the home-coming. He felt the cynical bliss of the prodigal. He was at his own hearth again, he was loved, but he knew he was unchanged. He smiled mockingly at Alayne across the purple velvet expanse of Grandmother's lap, across the glitter of her rings. He felt an exquisite relief in the knowledge that Alayne would be with him at Jalna, to care for him as she had done once before when he was ill. He could not have borne anyone else about him. If he were to die, it would not be quite so horrible with her beside him. . . . But he could not help that mocking smile.

'I am trapped,' Alayne thought. 'Why am I here? What does it all mean? Is there some plan, some reason in it all? Or are we just mad puppets set jigging by the sinister hand of a magician? Is the hand this old woman's? Not hard to think of her as Fate. . . . Is Eden going to die? And if he does — what? Why am I here? If I can nurse him back to health, can I ever care for him again? Ah, no, no — I could not! What are Renny's thoughts? Why was I such a fool as to think that his presence no longer swept over me like a wave of the sea? Oh, why did I come?' Her brow contracted in pain. Old Mrs. Whiteoak's rings were hurting her hand.

'Are you glad to be home again, child?'

'Y-yes. Oh, yes.'

'And where have you been all this time?'

'In New York.'

'It's a poor place, from what I hear. Did you weary of it? Had Eden a good position?'

All the eyes in the room were on her. She hedged. 'I went away once for a change. To visit cousins in Milwaukee.'

The strong rust-colored eyebrows shot upward. 'Milwaukee! China, eh? That's a long way.'

Nicholas came to the rescue. 'Milwaukee's not in China, Mamma. It's somewhere in the States.'

'Nonsense! It's in China. Walkee-walkee — talkee-talkee! Don't you think I know pigeon English?' She grinned triumphantly, squeezing Alayne's hand.

'Walkee-walkee — talkee-talkee!' chanted Wakefield.

Nicholas put out a long arm and drew Wake to his side. 'Listen,' he said, with a finger up; 'an improving conversation.'

Grandmother said, with her dark bright eyes on the two beside her, 'What's the matter? Why have n't you got a child?'

'This is too much,' said Augusta.

Her mother retorted, 'It's not enough. Pheasant's had one. Meggie's had one. May manage another. . . . I don't like this business of not having children. My mother had eleven. I should have done as well. I started off smartly. But, look you, when we came here the doctor was so hard to get at, Philip was afraid for me. Ah, there was a man, my Philip! The back on him!

You don't see such straight backs nowadays. No children. . . . H'm. In my day, a wife would give her husband a round dozen. Hey, Renny?'

'Yes, old dear. Great days, those!'

Eden withdrew his hand from his grandmother's. There was a look of exhaustion on his face. He got to his feet; his lips were parted, his forehead drawn in a frown. 'Awfully tired,' he muttered. 'I think I'll lie down for a bit.'

'Poor lad,' said the old lady. 'Put him on the sofa in the library.'

Eden walked slowly from the room. Ernest followed him, solicitous, a little important. He covered him with a rug on the sofa.

Grandmother's eyes followed the pair with satisfaction. She then turned to Alayne. 'Don't worry, my dear, we'll soon have him well again. Then let's hope you'll —'

'Mamma,' interrupted Nicholas, 'tell Alayne about the Hut. What a time you've had, and all that.'

This was enough to distract her attention from the necessity of multiplying. She now bent her faculties to a description of the downy nest she had prepared.

Nicholas said in an undertone to Renny, 'It was appalling. The Hut could not possibly have held the furniture she insisted on sending to it. There was only one thing to do, and that was to carry the things out at one door and bring them back through another. Augusta, poor old girl, was at her wit's end.'

The master of Jalna showed his teeth in appreciation. Then, his face clouding, he asked, 'What do you think of Eden? Pretty sick boy, eh?'

'How bad is he? I could n't gather much from your letter.'

'I don't quite know. I must have Dr. Drummond see him. The New York doctor says his condition is serious. Not hopeless.'

'American doctors!' observed Nicholas with a shrug. 'Fresh air. Milk. We'll soon fill him out. . . . Gad, what a trump that girl is! Gone off in looks, though.'

'Nonsense,' denied Ernest, who had come up from behind. 'She's lovelier than ever.'

Renny offered no opinion. His eyes were on her face. He read there spiritual acceptance of her changed condition. A trump? No. A proud spirit subdued by passion. He sat down on the ottoman that had been occupied by Eden.

'I want to tell you,' he said, 'how happy it makes me to have you here.'

Old Mrs. Whiteoak had fallen into a doze. Fate seemed to be napping. Alayne and Renny might have been the only two in the room, each so felt the isolating power of the other's propinquity.

'I had to come. He wanted me — needed me so terribly.'

'Of course. He needs you. . . . And when — he gets better?'

'Then I shall go back.'

But the words sounded unreal to her. Though she had left her possessions in the apartment, had made preparations for only a summer's stay, the words sounded unreal. The apartment with its artistic rugs, its pretty lamps, its bits of brass and copper, seemed of less importance than the ebony stick of this sleeping old woman. Rosamund Trent seemed of no importance. This room spoke to her. Its cumbersome furniture had a message for her. Its thick walls, enclosing that subjugating atmosphere, had a significance which no other walls could have. The room might be only a trap, and she — a rabbit, perhaps — a limp, vulnerable rabbit — caught!

His tone, when he spoke again, was almost crisp. 'Well, you've come, and that's the great thing. I can't tell you what a load it takes off my mind. I believe it will mean recovery for Eden.'

She must work, she must strain for Eden's recovery. And that was right. One must obey the laws of one's order. But what a fantastic interlude in her life this summer was to be!

Augusta had gone out. Now she reappeared in the doorway and motioned them to come. They rose and went to her.

'He has fallen asleep,' said Augusta. 'Done up, poor boy. And you must be so tired, too, my dear. Should n't you like to come up to my room and tidy yourself before dinner?'

Alayne thanked her. She would be glad to change her dress and wash.

'Then,' continued Augusta, 'I shall take you to the cottage — I think we had better

drop that horrid name of Fiddler's Hut, now that you are going to live there — and show you our preparations. I suppose I should say my mother's preparations.' And she directed a reproachful look at Renny.

He returned her look truculently. 'I like the old name,' he said. 'I don't see any sense in changing it.'

'I shall certainly never call it that again.'

'Call it what you please! It's Fiddler's Hut.' He gave an angry gesture.

'Why one should cling to low names!'

'You'll be sneering at Jalna next!'

Alayne thought, 'Have I ever been away? Here they are, wrangling in exactly the same fashion. I don't see how I am to bear it. What has come over me now I am in this house? A mere movement of his arm disturbs me! In New York it was possible — here, I cannot! I cannot! Thank God, I shall be under another roof!'

A red patch of light, projected through the colored glass of the window, rested on Renny's head. His hair seemed to be on fire. He said, contemptuously, 'The *cottage*, eh? Better call it Rose Cottage, then, or Honeysuckle Cottage. Make it sweet while you're about it!' It was a passion with him that nothing about the place should be changed.

The front door was thrown open, and Wakefield ran in. With him came a rush of spring wind and three dogs. The two spaniels began to bark and jump about their master. The old sheep dog sniffed Alayne and wagged the clump of fur that was his tail. He remembered her.

Wakefield held out a small bunch of windflowers. 'I've brought these for you,' he said. 'You're to keep them in your room.'

Alayne clasped him to her. How adorable his little body felt! So light, so fragile, and yet how full of life! 'Thank you! Thank you!' she breathed, and he laughed as he felt the warmth of her mouth against his ear. He wrapped himself about her.

'Child,' admonished his aunt, 'don't be so rough with Alayne! She is coming to my room now. She is tired. You're dragging her down.'

Renny removed the little limpet, and Lady Buckley took Alayne by the arm.

XV

That same afternoon Renny and Wakefield descended the slope that led from the lawn into the ravine, crossed the bridge over the stream, and reascended the opposite slope, along the winding diversities of the continued path which led them, at last, to an open oak wood, the property of Maurice Vaughan. The house itself stood in a hollow, and so thick was the foliage of the surrounding trees, following a month of rains, that only the smoke from one of its chimneys, rising in a delicate blue cloud, was visible to them, though they could hear the sound of a woman's voice singing inside.

No one in the dim parlor. The sitting room, the dining room, empty. Still, the sweet, full woman's voice flooded the house. They went up the stairs. Wakefield ran along the hallway, knocked on a door, and, almost immediately, opened it.

The room discovered was splashed with sunshine coming through the swaying branches of trees. It was bright with highly glazed, gayly colored chintz. A vase holding daffodils stood on the centre table. On the table also was a silver tray bearing a teapot, a plate of scones, and a small piece of honey in the comb. Meg was enjoying one of her little lunches.

'Ha!' said Renny. 'Nibbling as usual, eh?' He bent and kissed her.

'I had no appetite for dinner,' she said, 'so I began to feel a little faint, and had this brought to me. I don't really want it. You may finish it, Wake, darling.

'To think,' she exclaimed, 'that you have been in New York since I saw you last!' She regarded Renny as if she expected to find something exotic in him. 'What you must have seen! But before any of that, tell me about Eden. This is a great shock. Is he very ill? If he is in danger, I don't know how to bear it. Poor lamb. And he was always so well. Everything started with that wretched marriage of his. The day he first brought that girl to Jalna, I saw trouble ahead.' She screwed up her courage. 'Renny, is Eden going to —' She glanced at the child. He must not hear anything terrible.

'Well, he has a spot on one lung. He's

very thin. . . . I think he is n't quite so ill as that doctor made out. But he'll need a lot of nursing.' He thought, 'What will she say when I tell her that Alayne is here?' He continued, 'Everything depends on fresh air and good nursing.'

Meg exclaimed, 'I should be the one to nurse him! But there's Baby. I can't expose her.'

He reckoned with her indolence. 'What about this "mother's help," — whatever you call her, — could n't she look after the youngster?'

Meg moved on her chair to confront him. Her voice was reproachful. 'Trust my baby to Minny Ware! She's a featherbrain. One never knows what she will do next! Sometimes I wish I had never seen her. You know, it's going to be terribly trying for me having Pheasant here. Nothing but my love for Piers would induce me. She made up to Minny Ware at once. Already they are talking together in corners.'

A heavy step was heard in the hall. A knuckle touched the panel of the door.

Meg's smooth brow showed a pucker, but she murmured, 'Come in.'

The tap came again. 'He did n't hear you,' said Renny. 'Hello, Maurice!'

The door opened and Vaughan appeared. His graying hair was rumpled, his Norfolk jacket hung unevenly from his broad shoulders.

'Been having a nap?' asked Renny.

Maurice nodded, grinning apologetically. 'Anything private under discussion? I only came for my pipe. Left it somewhere about.' He thought, 'Why does Meggie look at me that way? A damned funny look.'

'I was just about to ask whether Miss Ware ever stops singing,' said Renny. 'A joyous sort of being to have about. I wish we could borrow her for Jalna.' He thought, 'Marriage is the devil. She's got old Maurice just where she wants him.'

Meg thought, 'Why is it that I can never have my own brother to myself? Is there no such thing as privacy when one is married?'

Vaughan had found his pipe and tobacco pouch. He filled the pipe deftly, considering that his right hand had been crippled in the War.

Meg's full blue eyes were fixed on the crippled hand, and the leather bandage worn about the wrist. It was the sight of that which had melted her heart toward him. Yet now its movement had the power to irritate her. It was abnormal, even sinister, rather than pathetic. She said, reproachfully, 'Renny says that he does not think Eden is very seriously ill. You had me so terribly frightened.' She turned to her brother. 'Maurice said Eden looked half-dead.'

'He did look pretty seedy after the journey,' agreed Renny. 'But he had a sleep and something to eat, and he's more like himself now. We've got him moved into Fiddler's Hut.' In a moment more he must tell her that Alayne had returned.

She asked eagerly, 'How did you get him there? Could he walk so far over rough ground?'

'Wright and I took him. Half carried him. . . . They've rigged it up very comfortably. You'd be surprised. Gran had a glorious time ordering everyone about, and Aunt Augusta has the hump.' No, he could not tell her yet. . . .

Another knock sounded on the door — a quick tattoo, signaling a delicate urgency.

'It's Baby,' said the singer's voice. 'She's been crying for you.'

Wakefield flung wide the door. A blonde young woman stood there, holding in her arms a plump infant.

Meg's face was smoothed into an expression of maternal adoration. Her lips parted in a smile of ineffable sweetness. She held out her arms, her breast becoming a harbor, and received the child. She pressed a long kiss on its flower-petal cheek.

At forty-two she had been made a mother by Vaughan, and he had realized his dream of becoming the father of her child. But their inner selves had not been welded together by the birth. She who had never yearned toward motherhood now became extravagantly maternal, putting him outside the pale of that tender intimacy. Sometimes he found himself with the bewildered feeling of a dog whose own door is closed against it. He loved this child as he had never loved Pheasant, who had been so lonely, so eager for love. Meg had named it Patience. 'But why?' he had exclaimed,

not liking the name at all. 'Patience is my favorite virtue,' she had replied, 'and we can call her Patty for short.'

Meg turned smiling to Minny Ware. 'Don't go,' she said, graciously. 'Sit down, please. I may want you to take Baby.'

Minny Ware had had no intention of going. The infant had not so longed for the society of its mother as she had longed for the society of men. It was ill going for her when there was a man about and she not bathed in his presence. At this moment of her life it was her hot ambition to capture the master of Jalna. But he had a wary eye on her. She almost feared that he scented her desire.

She sat with crossed knees, watching the family group about the baby. A bright blue smock, very open at the throat, showed her rather thick milk-white neck and full chest. The smock was short, and beneath it were discovered excessively pink knickers, and stockings such as only a London girl would have the courage to wear.

She had, as a matter of fact, been born, not in London, but in a remote part of England, where her father had been rector of a scattered parish. She had rarely known what it was to have two coins to rub together. When her father had died, two years after the close of the War, she and another girl had gone up to London, keen after adventure, strong and fresh as a wind from their native moor. For several years they had earned a precarious living there. They managed to preserve their virtue, and even kept their wild-rose complexions. But life was hard, and after a while they thought of London only as a place from which they longed to escape. Mercifully, the friend had a small legacy left to her, and they decided to go to Canada. A short course was taken at an agricultural college. Armed with this experience, they set out to run a poultry farm in Southern Ontario. But they had not sufficient capital to support them while they became accustomed to conditions so different. The seasons were unfavorable; the young chicks died in large numbers from a contagious disease; the turkey poults were even more disappointing, for they succumbed to blackhead. At the end of two seasons the girls were stranded, with just enough left to pay their debts. They did this, for they were inherently honest, and turned their thoughts again cityward.

One night Minny read an advertisement for a 'mother's help' and companion — a Mrs. Vaughan the advertiser. The place was in the country, the child an infant. She longed for the country, and she 'loved babies.' She applied for the position by letter in excellent old-country handwriting. She explained that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and had come to Canada to raise poultry. Having failed in that, she felt that nothing would be so congenial to her as a position in charge of a young child. She did not mention her experience as waitress. The fact that she had failed in an undertaking commended her to Maurice. He had always a fellow feeling for failures. Meg liked the idea of her being the daughter of a parson. Minny Ware had now been with them for five months.

As soon as there was an opportunity, the girl said in a low tone to Renny, 'New York must be great fun.'

'I suppose it is,' he returned. 'I was n't there for fun. I dare say you would like it. Do you want to go there?'

'Who does n't? But do you think they would let me across the line?'

'Not with that London accent, I'm afraid.'

She gave a rich, effortless laugh, which, having passed her lips, left her face round and solemn, like a child's. She said, 'You must teach me how to speak, so they will take me in.'

'Are you so restless, then?' His eyes swept over her, resting on the freckles that accentuated the whiteness of her rather thick nose. 'You have looks that are unusual. You've got a voice. What are you going to do with them?'

'Exploit them in the States. There's nothing to keep me here.' Her eyes, of an indeterminate color, narrow above high cheek bones, looked provocatively into his.

The frustrated torrent of his passion for Alayne turned, for a moment, toward this girl. As he realized this, he felt an intense, inexplicable irritation. He looked beyond Minny Ware to his sister.

'Alayne,' he said, 'has come back to look after Eden.' Let Meggie fly into a rage, if she would, before an outsider.

'Alayne come back!' She repeated the words, softly, curling her lip a little.

'Eden begged her to come.'

'She has not much pride, has she?'

'She's full of pride. She's too proud to care what you or anyone else thinks.'

'Even you?' Her lip curled again.

Minny Ware looked eagerly from one face to another. Could she make herself a place here?

Renny did not answer, but his eyes warned Meg to be careful.

She sat, winking very fast, as though to keep back tears or temper, her full cheek rested against her closed hand. She was, in truth, blinking before a new idea. If Alayne and Eden were reconciled, so much the better. Let Alayne provide for the poor darling. There was no use in Alayne's pretending she was poor. Americans always had plenty of money. Eden might be delicate for a long time. And if Alayne fancied that he was not going to recover — that she could capture Renny through Eden's death — she would find how mistaken she was!

In any case Renny must be protected from Alayne. There was only one way by which he could be protected. A wife. And here, at hand, was Minny Ware. Meg's perceptions, slow but penetrating, left no doubt in her mind that Alayne loved Renny — and that Renny was intensely aware of Alayne. Very different this controlled awareness from the calculated passion and abrupt endings of his affairs with other women, which Meg had sensed rather than observed — affairs which her stolid pride had made her overlook.

She absorbed the picture of Renny and Minny Ware side by side. Should she, she asked herself, be willing to see them so attached for the rest of their days? Her heart's answer was in the affirmative. Though she was ready to find fault with Minny, — for being careless, for making up too readily to Pheasant, — it was certain that Minny was the one woman she would be willing to accept as a sister. She knew already what it was to hate two women married to her brothers. From the first, Minny's lavish light-heartedness, her physical exuberance, her good temper under correction, her willingness to be at another's beck and call, had caused Meg to look on her with favor, even approaching affection.

To understand Meg Vaughan, it must be remembered that she had led a life of extraordinary isolation. She had been educated by governesses. She had made no friends. Her brothers, her elderly uncles, her grandmother, had sufficiently filled her life. During the long years of her estrangement from Maurice, she had acquired a taste for solitude. Those long hours in her chamber — what did she do with them? Brush her long hair that showed a feather of gray above the forehead? Eat comforting little lunches? Dream, with her head supported on her short plump forearm? In winter weeks would pass in which she would not set foot out of doors, except to go to church.

Now here she was, with a husband and a baby, and a companion whom she desired to marry to her favorite brother. She was as comfortable as a plump rabbit in its burrow. She longed to secure Renny in a peace as nearly approaching hers as was possible to his turbulent nature. One's mate must not matter too much, if one was a Whiteoak. Maurice did not; Minny would not. One's children mattered terribly. Her breast rose in a heavy sweet breath when she thought of Baby.

Meg did not know what it was to be socially ambitious. How could she, since they were the most important people thereabout? She did not take into account rich manufacturers or merchants who had built imposing residences only a few miles away on the lake shore. She had not changed the position of a piece of furniture since she had come to Vaughanlands.

During the rest of Renny's stay she was sweetly, solidly acquiescent toward him. He left thinking how perfect she was.

When the two women were alone, Minny Ware exclaimed, 'Let me brew a fresh pot of tea. They spoiled your little lunch.'

'Do,' said Meggie. 'We'll have it together.'

They looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Then Minny's eyes filled with tears. She snatched up the infant and kissed it extravagantly.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Ivy Lee is adviser in public relations to the Rockefeller and other important interests. He is the author, among other volumes, of a book on Soviet Russia, and has traveled extensively abroad. **Sir John Campbell** served many years in the Indian Civil Service, from which he retired in 1927. He is now the representative of India on the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations. **Julius Rosenwald** is Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck, and Company. He has not only given generously from wide resources, but has interested himself in a variety of causes, especially in negro welfare and educational work and in Jewish charities and colonization. He is a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and of the University of Chicago, and identified with many other public institutions. △ Familiar to *Atlantic* readers is **Archer B. Gilfillan,** who passed from a theological school to the pastorate, not of a human charge, but of a literal flock of sheep. **Merle Colby,** born in Wisconsin, studied at Harvard and is now manager of one of the oldest bookstores in Boston. **Eileen Shanahan** is a singer of Erin whose work we are glad to welcome to the *Atlantic.*

The debate between **Edward A. Filene** and his brother, **A. Lincoln Filene,** is, so far as the *Atlantic* knows, unpremeditated. Each paper was sent us separately and on a different occasion, but so significantly do they argue the merits of the force that is shaping our modern world that it would have been a loss not to print them together. Both men are identified with William Filene's Sons Company, prominent merchants of Boston, and both are known for their broader efforts to advance industrial and social organization. **Lee Simonson** is the gifted scenic director of the Theatre Guild in New York. He has been responsible for the setting of such diverse plays as *Liliom, Back to Methuselah,* and *Marco Millions,* to name but a few among many. His paper will eventually form part of the 'Book of the Theatre Guild,' to be published in commemoration of the first decade of the society. △ To **Eleanor Risley** adventures would flow whether she found herself on the mountain top or in the valley. **George Edward Hoffman** is a teacher at the University of Alabama. He writes to the *Atlantic:* 'I shall treasure your remark that my verses are "imbued with an understanding of the negro," since I am Yankee born and raised, and no Northerner ever understands the negro, according to the Alabama way of thinking. To me they are an absorbingly interesting people, and have been since I was a child.' **Edith Hamilton,** former Headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, offers a cure for disillusion. **Arthur Train** is the New York lawyer whose stories of crime and courts include the famous 'Mr. Tutt' series.

George P. Auld, former Accountant General of the Reparation Commission, writes with authority. **Paul T. Homan,** who teaches economics in Cornell University, finds 'no light, but rather darkness visible' in the tariff situation. **Kenneth Scott Latourette** is Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche's** sequel to *Jalna,* we print a brief synopsis: —

The story up to this point is concerned with the struggles of young Finch Whiteoak to pass his examinations for college, and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings. After a violent scene with his family, headed by his eldest brother Renny, he runs away from home, and arrives in New York. He seeks out his sister-in-law, Alayne, who is working there, having left her husband, Eden, on account of the latter's unfaithfulness. Alayne helps Finch, and finds a job for him; but when the family at Jalna learn of the boy's whereabouts his uncle Ernest is dispatched to persuade him to return home.

In our next visit abroad, we shall not dare to look at Notre-Dame de Paris or Westminster Abbey for fear of instantly discovering that they are shameless frauds.

CONCORD, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was both impressed and enlightened by Mr. Mather's method of detecting artistic forgeries as set forth in his article, 'Art and Authenticity,' in your March number, and at once applied it to the impressions brought home from a recent trip to Europe, with startling results.

According to Mr. Mather (I condense, but not, I think, with any sacrifice of accuracy): —

'The masterpiece never has overtly prima-donna manners; it does not "knock you out," but keeps a certain aloofness, waiting in dignity upon your understanding. No authentic masterpiece has the kick, the exciting quality, the insistent charm, characteristic of the successful forgery. The forgery is aggressively effective, completely engrossing, demands to be accepted instanter for itself alone, does not consent to be compared with anything else, fills one's entire æsthetic horizon.'

Applying this test to our party's reactions before certain so-called masterpieces, we were able to nail as probable forgeries: —

The 'Hermes,' at Olympia, attributed to Praxiteles.

'The Night-Watch,' at Amsterdam, attributed to Rembrandt.

'Girl Reading a Letter,' at Dresden, attributed to Vermeer.

'Las Meninas,' at Madrid, attributed to Velasquez.

'The Burial of . . .' (I forget who), an altarpiece at Toledo, attributed to El Greco.

'Descent from the Cross,' at Antwerp, attributed to Quentin Matsys. (Rubens's 'Descent,' as I remember, stood up nobly under the test.)

'Crucifixion,' at San Marco in Florence, attributed to Fra Angelico — a most convincing example of the insistent charm characteristic of the successful forgery.

'Laughing Cavalier,' Wallace Collection, London, attributed to Franz Hals.

The so-called Byzantine Mosaics at Ravenna.

The third on the list, the 'Girl Reading a Letter,' is a remarkable example of the 'knock-out' theory, since a good deal of a certain sort of dexterity must have been required to impart a thrill by such simple means — a small picture of a not particularly prepossessing young woman reading an apparently commonplace letter in not particularly interesting surroundings. This picture is also of interest as being of the 'handy size' commonly affected by producers of and dealers in forgeries.

The fifth, the altarpiece at Toledo, is interesting as possessing the 'prima donna,' 'knock-out' quality to a superlative degree, a quality conspicuous by its absence in El Greco's genuine works, which may emphatically be said to 'wait upon one's understanding in dignified aloofness.'

I feel that in thus fearlessly applying this simple touchstone provided by Mr. Mather I am doing a great service to the vast army of purposeful American tourists, since their time is usually limited and many of these so-called masterpieces are off the beaten track, the 'Hermes' most inconveniently so.

M. A. A.

Mr. Calkins's paper, 'Virgin Territory for Motor Cars,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, has met with the recognition which seems always to attend his imaginative grasp of practical problems. But there were dissenters!

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I could not believe at first that Mr. Calkins was serious in his article in the March *Atlantic*. What a perfectly horrible idea to urge more roads and more automobiles! Life would then be utterly intolerable. There is no hope of teaching tourists good manners (I was born in California) and there *must* be some inaccessible places of beauty left for that true appreciation which comes only with effort in reaching them.

Sincerely yours,
ROMAINE L. POINDEXTER

Readers who have stood by the *Atlantic* for several years past will remember some earlier papers of Mr. Calkins which were later gathered into a book entitled *Louder Please! The Autobiography of a Deaf Man*. Mr. Calkins recently received an appreciative letter from which we quote the following paragraphs.

DEAR MR. CALKINS: —

Your delightful book, *Louder Please!* came to me late yesterday afternoon for the first time. Taking it up at bedtime, the next thing I know is that the telephone is ringing; it is 7.30 A.M., time to get up and face another day! But in the several hours' interval I have read your book, and made it mine! What a wealth of reminiscence is yours, so delightfully and so adequately told. Of your boyhood, the scant mention you make of places nevertheless brought back to memory the several jaunts that I have taken through the

State of Illinois. In my various wanderings to and fro on the earth, several times have I been in Galesburg, know Knox College, and often marveled at the number of Knox graduates who have come out and on and up in the world — perhaps in proportion to the number of students a larger number than many of the older and more famous institutions can show. Is it that the somewhat repellent face of the earth in that section — somehow I have always seen it in the late spring — leads a man to rely more upon the inner than the outer surfaces of life?

And of course I knew John Phillips and Colonel S. S. McClure. My first contact with Colonel McClure was in my husband's office, in the old New York Sun Building, when he was syndicating Rudyard Kipling's work in leading American newspapers. Having known the Kipling family in India (and maintained a friendship with Alice Kipling, later Mrs. Fleming, that has lasted through many changes and chances of life for both of us), Colonel McClure asked me to write an article, and he used that as a sort of proem, or preface, to the syndicated Kipling stories.

Your mention of the breakfast food Force makes me want to ask if you recall Ralph Tilton, who had something or other (I don't quite recollect what) to do with that. A curious happening was that one afternoon, quite by accident, I introduced Ralph and Henry Ward Beecher II to each other. After my husband's death I made my home with the Beechers, and, although there is no kinship, either by blood or by marriage, we adopted each other as uncle and aunt and niece. Quite a friendship struck up between Harry Beecher (grandson of the famous preacher) and Ralph Tilton, son of Theodore, which was ended only with Ralph's sudden and tragic death.

On page 170, your mention of 'Polly' Chase and the Pink Pajama Girl takes me back to those days when I was running a fashion syndicate and she was one of my models. I had known her mother in Washington; and she asked me to use any influence I might have in Pauline's favor. Others in that same association were Elsie Ferguson; the present Mary Pickford (then Gladys Smith, and with her whole family appearing as extras in Frances Starr's play, *The Rose of the Rancho*, antedating by several years the acknowledged extra work in *The Warrens of Virginia*); her mother as a dresser; Mabel Normand, who was really the one responsible for that group going into pictures; the Gish girls and their mother, who likewise assisted as a dresser on occasion; the now Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and her sister; rarely Norma Talmadge; and many others who held their place in the public eye for a space. It was in a subsidized effort to promote pajamas for women that Pauline came to wear a pink pair around the studio; and when Charles Dillingham — 'I knew him when' he was the dramatic critic of the old *Evening Sun* — put on *The Liberty Belles* at the little old Madison Square Theatre on 24th Street I had him drop in at the studio to see Pauline wear the pajamas and to select the dishabille costumes (delightful paradox!) for that play.

But this must come to an end. All sorts of delightful reminiscences came to mind in reading your book; and, being almost entirely of the forward-looking folk, it has been many, many years since such a Niagara of the past presented itself.

Admiringly yours,

VALERIE YORKE BELL

Comments on Mr. Traquair's thesis that men in America are not (at present) having a fair chance to live and enjoy themselves seem to have come solely from feminine readers.

CROOKSTON, MINNESOTA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Do men to-day in America have a better opportunity for the full, rich development of their lives than women?' asks the author of 'The Regiment of Women' in the March *Atlantic*. Then he undertakes to show that the situation is rather the reverse.

Such a novel point of view is refreshing and humorous, but if one were to take everything that Mr. Traquair says seriously, the only solution to his problem would be some scheme like that of King Ferdinand of Navarre, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* — to renounce the pleasures of society, to attend sedulously to the culture of the mind, and to separate one's self entirely from the company of females. If women are no fit teachers for boys, and if college men are distracted in a mixed class, and, finally, if women are the cause of the materialism of this age, the only thing for man to do is to seek some secluded place where, unmolested, he may develop his superior creative imagination and abstract thought.

Mr. Traquair claims that from past experience it can be shown that creative imagination and abstract thought are manly qualities, while organization and administration are womanly ones, and hence, in this woman-made world, materialism reigns.

That theories must have a scientific basis before we can believe in them is one of the less deplorable features of our materialistic age. Mr. Traquair's theory does not have a scientific basis. The best psychologists do not support him in ascribing different character traits to the sexes. Alfred Adler, for example, says that there is no

foundation for the differentiation of 'manly' and 'womanly' character traits. The old idea that man is more highly sexed than woman is as obsolete as the notion that woman is by nature purer than man. Politics have not been cleaned up since woman entered them; did Mr. Traquair really expect them to be? *Is* man more passionate than woman, or does he just *behave* that way, just as woman has been purer because purity has been expected of her?

Nor does his theory have an historic basis, even though he says that it does. If Mr. Traquair has among his acquaintances a woman with three or four small children, he probably knows that she, at least, has little chance for developing creative talent along artistic lines. And then, if he should recognize the fact that marriage has been considered the only respectable occupation for woman, he could hardly point to history as the source of his conclusion that woman is doomed to mediocrity by a natural inferiority. (Certainly administration and organization are mediocre as compared to creative genius!) Woman's place has been in the home, and, while many splendid things can be said for the home, a life confined to its narrow limits is hardly stimulating to expression. Universities have been open to women for only fifty years. How well qualified is an uneducated woman, whose place is and always has been in the home, to express Life? She might write fantasies, but even imagination necessitates a certain breadth of experience.

I have heard the materialism of our decadent age attributed to various causes, but never before have I heard woman blamed for modern man's craze for money making. If woman had really been behind this overvaluation of money, then man has shown himself a most docile pupil. He has been surprisingly amiable in sublimating his creative genius for the sake of woman's mercenary ambitions. Think of the Rhapsodies that Rockefeller might have composed, had not some organizing and administrating woman trained all his intellectual tastes out of him!

GENEVIEVE LORING

Who can doubt the utility of the cowboy's costume when even a President has worn it?

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having had some experience in sheep herding, I read with a great deal of interest the articles on sheep tending by Archer B. Gilfillan in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

And then I turned to the Contributors' Column and was dismayed to read the following statement from Mr. Gilfillan's pen: —

'In this age of debunking, the one person that needs debunking most of all is the cowboy — that is, if you can debunk someone who has ceased to exist.'

I have herded sheep and stand ready to support the authenticity of Mr. Gilfillan's observations of their habits and conduct, and of the descriptions he so graphically drew of the sheep herder's lot. But I have also herded cattle, and have been a cowboy, — high-heeled boots, leather chaps, spurs, and all, — and I, at least, have not ceased to exist.

The cowboy to-day is more numerous by far than the sheep herder. True, the open, fenceless range is gone forever, and gone, too, the trail herds and the great round-ups. But the cattle still roam millions of acres of forest and plain, tended by legions of hard-riding, hard-working cowboys.

The cowboy still rides his bucking horses, for horses must be broken, and nearly every colt will buck when first ridden. He still is expert with rope and branding iron.

Mr. Gilfillan states further: 'There is a traditional dislike between the sheep herder and the cowboy, and there is abundant reason for it. The cowboy has been romanticized and all but translated. The herder has been correspondingly vilified, and with just as little reason.'

The dislike existing between the men of the two occupations had its origin in the old lawless days when sheep first encroached on the land the cattleman believed was his by right of conquest. The sheep tramped out the cowman's water holes and ate the grass down so short that the cattle could not reach it. The cowboy immediately retaliated by slaughtering the sheepman's flocks, killing his herders and burning his wagons — instituting a reign of terror in an effort to drive the woolies from his pastures.

The result was a deep and bitter hatred that exists to this day, and which even now sometimes bursts forth in open warfare.

The moving picture and storybook cowboy seems to have no work to do, but spends his employer's time riding madly in pursuit of bandits and heroine kidnappers, or in shooting out all the arc lights in Main Street.

When he is not engaged in either of these thrilling pastimes, he is playing cards for unbelievably large stakes, and shooting the villain who slipped in an extra ace.

This romanticized type of cowboy does not, and never did, exist. The real cowboy, as he exists to-day in several of our Western states, is one of the hardest-working individuals in the world.

His costume is picturesque, but each article of his clothing is a necessary part of his equipment. His chaps prevent the brush and mesquite from tearing the trousers from his legs; the high heels

prevent his foot from slipping through the stirrup; his spurs are to make his horse behave; the wide brim of his hat protects his face from the sun and wind, and the crown is very high in order to afford an air pocket above the hair, giving a coolness not known to those who wear low-crowned hats. The neck scarf, not worn now as much as in earlier times, is warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and may be pulled up over the nose and mouth to protect the lungs from dust stirred up by trampling herds.

Not one article of the cowboy's equipment is worn as a decoration, or for vanity's sake. Each part of his clothing is as necessary to him in his occupation as are hammers, saws, and chisels to the carpenter. That the cowboy's particular brand of equipment happens to be picturesque and appealing is no fault of his own.

In reality the cowboy's life is hard, monotonous, and unremunerative, disagreeable and, at times, exceedingly dangerous. Ten to fourteen hours a day in the saddle, in all sorts of weather; three changes of horses a day (for the animals tire out, but the cowboy is not supposed to); hastily eaten meals of coarse food, and a bed on the ground, which may or may not be dry.

The cowboy will continue to exist in large numbers just as long as the West is blessed — or cursed — with millions of acres of land unfit for cultivation, or for anything else except pasturing the herds of cattle that help feed the world.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY RUBINCAM, JR.

'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' We knew Dr. Sullivan's standing, and judged ourselves of the merits of his paper, but we were not informed of the course of his life.

BILLINGS, MONTANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the March number of the *Atlantic* appears an article entitled 'Our Spiritual Destitution,' by William L. Sullivan. The writer places his finger upon the pulse of fevered America, and diagnoses the disease with the skill of a great physician. One feels like shouting for joy at the Jovian thrusts hurled at the professorial Messiahs who provide new religions overnight. More than one part of their anatomies must have tingled at the sound spanking administered.

But I have a complaint, not of the writer, but of you. I turned with eagerness to the Contributors' Column to learn something more of this modern prophet with the passion of an Isaiah and the bluntness of John the Baptist, and you supply the following information: 'William L. Sullivan, protesting against the ease with which new religions are summoned from the vasty deep by the academicians, reminds us of Hotspur's rejoinder to Glendower.' Now I maintain that this is not scholarly self-restraint on your part. It is an impertinent reticence. Wantonly to tantalize as you do in this instance is not fair. Certainly it is legitimate for your readers to desire a few biographical details. Even the New Testament with its impressive reticences at least supplies the information that a certain prophet of that day 'had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.' I am not asking what breakfast food our modern prophet favors, nor am I curious as to his habiliments even in this day of changing fashions, but I do confess to a curiosity as to his mental diet and by the banks of what Jordan his habitat is to be found.

DOUGLAS MATTHEWS

Mr. Sullivan is himself reticent, as a prophet should be; but there is no mistaking the prophetic note in the letter he writes us.

MT. GRETNA, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR EDITOR, —

You are kind indeed in wishing to know a detail or two concerning me, and I thank you and the readers of the *Atlantic* who have shown this generous interest. There is little, however, to tell. I can indeed hardly imagine a more meagre subject for biography. I am a Christian minister; for the present retired, not through age or other infirmity, but simply seeking in a wooded solitude in Pennsylvania an opportunity to pursue studies upon which the roaring life of cities has closed and banged the door these many years.

There's the whole thing, and for outer incident what could be less? But while I am about it, let me pass from outer incident to inner conviction. I feel that the extinction of the primary trust of the human soul in an eternal Perfection, an extinction preposterously asserted in the name of science, and preposterously compensated by a comfortable earthly paradise populated by the doomed, means the senility of civilization, the ruin of genius, and the decay of character. And with these sharp words, which may, perhaps, reveal more of your contributor than any amount of inconsequential detail, I end my answer to your inquiry.

My response, however, to the unknown friends who have asked for a word about me must have a different end. Through you they have brought into this lonely and quiet cottage the sense of presences warm and friendly and fragrant. I am deeply touched by it and very grateful.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1929

ON LIVING IN ENGLAND

Informal Suggestions to a Young Frenchman

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

You are going to a far country, not in distance (actually it is not as far as from Paris to Lyons), but in ideas and in customs. You are going to live in a difficult and mysterious land. During the first days you will think: 'This is a hopeless undertaking; I shall never learn to know them; they will never understand me; the gap is too wide to be bridged.' Don't be discouraged. You will find that you can bridge it. Bear in mind that when they have accepted you, they will be your most faithful friends. Read Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert*, and you will see there how this Englishman made his way back alone through a dangerous desert to look for an unimportant Arab left behind by the caravan. Such is the friendship of the best of them. I put it to the test myself during the war. It is well worth the trouble needed to obtain it. Remember too that the difficulty is only apparent; you need only observe a small number of rules not to shock the English.

Clothes

Two rules only: dress as they do; dress simply. As they do, because they are conformists. If you play golf in riding breeches, if you attend a regimental dinner in knickerbockers, you will shock and grieve them. But you will shock them still more if you have the bad taste to be overdressed. In France, no clothes can be too faultless, no shoes too new. Miss Harrison, in her *Reminiscences of a Student's Life*, speaks of her pleasure when she saw the Duke of Devonshire receive his honorary degree from Cambridge with his shoes so full of holes that his socks showed through. She writes, 'That, I felt, was really ducal.' Don't imagine that in London you should dress like the Englishmen you have seen on their travels. In London, an Englishman is at home. Be like him: dress as you would in Paris.

Conversation

Until you find your depth, it will be wise to say little. No one will object to your silence. When you have been speechless for three years, they will begin to think: 'He is a pleasant, quiet sort.' Be unassuming. An Englishman will say, 'I have a little house in the country.' When he invites you to visit him, you will find that his little house is a castle of three hundred

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rooms. If you are a world champion in tennis, say, 'Yes, I don't play badly.' If you have crossed the Atlantic alone, say, 'Yes, I do a little boating.' If you have written books, don't say anything. In time they will discover you for themselves. They will say, smiling, 'I have found out something about you,' and then you will know that you have been accepted. If they treat you unjustly (that will happen, for they are sometimes unjust), go straight to them and tell them where you think they are wrong. Ten to one they will admit it. They play the game. If any man attacks France in your presence, counter-attack rudely. He will like you all the better.

Golden rule: never ask questions. I lived for six months in the same tent with an Englishman and shared his bathtub without his ever asking me if I were married, what I did in time of peace, or what books I liked to read. If you try to impart confidences, they will be heard with polite indifference. Don't talk too freely about other people. Gossips exist in England as elsewhere, but they are at once more rare and more dangerous. There is no middle ground between silence and scandal. Silence is preferable.

Don't imagine that your intellectual standing will give you the least prestige, except in a very small set in London and in the universities. Only one thing matters: your character. I don't believe that you can even imagine the scorn in which a certain type of Englishman holds all literary interests. You are entering the one country in which a man will say frankly to a writer: 'Books? I've never read one. Whenever I try, I find that I don't remember anything I read. So what's the use?' They will leave you free to read, and will make fun of you gently, as they would make fun of a collector of rhinoceros horns. But they would understand better the taste for rhinoceroses.

Yesterday evening I was trying to talk to a young Englishman, who had just spent two years at Cambridge, of the notable professors I knew there. He had never heard their names. 'That's natural,' he told me. 'I took up rowing at once, and when you go in for that seriously, you move in a very narrow circle.' And then he complained of the new generation who, corrupted by dancing and by 'two-seaters,' 'refuse,' as he said, 'to work for their college.' On his lips the expression 'to work' surprised me. I questioned him. He meant 'play Rugger.' I was reassured.

Beside this type, the 'athlete,' you must learn to recognize the type 'æsthete.' The distinction has been nicely drawn by Jean Fayard.[1] In the little intellectual set I mentioned you will for a long time feel yourself inferior. Cultivated Englishmen are rare, but their culture is exquisite, their epigrams are quick and subtle, their taste correct and exacting. They are disdainful and delightful — a dangerous combination for your self-esteem. You will long to please them and will find it very hard to adopt the right tone. The proper approach lies in a mixture of nonchalance and preciosity. Write an essay on cocktails and another on the Chinese poets. Proust will form a serviceable link for you with this literary set, when you have come to know them well. He is the only great Frenchman who touches them nearly. In your reading they will be your guides. I should recommend Forster, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett, all the Sitwells. The novels of Maurice Baring will give you a true conception of the *côté Racine* of the English world.

When you wish to convince Englishmen, do not reason too well. Being

[1] In a novel, *Oxford et Margaret.* — EDITOR

French, you believe everything gained when you have proved your point. But it is a matter of indifference to them whether they have logic on their side or not. On the contrary, they distrust an argument that is too conclusive. At Geneva, when our delegates brought forward the disarmament protocol, they rejected it because it was clear. 'It won't work,' they declared. What they like is a polity tested by time; they like old saws, ancient customs. To induce them to do something new, show them that they have always done it. Resign yourself to giving your logic a rest while you stay in England.

Occupation

Don't work too hard. Above all, don't be what the English call 'fussy.' Wait until you are requested to do things; don't rush into the breach. You ask me, 'Are they lazy?' A little, perhaps; but the truth is that they think it ostentatious to be too busy. Consider their stride — rather slow, immoderately long. It is thus that they advance in life. They don't believe in hustling destiny. In the army they used to say to me, 'Never refuse a job; never ask for one.' They are ambitious, as we all are, but they know how to conceal it.

Law

Don't commit murder in England. You will be hanged. Before a French jury, if you have some imagination, a romantic air, and a good lawyer, you can, without much effort, save your skin. These dozen Englishmen will listen with outraged surprise while you describe your sentimental agonies and will condemn you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. It is true that they once acquitted a French murderess, but she had only killed an Egyptian. Be discreet, shun their law courts. Their judges are terrible, and will take your guilt for granted before you have opened your mouth. Their lawyers cross-examine with such diabolical cleverness that you will swear you have stolen the Nelson Column to escape from their hail of questions. Remember that respect for law is more intense there than elsewhere. In England 'Keep off the grass' does not mean 'Walk where you please.'

Food

Before you go, you are sure to be warned against English food. It is true that cooks and chefs are not as good there as in France. But if you know how to manage your appetite wisely, you can dine to perfection. In England there are two excellent meals, breakfast and tea; one mediocre, lunch; one bad, dinner. Save yourself for the first two. Learn to enjoy unfamiliar pleasures: porridge, haddock, marmalade. At lunch, refresh yourself from the great roast of gory beef or the admirable rosy ham. With a manly air, refuse dessert. Say firmly, 'I don't care for sweets.' In England, one shop out of every two is a confectioner's, and yet the English despise sweets. Leave them to children and women.

Make their drinks your own. Whiskey, they will tell you, is the thing to drink, and they are right. It will leave your mind clear, your speech distinct, and your body warmed. Their beers are good, but beware of drinking them as you would drink our *bière du Nord*. During the war the Tommies used to tell me sorrowfully, 'You can't get drunk on French beer!' That may be true, but don't forget that a Frenchman can get tipsy on English beer. Accept their champagne; they are good judges. School yourself to drink a cocktail before dinner, several wines during dinner, port after dinner, and whiskey at ten in the evening. You

will make little progress in their esteem if you remain a water drinker. Disraeli, when he was talking with Bismarck, forced himself to smoke, although it made him sick. 'At such a time,' he said, 'the man who does n't smoke has the look of keeping his eye on the other.' You will soon take pleasure in smoking, and their port, very dry, is excellent.

But above all, observe and enjoy the general spectacle. You will like the countryside, which seems to have been composed by Constable, by Gainsborough. You will like the gardens, a little wild; the lawns, clipped and rolled. You will like London, which, in its gray or golden fog, with a red splotch for a bus and a black one for a policeman, seems an immense Turner. You will like the theatres, with their comfortable stalls, their pretty ushers, their short intermissions. You will like the bookshops, as motley and attractive as fruit stores with their exotic wares, and you will like especially the books . . . but don't say so.

SITTING ON DYNAMITE

BY RUSSELL BOOKHOUT

I

I HAD just returned to Seattle from several weeks of bridge building and mountain climbing at Mount Rainier. My appetite and weight had expanded, but my pocketbook was rather flat. Since, however, I had landed in Seattle for the first time the previous year with a lone nickel in the pocket of a pair of torn overalls, and now I should be able to leave the city for California with two dollars in the pocket of a complete hiking outfit, I considered the year well spent.

A person willing to work at rough labor need have no fear of empty pockets while on the road. Lumber camps, construction outfits, and road gangs provide bed and board for their employees. The same is true of farmers and mine operators. I expected to land a ten-day job soon after leaving Seattle, and when the money earned at that had carried me as far as it could I would get another job. Several hundred thousand men are traveling about the country every year doing this.

I was well equipped. My trunks were stored in Seattle, and all I carried with me was a lumberjack's 'turkey' containing blankets, a change of work clothes, toilet articles, and a clean shirt and trousers. I felt no need of a dinner jacket. I wore an O. D. shirt, breeches, and leggins that remained from my army outfit. I did without a cap. One motorist who gave me a lift said that since I wore no cap he could get a good look at my face and decide whether it was safe to pick me up. I never had to ask for rides; usually motorists picked me up of their own accord.

Rides are hardest to get where traffic is thick. I bought a ticket on the boat going down the Sound to Tacoma, whence the Pacific Highway led to California. My pile dropped to less than a dollar-fifty.

Tacoma is still a lumberman's town. Extensive forests of giant spruce and Douglas fir surround it. The more easily logged-off lands were slashed a generation earlier, but many stands of virgin timber are still scattered over the near-by hills. The second-growth trees would make an Easterner think of the early forests of Wisconsin. Wherever one looks in either summer or winter he sees the green of tree-clad hills.

Beyond the city I had my first lift. A light truck covered with brown tarpaulin stopped beside me. On the canvas were the letters U. S. A. Two young soldiers on the driver's seat made room for me, mistaking me for a national guardsman returning to camp. They were regulars from the 10th Field Artillery, at Camp Lewis, about twenty miles south of Tacoma. In return for this information I told them that I had been in the service at summer camps back East, and was now heading for California.

The concrete of the Pacific Highway extended mile after mile through second-growth timber. Most of the land was unfenced, and the trees stood about in beautiful park-like clusters. Puget Sound was near enough so that we could catch occasional glimpses of its island-dotted waters, with the snow-capped Olympic Mountains on the farther side. To the east were the jagged white ridges of the Cascades. The cone of lofty Mount Rainier stood out boldly above the lower summits. I tried to trace on it the contours that marked Paradise Valley.

During the war Camp Lewis had been one of the most important of the army encampments. Now it was half torn down. Row after row of brown frame barracks and supply depots stretched across a sandy flat. Roofs were caved in; windows were broken; torn screen doors sagged on rusty hinges. A small section of the camp was in good order. That was where the regulars and the national guards stayed.

The soldiers had a mess table to stick their legs under, but I was not so fortunate. It would be necessary for me to slaughter a few buffalo nickels before I could eat. Two men were repairing a side track on a railroad that paralleled the highway. Crossing to them, I inquired for the nearest roadside store or lunchroom.

'Nisqually is about two miles on down the road,' said one of the section men. 'Or you might go back about a quarter of a mile to Green Park. Then there is Dupont a little ways down this side road. You can see the houses from here.'

Nisqually was on the road to California. This was the third attempt I had made to reach the land so much advertised; twice I had failed. No voice whispered in my ear that my immediate future would depend on my choice of a place to buy 'hot dogs.' Through the fir trees I could see a few of the houses of Dupont. Why was it so far off the main road?

The isolation of the settlement drew me toward it. A number of small bungalow houses all of the same general type lined the main street and two side streets. They were neat, but lacked the pretty individualisms that grace private homes. A few houses were larger than the others. These were set a little apart, with well-tended lawns and flower beds.

An attractive general store stood on a corner lot near the upper end of the village. I entered it, hunted up the bakery counter, and ordered something to eat. A young clerk wrapped up cinnamon rolls and a length of sausage for me.

'You are a new man, are n't you?' observed the clerk. 'Are you going on the powder line?'

'I'm new enough to this place,' I answered. 'I just came off the Pacific Highway. What powder line are you talking about?'

'Oh, I thought you were working for the company,' he said. 'The Dupont Company makes dynamite here. They have a plant near the Sound, and this is a company village. One of their mixing houses burned down this morning. They are putting on new men to clear up the wreckage and rebuild the house, and I thought you might be one of them.'

All that 'listened good' to me. A week's work, plus a week's pay, minus a week's board bill, would suit me. When further questioning brought out information that the company ran a hotel for bachelors, I set off down the street looking for an employment office, which I found on the first floor of the hotel. It was closed. The landlady told me that the manager was in Tacoma taking care of men injured in the morning's fire.

'If it is work you want, better stick around until to-morrow morning,' she said. 'You are sure to get a job. Several men have quit; some always do after every accident on the powder line. Men will be needed on the labor gang to take the place of those who move up to make powder. The manager will be here again about eight to-morrow morning.'

Four-thirty was quitting time at the plant. By five o'clock the street was full of autos. Later, I found that there were more autos than families in the village. Wages were high, and the people had decided to live while they remained alive. Men streamed into the hotel, passed their lunch kits to the chef, and washed up for supper. The plant was too far away for the men to return for dinner, and all carried lunches.

About forty unmarried men lived at the hotel. I noticed they were older than the run of migratory workers; the average age was about thirty-five. Most of the men were former hoboes, soldiers, or lumberjacks about ready to settle down. Powder making is no work for a man anxious to have a secure job. Any day it is apt to move away from him; quite often with him. Most of the men took their continued existence as a matter of course. They married local girls, and rented a house from the company. Some bought houses just outside the company's territory.

The supper I sat down to that night was the best I ever ate in a company hotel or camp. It surpassed most hotel cooking. The cook had been a chef on ocean liners. Now past middle age, he was willing to settle down near his family, who lived in Tacoma. The stability of labor among the unmarried men at Dupont was due in no small measure to the table he set. I had intended to stay only a week, but many months passed before I left.

II

Next morning I met the employment manager. Six other migratory workers and I were examined superficially by the company doctor and pronounced serviceable. We signed a number of papers. One was an acknowledgment that we knew the work was dangerous to life and limb; another gave company officials the right to search us and our belongings at any time for matches or other material dangerous to powder manufacturing.

The manager made no bones about the nature of the work. Two men had been burned the day before, one so badly he would die. As maintenance men we should be in little danger. We were not to carry matches or lighters into the grounds, but we could use our ordinary work clothes and shoes.

As it was late, he took us up to the plant in his car.

We rode for a mile or so through a beautiful forest of second-growth timber. The road emerged into a fire clearing, down the centre of which extended a high woven-wire fence topped with several barbed wires. The fencing stretched to the right and left out of sight. All the plant was protected by it. It was more a warning of danger than a barrier against trespassers.

A closed gate that guarded the entrance was operated by a gatekeeper from inside a house. Along the road outside the gate were boxes on posts, containing matches for the convenience of smokers leaving the plant at quitting time. While at work, most of the men chewed 'snoose' (snuff).

The grounds owned by the Dupont Company comprised several thousand acres. Most of it was second-growth woodland that lay between the Pacific Highway and Puget Sound. Ships owned by the company brought nitrate direct from Chile to the plant dock. As we drove farther into the grounds I could see little houses scattered about in the woods. Those housing dynamite powder, or machinery for manufacturing it, were protected by thick earthen embankments, called 'bear cages.' At the bottom these were more than a dozen feet thick. The tops were three feet wide, and as high as the second-story roofs. The bear cages were pierced by several exits.

For safety's sake the manufacturing process was greatly subdivided, each operation being carried on in separate houses by as few men as possible. The houses were spaced at intervals of more than a city block, and the powder in process of manufacture was carted from house to house on a narrow-gauge railroad. All the bulk powder was handled by man power. The small cars were pushed by men.

Manufactured goods, raw material, and supplies were moved by electric locomotives. A central heating plant distributed steam, water, electricity, and compressed air to all the buildings. The maintenance force comprised section men, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, and many skilled mechanics, in addition to the labor gang.

My first job was to assist in clearing up the wreckage from the previous day's fire. The house had been consumed. Wherever the bear cage's retaining wall of plank had been partially destroyed, the earth had caved in, burying the timbers. Some which we dug out were still smouldering. The lumber was thrown in the centre of the clearing and burned. The scrap iron that remained from the burned building, and the machinery, were piled alongside the railway for later removal.

The bear-cage walls were leveled to make room for the new retaining walls of concrete.

Andy Christenson and his partner had been working together in the mixing house when it caught fire. Andy was a short, chunky Swede with a laughing quip for everybody. Nothing melancholy about him. I have forgotten the last name of his partner. It is on a tombstone now. Andy's is n't, but it deserves to be put where all may honor it.

Andy and John were alone in the house. They were engaged in mixing unused war powder into a composition for farm blasting purposes. They took dry, ground powder, filler, and liquid nitroglycerine and dumped them together in a circular trough. In the centre of this was a post supporting a pivoted cross beam like the front axle of a car. On either end of the beam was a huge wheel, which looked like an overgrown auto wheel. These wheels circled round and round in the trough, mixing the ingredients for the

dynamite. Power was supplied by an electric motor placed outside the house for safety.

Tiny wheelbarrows stood about to receive the mixed powder. Two doors and two safety windows — French windows that open on impact — gave egress from the building to the space between the house and the bear cage. The bear cage was pierced by two openings for the trolley that brought the filler and by one for the narrow-gauge railway.

It is seldom that the cause of an explosion or fire can be found definitely. When the 'big noise' happens, everything goes, including men and evidence. A fire is usually as bad. Place a man in a room where everything is dusty with dry powder, including the air; add several hundred pounds of loose powder and a tankful of N. G. (nitroglycerine), introduce a spark anywhere, and a fire hotter than any burning oil well is the instantaneous result.

Andy lived to tell the tale of that fire. He and his partner had a batch in the trough with the mixing wheels revolving round and round in it. The wheels were pressing the powder down and then scraping it away from the sides of the trough. The men were joking. John was standing across the trough from Andy and near the wheelbarrows. Between them were the wheels, stirring up the powder. It was fascinating to watch them circle smoothly round and round. Andy was watching them that day — that is why he lived to tell the story.

A wheel circled past Andy in its endless track. He saw the smooth rim dip down into the trough, and rise from the powder. Then — a glow of fire on the rim as it rose. Some foreign substance had got into the powder and caused friction under the wheel. The spark multiplied on the rim and rained back into the powder-filled trough.

Andy yelled at his partner, whirled, and jumped through a safety window. Before he could rise to his feet everything inside the bear cage was flame-swept. Then he was running through a tunnel in the bear cage with his clothes burning off him.

While clearing up the wreckage the next day, I found the imprint of a man's shoe charred lightly into a tie a little distance from the mixing house. The footprint pointed back toward the mixing house. The men working with me crowded about; they looked at the footprint and then at the smouldering ruins. On the cinders beside the footprint was a bit of charred blue work shirt.

Yesterday Andy — young, cheerful, Scandinavian Andy — had stood momentarily on that tie with his shoes burning off his feet, with his clothes falling in charred fragments from his body. He had paused there in his flight to stand facing the fire. Loads of loose powder just mixed with N. G. were burning; the bear cage was a raging volcano spouting flames hundreds of feet into the air. Somewhere between the bear cage and the fiercely burning house was Andy's partner. He had stumbled over the wheelbarrows and fallen twice before he could get out of the mixing house. He was staggering about in that hell, blinded, beating against the earthen embankments, unable to find the opening that led to life. Andy heard him calling.

The other powder men running toward the fire from their houses saw the stocky youngster rub his hand across his face as though to clear his eyes. His hair and eyebrows were burned off; his body was blackened, and great burns lay under the black. He had just escaped by an infinitely narrow margin from a blaze that was literally melting everything it touched. Yet his partner had not escaped. He

was still in it and calling for Andy. In answer to that call Andy ran again into the terrific flames.

Then two smoking objects staggered out from the opening. The first was John, stumbling, falling, but ever shoved onward. Behind him came Andy, tearing off his friend's burning clothes with one hand and what remained of his own with the other.

The fire sirens were sending out warnings all over the plant. Men rushed out from their houses, lest theirs should be the next to go. Meanwhile capable hands were beating out the fire in the burning clothes. John was unconscious from the pain. Forgetful of his own injuries, Andy kept begging those aiding him to devote themselves to his friend. First aid was applied. Soon a swift motor car took the injured men to Tacoma, where doctors waited.

Months later Andy returned to the plant. We worked together shortly before I left Dupont. His face was uninjured, but inch after inch of his body had been skin-grafted. John did not return. He had remained in the flames too long for mortal flesh to survive. The day following the fire, death ended his suffering.

The Dupont Company was not forgetful of Andy's heroism. He was given five shares of Dupont common stock, and all his expenses at the hospital were paid. He also got his job back. He took it, and is still working there. He has joined the married men and has a home of his own. Perhaps he bosses it. He was a very brave man.

III

During the first week at Dupont, I worked at odd jobs about the plant. As soon as the wreckage was cleared up I was put on the concrete gang rebuilding a nitrate house. Some of the time I spent at the docks loading supplies on the dinky cars. The mountain trip had put me in good trim and I enjoyed the rough work. I had been given a good room at the hotel; grub was the best ever. I began to think about staying on at the plant for a month. A good road stake would be useful in California during the winter months.

But the pay on the labor gang was only four dollars a day. I knew that the men working on the powder lines got much more. Their work was lighter and their hours were shorter. The thought of danger did not bother me. If I lived, I should have the money for California. If I went up with the 'big noise,' I should need no money. I asked the civil engineer in charge of our gang to put my name on the waiting list for powder work. Before the week was over I was transferred to the powder-drying line.

A special outfit is provided for powder workers. Before I was allowed on the line the foreman took me to the supply house. The storekeeper passed out a pair of leather shoes. The heels were wooden-pegged, the soles were sewed on, and the laces nearly made me throw up my job. They were untipped, and what things I said while trying to get them through the small eyelets in the shoes!

The overalls and jumper were sans pockets. All metal was taboo. I was allowed to keep my work shirt, underwear, and socks, but the pockets were slit so that no friction-producing material could lodge in them. Metal belt buckles were ruled out. The powder men were provided with small change houses where they could shift from home clothes to powder clothes. These contained showers and wash basins, and we also used them for lunchrooms.

After the World War, much of the unused ammunition was shipped back

to the powder plants for transformation into peaceful forms. Most of it consisted of charges for the big guns. These charges were in the shape of short, rounded sticks about as big as a finger. They were dumped into a hopper, where knives cut them up. To neutralize fire hazards, a continuous stream of water flowed over the powder which was being reground. After the powder was ground fine the water was removed in centrifugal wringers. The damp powder was loaded on a car and pushed to the screening house. After screening, the powder was again loaded on trucks holding about a quarter of a ton. Three of these trucks were rolled on a car and pushed down the narrow-gauge railway to the drying houses.

My new job was with the gang that loaded the drying houses with wet powder and emptied them again when the powder was dry. Four drying houses overlooked the Sound. We could stand on the platforms of our houses and watch the steamers ploughing down to Olympia. The Nisqually River flowed into the Sound below us; its flats were covered with thousands of geese and ducks during the fall and spring. Far across the waters we could see the beautiful Olympic Mountains.

Each drying house had one main room, with four doors opening on a covered platform that lay between the house and the bear cage. Our only light in the house came from covered electric globes on the platform. The floor, like those in all powder houses, was covered with battleship linoleum. Nails were of soft copper. At the back of the house was a separate room containing an electric fan that forced air over steam pipes and on through the house. When we had a house charged with wet powder, we turned on the heated air. The powder would dry usually in a day, or a day and a half. Then we would shut off the heat, and sift the dry powder into fibre drums, which were weighed up and sent to the mixing house via the railway.

To charge a house, a truckful of powder would be wheeled inside. One man would take his place before it with a wooden scoop. His job was to spread evenly a scoopful of wet powder on a cloth-bottomed tray. His partner supplied him with empty trays and stacked the filled ones, which were placed on top of each other as high as one could reach. When charged, a house contained many tons of powder. There was little danger in charging a house, but when the powder was dry we watched our step.

The dry powder was like dust. We rubbed it through a screen to break up any lumps. Boy, how dusty the house became! We were lucky if we could see the sieve we were using. The air was choking. Our skins and clothing were coated with layers of the powder. We carefully avoided any friction, for the powder lay everywhere. No tray could be slid along another; drums were rolled carefully; we were even supposed to lift our feet when we walked.

Dusty powder was bad, but ground cordite was worse. Cordite is used on battleships. It looks like long strings of macaroni, with a hole in the centre to aid the firing blast. None of the men on the drying line had made any cordite during the war. We were puzzled at first to discover how such a long hole was rammed down the cordite. But an old-timer told us that the hole had always been there — they had merely built the cordite around it.

Neither powder nor nitroglycerine ever gave me a headache, but what a 'hangover' cordite left! The fumes from it were terrible. When a houseful of it was drying out, a dense yellow mist rolled up from the ventilators. It was so slow drying that we rushed its preparation. Often before the fumes

were all cleared out of the house we would start sifting it into the drums. Before one had been in the room a minute, pains began to stiffen the cords of the neck. The inside of one's head was a solid ball of suffering. After a while a numbness eased the pain. I never did get used to the stuff.

Our gang was charging a house one morning about a month after I went on the powder line. The trucker was slow, and many drums of dry powder were on the platform awaiting him. I was stacking trays. Between me and the door were loaded trucks of wet powder. Suddenly, as I faced the doorway, I felt a rush of air strike the back of my neck. It was the first blast of an explosion. I knew instantly what it meant. The only thought I had was, 'Here goes!' The next instant a heavy, dull boom rocked the building under us, and tore off a section of the roofing.

We remained alive. Since we were still there, the explosion must have been elsewhere. We had been struck only by the air sucked out by the vacuum following the blast. I seemed perfectly cool; I can't remember running, and I never could tell whether I went under or over the trucks. I could not have gone around them. The man filling my trays was between me and the door, yet as I stood on the platform watching a cloud of smoke and dust billow slowly above the near-by trees he came out from behind me and stood by my side. Not one of the men could afterward give a logical explanation of his exit from the house. We walked away from the building, for a brand from the explosion might start a fire in our house.

The direction of the smoke indicated that one of the Hall machines, for punching loose powder into dynamite casings, had gone up. We walked quickly up the track toward the scene of the explosion, which was about three city blocks from our line. Sticks and bits of dirt were falling around us from the drifting cloud of burnt powder, and we stopped about a block away. Fire was finishing the job. Our clothes were coated with dry powder and we did not dare go nearer. The bear cage had been leveled with the ground. A hole filled with burning rubbish was all that remained of the house.

That 'big noise' took only two lives. Big Albert Barnikan, the operator, had been with the company for fourteen years. He was unmarried, and the sole support of his mother. His helper, Stewart McDonald, had a wife and five children. McDonald's wife has since died and his children are at St. Anne's Home in Tacoma, under the joint care of the State and the Dupont Company. Three of his brothers have continued to work in the plant.

Several tons of powder had gone off in the Hall machine building, and considerable damage had been done throughout the plant. Windows were broken, doors and roofs torn off. Metal parts of the Hall machine were hurled half a mile away, some of them falling through surrounding buildings as though the roofs and upper floors were paper. Damage was reported as far away as South Tacoma, and the force of the blast traveled up a valley along the Sound. Other places near by were saved by intervening hills or forests.

Our first care was to collect what we could of the bodies of our friends. We took two small powder boxes. As far as we could identify the pieces, we put each man's remnants by themselves; the rest we divided equally between the two boxes. Naturally we obtained very little. What had not become pink mist was scattered for hundreds of yards. Enough was obtained so that each family could hold a funeral.

Accidents in powder factories may happen at any time, to anyone, but the

mortality over a period of years is small. It is much lower than in lumbering or construction work. Private companies offered insurance to the powder workers at normal rates. Hours were short, pay was good, the living expenses were at a minimum. The company rented bungalows as low as fifteen dollars a month, and stove wood was free for the cutting. Many of the men had gardens.

The employees maintained and governed a club, which any employee could join, though none was compelled to do so. The clubhouse comprised bowling alleys, billiard tables, a barber shop, library, and dance hall, and the families of the men used its conveniences as freely as their menfolks. The Dupont bowling teams competed with those in Tacoma.

A state graded school was provided for the children; those in high school were taken to Tacoma by a school bus. Village government was provided, according to state law, by all properly qualified voters. A motor drive to Tacoma could be made in less than an hour, and many of the residents attended the shows and entertainments there. Others went to Green Park, Olympia, or the skating rink. Mount Rainier could be visited any Sunday or holiday. Chowder, fishing, and hunting parties were commonly held along Puget Sound, which was within two miles of the village.

IV

With only one Hall machine left to make dynamite, the dry powder accumulated faster than it could be used. Blackie, an ex-sailor, and I were taken off the powder-drying gang and put on the dynamite line. Blackie was an old hand there, but it was all new and interesting to me. The Hall machine consisted of a number of wooden plungers that tamped loose powder into empty shells held by a drum and automatically fed into the back of the machine from light crates. A partial revolution of the drum placed a row of shells under the plungers, another movement, after they were filled, emptied them out into a tray. Powder was brought to the machine in little wheelbarrows similar to those John had stumbled over when the mixing house had burned. It was dumped on a conveyor that fed it to the plungers.

Sometimes we made giant cartridges for mining purposes, weighing several pounds. The Hall machine could not make them. They were filled by hand; the tops were folded over and then pounded into shape with a wooden mallet. All the powder dynamite was coated with paraffin. This was done in a building some blocks away, equipped with a big vat heated by steam pipes. The dynamite sticks were dumped from the truck into a wire-bottomed tray, which was lowered into the hot wax. After they were dipped and dried, they were packed in boxes for shipment.

One of the dipping houses had caught fire before I came to Dupont. All the sticks are supposed to be cleared out of the hot wax as soon as they are dipped and coated. Through carelessness several sticks fell unnoticed to the bottom of the vat, and remained there overnight. The men prepared for work as usual the next morning. Two loaded trucks were wheeled near the vat, and the steam was turned on to melt the paraffin. As the men moved about in the house while the wax became fluid, a slight explosion threw hot wax about the room. One of the half sticks had exploded at the bottom of the tank, but the force was too weak to set off the other sticks. Burning bits of paper lay like wicks on the hot wax.

The men ran into the open. No further explosion followed the first, but through the window one of the men,

Oscar Peterson, who afterward became drying boss, could see the burning vat with several hundred pounds of dynamite beside it. In disregard of orders he walked back into the house, shoved the trucks away from the blaze, then uncoiled a fire hose and put the fire out.

Another kind of dynamite was gelatine dynamite. No war powder was used in making this. It was made from nitroglycerine and gun cotton, mixed to a jelly in a machine that looked like a giant ice-cream freezer, and delivered warm to punching houses in the 'jelly' line. A machine functioning like a sausage stuffer punched shells full of it.

Blackie was told off to run one of the punching machines, and I was sent along as helper. This work was the best I had in the plant. The house was clean, which was wonderful after the dusty drying line and the Hall machine. Many of the men had headaches from the nitroglycerine, but it never bothered me even when I handled the most powerful mixtures. I remained on the jelly line as long as I stayed at the plant.

The process of making gelatine dynamite is the most risky in the plant, for the nitroglycerine used makes any concussion dangerous. If the jelly became cold, we had to send it back to be remixed, as it became stiff when chilled. If too much force was used in the machine to punch the stiff jelly, there was great danger of an explosion.

No one at Dupont could punch powder like Hunky John, who had been at it for seventeen years. He would stand near his machine on short, fat legs, his powerful hands grasping the shuttles. 'Now we hunky like hell,' he would tell Si Tippen, his helper. Then the shuttles would whirl swifter and swifter. He never seemed to hurry, but how the filled casings did pile up on the table!

One other friend I made on the jelly line — John Jecklin, a naturalized Switzer. In the gangs of migratory workers one finds men of every degree of schooling and previous social standing. Jecklin had been educated in famous German universities previous to the World War. He could read, write, and speak German, French, English, and Italian; he read ancient and modern Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. His knowledge of literature was profound. One of his happiest days was when he received permission to use the piano in the clubhouse; after work he would play Bach and Wagner by the hour.

During the World War, when all nations threatened Switzerland, he was mobilized into the Swiss service. After the Armistice he found books stale, and he came to America. Like many others he found a temporary resting place at Dupont.

While on the jelly line I spent some time in the jelly packing house. It was considered as safe a place to work in as any powder house can be, but we had a grim reminder of what our fate might be every time we went to work. Many tall trees grow about the plant, and one was near the packing house. A man from our gang stopped us by this tree one day and pointed to a white object hanging from an upper branch. It was in two sections, one thick, the other long and slender. They were joined together, and hung from either side of the branch.

'I have looked at that thing for the past month, but cannot tell what it is,' he said. 'Can any of you make it out?'

We walked about the tree, looking at the object from all angles. Finally one of the men discovered what it was. 'It is a thigh bone and part of a rib,' he said. 'Must be from either Big Albert or McDonald — probably Big Albert. It has hung there ever since the explosion last fall. Several years ago, when

we cut down trees near an old explosion, we found parts of skeletons in them.'

Men at the plant were carefully chosen. On their actions depended the lives of many others. Several were fired while I was there for breaking safety rules, and none of the other men objected; indeed, they sometimes forced the removal of a careless worker. One man was paid off because he could not remember to throw switches properly while trucking.

'A good thing he has gone,' said one old-timer. 'The boss did not care to see a repetition of what happened several years ago when we had to take any man we could get. A dippy guy was pushing powder up from the drying line to a mixing house. He tipped over two trucks of powder, which had to be burned. The foreman warned him that the next one to go over meant his discharge. Two days later the mixing house blew up, and the half-wit beat it. We found out later that he had tipped over a load of loose powder that day. He had scraped it back into the drums and had taken it to the mixing house so the boss would not know of his accident. Some gravel must have gotten in the powder and caused friction under the big wheels, just as it did with Andy.'

An explosion of the nitroglycerine house would have been the worst that could possibly have happened, for a pailful of nitroglycerine would completely wreck the national capitol. After nitroglycerine is made, it is piped to a storage house containing tanks that hold hundreds of gallons. Several very smooth sidewalks extend from there to the mixing houses, and a cart similar to those used by gasoline filling stations to hold lubricating oil is pushed along this way. It holds several gallons. The men call it the 'Angel Buggy' and the pusher 'Little Eva,' for the cart would surely take him to the angels if it ever got jarred.

One of the nitroglycerine storage houses nearly went up several years ago. The underbrush is carefully cleared out throughout the plant every year by the labor gang. Then it is burned, so that no fire can creep up to a house. That day the fire got out of control, through one of those acts of carelessness that cause most accidents. The N. G. foreman came running when the siren sent out its warning that the building was burning. He dragged a fire hose to the top of the bear cage and stood there with tons of one of the most powerful explosives in the world below him in the burning building. When he left, the fire was out.

V

Fall had gone, winter was past. Many men were leaving the plant for the Alaskan fisheries, and my feet itched to be again on the road. I would either finish my journey to California or take a look at Asia. I gave two weeks' notice, and instantly a howl arose from those working with me, because I intended to stay on two weeks after deciding to quit.

'You keep out of my house,' announced one big Swede. 'I would n't work with you from now on for any wages. Three boys were planning to go to Alaska several years ago, and they did not quit right off. They were going to have a big feed the night they quit. Two of them left the plant early that last afternoon — but they took a house along with them. No, sir; you keep as far from me as you can.'

I did not leave, however, until my two weeks were up, and no house accompanied me as I left the Dupont Powder Company's plant, satisfied as to why Dupont was remote from the highway.

'WE HAVE READ WITH INTEREST'

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

So much attention has been paid to the extraordinary development of the radio, motion-picture, and automobile industries that we have been inclined to overlook another form of production, singularly American, which in ten years' time has broken all existing records. If you drop in at a bootblack's the chances are that you will have your shoes shined in front of a high rack lurid with the covers of a hundred magazines. If you stop at the corner drug store you will probably find magazines occupying as much space as candy or cosmetics. If you go to the Greek's for some fruit you will see him reach into his window over a display stand of periodicals. And if you live in an apartment you will know what a frequent problem it is to get rid of the old numbers. Mr. Charles Walker, an associate editor of the *Bookman*, has computed that the aggregate number of copies of all magazines distributed each month in America is 275,000,000, or something over two copies a person. But, unlike other items of mass production, the magazine is still very much an individual creation: no two issues are alike, the parts are assembled from all over the country, and most of them are homemade.

Since graduation from college I have worked steadily with manuscripts. The magazine which I help to edit receives in the course of a year about forty thousand contributions, and to dispose of each within the customary fortnight my associates and I have to read an average of sixty a day. Each morning after the recording angel has done her work the bundles of fresh mail are brought up to our operating table — prose in one group, poems in another, manuscripts requiring a quick decision in a third. On the table stand three tin bread boxes into which the envelopes are stowed in the order of their coming. Then we settle down to read.

Forty thousand manuscripts from which to choose the three hundred and sixty which compose our twelve issues. This leaves 39,640 contributions to be returned to their authors. Despite a courteous rejection slip, the figure represents a fairly large sum of disappointment. Even more significant is the amount of ambitious and unprofessional writing which it represents. There are several hundred magazines of national circulation in the United States, and if each of them receives the same proportion of unavailable manuscripts as we it does not take a statistician to tell us that a great many people — 'doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs' — are writing in the time they can spare from their day's work. This is borne out by the fact that the bulk of the manuscripts comes to us in the summer months when vacations give everyone the chance to play author.

To judge sixty manuscripts a day requires about equal parts of curiosity, enthusiasm, and decision. By curiosity I mean a kind of hungry interest in the

written word, and by enthusiasm I mean that which sends you from one manila envelope to another with the perpetual hope of finding a leading article, and holds you fast to a discouraging paper till you are sure there is not a redeeming feature in it. Such curiosity is only human: it waxes, is keen and more critical, in the morning (an appropriate occasion for stout essays); is more kindly disposed after lunch (the right time for stories); and by mid-afternoon is waning and so the more receptive to the gentler charms of verse. As for one's decisions, — which are written on the envelopes themselves, — they have to be made for the most part with little hesitation. Making up one's mind every five or ten minutes can be a fatiguing business.

A reader's position is somewhat analogous to that of a doctor. Each writer has something on his or her mind, and as I read their temperature and feel their pulse I can tell fairly well whether the cases are important or only illusory. The former are discussed with the other readers and the editor; the latter are gently dismissed, and only the more puzzling remain to trouble one's sleep.

Looking back on several years of such practice, I find that my chair — with its padded seat — has been one of liberal education. The first-rate manuscripts have taught me much, the very bad a little, but the most interesting observations have been afforded by the papers which we have had to reject, the vast majority of which will probably never find their way into print. They express the contemporary state of mind in a way which I shall do my best to illustrate. And because my relation with these many writers has been of almost medical intimacy I shall take care to quote from no specific contribution, but instead shall make up my own typical illustrations.

II

Essays, short stories, poems — each in its way reflects the thought of the times, and of the three the essay's is the most direct reflection. Now the formal essay, with its nice phrasing and apt quotations, has been considerably altered to suit the present taste. Often for the better, as one will see in comparing Lowell's famous essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners' with Agnes Repplier's 'On a Certain Condescension in Americans.' We take less time and verbiage to say what we mean to-day, and with our most skillful writers the economy is achieved without dulling the edge of their words. But for every precise and hard-hitting essayist now alive there are a dozen pugnacious and careless 'article writers' who will undertake a crusade against any grievance or attempt to tip over any monument that an editor may suggest. Where the essay is formal and objective, the article is personal and full of objection. Articles make for controversy, which, in turn, makes many a magazine's reputation. And articles — particularly the more 'outspoken,' the more 'natural' — are easy to imitate. Both mediums to-day are stamped with the skepticism that prevails in most of our thinking, but instead of philosophizing on the beauties of autumnal woods, — or Browning, — as of old, your contemporary writer prefers to take a crack at Democracy, Higher Education, or Marriage.

The subjects naturally follow the trend of events. Revolution in China will bring us a hundred articles dealing quizzically with the Missions, the Treaties, or the Yellow Menace; long-distance flights are the occasion for several pounds of manuscripts on Aviation, just as every June graduation seems to bring into focus the problems of the Younger Generation. Year in,

year out, the subjects which weigh most heavily upon the public conscience are Prohibition and the conflict between Evolution and Fundamentalism. Every aspect of Prohibition is attacked and defended: identical statistics supply either side with the conclusion it desires; even the Bible is seemingly a two-edged sword. With Evolution there is less open hostility, the majority of the writers still striving to reconcile the two positions. The scientists, however, are very zealous to protect their research against gentlemen of Tennessee, and the Bryanites are equally determined to legislate 'this monkey business' out of the country. These keep up a steady sniping at each other the year round.

The critics of Fundamentalism have a habit of alluding to 'the waning power of the Church' — a charge which is fiercely debated in many quarters. A subject closely allied to this is the poverty of the clergy, a complaint in which not a few ministers and their wives raise anxious voices. Should the protest be aired, — as surely it deserves to be, — professors, schoolteachers, and their wives set to talking about *their* plight, and then young housewives chime in, decrying the 'high cost of babies,' and young college graduates denounce their low salaries. . . .

For it is fashionable to speak out. In times past the privilege may have been reserved for those who had climbed the Himalayas, made a million, or tutored the Prince of Siam. But to-day it needs but the simplest excuse for a writer to set off on a painstaking confession in which nothing is spared. The result is often highly interesting to the unacquainted reader, who may never have had a séance with the spirit of Washington, or have suffered the throes of bankruptcy or divorce. The subject matters little so long as the 'personal reactions' are frank and 'revealing.' Curiously enough, the revelation is consistently one of failure. An oppressive number of people seem to think that their inability to cope with a given situation entitles them to speak with the voice of authority. 'I am submitting at the usual rates,' writes the contributor, 'an article entitled "Why I Am a Nobody."' If one may judge from the confession magazines, nothing succeeds like failure.

Next to finding fault with one's self is the joy of finding faults in others. Nowhere is this more plainly to be seen than in current biography. Armed with a popular smattering of psychology and with a kind of tolerant cynicism, we write about our betters in a way to make them worse. In so doing — whether in book length or in a magazine profile — we pay an indirect compliment to our own sagacity, very flattering to the ego. To his delicious book about six fantastic men Max Beerbohm gave the title *Seven Men.* Most biography writers, I notice, include themselves very prominently in the picture — though they are seldom so disarmingly frank as to say so.

It is, of course, no longer necessary to wait until a man is in the ground before invading his private life. The public's craving for personalities has been so pandered to that it has become, as Norman Douglas says, 'cannibalistic.' 'Men cannot live, it seems,' says he, 'save by feeding on their neighbors' lifeblood.' And notoriety makes anyone fair prey, whether he is a Judd Gray under penalty of death, a Gene Tunney trying patiently to get married, or the Prince of Wales on a horse. Presidential candidates have always been good targets, though this year there is no doubt that Al Smith drew most of the fire. To read the broadsides directed against him is

enough to make one believe that 'all men are created equal except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' But there are others who are constantly being hounded. Mussolini, pictured as a lion stalking Democracy, is a special antipathy of American critics. Borah is pursued for his fearlessness; Fall is the country's scapegoat; and more anathemas are fired at H. L. Mencken than at any other writer.

A lust for personalities, an aggressive skepticism, and a weakness for confession — these individually or in concert are the characteristics to be remarked in most of our essays that come in with enthusiasm and go back with regret.

III

Our essays are dominated by men. Two thirds of our stories, on the other hand, come from women. More plentiful than the essays and, speaking generally, of less originality (I am speaking of 'unavailable manuscripts'), they are fruits of leisure and evidence of the vast energy that is being more or less cultivated by literary advisers and teachers of composition. For it seems that writing is one of the first occupations to which emancipated women turn a hand.

Save for Christmas stories, — which have to be submitted by midsummer if they are to be in time for the December make-up, — the narratives have little relation to the seasons. It takes some extraordinary catastrophe — war, floods, or earthquake — to have any appreciable effect on the themes of fiction. Normally the subjects are multifarious and follow in their outline any one of the standard plots, whose custom-made situations are cut to fit the individual's taste. In many of them, however, one can detect the motive that has prodded the writer into action.

Thus, stories of the Southern mountains are written against illiteracy, stories of Indians or negroes against white aggression, animal stories against cruelty; stories of children protest the selfishness or ambition of parents, and stories of dissipation still persist in crying down Demon Rum. These, of course, are plainly labeled.

Less conscious in their aim are those stories — and they are legion! — which seek to glorify Art in any one of its delectable careers. In the pursuit of 'self-expression' (our modern fetish) the imagination invents an artistic Utopia which the Muses would be the first to deny. It is noticeable how few of these stories ever focus attention on the discouraging years of apprenticeship or on the pitiful decline of genius. Instead, the hero sings his solo, paints his masterpiece, or writes his best seller as though it were the result of divine visitation. Let me devise some examples.

A humble bond salesman writes poems in his evening hours, though they win him nothing but rejection slips. But in his dreams his lyrics acquire an amazing beauty. One midnight he wakens and captures the sonnet that has been running through his mind. It is accepted by the leading review, and in no time his night thoughts bring him recognition and the poet laureateship of North Dakota.

An Italian cobbler in Greenwich Village draws crude pictures on the backs of his hides when business is slack. All his savings go to train his little daughter, Rosa, who eventually grows up, wins a Prix, has a triumphant Paris exhibition — and neglects her penniless old papa, who dies with an art journal illustrating daughter's masterpiece clutched in his hand.

A young couple are living happily in a small apartment. The husband, a business man, has artistic aspirations.

On the plea of working late at the office, he repairs to the attic of a boarding house, where he struggles with plasticine and where he is occasionally visited by a dark woman who poses for him. The neighbors talk scandal; his wife hears of it and, morbid with jealousy, does away with herself. Not till then does genius infuse his modeling, which soon becomes the talk of the town.

Art is miraculous, selfish, cruel — but most of all miraculous. Many such stories, I have no doubt, represent a longing to escape from prosaic surroundings, — a longing to pay off old bills, have a nurse for the children, and spend the day writing more such stories, — but, sad to say, they are the least credible of any that we have to read.

Another longing for escape — for which one has real sympathy! — is to be found in those narratives that transform a nervous city failure into a successful farmer. That the 'back to the land' movement in literature is cherished by disgruntled townsfolk may plainly be seen from the 'purple patches' which smack of late reading rather than of early ploughing. Oaks, elms, and ivy are always 'immemorial' (Tennyson should have taken out a patent), water always 'plashes,' and sunsets happen like this: 'Came twilight. With its last rays the sun brushed with loving fingers the hillside and the immemorial elms, flung rosy gleams across the lush valley, and shyly, caressingly whispered over the lily ponds.' There is a kind of land hunger that assails the city dweller after a Sunday's outing. And in the resulting fiction there is likely to be a conflict (typical of the writer's own indecision) between the husband who wants his rosebushes and bungalow and the wife who pines for Broadway — and that's where the story comes in.

I have to witness a good many domestic scenes. If I learn anything from them it is that the divorce rate among our heroes and heroines is not as high as in real life. Marital difficulties there are in excess. I have never known people to be so touchy, so quick to take offense. A husband's habit of biting his nails, a wife's incessant humming or her too-ready smile for the tutor — such irritants as these lead swiftly to the thought of desertion, to the writing of the traditional note to be found on the hall table. But absence soon makes the heart grow fonder, and at the eleventh hour — and on the next to the last page — there is reconciliation. Wild horses could n't keep the couple apart.

At first glance the younger generation appear to be more daring. But it seems to me that their flaunted independence is largely the prerogative of the young lady. Her freedom consists in ignoring the advice of her family and going straight after the man she wants. No more languishing for Man o' My Dreams. And in her courtship she makes as good use of her arts ('petting' is one of them) and is as careful in her code as was the persistent Pamela. Like divorce, free love is often contemplated, but seldom indulged in. I don't think there are as many unmarried mothers in print to-day as there were in Victoria's time.

It is curious to see how often the lovers are reconciled or erring youth saved from disaster by the timely aid of the supernatural. Ouija, telepathy, and television are held in popular respect and may be very helpful to a plot. In fact, these mysteries have come to take the place of the old-fashioned ghost stories. And in their associations they lead directly to the thought of death, a phenomenon that seems not so awesome as it did fifty years ago. Stories that take place in Heaven or

Hell have one trait in common — they are recounted with an air of flippancy. The deathbed serves a more practical purpose: it may be used as the setting for a lifelong reminiscence or as a judgment seat to settle old grudges, or it may be the occasion for one of those fantastic wills which can always be relied on for intrigue.

The hope of receiving something for nothing has never been more stimulated than to-day, what with oil springing up in one's back yard, Spanish galleons raised from the deep, and Wall Street making thirty-seven millionaires overnight. It suits our temper, our pride in prosperity, and explains why, in one form or another, El Dorado is the most popular theme of adventure. Perhaps it is a prevailing Puritanism that makes our writers bestow their paper fortunes only upon the deserving. There are no Falls in fiction.

Adventure and romance are coming slowly back into favor. It will be remembered how the war heated our imaginations with tales of atrocities, spies, and blood, and how, after the Armistice, the realists were called in to purge us. They have left behind them a skepticism which requires that a story be before all else 'convincing,' a qualification that has considerably reduced the number of battles, murders, and sudden deaths that would otherwise occur. We require our mystery stories and romances to be as credible in print as they are preposterous on the screen.

Before we leave the field of romance let me pay my respects to certain automatic devices which writers use to intrigue the reader. The first, which always appears early in the narrative, goes something like this: 'Had you told Oliver Underwood that three weeks from that very day and hour he would be lying stunned and blindfolded in the Lewisons' library he would have called you a fool, and poured himself another whiskey and soda.' Like the red light at the crossing, this announces danger ahead. Then, continuing to read, the incidents bear us swiftly forward, until almost before we know it the hero is actually in the path of danger. It is what we have been warned to look out for, and this is how it is averted: 'Oliver's eyes narrowed to thin slits. Then he sprang forward. To wrench the Persian dagger from the wall, to sever Elsie's bonds, to force the lock, and to gather the unconscious girl in his arms was but the work of an instant. With his precious burden he fled into the night.' Now, anyone — except Oliver — who has ever tried to cut a rope with a dull blade, to force a lock, or to pick up a lump of a woman, will know that neither singly nor in conjunction are these 'the work of an instant.' Perhaps that is one reason why these yarns are not very well received to-day.

In their place we have character stories. Bringing psychology within easy reach — or easy misunderstanding — has resulted in the increasing vogue of subjective writing. For a time it was fashionable to follow the realists. Villages, whether in 'decadent New England' or the monotony of the Middle West, supplied the setting, and old maids were a favorite subject. Everything about them was photographed in prose — their dwellings, their belongings, and their inhibitions. The story began with the old lady looking out of the window at the rain, and ended with the old lady looking out of the window at the rain. It was probably entitled 'Rain.' That was life.

But life was not as black as it was painted, and with the coming of Katherine Mansfield and the stream-of-consciousness school the characterization took on a more natural hue.

Here, as before, the mind is the principal arena of action. But, instead of being made to stare into the window as at freaks, the reader is induced to inhabit other minds and to see things as they see them. The head of the character is unscrewed, and then, as from Pandora's box, comes forth a swarm of thoughts, recollections, and fancies. Outward description, inward reflection, now spoken, now unspoken comments, merge in a single stream. Some writers dismiss all punctuation; others make the most elaborate use of it.

There is, to give one instance, the 'dot system.' A lady sits before her dressing table lazily polishing her nails the while her mind rehearses a secret love affair. Her husband is in the next room, shaving. And here is what we read: —

> And she . . . What color suited her? . . . Green, he had always said. Jade green, cool, fragile, untouchable. . . . Ah, but he had forgotten her fragility that night on the terrace. . . . And she . . . She had no longer been cool. . . . 'Did you speak, Tom? You cut yourself? Oh, I am sorry.' . . . But he, he would never cut himself. . . . So sure, so deft, so . . . Ah, well. . . .

A magic significance is imparted to these omissions. If this mystic system were carried to its logical conclusion we might in the future find ourselves purchasing a set of characters and an arrangement of dots, — a kind of crossword puzzle, — to be filled in according to taste.

But this time will never come, for the good reason that people read to be entertained and that, despite psychology, romance, and the best of motives, what they want is a story, however dressed, which they could not invent for themselves and which is not too remote from their experience.

IV

There is a saying that poets are born, not made. If to genius we can apply the law of averages, there would seem to be considerable truth in this bromide: certainly we know that far the larger number of major — and minor — poets have burst into song at an early age. The phenomenon, so far as I know, has never been explained, though in itself it does explain why we receive and have gently to return so many juvenile verses, sent to us by proud parents and teachers.

But, early or late, the urge to versify comes to nearly all of us, and — if I may judge from our mail sacks — is seldom suppressed. The writing of verse was never more democratic than it is to-day. It may be true, as some critics say, that the genus of poets is steadily decreasing, but there is very positive evidence that the race of versifiers is increasing as rapidly as Mr. Butler's pigs. The *New York Times* computed that, following Lindbergh's flight, it received ten thousand Lindbergh poems, and I have not the slightest doubt of it, for when they were returned they were all immediately readdressed to us. And they came from everywhere. A newspaper reporting Eugene Field's funeral declared that there were present at the ceremony 'ninety-two Chicago poets.' I do not know how many that city boasts to-day, though I suspect only one. But versifiers! For six months I kept a tabulation: in that time we received over seven thousand envelopes of verse, and as I read them I noted that they came from every state in the Union — though more numerously from New York and California — and could be divided almost equally between male and female contributors.

There is, however, a more striking division than that of gender. In no

other form of writing is the line so sharply drawn between the traditionalists and the freethinkers. By way of illustrating this cleavage I wish to quote from an essay by Humbert Wolfe, one of the younger English poets, which appeared in the *Monthly Criterion:* —

We have all, I think, been a little afraid to acknowledge how much we like Sara Teasdale. We can't help feeling if this stuff — so simple, so straight, sometimes (apparently) so silly — is poetry, then what on earth is the heavy lumbering intellectual output, for which we are ourselves responsible. . . .

For example, there is this poem: —

Careless forever, beautiful proud sea,
You laugh in happy thunder all alone,
You fold upon yourself, you dance your dance
Impartially in drift-weed, sand or stone.
You make us believe that we can outlive death,
You make us for an instant for your sake
Burn, like stretched silver of a wave,
Not breaking, but about to break.

You cannot easily escape from that poem. There is exactly the breathless sense of a wave hanging, and held always in that exciting instant. And with the sense of the suspended water is an echo or a memory of the Greek lover on the urn. It is all very disorganizing, and all very like poetry. . . . Well, let me proceed to Mr. Vines, who does n't vex us in the same way.

Mr. Vines writes with that deliberate inversion which we have grown to associate with Art. He has thought seriously, and not unbeautifully, of the general structure of life and action. He has then carefully disfigured all his thoughts, like a Cubist wiping out the likeness in a portrait. Here, for an example, is an extract to set against Miss Teasdale. Mr. Vines is dealing with the progress of the human soul, and he has reached the realm of the prince, and that prince, as a supreme act of sacrifice,

. . . takes his flesh
in strips of tincture fresh
and hangs his gut on the moon's nether horn
before the Gates of God
hangs brain, and heart, and cod,
and stands a skeleton barer than newborn.

Now, here we are at home in our own world *of the obvious disguised as the incredible by being stated upside down.*[1] It is the universe where everything is given a new value by being expressed in terms of an old but different one. Beauty, if I may use that outworn symbol, is rescued by being presented as a skeleton, and the least attractive parts of the human anatomy are given a subtle aura, which, if it faintly recalls fish, is none the worse for that.

Where, then, are we? Miss Teasdale provides the emotions proper to poetry, and is not a poet. Mr. Vines only provokes these emotions, when he puts his theories on one side — and he is a poet. . . . But for the most part it is so difficult to come by his meaning, his essential meaning, that the mind is puzzled rather than restored. . . .

Here, then, brightly contrasted, are the two opposing forces in contemporary verse: the traditionalists writing of the universe in the old conventional forms — sometimes at the risk of being too 'obvious'; and the freethinkers, each with a theory and intent on a world 'of the obvious disguised as the incredible by being stated upside down.' And in the wake of these forces swim no less eagerly the smaller fry. Some follow one leader, some another. Rupert Brooke, for instance, the last of the Tennysonians, has a great following. If emulation is any test, 'The Great Lover' is his most enduring poem, and from it are derived numberless rhymed catalogues of personal likes and dislikes.

Some swim after the admirable A. E. Housman, though they seem to be unable to reproduce the simple movement of his quatrains. Contemporary writers, like the reviewers, find great difficulty in being restrained. Certainly the ego has an easier time in free verse. This freedom and the recent enthusiasm for a 'native' American literature must account for the increasing influence of Whitman, Carl

[1] The italics are mine. — AUTHOR

Sandburg, Amy Lowell, and — among the daring few — of T. S. Eliot. And a simpler explanation of the vogue may be that it does look easy. I am inclined to think so when I unfold a page which has a family resemblance to Alice's version of the Mouse's tail — in effect something like this: —

THE ACCIDENT

Darkness. . . .
Chattering cold. . . .
The treacherous road
disappearing behind the curtain of fog.
The porch megaphones the sound of
voices, angry voices and a bitter laugh. . . .
' — when you can behave like a gentleman!'
And a slamming door.
The motor pours out its driver's wrath. . . .
Out of the fog, increasing cold,
come two beasts with yellow eyes.
The cars leap at each other's throats.
Crash! Agony! Pools on the wet road. . . .
Silence.
'DEATH TRAP ON NORTH MAIN STREET'

It is free, and it may be verse, but to many of us it seems more like what the Chinese student called 'goggerel.'

Not that it is necessary for a poet to work consciously from a model. Real poets, says Santayana, create their own idiom. This idiom is a thing of fashion, a fashion set by those ideas which are current at a particular time. The ideas which fashioned the Commonwealth were caught up by Milton and made epic in his idiom. So to-day the idea of evolution stirs popular imagination and awaits the coming of another Milton. Meantime we receive many a screed about the Cosmic Process. Much of the idiom, having already been formulated by the scientists, is anything but lyrical: 'Palæozoic,' 'crustacean,' and 'amœba,' and such phrases as might have been lifted from Mr. Wells's *Outline*, are not disposed to rhyme. Instead, the writer lays them out in strips of his own measurement, and we receive once a week, if not oftener, some such poem as this: —

COSMOS

out of the womb of Time
came forth the azoic globe
earth,
a spark in space.

up from its glowing mass
mountains reared, toppled and were drowned
in molten seas.
rocks upon rocks in crushing chaos.
torrents fell, steam blinded the sun
only to fall again in torrents.
infinitely the strata cooled,
the waters came to rest,
the fires within were banked,
tumult subsided.

in mud primeval, nursed by the tides,
the algæ grew and spawned . . .

and so on down to man.

Bringing creation down to earth has somewhat tempered our approach to divinity. 'Divine Dialogues' in which the writer quizzes his Creator and comes off only a little second best; 'Challenges' that begin

I squared my shoulders,
'God,' I said, 'I do not like your universe . . .'

poems in which rain may be referred to as 'God's Sprinkler' — these are of common enough occurrence to show that if we are long in the ego we are short not only in respect, but in a sense of the absurd.

A wise man has said that the reason our generation prides itself on its tolerance is that it holds so few things sacred. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in a comparison of the Victorian and our own attitude toward death. For the Victorians death was awesome: the poets contemplated it soberly and sometimes nobly. But it is worth remarking how few contemporary poems approach the theme, and how facetious are those few.

As for the 'sense of the absurd' — Whitman wanted it, and so does many an innovator to-day. So easy is it to lose perspective in one's devotion to a theory that those very poets who are

most intent upon freeing themselves from restraint — rhyme, predicates, and punctuation — are often the last to be aware of the ludicrous, if not positively funny, results they produce. They forget how rational are the eyes of most readers; they do not stop to consider the possibilities of such a line as

your lips fascinate me like a babbling brook —

however fervent the rest of the love poem may be. Nor is the weakness confined to the freethinkers. Among the traditionalists, to take a single instance, are a surprising number of women — someone has dubbed them 'The Samarkand School' — who voice the desire to wander off with 'Gypsy Lads' on 'Open Roads' all of which eventually lead to 'Samarkand' for the closing rhyme. They, too, are wanting in a 'sense of the absurd.'

Which brings us back again to the subject of idiom. Words, we know, have their ups and downs. For remote reasons a certain word will suddenly enjoy a débutante's popularity, for six months will be the talk of the town — and then fade away. Such, in recent years, has been the fate of 'realistic,' 'sensed,' 'complex,' 'gripping,' 'reaction,' 'intriguing' — one could name a dozen more. These were not newly coined — merely gilded for the occasion. (Few novelists can be said to have added one word to our language. Even Mr. Sinclair Lewis has added only two.) Novelists, reviewers, and writers of advertising simply thrust them into circulation, and the public rubs the shine off. Poets, in the same way, have their seasonal favorites. We are all familiar with flourishing Victorian phrases. Here is 'a little thing of mine own' containing some of the pet verbiage of contemporary versifiers — though not, I realize, in a favored metre: —

NOVEMBER IMPRESSION

The dawn is opalescent,
The air so cool and slow,
The moon, a fainting crescent,
Doth of our sorrow know.

The east is undulating
With rosy tongues of flame,
Tall trees are crepitating
As though in silent pain.

The brooks are plashing softly,
A cock the welkin rings,
But our Tess lies so stilly,
And no Keats sings.

It need not be Keats. Any bird will do.

V

I have endeavored to describe some of the homemade products that are pouring into our magazine offices, and the thought that has gone into their making. And what, as we say to-day, do they prove? They prove, in the first place, that *cacoethes scribendi*, the 'itch to write,' is becoming, as James Norman Hall says, 'a common malady.' They prove that there is a very genuine, aspiring, and democratic interest in 'self-expression.' They prove that neither in college nor in correspondence courses can one be taught to write better than grammatical English. They prove, despite all that George Gissing had to say, that a literary career is still conceived to be more glamorous than any other. And, finally, they prove that the counterattractions of the movies, the radio, the automobile, and golf have not lessened the hold of books (magazines are but tabloid books) upon the public.

ROUND THE HORN

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

A QUICK flurry of soft rain drove slantwise across the decks. The drops were large and scattered and made a pleasant pattering sound as they struck. In a minute the cloud from which they were falling had passed across the sun and was fleeing to leeward down a bright blue sky mottled with masses of gray and white. The drops that hung from the rigging and the spars, and from the eaves of the deck houses, glittered like gems in the rays of the westering sun. They trembled in the wind and ran together with the motion of the ship, or were shaken off by the vibration of her passage and fell with isolated small splashes here and there about the decks. The wind was westerly, a strong, steady breeze that filled the sails and heeled the ship gracefully to port, driving her swiftly to the south. An outflung curl of foam ran before her prow with a continuous mellow roar, as of light surf on a long sandy beach.

Davie Graham, the ordinary seaman in the port watch, came on deck at eight bells in the afternoon watch and went under the fo'c'sle head to get a broom from the bosun's locker. Swinging it over his shoulder, he went aft and mounted the poop ladder on the lee side, walked smartly past the cabin skylight, and crossed in front of the wheel to the weather side, where he started sweeping the deck. The captain and the mate were standing together near the forward taffrail talking about the weather, and Davie swept carefully all round them, finished the other side, and descended to the main deck, which he went over in something less than half an hour. From there he ran up the ladder to the fo'c'sle head, swept that small surface in a few minutes, then replaced the broom in the bosun's locker.

The day's work being finished, and having nothing to do now but wait for orders, he came from under the fo'c'sle head and leaned against the bulwark rail, gazing at the loom of land away on the starboard bow. They had told him that Staten Island lay over there, and the sight stirred him strangely, as the view of dim headlands from the sea always did. But at the moment his thoughts were partly occupied with the stormy threat of Cape Horn. He had no oilskins or sea boots and he could not afford to buy them from the slop chest because he needed every penny of wages he would get when the ship arrived at San Francisco. His watchmates had warned him that the need for oilskins and boots off the Horn was nothing short of imperative, that he would die from exposure without them. Timkins, the Londoner, a fattish, good-humored man with pop eyes, who joked a good deal about the parsimony of the Scots, had tried to convince him of this.

'Dammit, Davie, what d' yer want t' be so tight with yer money for? Yer'll bloody well croak off the 'Orn if yer don't 'ave oilskins an' sea boots. Wet t' the skin orl the time an' perishin'

wi' the cold. I knows you Scotchies are stingy with yer money, but this ain't no bloomin' picnic down 'ere. Better spend a few dollars an' save yer life.'

Another spatter of rain swept across the decks, heavier this time, but not enough to drive him to shelter, and he glanced at the cloud that was drifting overhead. It was larger and blacker than the one that had brought the previous shower, and he noticed there were more clouds in the sky, which did not seem so blue. A thin gray film was spreading over, and twisted streamers of lacy, snow-white stuff were flung across it from west to east.

The shower blew over, and the sun dipped into the sea under the edge of a cloud that suddenly became a flame of red and gold. The light spread across the west and broke into many colors among the masses of cloud, smoky saffron, livid purple, and dull blood-red. Davie gazed at it with parted lips until it faded and only the far white streamers showed a gleam of pale pink. The western sky began to look black and ominous; the wind gathered force and passed through the rigging with a faint whistling moan. The ship heeled over a little more and increased her speed, and Davie shivered. He was anxious to reach the rapidly nearing Horn and have done with it. When four bells went and the starboard watch came on deck he hurried to the galley for his tea.

The wind increased steadily as darkness came on and the night advanced. The half-moon rode high in a checkered, threatening sky, her light mostly hidden behind the dark masses of rain cloud that drove up with growing pace from the west. Light lashings of spray began to come over the rail forward; the showers of rain became heavier and developed into squalls that held a good deal of wind. The Staten Island light drew rapidly abeam, a faint glow far down in the black sky at the horizon.

It was getting colder, and Davie sat with his watchmates looking out on the dark deck and listening to the sounds of the rising storm. In the narrow space of their quarters it was still warm enough to be comfortable, and the door had been left open. Most of the men were in their bunks enjoying a smoke after the evening meal. Douglas, the New Yorker, was reading by the imperfect light of the lantern that hung by a small chain from the centre of one of the overhead beams. Drummond, a 'townie' of Davie's from Glasgow, sat on his sea chest darning a heavy woolen sock. Timkins was spinning a yarn about a girl he had known in Liverpool who had kept him for three months. He gave details of astonishing intimacy, and concluded with the statement that he left her because she refused to buy him a meerschaum pipe.

In the silence that followed they heard the second mate shouting the order to haul the staysails down, and listened to the bustle on deck as the watch executed the order, the singing-out on the downhauls, and the scraping rattle of the cringles as they slid down the stays. The sounds were louder when they came forward to the main staysails; later there was a stamping of boots and a series of shouted orders overhead while they were taking in the jibs. This shortening of sail eased the motion of the ship, and she did not heel over quite so much. When the work was finished, the watch waited in a group about the fore hatch, expecting that the royals would be furled immediately. But the captain held on to the royals as long as he could without running the risk of losing them. The passage so far had been slow, delayed by light airs and head winds, and he was anxious to make up some of his lost distance.

II

The port watch went on deck at eight bells, and the men were told to stand by and keep handy. They took their usual place on the fore hatch, but were driven from there by the heavy sprays that were now coming over frequently, and went aft to the main hatch, where it was dry. The bosun leaned against the rail, apart from the men but keeping in touch with them, and Davie sat on the deck in the lee of the forward house, where he was sheltered from the wind and the rain. The squalls were coming up at shorter intervals, and it seemed to him that the ship canted over dangerously while they were blowing, yet he liked the exhilaration of the night, the wailing sound of the wind in the rigging, and the swift, leaping motion of the ship. Even the thick darkness pleased him. It shut him away from the men, banishing his reluctant sense of their constant, though mostly silent, criticism, which, out of their presence, he forgot.

A pale blotch appeared in the darkness from the direction of the main hatch, and Drummond groped his way along the side of the house, sitting down on the deck beside him.

'Why don't ye buy oilskins an' boots from the slop chest?' he asked unpleasantly as soon as he had settled himself. 'The whole ship's talkin' aboot it.'

Davie resented this remark and the tone in which it was uttered, but he made no reply.

'Ye're the sort o' felly that gives the Scotch a bad name. Ye're too close tae buy the things ye need. Mibbe ye think somebody might give ye thum fur nothing.' His face was barely visible in the darkness, but Davie knew the look of sour resentment that was on it, and he had one of his rare flashes of anger.

'No,' he replied, 'I don't expect anything like that.' He leaned over toward Drummond's sou'westered head. 'I have a good reason for what I'm doing, and I'll thank you to understand that and mind your own business.'

Drummond was considering what reply to make, when the wind rose suddenly to a hard wail in the rigging and the deck slanted under them till they could hear the water bubbling in the scuppers. The man and the boy rose and leaned against the house till they heard the stentorian voice of the bosun roaring the order to clew up the royals. Drummond disappeared on his way to the foremast, and Davie followed him. The rain was driving across the decks at a sharp angle and as he passed from the shelter of the deck house it dashed stormily against his face and hands. Running to the weather side of the deck, he took hold of the clew line with the others and hauled cheerily as the mate slacked away the clew. He was under the lee of the bulwarks here and partly sheltered from the rain.

By the time they had both royals clewed up and the buntlines hauled taut, the squall had passed over, and the ship was running on a more even keel. But the wind was blowing stronger and they were rapidly approaching the open seas in the latitude of Cape Horn; therefore the captain decided to shorten her down at once, and gave the order to take in the topgallant sails. When they had been clewed up and the lines hauled taut, Davie jumped into the fore rigging and climbed aloft to make the royal fast, the bosun coming after him with the watch to tie up the topgallant sail.

There was something like half a gale blowing now, but furling the royal was not such a difficult job, and almost as simple as folding a table napkin. Davie

handled it into a neat roll on top of the yard and passed round the gaskets, one on each yardarm, making a tight, snug job of it so that the sail would not blow adrift in the heavy gales to be met during the next few weeks. He could hear the men on the topgallant below him singing out as they dragged the sail on top of the yard.

Up here on the royal yard Davie felt more at peace than anywhere else on the ship. In the darkness he had a pleasant impression of being all alone in a world of his own, the occasional cries of the men underneath seeming remote and casual sounds with which he was unconcerned. He paused to appreciate the scene for a moment before descending. All around him was wind-filled darkness, except close at hand, where the shadowy gleam of the furled sail on the yard was dimly visible. The mast made a mere blur that rose out of sight, although the truck was only a few feet above his head. Black and ominous as the night appeared, with its thick clouds and rising gale, it did not daunt him. He had shaken off the shivery mood of the early evening and was now firm and resolute.

The Staten Island light sank rapidly astern to starboard and went out in blackness. They took in the mainsail and foresail and braced the yards up till the ship was close-hauled on the starboard tack, changing the course to southwest and bringing her head up to the sea. By the time this work was done it was eight bells, and blowing a full gale. She was now carrying all four topsails, the storm staysail, and a narrow strip of spanker on the mizzen. A fine wind-blown rain drove steadily across the decks, and the scud raced overhead close above the mastheads.

Davie was soaking wet when he went below, but he had been so active helping to shorten down that he had not felt the cold. Inside the fo'c'sle he stripped to the skin, gave himself a sharp rubdown with a rough towel, hastily pulled on a dry suit of woolen underwear, old and patched, but still good, dived under the blankets, and slept as his head touched the pillow.

It seemed an incredibly short space of time till he was awakened by the raucous yell of the man calling watch, which wrenched him up from the deep wells of sleep at fifteen minutes to four. Dragging himself over the edge of his bunk, he got a dry woolen shirt and a suit out of his battered trunk, a pair of socks and shoes which he had never expected to wear again, and a woolen muffler. Thus equipped, he was ready for the howling deck. He was dressed a minute or two before eight bells, and sat listening to the seas breaking over the rail forward. The water thundered about the decks and washed past the door, but was kept out of the fo'c'sle by the high doorsill. Sometimes, when a heavier sea came over, thin streams spurted in through the cracks of the closed door. He noticed the wildly tossing motion of the ship and heard the shrill scream of the wind in the rigging.

In weather like this the watch were not required to muster aft, it being the duty of the bosun to see that they were all on deck and report any absentees to the mate on the poop. When eight bells went, Davie opened the door cautiously and peered out, but a sea broke aboard just then, and he shut the door with a bang and waited till the water had sluiced past and was foaming aft to the waist. It was his lookout from four to six, and he stepped briskly on deck as soon as it was clear of water and ran to the after end of the house, climbed the vertical iron ladder to the top, and relieved the man on lookout, who reported nothing in sight and went below. Up there Davie was out of the

reach of the seas that came aboard, and mostly shielded from the driving spray by the lifeboat lashed to the skids alongside. The men came up the ladder immediately after him, relieved the starboard watch, and found the most sheltered spot in the lee of the boat, where they settled themselves in a huddled group.

Davie leaned against the gunnel of the lifeboat, his keen eyes fixed ahead. All he could see was a wall of blackness, except when the surges rose above the level of the head and the angry waters glittered in the red or green rays of the port or starboard side light. There were frequent dashes of spray, heavy clouds that burst upward in front of the windward light, shot high above the rail by the smashing impact of the bow against an oncoming wave, then were caught by the wind and whipped across the deck. These leaping masses of white water flashed into the rays of the green light with an effect that was weirdly beautiful, and Davie gazed at them from time to time, but always brought his eyes sharply back to the darkness ahead, where the lights of a running ship might lift into view at any moment. But no light appeared.

The boat did not shelter him completely from the spray, which came over the top, round the bows, and under the keel. By two bells he was wet to the skin, and when Douglas relieved him at four bells he was thoroughly soaked and shivering so violently from the cold that he could hardly speak the words, 'Nothing in sight.' The man just relieved from the wheel and the lookout were always allowed ten minutes in the fo'c'sle for a smoke. Davie used this time to strip off his wet clothing, give himself a brisk rubdown as before, and wring most of the water out of his clothes before putting them on again. He had the good sense to reserve his third and last dry suit of underwear for sleeping in, believing he could endure the hardships of the deck so long as he slept dry and warm during his watches below.

III

The westerly gale blew for three weeks, and Davie was wet and cold in his watches on deck during all that time. Then the wind fell suddenly and hauled round to south, and it grew colder. During the lull the glass was very low and they furled the upper topsails, braced the yards sharp up on the port tack, and hove to. A roaring gale came out of the south with squalls that carried hail and sleet, but except when these wintry storms were raging the sky was clear and the stars were beautiful at night. Storm and wetness and misery became an accepted fact in Davie's life, and he held to his purpose day by day with a resolution as grim and hard as the conditions he had to face. The gale blew out in two weeks and came away again from the west. After three weeks of that it changed again. Most of this time they were hove to and went backward instead of forward.

They had now been nearly nine weeks beating off the Horn. The present gale was from the south, a hard, cold wind that blew from a clear sky, and the heaviest they had yet met. The men of the starboard watch were certain that the fore upper topsail would have to come in, and lay crouched in a huddled group behind the boat on the roof of the forward house, expecting and dreading the order. But the watch wore away without any sign from the poop, and at eight bells they were relieved and went below feeling thankful and a little bit sorry for the other fellows.

By carrying all his topsails, the captain was able to drive the ship some small distance, perhaps ten miles a

day, to the south and west. Hove to under lower topsails, she would have made leeway, drifting to the north and east — the two directions in which the captain did not wish to go. To the north lay the deadly shores of Cape Horn; to the east was distance that would have to be won back again with bitter toil and hardship to the men, of which they had already suffered more than enough.

Davie crouched among the men and gazed at the stars. He never tired of watching that marvelous sky, where the Southern Cross blazed like four small suns and all the stars glittered with a sparkling brilliance that charmed him. But it was bitterly cold in the roaring wind that came straight from the white antarctic. Even the men were cold, although their oilskins and boots protected them from the continual gusts of icy spray that swept the ship from stem to stern.

A sudden stir among his mates attracted Davie's attention aft, and he saw the mate running forward along the main deck, keeping a wary eye over the weather bulwarks for seas coming aboard. When he reached the main hatch the bosun met him and got his order, which was unheard by the men in the dominant roar of the storm. But they knew very well what it was, and the bosun hardly needed to climb the ladder to repeat the order: —

'Stand by fore tops'l halyards.'

The watch rose wearily and scrambled down from the top of the house, hating to go and hating to hang back. No seas came over while they staggered across the reeling deck and crouched by the dripping rail. Davie was accustomed to this sort of thing by now, but the weather side of the ship never ceased to interest him. The first sea that came over would drench him to the skin, and he was already cold. He shut his jaws tight and tailed on at the end of the buntline. The spray lashed over and stung his face and hands, but he put all his weight on the rope as the mate slacked away the halyards and the yard came down. Davie took his eyes off the weather rail for a moment, and he did not hear the warning hail of the mate in time to dive under the bulwarks and hang on to a stanchion.

The sea came over with a swift downward leap and beat him to his knees. He had learned to hold on to what he had and not to try for something better unless he was actually touching it, so he clung desperately to the buntline. The icy water went through his clothing to his skin almost as the sea struck him, but that did not concern him at the moment. His chief anxiety was to save himself from being swept overboard. The sea went boiling aft and dragged at him powerfully, and he had all he could do to keep his grip on the buntline. When the ship rolled he was flung against the side of the house, and as she swung to the other side he went down in a cascade of foam to the bulwarks. He received no serious injury from these concussions, but the rush of the water toward the waist as her head rose to the next sea was more than he could hold on against. Though his grip on the rope was so intense that he had the sensation of tearing muscles in his arms, the sea wrenched him loose and swept him aft. He groped wildly for a fresh hold, felt himself carried against the main hatch, but could not find a grip there, was washed down to the lee scuppers and back between the hatch and the after end of the deck house, where he came against the ladder and found a grip. Dragging himself upward, he held on till he got his breath and collected his senses, coughing up some of the rank sea water he had swallowed. Timkins rose from the welter of foam beneath him and clung to the ladder at his side.

Davie was blue with the cold and shivering violently, but as soon as the deck had drained clear he stumbled off the ladder and worked his way cautiously forward, where he took his place again on the buntline, Timkins following close behind him. Other seas came aboard, but Davie watched for them and dived under the topgallant rail, embracing a stanchion with both arms until the water had run aft. He was blinded and battered by the cold spray, drenched and beaten and just about drowned by the seas, but they got the lines hauled taut at last, and the mate gave the order, 'Up an' make fast.'

IV

The men swung themselves into the weather rigging willingly, glad of the change from the reeling fury of the deck to the wild hazard of the topsail yard. Davie seized the swifter and heaved himself on top of the rail, hardly caring now whether a sea caught him or not. He was as wet and cold as it was possible to be, so why try to dodge a little more water? Turning his back to the shrieking wind, he started to climb the rigging. The weight of the gale when the ship rolled to windward flattened him against the shrouds and held him helpless. As she rolled to leeward the pressure lessened, and he climbed up a few ratlines till she came back to port again. He had thought he could feel no colder while on deck, but as he mounted into the full sweep of the icy wind he discovered his mistake.

Trying to control the convulsive trembling of his half-frozen body, he reached the futtock shrouds, where he had to make sure of his grip while climbing over the top. With the double grip of hand and elbow he worked himself slowly over the edge and clung to the topmast rigging with a sensation of relief, a little warmer from the exertion. Arrived at the level of the topsail yard, he waited a moment while the man above him stepped across to the swinging foot rope. Davie glanced at the sail and wondered how human beings could possibly control and tie up a thing like that. From where the buntlines and leech lines held it close to the yard, it bellied out in enormous balloon shapes that swayed up and down in the gale. Occasionally by some twist or eddy in the storm the sail seemed to lose the wind and partly flattened down. But the next moment it snapped out with the report of a big gun and a force that shook the ship from truck to keelson. Running through these loud boomings were series of sharp cracks like the noise of heavy whips, and an unbroken rumble like thunder. Davie stepped on the yard behind Douglas, who turned to him and roared at the pitch of his voice: —

'One hand for the owner and one for yourself!'

Davie heard the words remotely, as slender threads of sound, delicate as gossamer. They brought him back again into that working communion with his fellows from which his intense misery had isolated him, and he clawed his way out on the yardarm with a slight lessening of physical discomfort, as if warmed by the realization that a mate had thought of his safety. Arrived at his place on the yard, he clutched the jackstay with a straining grip and leaned forward against the yard, his right hand resting on the bellying sail, which felt cold and hard as iron. The motion of the yard was indescribably wild, and he needed all the strength of his grip to hold his place on the slender footrope. He stood crouched over the yard and leaning on it, watching the actions of Douglas on his right, beating the sail with what seemed puny and ineffectual blows in the effort to make

a crease in the canvas, a fold that he could grip in order to drag it on top of the yard, where he could hold it with the pressure of his body while working for the next hold. When one of the men achieved such a grip the one next him picked it up, and it was seized by each man in turn all along the yardarm. Sometimes a grip was secured during the moments when the sail slackened, but they did not always succeed in dragging it up, for after these comparative lulls the canvas flung outward with such violence that it was wrenched out of their hands, and once or twice they lost all they had gathered on the yard. When this happened they cursed from their hearts, deep growling oaths that nobody heard but themselves.

Davie's eyes flickered from sail to hull as he put every ounce of his strength into the work. He saw the bows plunge into the boiling foam, caught the gleam of white water as she rose and poured it back over her head, tightened his grip instinctively as the mast whistled down, hung on to jackstay and sail and hugged the yard as she flogged to leeward. He forgot his wet, shivering body in that wild scramble with death, lost interest after a while in what the hull of the ship was doing, and became a primitive battling creature with clenched teeth and flailing arm, fighting the shrieking demon in the sail. Faint sounds of a human voice came from vast distances to his ears. They were from the bosun at the bunt, the heaviest part of the sail, who sent roaring curses of encouragement from time to time: —

'Hold what you get, men! Keep the damned rag on the yard or we'll hang up here till we die!'

Davie's legs, held rigid in the same position on the slender footrope, became numb and stiff. The nails tore away from the fingers of his right hand, which became so painful that he was made aware of it and changed his grip, holding to the jackstay with his right and working with his left. He knew nothing of the passage of time, and only dimly felt the white squalls that began to bluster up, bringing heavy showers of hailstones and sleet that froze into the canvas and made it still more difficult to handle. He was numb to the waist and bruised about the chest from the heavy pressure against the yard, but he kept on fighting the sail, which now seemed a personal and malignant enemy. When it became apparent that they were winning the battle against this beast, he felt a glow of immense satisfaction and joy.

They finished on the weather yardarm and crawled painfully to the lee side, which was comparatively easy to take in, and suddenly Davie saw himself hauling taut one of the gaskets. When this was done he looked round him strangely, glancing with tired wonder into the faces of the other men. It was broad daylight and the topsail was furled.

They crept exhausted from the yard and down to the sea-swept deck as eight bells went. When they saw the man on lookout run across the fore hatch and strike the bell, they looked at the mate in a kind of anguish, wondering if he would let them go below or keep them on deck to help take in the main upper topsail. But the mate sang out as they reached the deck: —

'Relieve the wheel and lookout!'

V

The weary men slouched into the fo'c'sle, filled their pipes, and lit them at the lantern, breathing curses on their raw-tipped fingers. Davie dropped into his bunk and slept instantly. Douglas puffed at his pipe, leaned against the front board of Davie's bunk, and looked at the eighteen-year-old boy with pity

and admiration. 'Good Lord, kid,' he thought, 'I'd buy you a suit of oilskins and a pair of boots, but you have n't asked me to, and I'd sure like you to have the satisfaction of going through with it.'

They forgot breakfast in their weariness, had not the strength to go for it, and dropped into their bunks, smoking. Their pipes fell out of their mouths almost as their heads touched the pillows, and they slept. As pillows, bed, and blankets were damp and clammy, there was no fear of fire. The cook had breakfast ready and waiting for them, and after a while he ran forward to the fo'c'sle door to ask them why they did not come for their grub. But when he put his head inside and saw them sunk in sleep he muttered, 'Poor beggars,' and ran aft again, barely escaping a sea that came over and lashed at his heels as he slammed the galley door.

The sea had played the port watch a cruel trick. The captain had taken in the fore upper topsail because the glass fell ominously before the coming of the white squalls. But they were the last efforts of the gale, which died down rapidly to a flat calm within a few hours. The sea went down and the sky clouded over with a gray scud that foretold the coming of a wind from the west. The port watch was called at seven bells for dinner, and Davie dragged himself with a supreme effort out of his bunk. After a while the strange stillness penetrated the dullness of his mind, and he noticed first that there was no deck water swishing about the fo'c'sle as she rolled. He listened and heard no sound of wind or any crash of seas falling aboard, and, making his way painfully to the door, he opened it and looked out. The deck was dry and the sails were flapping against the masts. Amazement held him speechless; then he turned and said to the men inside, 'It's dead calm.'

They had a good dinner, the cook giving them double rations and plenty of coffee, which they ate and drank with keen relish and felt themselves renewed and restored for the battle. The starboard watch loosed the fore topsail and were kept on deck to put their weight on the halyards. The foresail was then loosed and reefed, and when this was done the starboard watch were sent below. It ran through the ship that the captain was tired of beating off the Horn and was going to carry on with all his topsails and the reefed foresail if the coming wind would let him steer a safe course. They had been nine weeks down there, and he intended to drive the ship the rest of the way.

Davie lay on the fore hatch in his partially dry clothes most of his watch on deck, dozing and waking and aware of a feeling that was akin to happiness. There seemed something of good omen in the reefed foresail, a sign of danger past and the end of hardship manfully endured. With drowsy eyes he watched an albatross floating serenely on the rolling swell, and he remembered its magical riding of the storm when the gales were blowing. It seemed to be enjoying the calm as much as he was.

About six bells there was a ripple along the water from the southwest as the wind came away from that quarter, and the sails filled sluggishly, heavy with frozen sleet. The breeze gathered strength rapidly, and the ship began to move slowly through the water, heading west by north on the port tack, which was near enough to her proper course to please the captain. The order was given to the man at the wheel: —

'Full an' by — an' don't let her luff.'

The wind increased by leaps, and at eight bells in the afternoon watch, when Davie and his mates went below, it was blowing a hard gale. The order came

for all hands to have their supper at two bells, and an hour later the bosun opened the door of the port fo'c'sle violently and came in, slamming it behind him. Heavy seas were coming aboard again and spray swept the decks.

'Say, lads,' remarked the bosun, 'the Skipper's gonna drive her, and it's gonna blow great guns. Once the sea gets up an' she's buckin' into it there'll be no livin' for'ard here. So all hands lay aft on the poop.'

He slammed his way out again and repeated his message to the men of the starboard watch. All hands took tobacco, matches, and pipes and ran aft between seas to the poop, where they huddled on deck in the lee of the companion hatch and the cabin skylight, glad there was no sail to be taken in and hoping they would sight the Diego Ramirez before long and turn the ship's head to the north for lower latitudes and long days of fine weather.

The wind rose almost to hurricane force, and they were afraid the foresail would be blown away, but the captain had made his decision and held grimly on. Davie crouched on the deck in the lee of the companion between Douglas and Timkins, watching the sea to leeward as it went hissing away from the plunging stern, and listening to the thunderous shocks from the bows. The ship was moving at a speed of three knots an hour, and as she met the oncoming seas her bows cut right through them. Massive seas fell aboard, filling the main deck from time to time, and as the long hours of the night went past Davie wondered how anything made by human hands could endure that terrible battering and stay afloat. One of the long thoughts that dwelt in his mind that night was concerned with the quality of man's handiwork. A loose rivet or faulty plate in her bows would have foundered the ship and sent her crew adrift in open boats, if they could have launched them in that wild sea. Queer ideas came to him, lying huddled among the men, soaking wet and stiff with cold, but one seemed true enough — that good workmanship, by the faith it inspires, is the foundation of the world.

Some time before dawn there was a stir among the men, who were turning their hooded heads to look at the captain and the mate. Davie saw their heavy, slow-moving forms passing to the lee side of the poop as the first herald of dawn appeared. Their grave bearded faces fascinated him. These two men had toiled and suffered and learned and knew how to work a ship over these trackless wastes, meeting all dangers as they came and bringing their charge safely into harbor at the end of the long voyage. They were quiet, unassuming men, who did not boast of what they had done. Davie watched them, saw them suddenly stiffen to attention and gaze steadfastly at something away on the beam. The men rose quietly to their feet and searched to leeward to see what their officers were looking at.

There were three black rocks about five miles off, moving slowly astern. The seas charged down on them, struck at their bases, and leaped in spouting foam a hundred feet into the air. They glistened between seas with a black gleam, as savage and sullen as they had to be to withstand the merciless fury of such onslaught through the centuries. They were the Diego Ramirez, lying sixty miles southwest of Cape Horn. The men's eyes brightened and their faces broke into smiles; their backs straightened and they glanced joyfully at each other. They were round the Horn.

The captain gave an order to the man at the wheel, who put the helm aport. The ship's head fell away from the

seas, and the mate swung round to the men.

'Square the main yard!' he roared.

They squared the yards and turned the ship's head to the north, loosed the topgallants and set them, shook the reef out of the foresail and hauled the sheets aft. All hands went to breakfast at two bells; there was shouting with laughter, and jubilant swearing; and after breakfast they set the mainsail, the royals, and the jibs. With the wind on the port quarter every stitch of canvas was drawing, and the ship fled before it, leaping and rolling and singing with all her thousand voices.

Davie ran up to the fo'c'sle head to be alone, to watch the ship and listen to her song of victory. The pursuing seas came rolling up under her quarter, lifted her gently, rolled her easily to starboard and lowered her to port. They were no longer hissing monsters that battered her bows and swept her reeling decks, but friendly leviathans running a race with her. Sometimes they poured over her weather rail with a subdued purring roar like the sound of a low waterfall in a forest. Davie was thrilled and happy as he watched her flying to the north, saw the rolling seas glide along her rails and pass ahead. When her bows went down she dipped her bowsprit, and it came up next time with foamy spray streaming away in the wind.

Timkins came running up the ladder and started waving his arms in exuberant celebration. He looked at Davie with a wide grin which suddenly froze to a grimace of ferocious triumph as he faced astern and shook his extended fists at the flying scud, the wild sea, and the spirit of the Horn.

'Blow, blast yer!' he screamed. 'Blow, curse yer! Do yer damnedest, old Cape Stiff. Blow yer bloody 'ead off. The 'arder yer blows, the fahster she goes.'

VI

They ran into sunny seas, and the ship drew slowly north. One morning at dawn a towboat picked them up outside the Golden Gate and towed them to their berth in the San Francisco docks. The long voyage was over, and the crew went ashore to gather at the British Consulate and be paid off.

The men came out of the office one by one, as they received their pay, and stood in groups about the sidewalk, excited by the possession of money. Released from the routine of ship's discipline, they were restless and eager to enjoy themselves. Davie was the last to be paid off. He counted his money in the office, eighty-nine dollars and ten cents, and put it carefully into an inside pocket before joining the men outside.

''Ello, Davie,' said Timkins. 'Comin' with us?'

'No,' Davie answered quietly. 'I must go to the post office first.'

The men glanced at him with varying degrees of interest as they turned and moved slowly toward the corner, where a street car was standing. Davie thought he would take the car and started toward it, but was halted by the facetious voice of the Londoner.

''Old on there, Davie. Wotcha thinkin' about? A ride on a street car costs five cents in this 'ere kentry.'

Davie paused and considered swiftly. Would he have enough money for his need? Five cents might make a decisive difference, he concluded, and smiled at Timkins in his diffident fashion.

'I believe I'll walk,' he remarked. He looked from one to the other of the men with whom he had spent the past six months in such close companionship. Douglas and Timkins, the only two he really liked, smiled at him,

and the former came over and held his hand in a friendly grip.

'Glad I've known you, Davie,' he remarked in his cool, even voice. 'Let me give you some advice. Don't go to sea again. Stay in this country and take out citizenship papers. You're the sort of man we want here. I wish you all the luck in the world, kid. So long.'

He turned away, and Davie felt a pang of regret as he returned the sailor's word of farewell.

Timkins strolled over and wished him good luck in a surprisingly gentle voice.

'Yer 'ave n't minded my kiddin', 'ave yer, Davie? Blimey, matey, I knows bloody well yer 'as a reason fer bein' so tight with yer money.'

Davie's reticence at this last moment was shattered as it had not been during all the voyage.

'It's for my mother,' he said. 'She's ill.'

'Yer mother,' repeated Timkins softly. 'I thort it wuz somethink like that. Gord bless 'er, Davie, an' good luck to yer.' He shook hands and they said, 'So long.'

Davie started up Market Street, headed for the post office, while Timkins rejoined his companions and told them he had known all along that Davie was all right. His mother was ill, and it was for her sake he had been so tight with his money.

'Come an' have a drrink,' invited Drummond, slightly ashamed, after Timkins's explanation, that he had not been friendlier with Davie. They turned, laughing, and strolled away, a group of sailors ashore, childish, reckless, heroic, in search of whiskey and women, both easily found.

Davie stopped at a stationer's to buy a sheet of paper and an envelope, which cost him five cents, and arrived at the post office perspiring from the walk in the hot sun. Finding an empty desk, he took possession of it and wrote a letter to his mother, part of which ran thus:—

> We had fine weather most of the voyage. It was rough off the Horn, but of course that was to be expected. I am sending you the amount of the fee the doctor demands to remove the cataracts from your eyes, and you will not be blind. I am glad to be able to send you this, Mother dear.

He bought the money order when he had finished writing, sealed the letter, and sent it off by registered mail, then counted the money he had left. It amounted to eighty-nine cents.

As he swung out of the post office into the crowded street the pæan of joy in his heart brought a radiance to his bronzed young face and a starry gleam to his eyes. Women glanced at him kindly as he passed with his head up, on the way to find a job.

Thoughts of his mother went singing through his mind. She would not be blind. She still would see the beauty of the world, the dawn and the stars, the moon in the summer night, and the faces of those she loved. Something of restraint and privation she might still have to bear until he could send for her. These she had always known. But the light in her eyes would not be quenched.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

No one wanted poor Clarissa;
No one ever seemed to miss her.
All her sisters and her brothers
Duly grew to fathers, mothers;
But she had a shrillness for a voice
That scared away the neighbors' boys,
A quirky pride hot in her brain —
And no beau ever called again.

Aunt Clarissa was not wanted.
She knew it well, but still undaunted
Rode up to Boston, and brought back
(With shocking evidence of her lack
Of what the family called taste)
A portrait of her, powdered, laced
Firm in her most expensive dress,
And not one hint of loveliness!
— Unless perhaps you did not mind her,
But looked away, and saw behind her
A purple curtain (decorated
With arms not quite authenticated)
Looped back upon a marble column
To show an ocean dim and solemn.
But the painter had no painter's tact:
He was, unfortunately, exact;
Her mouth was shrill and proud and vexed —
You knew just what she would say next.

And when Great-Aunt Clarissa died,
They buried her, for all her pride;
Were sorry she had been erratic,
And moved the portrait to the attic.

To-day, the rest of them are known
To genealogy alone:
Three words a name, three dates a life,
So many children by each wife.
Drained off to various family lots,
Politely private, each one rots
Too deep to fertilize the grass,
With stones to tell who each one was.
Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons —
No dreams cling round those skeletons.

At last the tables are quite turned.
Of all so quietly inurned,
Their silhouettes look commonplace
Next Great-Great-Aunt Clarissa's face.
Above the mantelpiece they frame her,
But their flat smiles can never shame her
Out of her glaring, old resplendence.
Meanwhile collateral descendants
Take pride in her stern piteousness,
Feel romance in the wooden dress.
She triumphs — sterile, overweening —
Our only ancestor with meaning.

S. Foster Damon

THE ADORATION OF GROUPS

BY H. D. HILL

I

THE American adoration of groups is in an advanced stage. It has both a theory and a practice, a theology and a ritual. It is only in a group that we feel ourselves whole; we therefore participate in as many groups as possible and have given enthusiastic attention to the theories as to how groups should be run.

Since the war the 'technique of group discussion' has received an extraordinary amount of attention. Group discussion has been taken up in education as an alternative to the lecture system, as a cure for the lethargy which accompanies fifty inevitable minutes of monologue. It has been brought particularly to the fore by the recent movement in workers' education, which is faced with the problem of education for adults. It has definitely been adopted as the technique of conference by such nation-wide bodies as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., as well as by a considerable number of economic organizations which hold regular meetings. It thus is strongly entrenched in the institutional life of the country.

The method has two aims. The first is to avoid the 'being told from above' character of the old type of lecture or conference address, partly because it is undemocratic, partly because it is uninfluential. The second is to bring the individual out of himself, to make him feel that he has 'something to contribute.'

The latter emphasis is illuminating with regard to the American mind. The first noticeable result of group discussion by people with an average background is the sense of adventure which they experience at uttering aloud anything which approaches a general idea, and the increased freedom which they feel as the strangeness wears off and joining in the discussion of the group becomes habitual and normal. These sensations bear witness to the subconscious limitations imposed by a life which is as external in its focus and as activist in its manner as ours ordinarily is. To the extent to which the method produces an increase of freedom, to the extent to which actual verbal formation of an idea clarifies the situation of the speaker, it has undoubtedly accomplished much.

That accomplishment, however, applies only to the very act of saying something. One must, alas, consider what is said. At that point appear the weaknesses of the egalitarian assumptions for which the method stands. In spite of the group discussionists' efforts always to 'start from scratch,' there is practically no subject on which all the members of a group are equally informed, or have done an equal amount of thinking. Even when each member of the group contributes his share, therefore, it is inevitable that the shares contributed should be unequal. Yet, because the final upshot of the discussion is a joint affair, there is a very great tendency on the part of the weaker members of the group to assume an understanding of the problem

in hand, and an extent of collaboration in its solution, out of all proportion to the actual facts of their ability. The method therefore lends itself easily to a flattering corroboration of democracy's fundamental mistrust of the value of solitary thinking and meditation, and of the difficulties which it involves. It is so much pleasanter to do our thinking all together in a cheerful group, where a good time can be had by all.

And if that is a possible effect of the method on the weaker members of the group, what about the stronger? Does it not afford them a possibility of imposing their view by a form of authoritarianism far more subtile than the old out-and-out statement? What, especially, does the practice of this method do to the leader? The leader's function is said to consist in assuring fair play and in drawing out budding ideas by means of questions. It seems inevitable that, consciously or unconsciously, he has an enormous share in moulding the final form of the discussion. The amount of study spent these last years on the technique of questioning has given him a tool of great finesse. And, since the members of the group are convinced out of their own mouths, the finally accepted conclusion becomes ten times more effective than if the leader had offered it under the old guise of a lecture; the group members feel themselves personally involved. After a certain amount of practice it is not difficult to 'plan a discussion' so as to have it come out all right — though the process sounds strangely like the organization of spontaneity.

Now neither of these unfortunate results would be possible on a large scale if it were not for a certain assumption that lies behind the whole group-discussion method. The method has been called 'a coöperative technique of conflict.' It aims to integrate conflicting positions. By integration it does not mean compromise; it means the bringing together of opposing parties on a higher plane where both shall be in accord without either of them feeling that he has sacrificed an intrinsic part of his point of view. The belief in the possibility of such a result is a clear-cut evidence of American pantheism. The group-discussion school assumes that an idea consists of a fact plus an emotion. By establishing agreement as to the fact, and by allowing the emotion to spend itself through being expressed by free discussion in a group, it is possible to arrive at a method of treating the fact that is acceptable to all. That is the programme.

The freedom achieved through breaking up the kind of *idée fixe* for which the school's assumption is correct is indeed great. But the assumption is applied to all sorts of conflicts — or, rather, it recognizes but one kind of conflict. The school believes in the possibility of a pragmatic solution of all differences; it sees the problem of difference only as a problem of method. Its pantheism does not admit a problem of good and evil; its externality is unable to understand a personal point of view based on deliberately made distinctions. It ignores the possibility of a desire to achieve a certain pattern of life, and an attempt to select among present phenomena in accordance with that pattern. An 'integration' with an opposing or different pattern in such a case means a complete loss of the form which is its guiding principle.

The group discussionists have not been aware of the existence of such personal positions. If they were, if they believed in intrinsic and enduring differences between the individuals of which their groups are composed, deliberate differences which form part of the individual's personal life, the results of their discussions could be

neither a democratic vitiation of the thought of their best members nor an authoritarian imposition on the ideas of their weaker constituents. The individual, while being part of the group, would nevertheless be a whole in himself; his mental life would not only be separate, but distinguishable in character from that of the group — it would have the resilience of its own fibre.

But a recognition of such possibilities would be destructive of the very core of the group discussionists' ideas; it would admit a pluralistic universe incapable from its very nature of being utterly resolved — or, rather, utterly integrated — into the unity which they find satisfying and which they ardently desire. It would be a troubling factor in the mysticism of their cult.

For it is a cult. It is a cult which has even invented a ritualistic (and highly hyphenated) language of its own, employed by all good 'group-individuals' in those 'problem-finding discussions' where they use 'the situation-approach' to 'break up the statement-wholes into the idea-factors that lie shut up within them.' The mystical feeling of holiness resulting from unity achieved by this means is not only reflected by the I-am-now-about-to-become-more-than-myself mood with which its adepts enter such meetings; it is consciously recognized by one of the leaders of the school's theorists, Mr. H. S. Elliott. In his most recent book, *The Process of Group Thinking*, under a section headed 'Group Thinking As Worship,' one reads: —

> Something happens which is in the highest sense dynamic when a group in fellowship and in confidence lays hold of the previously unreleased resources within itself. At such a time there comes insight as to what to do, and strength and ability to carry out the purposes, which represent more than the mathematical total of the resources of the members of the group when taken separately. Such release of spiritual power is a manifestation of the divine resources all around us which are at the command of all those who in a group process meet the conditions of spiritual creativity.

Ought not such a service to end with the formula, 'And now unto God the Method, God the Group, and God the Integration, be all honor and glory'?

II

Such theory is paralleled by a practice equally devoted if less conscious. We join all the groups that we can, because it is in groups that we find out what we are, and we want to live to the limit of our abundant energy. The group takes us and transforms us, and we view the transformation with satisfaction. This process can be seen on a small but graphic scale in our colleges. Imitation is of course a feature of any college anywhere — it is part of the essential conservatism of youth and also part of the learning process; what makes its American form unique is that there is only one standard to be imitated, only one way of being correct. In the English universities, for instance, the possibilities, mental as well as sartorial, range from the hearty through the honors man to the æsthete. With us, the lack of any choice among types canalizes social pressure into one single channel, and thereby enormously increases its force. The new arrival becomes either all right or all wrong; there is no possibility of his being different without being wrong. It is to the group that he goes to find out what he is, and the group says, 'We recognize one single type. Be that, or go under.'

Among the people whom we know there are no differences. We have little experience of liking people with whom we disagree on matters more fundamental than the relative merits of a La Salle and a Chrysler, or even of

recognizing them as valuable and stimulating members of our community. The person and his opinion are one to us; if we disagree with the opinion we have no tolerance for the man. We are incapable of reasoned discussion in general subjects; when someone challenges our point of view we feel attacked all over, as though if the challenger made good his claim our entire personal validity would be annihilated. That is why in America discussion so often becomes charged with all the emotions which accompany a struggle for survival.

There is a curious paradox in this defensive attitude. Owing to the fact that it is from our group that we obtain our mental standards, the point of view which we defend as a condition of personal survival is not really our own point of view. And we defend it all the more violently because it is not our own. What we receive from the group is a text, which loses its recognizable character if it is not maintained wholly intact and in its original form. Since the group standard is essentially external to us, we are not able to affirm, modulate, or reject various parts of it according to whether or not they appear living and true in the light of our personal experience. The fact that our social milieu provides no education in the development and exercise of personal criteria makes them weak and faltering when occasionally we do try to use them as supports, and consequently drives us back to the standardized props recommended by the social groups to which we belong.

The predominance of groups in our society and the absence from it of all variety explain why our personal life is such a negligible affair. The activism necessitated by the exigencies of the pioneeer days has become a tradition and a pride, and it has not only condemned idleness, but confused idleness with leisure. The mood of the community is set against the conditions of an inner development, of the attainment of a tempered personality. Intangibles such as the fruits of contemplation, or the insight that comes from stepping aside from time to time to try to catch a glimpse of the direction of our dynamic world, are difficult to justify to a community which is looking for concrete results. The social pressure is dead against them. Consequently we have the most curious spectacle of all: the division of leisure itself into activities — other and different activities than those of the workday, but activities, none the less. Leisure, in truth, is with us at bottom not a contrast to work. The psychology of the world of production is so strong that it has brought about the organization of even the personal life.

The group's unquestionable rightness becomes the individual's morality. Here lies perhaps the greatest single danger in America's future. As yet it is only latent. The most popular of the existing groups are the recently established clubs for more and better business, for a bigger and better community; they are bent upon the creation of good will, and consequently wish to alienate no one. There are also the older fellowships of one sort or another, founded upon the idea of brotherhood. And lastly there are the societies for the attainment of a specific end, of which the various 'anti' societies are the type. At present the last of these groups, with the Anti-Saloon League as its archetype, is causing a good deal of amusement. The simplification of good and evil which members of such organizations assume in measuring all men according to whether they do or do not agree with the Anti-Blank League's principle, and their efforts to extend the application of that principle by whatever means are at hand, are funny

when watched from a distance. Yet it is worth questioning whether the methods of these societies are not the very methods which larger and more effective groups will in the future be increasingly ready to employ.

The fact that the individual does not feel his sense of values personally, but depends for it on his group, means that the establishment by that body of an external credo is extremely easy. And the group is so conscious of the dependence on it of its members, and so jealous of its control of them, that any attempt of a person within the group to temper its formulæ is met with 'Who are you to be suggesting this?' And behind the phrase the thought, 'What outside influence has been after you, putting that into your head?' Once the credo is established, all those who accede to it are 'our kind'; they are 'the boys.' That is the mood of the period of expansion; all of the members' energy is absorbed in welcoming new boys. But there is a limit to that period. The next step is to further the 'activities programme' of the organization. Here the question of legitimate methods raises itself. There is a strong tendency to throw it aside as nonexistent. A morality for our group has been not only decided upon, but proclaimed, in the official credo. Since all the boys agree that that is what we want, is it very relevant how we get it? For, after all, those who don't want what we want can't be regular boys; if they were they would believe in our credo, too. And since their beliefs are not our beliefs and therefore all right, they are obviously all wrong, — here is the point of distinction which may widen into the line of future social cleavage, —and is it not our moral duty to treat them accordingly? And what is accordingly? From the frontier on, we have been a people with no particular repugnance to the use of force.

This seems like a far cry from the mood of a country which has SMILE signs on every office desk. The picture of a large and uniform mass of men, recognizing no limits except the limits of its land, worshiping a god of that land's productivity, enforcing its customs with tribal severity, and purging itself of those who practise different rites with the joyful hate of a holy war, is not easily recognizable as These United States. It is in fact a ridiculous caricature. And yet . . .

The time is coming when the superproductivity of the land will find equilibrium, when the cry of 'more and better' will be met by a law of diminishing returns. We do not believe this. Neither did the Englishman of 1840, when the possibilities of the Kingdom of Coal and Iron were at dawn; now, less than a hundred years later, he is realizing that it is afternoon. When that time comes to us it will no longer be a case of everyone having a share in an increasing total. Once the total is constant, the struggle for shares will be sharpened. The boys will gather more closely together; the distinction between 'our kind' and 'not our sort' will be more pronounced, and will be invoked oftener.

We have already seen a little of groups arming for group defense. The definition of what we mean by 'our kind' began in a mild way in the early 'Americanization' programmes. Those were to help the immigrant to become 'one of ours.' Now we have reached the stage where we think we have had enough immigrants, and the tone changes. We have begun to define 'Americanism' with a view to enforcing the acceptance of certain standards. The action of the Attorney-General and of the local courts during the anti-Red period of 1920, of which the Sacco-Vanzetti case was only the most noteworthy example, applied these

standards to political ideas. The organization of the Open Shop Drive to enforce the antiunion 'American' plan in our factories took the standards on to the industrial field. The Anti-Saloon League is attempting to put into practice a legal victory in the social sphere. And all of these are only specific manifestations of a much more fundamental cleavage — the cleavage between the Anglo-Saxon stock of the First Immigration and the later comers who alone are known as immigrants. In the Hoover-Smith election, the former stock won a decisive victory on the issue of group dominance, an issue which will continue increasingly to be raised in American politics.

And if American life cannot learn to accept the existence of differences, if the controlling group elects to fight it out on a straight issue of dominance, the tribal caricature will become a likeness. The question of an order, our order, will gradually become a question of order pure and simple, with force used to maintain it. Even now, American industry cannot be allowed to stop; if the weight of its superstructure came down, fire would spring from the ruins. We have moved from the farm to the city, and we intend that city life shall continue. The fear which keeps a million people out of the subway the day after there has been an accident due to a slipped rail is only a faint shadow of the hate which would break against any group that could with some degree of truth be accused of deliberately interrupting means of transport. The suburban community is the dominant American group. It is the group which conforms most willingly and most closely to the group standards, and feels itself emptiest apart from them. It is the group which is therefore willing to stake most on the continued functioning of things as they are, to put order above all — the group from which the Fascisti of the future will be drawn, if there are Fascisti.

If there are Fascisti! Surely the commuters on the 5.10 train do not look very much like intent and determined imperialists of production. The idea is ridiculous. Put the person of a Gluyas Williams cartoon into a black shirt and he is funnier than ever. Put him into a white sheet, however, and he is at least recognizable as a factor in American life; muster him as a Minute Man of America and he even gains a certain prestige.

One thing is certain. If there are not to be Fascisti when the check in production produces a check on the facile type of 'Service' good humor, it will be because an element of tolerance has entered into American life and become an integral part of it. The present system does not permit variety, let alone accepting it as a communal good. What are the sources of this weakness in our social outlook? How could it be overcome? If an understanding of and a respect for differences are to become part of our make-up, both a personal change and an institutional change will have to take place. We shall have to acquire an ability, both personal and institutional, to recognize not only the existence of something, but also the existence of something else; to differentiate the All into parts with forms of their own.

It means establishing conditions in which variety can flourish, and believing in variety even when it takes the form of opposition.

RETICENT EPISODES

From the Magistrate's Indian Diary

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

'SPARTAN' and I went on, over the fields smooth as a carpet, dipping occasionally into some tiny river bed, which ran like a great brown gash across the green face of the country. The villagers are glad to see one, and talk freely of their little affairs: how the floods spoiled the maize crop, how lack of rain at the right time damaged the rice, how the new landlord is trying —illicitly—to raise their rents. The bridge on such and such a road has been swept away; can that be put right? It can be; and steps are taken to make sure that it is.

About noon, or a little earlier, one gets to camp. The tents are almost hidden in a thick grove of mango trees, but one sees their white tops gleaming far across the fields. I noticed a little group to the right, where the cart track from headquarters entered the village, and galloped up to find the local landowner waiting to salaam me on my arrival. Ram Sahai was incredibly frail, but enormously dignified in his *tamjan* — a sort of open sedan chair, heavily armored with silver, and containing more red plush than would ever seem possible. Eighty, I think he is; his teeth have gone long ago, and his nose and chin almost meet. The old man had donned his garments of ceremony, and wore a turban with an aigrette. There he stood, swaying with age, encrusted with gold lace and barbaric jewels. He is proud, intensely proud, of the fact that his lands were given him by the Government, as a direct reward for services rendered in the mutiny; and he is — and always has been — *plus royaliste que le roi*.

The story of how he came to possess his large estate, and his title of taluqdar, is interesting. During the mutiny, the magistrate of this district was, at one time, hunted like a rat by large gangs of mutineers from Lucknow. Ram Sahai's father, Kallu Ram, had a distant cousin of the same name who knew the magistrate slightly. This cousin harbored the latter for weeks, at the gravest risk to his own life; when things got too hot to last, and detection seemed inevitable, he provided a disguise, and gave the magistrate all his available cash in order to assist him to escape. The hope was that he might find his way to some centre where the British still held out. That hope was not realized; but on the way the magistrate did fall in with a party of his compatriots, and shortly afterward he fell, fighting. He had, however, done what most men in similar circumstances did during these troublous times — jotted down the main facts as regards his escape; and he asked the Government to see that his protector, Kallu Ram, was suitably rewarded.

Many months afterward, when 'the great trouble' was over, and when

the English were administering justice with a somewhat heavy hand and rewarding with a profuse liberality those who had stood by them in the dark days of the mutiny, Kallu Ram (who by that time had died) was summoned to Lucknow, to the presence of the Chief Commissioner. The summons was delivered to his distant cousin, Kallu Ram, the father of Ram Sahai. There must have been anxious consultations and debate as to what should be done! The ways of the English were inscrutable. Men were being hanged; men were being rewarded; the dice might fall anyhow, so they thought in the villages. But Kallu Ram had 'stuff' in him. He went to his namesake's widow — the widow of his distant cousin — in her little mud hut under the nim trees: —

'This writing has come. In the village, as thou knowest, there is now no Kallu Ram of our caste but me. I know not what this thing may bring. It may be death — hanging; it may be a rich reward — land, money, honors. All that is in the hand of God. But this I do know, and promise on the head of my son, Ram Sahai, that if it be reward, then thou shalt be my mother while thou livest, and my house shall be thy house, and my lands thy lands, and thou shalt share with us and live with us while life lasts. Is it agreed? If it be hanging, then art thou free from blame, and Ram Sahai shall be to thee as a son in my stead. Is it agreed, O my mother?' It was agreed; and Kallu Ram went off, ready for death or for reward, as Parmeshwar might in his wisdom decide. Stout-hearted fellow!

His reward was great. The English made much of him; twenty thousand broad acres were assigned to him and his heirs; they gave him five lakhs of rupees, and a robe of honor stiff with gold and gems; and they made him a taluqdar of Oudh. He, Kallu Ram, of the cultivator caste, who had never seen three hundred rupees together in all his lifetime, was set in the seats of the mighty, and became one of the lords of the land.

The village knew the facts; but it was felt that substantial justice had been done. He was the wrong Kallu Ram — but that did n't matter; it was fitting that the splendid recompense should not be lost to the family. Everyone knew that the dead Kallu's widow was regarded as a mother by the new Kallu; she would share, to the uttermost farthing, so far as a Hindu widow could still have any joy in life, in the new Kallu's prosperity. Further, it was ill meddling in such high matters. The English had selected Kallu for high honor; he was now the overlord of them all; he had money, which is all-potent; and, though the tale passed from father to son was the common property of all, and still remains known to everyone in the village, it went no farther. An Indian village can, when need be, keep its secrets as closely as the tomb.

One tangible thing remains. On a high site, beside the village, there is a heavy marble monument to the dead English magistrate. Round it are tanks, — huge masonry reservoirs with steps for bathers, — little kiosks here and there where one may shelter from the burning sun, oleanders and acacias to give grateful shade. The tanks are dry, but they are kept in excellent order; and the monument is as fresh as when it left the sculptor's hands. Kallu Ram meant, at all costs, to show his gratitude; and his son, frail old man as he is, would still grip his gold-hilted and jeweled scimitar, if the need arose, to strike a blow for the English. The years have used him and his property; he is deep in debt; he cannot understand many of our ways; he resents the

irksome control that is essential to save for him and his sons the broad lands that the Government gave to his stout-hearted father. But through it all, and despite it all, his deep faith in the English has never wavered or been shaken. High and low, from the sodden marshes of the Terai to the burning plains of Rajputana, you will find many Ram Sahais — if you know where to look for them.

II

I am camping in what I always think is the most uninteresting part of my district. The country is dead flat, and one sluggish river winds through it.

For the moment, one rather curious happening holds the field of interest. Some obscure pundit or other in the holy city of Benares, upset probably by too copious and indigestible a meal, decided that the world would come to an end toward the last of this month. Such a decision is in itself not very surprising; it has been made before, and will doubtless be made again, in India and elsewhere. What is troubling me here, however, is that the pundit — may he die of soul-twisting colics — coupled his rather banal announcement with a cheerful intimation that, three days before the end of everything, the Muhammadans would rise, at a preconcerted signal, and massacre the Hindus. I feel that in making this addition he was hardly playing fair; he quite evidently had no sympathy with the race of hard-worked and necessarily anxious district officers.

The peasants are not sowing — why should they toil, when the end of the world is at hand? The revenue is not coming in — why should one pay, when the whole world will shortly vanish in smoke? Worst of all, the Hindus are watching the Muhammadans with fear in their eyes; the Muhammadans are glancing askance at the Hindus — will these soft throats offer much resistance to slitting? Will there be much loot? Will it really come to the Armageddon of the two races so soon? It does not do to treat that sort of thing too seriously; it is equally dangerous to treat it too lightly. What I do know, and can see everywhere, is that the plough is not working; the land is not sown; it is as if some infernal fellow had stuck a crowbar into the works of a delicate machine. Everywhere there is anxiety, even dread. Things have stopped with a click.

There is nothing I can do, except carry on as usual, and banter those who broach the subject. I have, however, rearranged my mighty small force of mounted police (I have eighty men for a population of a million and a quarter) so that, if trouble does come, they will be where they are most likely to be wanted. What perturbs me most is that my highest Indian officers — Hindus and Muhammadans alike — are nervous and excited. Some of them are obviously terrified. In the course of the last two days, I had long talks with two of them, one a Hindu magistrate, the other a Muhammadan tahsildar (that is, a chief revenue officer, in charge of a subdivision consisting of about one quarter of the whole district). Both explained how widespread the uneasiness was; both laughed at the absurd prophecy; and — confound them — both finished up by suggesting that it would make for security, and would protect a vital point, if I arranged that the police force at *their* station should be quadrupled during the decisive days. In other words, both of them 'had the wind up,' and badly. I told them coldly that I had already given orders as regards the distribution of the police; and added that I myself was camping,

with my family, without a guard, at such and such a centre. The thing would pass. Their business was to carry on precisely as before; to ignore all alarmist rumors unless there seemed to be some substantial foundation for them and preventive measures were in fact possible. In that case, they must do the best they could with the resources under their own control. If things looked really serious, they could of course always come to me again; but all I wanted them to do for the moment was to carry on, as if nothing were happening, and to do all they could, by talk and by example, to tranquilize the people.

III

I had an unusual conversation today. I spent nearly two hours discussing with the father of two sons — his only children — whether there was any possible means of saving them from being hanged. A peculiarly brutal murder had been committed; and, as a result of patient and careful investigation, the police sent up these two men for trial on a charge of murder. The details would not interest you; the men were tried before an Indian judge, and were acquitted. It is one of the multifarious duties of a district officer to keep an eye on the general administration of justice in his district. If there is an acquittal in an important case, such as murder or dacoity, which seems at variance with the facts and the evidence, the district magistrate has to bring the matter to the notice of the Government, which has a right of appeal (to the High Court only) against the acquittal. The High Court then retries the case, and can inflict such penalty — even death — as may seem to it proper. In this case, it seemed to me that the acquittal was dead against the facts and the evidence. I had therefore advised the Government to appeal against the acquittal; they had done so, and the case was about to be retried by the High Court. It was at this juncture that the father of the two accused came to see me.

He was an ordinary cultivator, and not of high caste. By some means (one can guess at the method) he had got hold of the substance of my letter advising the appeal; and he set himself to combat, point by point, the arguments advanced. The whole thing was done with a cold abstraction, a logical precision, an entire absence of emotion, that confounded me. There he was, the father of the two men who would almost certainly be hanged, discussing their deadly peril with acuteness and sang-froid, with ability which was in itself remarkable, and with a kind of intellectual aloofness from the human interests at stake. For a Hindu, as he was, the existence of a son is essential to prestige in this world, and to salvation in the next. The son must perform the funeral rites; the son carries on the family; without a son it is 'death, disaster, and damnation.' All that he seemed to have put out of his mind. No human emotion peeped out. It was cold, able, precise, even brilliant advocacy only. I inquired later if there had been tension between the father and his sons to account for it. I could find no evidence of that, or of anything peculiar in the family history. It finally came to this: he agreed that there were two crucial points. I told him that if he could satisfy me that his statement of the facts as to these two points was correct, or probably correct, I would, even at that very late stage of the proceedings, do all I could to stop the wheels I had set in motion. I said frankly that I saw no probability that he could satisfy me as to that; I had been through the whole case twice, and

had examined most carefully all the points at issue. I saw no avenue of escape, and was at the moment firmly convinced that his sons had committed the murder. I was, however, ready to reopen the whole affair if, on the two points admittedly vital, he could convince me that his allegations were correct. He thanked me, again without any display of emotion, and said that he would call again in a few days. That was ten days ago, and he has not been back. I doubt if he will return.

In all my twenty years' experience, that case is unique. District officers are often appealed to by the most unexpected people, and the confidence and trust reposed in them are great. The people generally feel real confidence in their desire for justice and in their sense of fair play; they know that no trouble is too great if it is a question of preventing injustice. Here, with everything at stake in this world and the next, the father had short-circuited the Government (which alone had power to take action in the matter), and he apparently intended to take no steps in the High Court when the case came before them. It was all done with an inhuman detachment which leaves me marveling. He put the whole burden on my shoulders, did his best with me, and was apparently prepared to leave it at that. In India one has fresh surprises every day.

IV

I am now on my way north again, and my spirits rise whenever I think of it. It comforts me to get as close as I can to the shadow of the Himalayas; to see the glittering, aloof peaks stand up stark at dawn; to watch them glow in the sunset; to see their cold leaden slopes when the short sunset flush is over and they withdraw majestically into the gloom of night. North, there are wide open spaces; north, there are forests. One gets to cleaner, purer air.

My first stage on that northward journey has been taken, and my tents are cosily arranged in a little clearing in a tiny bit of outlying forest that bestrides the long white dusty road to the more populous regions I have just left. I am still far from the 'really truly' forests, but even this pale simulacrum is immensely satisfying for the moment. This camp, too, is particularly interesting, as the whole place is a 'criminal settlement' inhabited by Sansiyahs. The Sansiyahs are of unknown origin; gypsies, probably, of some sort — possibly from Persia. They are fine upstanding men and women, markedly above the average as regards height and physique; they are hereditary criminals, and proud of it. Crime is their profession, and, except so far as we can prevent it, their sole occupation. They have, of course, an argot of their own, though they can speak good Hindustani. Their proficiency as thieves is remarkable; and they devote to this life work of theirs an amount of thought and energy which is amazing. Time after time, in case after case, we have found them executing a coup of some kind or other at a place about twenty miles off, leaving their settlement after the last roll call (say about ten at night) and returning in time for the roll call at six in the morning. They know the local jungles like the backs of their hands; they lope along in the dark, in single file, noiselessly, tirelessly, strike suddenly, and disappear into the blackness of the night. They are not 'scientific' criminals, in any sense of the term; and their game is usually petty theft, fairly safe housebreaking, the snatching of a goat here or a sheep there, shoplifting where good chances offer, and occasionally an excursion into bolder forms of

crime such as dacoity, though they seldom run to murder.

There are about three hundred of them here, and they have been 'settled' in a huge clearing in this strip of forest. Unwisely, I think, for the forest gives them exactly the terrain they like. Land has been allotted to them; they have cattle; they are taught to weave, and so on, and to supplement their agricultural earnings by minor home industries. But their hearts are not in the work. Like the wild dogs, they seem untamable. They are repulsively dirty in their habits; and the women in particular love the 'stalwart beggar' act, and terrify peaceable Hindu households by demanding money, threatening in the event of refusal to throw unspeakable ordures into the courtyards. That would usually mean elaborate purifications, and so on — time, trouble, and expense. So, usually, the Sansiyahs are bought off, and the game proceeds merrily. Meantime, the women note the position of things; mark down houses which are worth burgling; note which children are wearing silver ornaments; and collect information useful to their scallywag husbands — for future use.

This particular settlement is in charge of a European officer of the Salvation Army. He, his wife, and one young child live in the midst of these ruffians, in a mud hut thatched with jungle grass. There they remain, summer, rains, and winter, in conditions which one can only describe as appalling. They live on such food as is locally obtainable, for their combined salary is roughly fifty pounds a year. They may possibly see three or four Europeans each season. They are isolated from everything that makes life worth living; their only literature, except for the Bible, is a daily paper which is delivered by the post one day late. There is no doctor, of course; medical aid of a very inferior kind could possibly be obtained some fifteen miles away. In the rains, the jungle clearing is sodden with fever; in the hot weather, the earth is iron, and the skies are brass. No ice, of course; no mineral waters; and nothing to do but work. Yet they stand it all; they are always cheerful, always optimistic. They have no delusions, either — they know the breed they have to work with.

Their lives must often be in danger, but the husband sallies forth undauntedly, clad in his red army sweater, with a huge blackthorn in his hand; and he plunges into the midst of the quarreling, excited groups, calms them down, hears the story, and gives his instant decision. When necessary, the blackthorn makes that decision respected. He is 'a good man of his hands,' and has established a domination, chiefly moral, in part physical, on which the whole conduct of the settlement turns. They know there is no money in the game for him; they cannot make him out. He enforces a roll call every two hours at all critical periods of the day; it is the only way to make sure that the men do not go off thieving. He pays surprise visits to their houses at all hours of the night with the same object. His Hindustani is rather elementary (he has not been there very long), but he is learning the language fast; and meantime he ekes out his scrappy vocabulary in the expressive manner of the British Tommy. Signs and gestures; a firm tone of voice; infinite patience — and always the blackthorn firmly gripped in his muscular fist. Checking by every means I can employ for ascertaining the real facts, I find that he has got that settlement feeding out of his hand. Crime in the vicinity is practically normal; there are few complaints of any importance from the surrounding villages; the

police are satisfied; the people round about are reasonably contented. Is n't it a marvel? And when one thinks of the driving motive that can lead a man — and his wife — to devote their lives to such work, in such surroundings, and to remain cheerful and happy through it all!

The district policeman told me a curious story regarding this settlement. About a year ago, despite all the restrictions, despite the roll calls and the control, petty thefts in the neighboring market town, fifteen miles off, were steadily increasing. Articles of considerable value were constantly disappearing from the shops. The local police could do nothing, and had no suggestions to make; they were 'flummoxed,' and gave it up.

About that time the policeman was visiting this settlement. One evening, having spotted the tracks of a large leopard in the jungle near the river, he decided to 'sit up for it.' He went back at once to his camp, took his machan, — a little tape-strung wooden frame with iron rings at the corners which one can fix in a tree, — and prepared for his long vigil, perched uncomfortably in the machan, some eighteen feet or so above the ground. The jungle was scrub, *karunda*, thorn bushes, and so on, and it was fairly open, so that, from a height, one could see some distance.

After sitting in absolute stillness for an hour or more, he heard someone coming along the jungle path. Soon he saw the intruder — a Sansiyah boy whom he knew well by sight. There was little danger of the policeman's being seen, for when one is walking on a winding, narrow jungle path one seldom looks up, and the machan was, in any case, screened by leaves. That one always attends to — it is part of the game. The boy came sauntering along, stopping every now and then to pick a berry. Thirty yards or so from the machan, he was attracted by a dhak tree — a tree that bears brilliant scarlet blossoms before the leaves come out. 'Flame of the forest,' it is sometimes called. Now, as all Indian boys know, the flower of the dhak, properly manipulated, makes an admirable sort of jew's-harp; and this Sansiyah child — he was about twelve years old — sat down on the path to make one. Delicately he shredded off the unwanted parts; appreciatively he tried his new toy; and when all was satisfactory he resumed his stroll, passing finally out of sight without having been conscious that the policeman was watching every movement with intense interest.

The reason for the intense interest was that the policeman knew that this child had been blind from birth! He had seen him a hundred times, feeling his pitiful way through the settlement; he had often watched his pale blue eyes with their fixed unseeing stare; he knew by heart that peculiar expression of peace and calm which the faces of the blind so often wear. Every act, every gesture, had fitted in to perfection with the idea that the boy was blind, and had never known sight. It was all acting, he now knew; the boy had been trained from infancy to act as the blind act — and never had his acting failed! In that lonely jungle path, with no one likely to be there but Sansiyahs who knew and profited by his secret, he doubtless felt he could take an hour or so off. He had done so, to his own undoing. While waiting for the leopard (which never came) the policeman thought it all over, and became convinced that chance had enabled him to solve the mystery of the shop thefts. The blind boy went everywhere; everyone knew he was blind; he was unsuspected and unwatched. When the head of the local police station was

told the tale, he laughed at it at first. Why, he had known the boy for five years — the sahib must be wrong. He, everyone, knew with the certainty of absolute conviction that the boy was stone-blind.

We had the child examined by the Civil Surgeon: his eyes were perfect. Eventually, the Sansiyahs gave up the game; they admitted that the boy had normal sight, and that he had been trained, through all these years, to simulate the acts and appearance of a blind child. Think of the infinite patience required, of the supreme ability necessary, of the iron control requisite, to carry through successfully such a deception. And the boy was only twelve years old! Truly, the Sansiyah is never weary in ill-doing.

V

Here are two little thumb-nail sketches that will perhaps bring home to you the variety and the sharpness of the contrasts one comes across in one's daily work.

Out duck shooting the other evening, I picked up a village coolie to carry the birds I had shot, and to help in retrieving others. We were passing through his village on the way back, and as we rounded a clay pit of large extent, deep and full of water, and with absolutely vertical sides, he began to shake with laughter. I asked him what the joke was. And this is the tale he told: —

'I never pass here without laughing. The reason is that, about a month ago, a stranger somehow fell into that tank. [In passing, I may say that a 'stranger' often means anyone from a village not quite close to the home of the speaker.] The sides are slippery and give no hold; round and round he went, like a rat in a barrel of water, round and round and round, splashing, struggling, going under, coming up again. He could not swim well. And we all came out and sat on the sides, and watched him. It was very funny: up he came, shouted; down he went, splashing. And when he was tired, he sank. I never saw anything so funny, and when I pass here I remember it all, and laugh.'

They could have saved him, without the slightest risk, by merely pushing into his hand any one of the hundreds of bamboos that lay near. That evidently did not occur to anyone; so they sat and enjoyed the entertainment provided.

Now for the second story: A week ago, in a district close to mine, an old lady was buried alive. The funeral was attended by all the villagers, and of course by her own family — two grown-up sons and three grandsons. And this is how it all happened. The facts came out in open court, and there can be no doubt as to their accuracy.

The two sons, after working all day in their fields, bathed, prior to their evening meal. One of them noticed, with horror, that a white patch had appeared on his thigh. Leprosy! They talked the matter over with their mother. One can picture the scene: the mud-walled house, the thatched roof with the untrimmed beams showing, the flickering light of the little *chiragh* of coconut oil in which a tiny wick guttered, the swaying shadows of the great clay corn bin that rose from the beaten floor smooth and fresh from its daily coating of mud and cow dung, the stricken man, the wrinkled old woman bent with age and exhausting labor. It was common knowledge that the gods were angry, and it was of course very evident that there was but one sure method of propitiating them — a human sacrifice. That everyone knew. There was the family to think of. The grandsons would suffer unless the sacrifice was made; the second son might be stricken also. Clearly, there

must be a sacrifice — but who should be the victim? They argued it out, dispassionately. The leper son contended that he should be buried — he was already attacked; a sacrifice might, or possibly might not, cure him; but he at least could certainly purchase by his own life immunity for his brother and their sons.

The mother did not agree. Her son was in the prime of life; his sons needed him; he was required to work the family holding. Her death would earn not only a cure for him, but also immunity for the others. She had lived her life; she was finished; she must die soon, anyhow — why wait for death when death, if sought, would fetch so great a price? The life of her sons, the safety of her grandsons, the power to wring a living from the soil — all was at stake. No! She must die, and die she would, gladly. It was a little thing to give to get so much. Far into the night they talked, debating these high issues of life and death. Finally, all agreed that the mother's offer should be accepted; it was the wisest course. Early next morning they laid the matter before the village elders; and there again, under the great peepul tree, the question was debated afresh, gravely, dispassionately, with all the wisdom that the old men of the village could bring to bear on it. Of the efficacy of the course proposed no one had any doubt; that was quite clear. It was merely a question of deciding on the most appropriate victim. And the village council, after much high debate, agreed that the best plan was to bury the old lady. That evening she walked firmly to the grave they had dug, embraced her sons and grandsons, said her sad partings, and lay down, with her sari drawn across her face, at the bottom of her living tomb. They spread boughs rent from neighboring trees over her, and then filled up the grave. She was not drugged; she was, to the last, the dominating personality in all that tragic affair. One little touch of tremendous realism was preserved by the dry official record. When they began to fill in the earth, the old woman's voice came muffled through the boughs and the clods: '*Dhirti sambhalke dalo.*' ('Throw in the earth carefully — gently.')

One wonders what the sons and the village folk thought as they went back to their homes? Possibly, some Indian version of the familiar words, 'Greater love hath no man than this. . . .'

ALMUS PATER

Antioch Introduces a Masculine Element into Higher Education

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

VERY clearly do I remember my first visit to a great Eastern university. My friend, a department head, introduced me to another member of the faculty, and I was invited to call.

It was almost my initial acquaintance with the East. I was at home in desert sagebrush, in mountain lumber camps, in frozen winter travel in the North, and with mosquitoes and moccasin snakes of Southern swamps. Browbeating a 'roughneck' contractor into doing a decent construction job, or hunting a lost surveying party in the jungles, was familiar experience. But here was something new.

My host received me in his apartments and bade me be seated. The room was nicely and delicately furnished. I have the impression of filmy curtains and fragile bric-a-brac, presided over by a man who was appropriate to the room. After a few commonplaces about politics, he suggested we have tea.

Tea! I had thought these were bachelor quarters, and I did not know that my host was married. Perhaps his mother was taking care of him. But I was mistaken. He produced a set of dainty, translucent porcelain, and proceeded to make tea himself, before my astonished eyes.

I had affection for the forests and the deserts. Who would not roll up in his blanket on the winter ground in order to wake and see the rose tints of the morning twilight creep over the Western peaks? But that life has disadvantages. The open spaces furnish too few congenial associates. I had consorted with Emerson and Carlyle, with Thoreau and Wordsworth, with Huxley and Darwin, and with Plato, and I was permanently hungry for the company of friends with similar tastes. Was it not worth while to swallow the tea for the sake of finding such companionship?

So I visited more faculty members, dined at the faculty club, and loafed at the faculty quarters, always with my ears open. Of course my expectations were not fulfilled. It was not within reason that men of vigorous intellectual interests would wear their opinions upon their sleeves, or expose their substantial convictions to a stranger. The commonplaces I heard, and the mild discussions, doubtless were but the efforts of sensitive and modest men to avoid ostentation.

It is more than twenty years since that experience, but the impression still remains of a lack of masculine atmosphere about the institution. Yet, so far as I can recall, I did not see a woman on the campus. Does not the phrase 'Alma Mater' properly describe the characteristic influence of the undergraduate college? Does not the college in the main afford a mother's influence to its students? It is the

traditional mother's part to provide mild discipline, sympathy, understanding, patience, forgiveness, and aspiration to her children.

The father should supply understanding, too, but of another sort. He knows that the storm can make its contribution as well as the fireside, that only rigorous living can develop stamina, that a morality which never has faced stress is not yet secure. He knows that the man who faces the world and holds to his own best standards has a quality never achieved by him who keeps under shelter. He knows that the stresses are surely coming, and he would temper his son or daughter to them while he is yet near by to offer a friendly hand or a word of encouragement or caution. Where we find a father who is mothering his children, it generally is because his own life lacked a father's proper influence.

The father influence is waning in America, and, unless we beware, the rugged temper of our people will begin to grow soft, or they will get their tempering in the arbitrary school of military training. Less and less do fathers see their sons and daughters. They are too busy, and the job is left to mother. Moreover, until high school is past, most teaching is by women.

Much modern employment is but little better. A man or woman very often works in shop or store or office where only a few adjustments are required, and where striking weaknesses of personality do not seriously affect the highly standardized and carefully supervised production.

And college continues to be Alma Mater. The student is still sheltered from the stresses which develop self-reliance. Coonskin coats and rakish motor cars may give a semblance of masculinity, but not the substance, and football supplies but a very specialized kind of stamina, quite different from that needed to hold down a lone job with no cheering on the side lines. Even the student who is tempered to rigorous intellectual work may be quite unfitted to meet many other kinds of stress.

A boy or girl needs both mother and father, and our systems of higher education will be sadly incomplete until Alma Mater and Almus Pater have coördinate jurisdiction and influence.

II

At Antioch College we hold that a true sense of proportion is a pearl of great price, for which we should be ready to sell very much of what we have. No quality of character, no element of personal development, is of such superlative worth that one does well to give it unlimited attention to the exclusion of all other interests. Even the pursuit of proportion may be carried to a point where it will absorb energy that otherwise could better be used in increasing the total value of living.

There is a temper of mind which assumes that we may care *either* for this *or* for that, but that the presence of any strong interest must exclude its opposite. Such minds are insensitive to fine proportion. I cannot endure these 'either-or' persons. A one-track mind assumes that all others must be similarly afflicted, and that attention to any particular interest necessarily implies a disregard for contrasting interests. Tell such a person that you are interested in science, and he will say, 'Oh, but religion is so much more important,' as though they were mutually exclusive. Tell him you are interested in developing in young people a practical adjustment to real life, and he will assume that you have no care for a liberal education.

Therefore, regardless of everything to

the contrary that may be said in this article, it will be quoted by many people as expressing the point of view that college influences are not important, but that practical experience should dominate in higher education. Than which nothing is further from the truth!

In the unconventional college programme that has been in operation at Antioch for nearly eight years, Almus Pater has reigned with Alma Mater. The sheltering, stimulating, and inspiring influences of academic halls have been blended with the sterner stuff of real living in a real world. The boys and girls of Antioch are having both kinds of influence in their lives, in the proportions that seem by experience best to bring about the complete development of personality.

Lest there still be a lurking suspicion in the reader's mind that Antioch is chiefly interested in the tempering influences of practical contacts, before describing Antioch's methods of introducing a masculine element into education let me just briefly describe Alma Mater at Antioch, or the 'intramural college,' as it is styled with academic dignity.

Antioch stands for liberal education, and the practical-minded student who wants only courses that lead to financial competence or to highly specialized interests is advised to readjust his outlook greatly, or to go elsewhere. One-track minds are relatively few in the student body, and these few tend to broaden out, or to seek more congenial environment. Of the entire time spent in college halls, at least half must be given to the pursuit of a liberal education, regardless of the prospective calling to be followed.

In its interpretation of the meaning of a liberal education, Antioch is more liberal than most liberal colleges. President Eliot often criticized football on the ground that it had little continuing value after college. With graduation that chapter of the student's athletic experience is permanently closed. So too often graduation completes a liberal education. Many educators who hold this belief object to introductory college courses on the ground that they do not establish a mastery of the subjects treated. They tacitly assume that there will be no further pursuit of those subjects after graduation.

Antioch sees a liberal education as a lifelong process, and includes introductory courses in all the major sciences, in literature, history, economics, philosophy, and æsthetics, as a beginning of that process. Advanced courses follow for students who are qualified and interested in the several fields.

A liberal education does imply an experience of mastery, and each Antioch student is asked to spend at least a third of his college time in a thoroughgoing treatment of a subject of his choice. This 'field of concentration' may be cultural, or, as is frequently the case, preparatory for the student's life work. There are now under consideration additional methods for emphasizing mastery in some field which, we believe, may add to Antioch's contribution to educational methods.

The widening and deepening of cultural interests which follow upon participation in the Antioch programme constitute one of the most notable influences of the college. Those interests arise not only from the subjects taught, but from the manner of teaching. During the last three years of the college course formal classes are for the most part dispensed with, and the students are largely left to their own initiative to develop the methods of substantial scholarship. The approval of this so-called 'autonomous programme' on the part of the better students is decisive.

The faculty in liberal subjects, as in other fields, has been developed with the utmost painstaking care, with scholarship, sound human quality, and skill and enthusiasm in teaching as the dominant considerations. Relations between students and faculty are intimate and friendly to a very exceptional degree. The environment is one to stimulate and to develop scholarly interests. Antioch alumni in graduate schools are conspicuous for the range and variety of their cultural interests.

III

The fine arts and their applications are springing into life at Antioch in interesting and surprising fashion. As is natural with the creative spirit which finds expression in the Antioch programme, productive action tends to grow out of theoretical study. The publishing of fine books, begun by a student, is continuing as a profitable industry since his graduation. Another student designs bookplates, and last year sold twenty-seven hundred dollars' worth of them. He expects his sales this year, while he is still a student, to reach four thousand dollars. The Antioch bronze foundry makes fine art bronzes by the Italian 'lost wax' process. The Antioch Press does thirty thousand dollars' worth of fine printing a year. Postural difficulties of girl students led to a study of women's shoes, and four years of experiment finally developed the 'Antioch shoe,' which is a beautiful creation, while it also meets the most critical demands of orthopædists. Made by manufacturers after Antioch designs, last year over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of these shoes were sold, and there are indications of a rapid increase in their use.

Classes in music, dramatics, drawing, painting, and modeling in clay follow after introductory courses in æsthetics, and are eagerly patronized. Few subjects are so generally elected as advance courses in literature.

In its physical setting the intramural college is rapidly becoming fitted for its work. The addition of a library, a men's dormitory, a nursery-school plant with spacious and beautiful grounds, a gymnasium, and an excellent and adequate building to be completed during the current year to house all the natural sciences, provides reasonably suitable physical facilities.

But perhaps most remarkable is the recent accession to the Antioch campus. Through the gift of friends, Antioch now possesses a wonderful tract of forested hills and streams extending over a length of three miles, and connecting with the Clifton Gorge, perhaps the wildest and most rugged bit of forest in Ohio.

For the poet and the naturalist, as well as for young people who love skating and swimming and tramping in the woods and among the cliffs, this campus is priceless. In its hundreds of acres of natural forests there are more species of native trees than are found in all Europe, and the tract also has strong interests for the anthropologist, the geologist, the entomologist, and the general biologist. For the Antioch alumnus, college memories recall not only academic halls, but spring or autumn days beside the still waters.

This article could be taken up entirely with illustrations of contributions to the methods of higher education that have been made by Antioch. Some methods and policies that were almost unprecedented in American higher education when Antioch initiated them eight years ago already have been quite fully accepted, and others of these policies are slowly but surely fighting their way to general adoption.

Among such are the programme of

autonomous courses, in some colleges called honors courses, the policy of giving treatment to initial science courses for the general student different from those given to specialists, the policy of admissions based on thorough individual examination of student fitness rather than upon certificate or formal examination, and the policy of giving greater weight to fundamentals and less weight to applied courses in such fields as engineering and business. The proportion of innovations in education made at Antioch eight years ago which have held their own and are gaining general acceptance is very high.

But this article concerns another phase of the Antioch programme, and if now I have convinced my readers that the Antioch Alma Mater is thriving and vigorous, perhaps I may safely refer with enthusiasm to Almus Pater, the 'extramural college.'

IV

On one or two afternoons each week, various normal young Antiochians of both sexes present themselves at our home, where they are served with tea at the hands of their hostess. The experience no longer disturbs me, perhaps because I am now accustomed to it, perhaps because I know that Almus Pater will soon be getting in his work. In a few weeks at most these young men and women will be scattered to the four winds, handling real responsibilities on real jobs in real life, while another similar army of young men and women will be flocking back from five- or ten-week periods on these same jobs, for a similar period in college halls.

And so this programme continues during the year, the two groups of students alternating between five or ten weeks with Alma Mater in the study halls of the intramural college and similar periods with Almus Pater, getting tempered to the real life of the world. Each job is filled by two students, who take turns.

What is there about these outside working experiences that deserves the name of 'extramural college'? Are they more than just part-time jobs for paying the student's way at college or for teaching him a calling? We believe they are.

To begin with, this extramural college has its own faculty. The dean of this college has his staff of trained and experienced men and women. These extramural faculty members search the entire Eastern United States for exceptional practical opportunities for cooperative students.

Is some modern school doing remarkably fine work? In several such schools Antioch students of education are teaching on a coöperative basis. Is an industrial laboratory blazing a trail in applied science? There Antioch coöperative students are in responsible positions. Is some industrial corporation demonstrating that discriminating ethical standards and fairness in human relations can harmonize with financial success? In such institutions, also, Antioch students are being inoculated with the newer and greater tradition.

The writing of this article has just been interrupted by a visit from the head of the department of chemistry, who related this incident. He had announced a lecture on the chemistry of the purification of city water supplies, and an engineering student volunteered to build a demonstration apparatus for him. This student designed and built in the lecture room a model water-purification system. Muddy and polluted water from a road puddle was poured in, and, passing through the processes of agitation, coagulation, settlement, chlorination, and filtration, all visible to the observers, flowed out crystal clear for the audience to drink.

Anyone who understands the necessary mechanical and chemical controls required to produce such a result will realize that this boy had profited by his coöperative job in the filtration plant of a water company in a large city.

In stores, factories, hospitals, architects' offices, research laboratories, art institutes, newspaper offices, social-service organizations, engineering and construction work, nursery schools, and in a bewildering variety of other undertakings, Antioch young men and women students are being introduced to real life. The three hundred pairs of coöperative students are at work for two hundred employers in sixteen states.

But the extramural faculty has not finished when it has placed the students. The jobs must be made educational. Conferences with the employers and with the students bring out strong and weak points, and furnish counsel on many troublesome matters. The members of the extramural faculty are truly in the place of the father. (This may seem a paradox in case of the woman members, but our analogy must not be strained too far; women as well as men are necessary for the services of Almus Pater, as both are necessary for Alma Mater.) This faculty furnishes the advice, encouragement, warning, understanding, and discipline that a wise father would wish to give his son or daughter.

Almus Pater at Antioch must be familiar with employment possibilities and with economic, social, and educational standards over the entire Eastern United States. Where else could men or women be found so well qualified to furnish the needed counsel? They have been carefully selected from hundreds of able and experienced men and women well equipped by nature and training, who make it their business to know life, to know industry and a wide range of human activities; and to know young men and women, their hopes and despairs, their possibilities and limitations, their adaptability to varying fields of human endeavor.

There are many important lessons to be learned in this extramural college. The experience of having to be responsible away from the flock, the gradual tempering to the winds of reality, the growing assurance that practical life is not hopelessly difficult and complex, but can be mastered without sacrifice of sound personal hopes and standards — all this comes from successfully meeting practical situations that are gradually increased in difficulty under the guidance of experienced leaders.

This may all be well for men students, but what about the young women? The best analogy will fail if pursued beyond reasonable limits, yet I venture the opinion that the American 'co-ed' needs Almus Pater not a whit less than does her brother.

A girl deprived of a father's friendship and counsel is imperfectly equipped for life, as surely as is a boy without a mother. All her lifetime she will deal with the male sex, and she probably never will have a friend who can interpret men to her as well as can a wise and sympathetic father. He knows men and the world of men, their motives and qualities, and may save her from blunders, disappointments, and disillusionment.

The extramural college can serve its women students no less than its men. Unless a young woman is content with the status of ornamental parasite, she also wants to make practical adjustment to a real world. The barriers in her way are more formidable. She has not the same freedom to venture; her opportunities are fewer, and a mistake on her part is more difficult to correct.

Hundreds of alumnæ of our women's colleges are beginning back at the level of high-school graduates, taking

business-school courses in the hope of getting a foothold in economic life. Hundreds more are in fields of limited opportunity, with no vision of an open road ahead. Though home and family are their desires, they wish to approach them through free choice, and not through economic compulsion.

The service of the extramural college to young women is no less important than to young men. Antioch co-eds and graduates are being directed to openings in many fields, and guided in their working experiences. Some are finding their way into conventional careers for women. They are managing or teaching in nursery schools, kindergartens, and day schools, and teaching physical education, home economics, and dramatics in high schools and social settlements. Some are librarians, dietitians in hospitals, secretaries, managers of clubs, and social-service workers.

Others are finding their way into fields more recently opening to women. They are at work as editorial writers and reporters on newspapers and magazines, in architects' offices, in bacteriological laboratories, in industrial employment service, in department-store administration, in industrial promotion, in commercial art, in accounting, and here and there in a great variety of occupations. There are defects of personality to be corrected, courage and patience to be developed, understanding of fellow workmen to be achieved, self-restraint to be practised, initiative to be exercised.

The average father lacks the experience he needs. He does not know whether to be stern or sympathetic, whether to praise or blame. He knows little of callings, and cannot advise his son or daughter wisely. The extramural faculty has had more than a thousand sons and daughters. Understanding and judgment grow out of experience. Sometimes parents have spoiled their children, and sternness is demanded. Sometimes harsh judgment from home hangs like a cloud over a boy or girl of honest purpose, and the chief need is sympathy and encouragement. Sometimes physical defects interfere with good work.

Learning a calling is of importance; opportunity to contribute very materially to one's self-support in college, as Antioch students can do, means much to some young men and women; but perhaps the chief value of the 'coöperative' plan, as Antioch College has developed it, is that it allows Almus Pater to come into his own.

V

Nearly eight years of the Antioch programme are completed, and no one who observes the results can fail to be encouraged. In the establishment of intellectual interests we believe Antioch graduates will stand comparison with any American body of alumni. Few students work harder at academic pursuits. In satisfactory selection of callings there seems little doubt that a large amount of lost motion and blind fumbling is being prevented. Upon graduation more than half of Antioch students — except those continuing in graduate schools or entering educational fields — continue with employers chosen during college years.

Yet, as we see the possibilities still untouched, we feel that the extramural college is only in its infancy. Just as the work of three or four years ago seems now impossibly crude, so we believe that the coöperative programme of to-day will soon be made obsolete by possible improvements that every day present themselves. There seems little doubt that the extramural college will make contribution to personality and character no less important than that of college halls.

That the college is actually achieving its purpose of filling out undeveloped phases of personality and character is indicated by the young men and women who are attracted to it. They are predominantly the sons and daughters of business executives, professional men, and educators. They come from every part of America. For 1928–1929 Antioch has students from every state except Nevada and Mississippi, and from several foreign countries. Only 20 per cent come from Ohio. They see the programme primarily as a liberal education for living, and not as apprenticeship to a job or as a short cut to technical proficiency. Good students are always welcome, and always in demand, but there is no room for those who cannot do good academic work and also meet the requirements of practical life in a reasonably responsible manner.

Seven years ago we were forced to place our students in stores or factories wherever there were openings. To-day an employer must have a good reputation in order to secure Antioch students, and if he does not give them a fair chance to develop he is not able to keep them. Numerous excellent opportunities for educational employment sometimes remain untaken for months because every student fitted for those particular openings is already satisfactorily engaged. In some fields it still is difficult to find just the cooperative positions wanted, especially for students with highly specialized interests, such as in foreign trade, oil geology, or the teaching of dramatics; but little by little many very special cases are being well served, as in ceramics, aeronautical engineering, and physical research.

The notable success Antioch coöperative students are achieving after graduation indicates that they have an almost immediate advantage over students who have been satisfied with a narrower educational outlook. Two young men, graduates of two years ago, are already in executive positions just below the chief officers of two of Ohio's largest department stores, with salaries already equal to those of many college presidents.

Of seven men graduated in chemistry within two years, every one has made a marked success. One of them, who joined a large corporation along with forty chemists from other institutions, already is at the head of the group in salary and responsibility. Two were in charge of industrial laboratories before graduation. Another, a year and a half out of college, is in charge of an important department in a large chemical industry. Others have made brilliant records in graduate schools.

Of twenty graduates in education, nineteen are successful, some in a very marked degree. One student, a year out of college, is head of a small department in a prominent investment banking firm. Two young women, a year out of college, are chief dietitians in large hospitals. Another co-ed, who left before graduation, is managing a club of six hundred members with a quarter of a million dollar plant, and also directs the dining-room service of several hundred meals a day.

A week with the Antioch extramural college is an interesting experience. Within a month there have been opportunities to place ten pairs of Antioch coöperative students as chemists, for biochemical work in a large clinic, for service in metallographic laboratories, and for other positions. A hurry call from the promoters of a nursery school reported that the teacher had suddenly left, and that qualified nursery-school teachers were wanted to take charge for the remainder of the year. Well-trained women students were supplied, and the school proceeded as usual.

The Arden Players were in distress,

for Julius Cæsar had been taken sick. Student dramatics flourish at Antioch; a qualified student took the job of playing the rôle of Julius Cæsar, acting as stage manager as well. He appeared regularly at one-night stands, to be stabbed by friend Brutus. When he joined the troupe, this young man found the members traveling inconveniently from town to town by railroad, with delays in baggage shipments. Suggesting the purchase of a motor bus, Cæsar was forthwith appointed chauffeur.

Young men were wanted to organize and manage the recreation programme in an orphans' home and school of fourteen hundred children. Two pairs are at work on the job, and doing well. They are preparing for careers in physical education.

The engineer of a public utility was asked to give a certain job to coöperative students. 'Can't use students here,' he replied; 'this job is too technical.' 'You seem to have some very specialized equipment here,' remarked the Antioch representative; 'who keeps it in order?' 'Oh, the manufacturers send around an inspector regularly to care for it,' was the reply. 'And did n't you know that the inspector who keeps your equipment in order is an Antioch coöperative student?' We got that job.

Thus the extramural college as organized at Antioch is filling a large gap in the essentials of American higher education. Almus Pater is undertaking to do his share, so long neglected, in bringing up his children.

REMINISCENCES OF LEWIS CARROLL

BY ETHEL M. ARNOLD

I

To recall my first meeting with the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, or — as he was familiarly known to the world — 'Lewis Carroll,' I must, I regret to say, go back fifty-eight years. But, though I was only a chubby five-year-old, through one of those odd quirks of memory by which certain scenes or episodes of childhood are indelibly etched upon the brain I remember every detail of that meeting as if it were yesterday.

It was a typical Oxford afternoon in late autumn — damp, foggy, cheerless; the gray towers of the distant colleges across the 'Parks,' as they are called (not because they are more than one park, but because Cromwell stationed his parks of artillery on the ground later made into one of the loveliest open spaces in the world), looked grayer than usual in the dim autumnal light. A number of little girls, bursting with youthful spirits and all agog for mischief, danced along one of the paths, a staid governess bringing up the rear. Presently one of the number spied a tall black clerical figure in the distance, swinging along toward the little group with a characteristic briskness, almost jerkiness, of step.

'Here comes Mr. Dodgson,' she cried. 'Let's make a barrier across the path so that he can't pass.'

No sooner said than done. The clerical figure, appreciating the situation, advanced at the double and charged the line with his umbrella. The line broke in confusion, and the next moment four of the little band were clinging to such portions of the black-coated figure as they could seize upon. Two little people, however, hung back, seized with shyness and a sudden consciousness of audacity, a sudden awe of this tall, dignified gentleman in black broadcloth and white tie. But in a moment he had shaken off the clinging, laughing children, and before the two little strangers had time to realize what was happening they found themselves trotting along beside him, a hand of each firmly clasped in his strong, kind hands, and chattering away as if they had known him all their lives. Thus began a lifelong friendship between Lewis Carroll and the younger of those two little girls — myself.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was born at Daresbury in Cheshire, of which parish his father was vicar, on January 27, 1832. There is nothing much to record of his boyhood or early manhood. There was little to single him out from the hosts of English boys and young men who come from clerical homes and pass through the ordinary routine of public school and university. He showed marked mathematical ability while at Oxford, and, though only taking a third in greats, he took a first in the final school of mathematics. This led to a mathematical studentship and lectureship at Christ Church, which, in turn, led to his taking deacon's orders in 1861. In those days orders were an essential qualification for most of the teaching posts in the University. He never took priest's orders, as, owing to a slight but decided stammer, he felt himself cut off from parochial work; and, for the academic life he had embarked upon, deacon's orders were sufficient.

When I first met him, in 1870, he had already reached the comfortable goal of his career; that is to say, he was what is called a senior student of Christ Church and mathematical lecturer to the college — a combination of posts which brought him in a good income and gave him lifelong possession of what was perhaps the most spacious and beautiful suite of college rooms in Oxford.

And what an El Dorado of delights those rooms were to his innumerable child friends! The large sitting room was lined with well-filled bookshelves, under which ran a row of cupboards all round the four walls. Oh, those cupboards! What wondrous treasures they contained for the delectation of youth! Mechanical bears, dancing dolls, toys and puzzles of every description, came from them in endless profusion. Even after I was grown up I never paid a visit to his rooms without experiencing over again a thrill of delicious anticipation when a cupboard door swung open.

Lewis Carroll was one of the first of the immense family of amateur photographers — and photography in those days was a very different thing from what it is now. It was no case then of 'Press the button and we do the rest'; you had to do everything yourself, from the coating of your plates with the old wet silver emulsion to the development and printing. Photographing or being photographed in those days was no joke; and for a nervous child, dressed up as a heathen Chinee, a beggar girl, or a fisher maiden, to keep still forty-five seconds at a time was no mean ordeal. I was an extremely bad subject, I am sorry to say, and Mr. Dodgson only took me when he was afraid my feelings would be hurt by his constant preference for my sister as a

sitter. She was one of his very best child subjects, and some of the photographs we still have of her are really beautiful specimens of early photographic art.

Almost all the famous men and women of the day posed before Lewis Carroll's camera in the studio he erected on the Christ Church leads; but, with the whimsical contrariness which was characteristic of him, as soon as the wet plate with all its attendant difficulties and messiness went out and the clean, convenient dry plate came in, he abandoned photography, and not one photograph did he ever take by the new and infinitely simplified process. But I never catch a whiff of the potent ordor of collodion nowadays without being transported on the magic wings of memory to Lewis Carroll's dark room, where, shrunk to childhood's proportions, I see myself watching, open-mouthed, the mysterious process of coating the plate, or, standing on a box drawn out from under the sink to assist my small dimensions, observing the still more mysterious process of development. And then the stories — the never-ending, never-failing stories he told in answer to our never-ending, never-failing demands! He was indeed a bringer of delight in those dim far-off days, and I look back upon the hours spent in his dear and much-loved company as oases of brightness in a somewhat gray and melancholy childhood.

II

The other day, looking through bundles of old letters yellowed by the flight of years, I came upon this delicious little note, written in 1874 to my sister Julia and myself, aged respectively eleven and nine: —

What remarkably wicked children you are! I don't think you would find in all history, even if you go back to the times of Nero and Heliogabalus, any instance of children so heartless and so entirely reckless about returning story-books. Now I think of it, neither Nero nor Heliogabalus ever failed to return any story-book they borrowed. That is certain, because they never borrowed any, and that again is certain because there were none printed in those days.

Affectionately yours,

C. L. D.

Another letter written years later, when I was eighteen and my sister twenty, I cannot resist quoting. It refers to a visit paid to his rooms by my sister and myself and Miss Marion Terry, who, with her sisters Kate and Ellen, had been a friend of Lewis Carroll's from childhood. He introduced me to Marion Terry when I was seventeen, and I promptly developed a girlish adoration for her, to which he alludes in the letter: —

My dear Ethel,

To save the few surviving fragments of our friendship (blighted as it is by the transference of *all* your capabilities of affection to one single individual in London) from drifting away into oblivion, I will, if Thursday afternoon be fine, be at our usual rendezvous at $3\frac{1}{2}$, and if you are there we will take a walk and then come round here and partake of the cup that does not inebriate, and you shall tell me your experiences in the society of one who was once my friend.

You will be kind enough to tell Judy (with my love, which I send *most* reluctantly) that I *may* forgive, but cannot forget, her utterly heartless behaviour in my rooms yesterday. You were not present, and I will not pain your sensitive nature by describing it. But I will be even with her some day. Some sultry afternoon, when she is here, half fainting with thirst, I will produce a bottle of delicious cool lemonade. This I will uncork, and pour it foaming into a large tumbler, and then, after putting the tumbler well within her reach, *she shall have the satisfaction of seeing me drink it myself* — not a drop of it shall reach *her* lips!

However, it was very nice of you to bring my dear old friend to see me, and when she had vanished from my gaze what had I but mathematical considerations to console me? 'She may be limited and superficial,' I said to myself. 'She may even be without depth. But she is at least equilateral and equiangular — in one word, what is she but a Poly-gon?'[1]

I enjoyed the proud distinction of being one of the very few of his child friends with whom he remained on terms of close friendship after they had attained years of discretion. In fact, I believe I was almost the only one of his Oxford child friends who could claim that distinction. He always used to say that when the time came for him to take off his hat when he met one of his quondam child friends in the Oxford streets it was time for the friendship to cease. Even our friendship was threatened with disruption when I had reached the age of twenty — through a much-loved dachshund of mine, the gift of Professor Max Müller. (Oddly enough, both Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll detested dogs, a trait I have always found it difficult to reconcile with the rest of their characters.) My dachshund, with that unfailing intuition as to friends and enemies which may be said to constitute a sixth sense in the canine race, attacked Mr. Dodgson's legs without provocation on the occasion of an afternoon call upon my mother. Nothing would induce Mr. Dodgson to enter the house after this outrage, though no real injury had been inflicted. Next day came a letter containing an elaborate diagram of the rent which had been made in his left trouser leg by Bergmann's teeth, and announcing his determination never again to cross our threshold until the dog had been destroyed. Needless to say, Bergmann was not sacrificed even on the altar of so old and valued a friendship, but Mr. Dodgson stuck to his resolution, and ever after I had to meet him at a particular spot inside the Park gates when he wished to take me for one of our regular walks, ending with tea and buttered toast in his rooms.

Two more letters belonging to the adult period of my friendship with Lewis Carroll are worth quoting, not only for their touches of humor, but for the light they throw upon certain unexpected sides of his curiously complex personality. The first is dated Christ Church, May 22, 1883, the year I left the Oxford High School. I give it in full, as it contains one or two allusions which call for explanation and comment: —

Now, my dear Ethel, I have a *really* complicated problem to put before you. What you have had in the High School is nothing to it! Here are the data — On Saturday morning (hour unsettled) I go up to Town, and on Saturday evening (hour unsettled) I return. And in the interim I go (of course with a friend — but identity unsettled) to see the Danischeffs (spelling unsettled). Now the problem is — who will come with me? Here are my ideas. If your Mother is well enough for such an expedition and would like to come, it would give me great pleasure to treat her to it — and you would probably be glad that she should see for herself what manner of being the Miss Marion Terry is, for whom you have formed such an attachment — Quite possibly, when she has seen her, she may be inclined to think that she *is* rather nice after all! — But suppose Mrs. Arnold, for any cause, declines — what next? Well, I think Judy ought to have the next chance; you see, I have taken both Lucy and you to things — but her never. I don't know, by the way, what HE[2] would say to it! If she thinks HE

[1] Miss Marion Terry was called Polly by her family and old family friends. — AUTHOR

[2] The HE in question was Mr. Leonard Huxley, elder son of Professor Huxley, to whom my sister Julia (or, more familiarly, 'Judy') had recently become engaged. I was the one finally selected for this pleasant expedition. — AUTHOR

would n't like it, perhaps SHE had better not come!

If *she* fails, then I think *you* should have the next chance, because I am hoping to take Lucy to Guildford before long — and if once we get *there*, we are sure to go larking about among the theatres!

If *you* fail, Lucy remains as the last surviving possibility — and if *she* fails too, then please let me know with all speed that I may secure another companion.

Love to your sisters,

Yours always affectionately,

C. L. DODGSON.

(The long tail to the 'Y' is to emphasise the question '*Y* should I be affectionate?')

The allusion to taking my sister Lucy to Guildford referred to a projected visit to his six unmarried sisters, who lived together in a charming old house in Guildford called 'The Chestnuts.' In stating their number as six I am trusting entirely to memory and asserting what for many long years I have believed to be true. But I must confess to being somewhat shaken in this long-cherished belief recently on meeting an old Oxford friend and contemporary — also a child friend of Lewis Carroll — who was quite positive that there were only three Miss Dodgsons when she stayed at 'The Chestnuts.' I can only repeat my assured conviction that when I stayed there there were six!

It is, of course, possible that the state of extreme nervousness to which these rather alarming, austere, devoutly evangelical, and learned ladies (one of them, Miss Henrietta, was, if I remember rightly, an advanced mathematician) reduced me, when, as a rather shy girl of eighteen or nineteen, I paid my only visit to their hospitable and charming home, caused me to see double. On the occasion of that visit Mr. Dodgson read family prayers before breakfast each morning and also the Lessons at the morning service at the neighboring church, in the churchyard of which he who brought the priceless gift of common laughter to the civilized world now sleeps his last, most quiet sleep.

The phrase, 'larking about among the theatres,' taken in conjunction with his allusion to his sisters' home at Guildford, brings us up against what was perhaps one of the most curious combinations of an oddly self-contradictory and paradoxical character. What one may call the basic paste, both hereditary and individual, of his personality was a rigid evangelicalism. His sense of humor, exquisite as it was, failed absolutely when any allusion to the Bible, however innocuous, was involved. The patriarchs, the prophets, major and minor, were as sacrosanct in his eyes as any of the great figures of the New Testament; and a disrespectful allusion to Noah or even to Nebuchadnezzar would have shocked and displeased him quite as much as any implied belittlement of Saint Paul. Stories of children which even remotely hinged upon Biblical episodes or characters, or even upon any of the hymns in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, were received always with the severest rebuke to their narrators, and I shall never forget the snub administered to one unfortunate acquaintance, unaware of this characteristic of his, who ventured to tell him the familiar story of little Miss Bellairs and her orisons!

Taken by itself, this stern evangelical rigidity in regard to the Bible and religious matters would not have been unexpected or remarkable in a man of his heredity and upbringing. But what did strike the student of psychology as curious, and to a certain extent as incongruous, was that, side by side with this narrowness of outlook in one direction, was a certain strain of what can only be called Bohemianism, manifested in his love of the theatre, his enjoyment and pride in the friendship

of distinguished theatrical artists such as the Terry sisters, and more particularly perhaps in his love of child actresses. The latter trait showed itself first in the delight he took in dressing up his little girl friends in all sorts of fancy dresses (of which he kept an almost inexhaustible stock in the great cupboard to be found in his spacious Christ Church rooms) for the purposes of photography, and found its full satisfaction and fulfillment in the various dramatic versions of *Alice in Wonderland* which, to his great delight, were produced upon the London stage.

The next and last letter which I reproduce is as follows: —

CHRIST CHURCH.
May 12/84.

DEAR ETHEL,

Are you up to about 6 miles (altogether) of walking? If so, I should much like to have your society in going to Hampton Poyle to call on an old 'child-friend,' Mrs. Kidston that is, Mona Paton (daughter of Sir Noel Paton) that was. The train to Woodstock Road goes at 3, and I would meet you at ¼ to 3, punctually, on the shady side of Beaumont St. We should reach W. Road at 3.12, and (after a mile's walking) H. Poyle about 3½. We might stay about ½ an hour and we must then walk home (about 5 m.), as there is no train handy. We ought to be home about 6 — I would go almost any day that suited you but the more choice of days you can give me the better.

Ever affectionately yours,
C. L. DODGSON.

There is a baby boy there to be admired — about two years old I think, and in this matter you will be of *incalculable* service to me, and relieve me of all responsibility as to saying the proper thing when animals of that kind are offered for inspection.

The letter, apart from its characteristic touch of fun, is interesting as showing the age at which his love for children began — and ended! With regard to the proposal contained in the letter (though after the lapse of forty-four years I cannot be absolutely certain on the point), I think I may say without fear of inaccuracy that I did *not* join him on that particular expedition, '6 miles (altogether) of walking' being almost as much beyond my powers or inclination then as now!

III

But to turn from personal reminiscences to facts of more general interest in connection with the origin of *Alice in Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll's mode of writing, and so forth.

On July 4, 1862, we find this ever-memorable entry in his diary, which he kept with the same methodical care he bestowed upon everything he did.

Made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the 3 Liddells; we had tea on the bank there and did not reach Christ Church till half past 8.

On the opposite page he added, somewhat later: —

On which occasion, I told them the fairy-tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice.

Alice Liddell, daughter of the Honorable and Very Reverend Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, was the original 'Alice,' to whom, with her sisters, the tale was first told, and for whom the book was originally written. I have had the precious manuscript in my hand many a time — a slender leather-bound notebook in which Lewis Carroll had printed the story in a clear neat print, adorned with his own inimitable illustrations. It was a lifelong regret with him that he could not draw, and the illustrations are certainly remarkable for their anatomy, or, rather, lack of it. But at the same time they are full of the same whimsical humor as marked the text, and anyone

who studies these original drawings in the original text, which was reproduced in facsimile many years later, will see how many suggestions Tenniel obtained from them for his own illustrations to the story in the enlarged form it ultimately assumed for publication. I remember meeting Mr. Dodgson in the street in Oxford one morning, just after the reproduction of this facsimile had been decided upon, and the naïve vanity with which he said, 'Well, you see, it seemed to me that the public might like to see the original form of a book of which over seventy thousand copies have been sold in England alone.' Then he went on to tell me of the precautions the publishers had had to take to prevent the theft of the priceless little notebook, — of how a detective had been engaged to sit in the room all the time the pages were being photographed for reproduction, — and as he spoke his face beamed with the pleasure the scheme had given him. He was indeed a curious mixture of harmless vanity and an almost morbid shrinking from publicity. Nothing annoyed him so much as any revelation of the identity of Lewis Carroll with the Reverend C. L. Dodgson, senior student of Christ Church, and he often used to chuckle at the thought of the numerous autographs, presumably his but which he had persuaded his fellow college dons to write for him, which were included in the albums of autograph hunters all over the world.

Alice Liddell, afterward Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, has put on record her recollections of the story's inception: —

> Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow near Oxford. I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows up the river. Here from all three came the old petition, 'Tell us a story,' and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes, to tease us, — and perhaps being really tired, — Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Oh, but it *is* next time!' would be the exclamation from all three — and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.

'Alice's Adventures Underground' was the original name of the story — later on it became 'Alice's Hour in Elfland.' It was not until June 18, 1864, that the author finally decided to call it 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' When he promised to write out the story for Alice he had no idea of publication, and it is to his old friend George Macdonald, the well-known poet and novelist, himself author of some of the most enchanting children's stories in the English language, that we owe the 'Alice' we know and love so well. Macdonald urged him to send the story to Messrs. Macmillan, who immediately agreed to publish it, and in July 1865 the book first saw the light of day. It was translated into almost every European language, and Mr. Dodgson gave me a copy of all the translations, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and so forth; but alas, out of all those much-treasured volumes — to say nothing of the English versions and all the copies of his later books which he gave me — I now possess only the German, Italian, and French translations. All the other precious volumes are reposing on the bookshelves of immoral and soulless book borrowers, whose consciences, I hope, may some day awake and prick them!

Lewis Carroll's later books were written on a different plan altogether from the first 'Alice.' He used always to keep a pencil and piece of paper by his bedside, for he found that his most

absurd ideas generally came to him on the borderland of dreams, and as soon as they had assumed form and shape he jotted them down. In this way most of the verses scattered through *Through the Looking-Glass* and *Sylvia and Bruno* were written, and the story afterward was woven round the poem. He was often asked what he really meant by *The Hunting of the Snark*, which by many people was held to contain a profound philosophical thesis, by others a political allegory, and so forth. To all such questions he would reply, 'I meant *nothing at all.* I happened one day to be walking along the sands at Eastbourne, and the line came into my head: "For the Snark *was* a boojum, you see" — and the whole poem arose out of that one totally meaningless line!'

And now it is time to bring these few brief reminiscences of a unique personality to an end, and I feel I cannot say farewell to a much-loved and deeply honored friend in more fitting words than by quoting from the sermon preached in Christ Church Cathedral on the Sunday after his death in 1898, by the Very Reverend Dean Paget: —

'We may differ, according to our difference of taste or temperament, in appraising Charles Dodgson's genius, but that that great gift was his — that his best work ranks with the very best of its kind — has been owned with a recognition too wide and spontaneous to leave room for doubt. The brilliant, venturesome imagination, defying forecast with ever-fresh surprise; the sense of humor in its finest and most naïve form; the power to touch with lightest hand the undercurrent of pathos in the midst of fun; the audacity of creative fancy and the delicacy of insight — these are rare gifts, and surely they were his. Yes, but it was his simplicity of mind and heart that raised them all, not only in his work, but in his life, in all his ways, in the man as we knew him, to something higher than any mere enumeration of them tells: that almost curious simplicity, at times; that real and touching childlikeness that marked him in all fields of thought, appearing in his love of children and in their love for him, in his dread of giving pain to any living creature, in a certain disproportion now and then of the view he took of things — yes, and also in that deepest life, where the pure in heart and those who become as little children see the very truth, and walk in the fear and love of God.'

THE UNHAPPY INTELLECTUALS

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

My friend is an intellectual. He is, in fact, a professor. I do not wish to identify a state of mind with a profession, for I know professors who are pedagogical mechanics rather than intellectuals; but when a professor is an intellectual it may be assumed that he belongs to the simon-pure intelligentsia. Since ages of experiment have been required to bring our social institutions and our educational enterprise to the state of perfection in which they could produce a mind so disciplined and sensibilities so refined as those of my friend, it seems rather tragic that life could find no way to apportion its gifts with its achievements. For my friend is unhappy. His mind is brilliant, but his heart is sad. The gift of joy has been withheld from him. Men, we are told, seek happiness more avidly than wisdom, and the latter only as a means to the former. If so, life has played a sorry trick on my friend and upon all those who share his fate.

The chronic state of melancholia into which my friend has fallen defies every ameliorative effort. Like Job, he refuses to be comforted. His active resistance and my own sense of futility have put a stop to all efforts of consolation. Like a good doctor, I therefore turn to pure diagnosis in the virtuous hope of making the patient who is beyond hope serve the needs of those who are not past redemption. My diagnosis is no doubt as faulty and as tentative as most diagnoses are — perhaps more so; for the intricacies of a sensitive spirit are more difficult to discern than the maladjustments of a physical organism or the neuroses of a physiopsychic system. This malady is not in the realm of either doctor or psychiatrist. Physically the patient is perfectly healthy, and no acute neuroses trouble his life. His malady has a deeper root or a higher cause. It is in those regions of life where a bad philosophy is more disturbing than a bad liver. I am not accusing him of holding a faulty philosophy — but let us not anticipate.

Being an intellectual, my friend has been at pains to make an astute analysis of every tradition by which human life is disciplined and every custom which informs our social action. He finds them all bad. Monogamy rests upon irrational taboos, according to his judgment, and is destructive of human freedom. Patriotic loyalties are the cause of group conflicts, and a mildly selfish individual would therefore be preferable to a patriot of any description, or the devotee of any cause. He takes no part in politics, because its coarseness offends him. Business is little more than organized banditry. The religious hopes and faiths of his fellow men are viewed with high disdain. They are the fantastic illusions of children. The state's penal system represents the effort of society to take vengeance upon the unhappy victims of its own inadequacies. He finds that the rules of conduct which govern his

fellow men are remnants of superstitions or outmoded fashions which ought to bind no sensible person; and what men call conscience is merely the tyranny of the group, enforced by its approval and disapproval of the individual's action.

I find myself in partial agreement with every judgment of my friend in these matters. No doubt it is very necessary that we bring the irrational impulses and standards of society under the discipline of reason. But there seem to be limits to what can and what ought to be accomplished in this direction; certainly there are limits to what one man ought to undertake. Might not my friend be happier if he maintained some kind of contact with the race in at least one area of life? Would he not be happier if he lived his life traditionally in at least one field of activity? If he wants to defy the canons of political life, might it not be well if he accepted traditional monogamy and made his home a haven of rest in which there should be no adventurous experiment with traditional standards and therefore no undue strain? Or, if he wants to challenge the pedagogical methods of his school, would he not be prudent to stop fretting about its business administration? He can hardly succeed in any battle if he insists on waging battles on every front. The fact is that he envisages so many battles that he lacks the time or energy to engage seriously in any one of them. The resulting sense of futility is a fruitful source of his unhappiness.

Moreover, it may be questioned whether the world would be so much fairer if he could mould it closer to his heart's desire. Take, for example, his views on marriage. He thinks marriage is destructive of freedom, and therefore he and his wife have reached an agreement which permits each absolute liberty. Love which is possessive, he declares, is not true love. He thinks the highest love will result when a man and his mate do not merely enjoy each other, but enjoy each other more than they do any other relationship. He feels very virtuous in holding to, and living by, this principle, because he and his mate have arrived at it mutually. Yet there is no complete happiness. And one may well suspect that the arrangement received the doubtful acquiescence rather than the hearty approval of his wife. Women, after all, lose more than men in the loosening of the marriage tie. High-sounding principles may beguile them from loyalty to instinctive attitudes; but an unconscious wisdom, implanted by ages of bitter experience, has a way of asserting and avenging itself. I suspect that my friend's unhappiness is due not only to a shrewd recognition of the cause of his wife's lack of happiness, but to the violence which he has done to his own nature in the name of his principles. If he were not quite so intelligent he might be wise enough to appreciate that the monogamous relationship is based upon something more fundamental than 'irrational taboos.'

Perhaps his real difficulty at this point, illustrated but not exhausted in his marital experiment, is the fanaticism which the intellectual hides behind his assumed tolerance. He thinks that he regards all values as relative. But in reality he is a fanatic for the value of freedom. He is afraid of being bound by any relationship, political, social, religious, or marital. He sees the imperfections in every community which demands his loyalty, and he is sensitive to the limitation of the principle of loyalty itself. He thinks men can be happy only if they are emancipated of every loyalty and restraint except those which they impose upon themselves. His fanatic devotion to the

principle of freedom has blinded him to the social character of life. He does not realize that our problem is not how free we can be, but how free we can be in our several bondages. The highest character develops, not in complete emancipation, but in the achievement of liberty within terms of our various social obligations. Society is at once the enemy and the support of every man; and the isolated soul withers like the cut flower. The emancipated intellectual is just as unhappy as the proud plutocrat whose fenced-in palace proclaims his eminence at the expense of his race and his own social character.

II

While my friend thus sacrifices everything for the principle of freedom, he has fallen into a complete moral skepticism in every other respect. He laughs at values which men call good and evil. Nothing is really good or evil if you are intelligent enough to make a complete analysis of its character. You say that love is good? My friend is Nietzschean. We love when we are powerless to hate, and forgive when our impotence frustrates our vengeance. You believe in kindness? Generosity is the method which the strong employ to exhibit their strength before the weak. Justice? That is a compromise between conflicting interests and is as variable as the stock market. If you try to create order in society, you do so for the sake of protecting the interests of those who benefit by present arrangements. If you seek the reorganization of society, you are helping the rabble to live at the expense of the efficient. The engineers who have conquered nature and created physical comfort and affluence have only helped the culturally vacuous middle classes to live in an orgy of animality. The aristocrats who have used their leisure to create culture have merely saved themselves from ennui by creating a fantastic world of unreal values. One is not sure at this point whether my friend's pessimism is the result of his moral skepticism or whether it is the fruit of his cynical evaluation of human character. Certainly both the skepticism and the pessimism are the inevitable results of the intellectual's complete detachment from life. Thought and life depend upon each other and frustrate each other. The sublimest impulse is not as sublime as it seems to the man who is transported by it; but it may be questioned whether it is as worthless as it seems to the man who merely reflects upon it. No cause is as good or as potent as it seems to its devotees; but without their irrational devotion there could be neither virtue nor progress. Whatever is good in life can prove itself so only by those who incarnate it. Those who merely reflect upon it are bound to be overcome in the end by the limitations in the virtue and the evident futility of achieving it. What my friend needs is the wholesome irrationality of the extrovert, who chooses his ends, let us hope, with some measure of reflection, and tries to achieve them without too much further reflection.

My friend's moral skepticism has resulted not only from his contemplation of the world of abstract values, but from his critical analysis of his fellow men and his morbid introspection. Pure analysis has robbed him of self-respect and respect for his fellows. The college president is engaged in a campaign for an endowment; he is seeking his own glory. The head of the department criticizes my friend's latest article; his kindly tone cannot obscure his jealousy. Having discovered that all motives are mixed, my friend lets his mind dwell upon the ignoble rather

than the noble portions of the mixture. His misanthropic tendencies are really the inevitable result of a purely analytic approach to human nature. It is true that analysis may lead to understanding; and perfect understanding may be the basis of appreciation. But appreciation can never be purely analytical. Love is always, in a sense, mystical and intuitive, which means that it proceeds from a sense of the whole. Whenever we fragmentize life we debase it.

The perfect fruit of this modern tendency is a behavioristic psychology which denies the reality of consciousness. My friend thinks that his analytical astuteness has merely proved that love lives on illusions. He would rather not love than be the victim of illusions. He is, of course, in error. Analysis destroys love, not because love is identical with illusion, but because we cannot appreciate personality when it is fragmentized. We can love and appreciate only if we catch a view of the whole. No one who spends his time trying to identify the tone of every instrument in a symphony orchestra and to isolate it from the general symphonic effect can really appreciate the symphony concert. Nor can my friend enjoy his friends while he is preoccupied with the task of making a critical analysis of the springs of their action.

III

I need hardly add that this unhappy victim of consistent intellectualism is a thoroughgoing naturalist, who divides his scorn for philosophy and religion in equal proportion. Philosophy, in his view, is merely a vestigial remnant of religion. He sees nothing in the universe that would justify any of the more pretentious conclusions of the philosophers in regard to the principles and purposes revealed in the cosmos. Curiously enough, he proceeds upon philosophical assumptions in his own chosen field of science. In fact he works upon the basis of a principle of causality which the larger facts will probably not justify. But outside of this field he is a perfect agnostic. There was a time when he abandoned the world to confusion with perfect satisfaction; he felt that a dismissal of cosmic problems would leave him free to devote himself to 'human ends.' At that stage of his life he was flippant and joyful. He believed in the redemption of the world through science. Now the same intellectualism which robbed him of his faith in the universe has robbed him of his faith in man and has inundated all the values of his devotion in a sea of relativity. His present mood of resignation is really more consistent and, in a sense, more noble than his previous flippancy, just as the pessimism of a Joseph Wood Krutch is, in many respects, more noble than the sophomoric iconoclasm of the recently emancipated intellectual.

My friend knows at least that the religious problem over which the ages have agonized was more than an invention of priests. He sees that with the sacrifice of religion's irrationalities it is not easy to maintain loyalty to the reasonable values of life. These values have meaning only as they achieve it through human life; and human life is a sorry accident, viewed from a cosmic perspective. Thus my friend has been reduced to a state of complete pessimism, and cries with the Preacher of old, 'All is vanity.' He qualifies his sense of absolute futility only by insisting that the reflective life is worth the agony it brings and the destruction it works. With Mr. Krutch he would rather 'live like a man than die like a beast.' So he saves his life of reason by the last shred of irrationality at his disposal.

The difficulty with his cosmic views is not very different from those which betrayed him in his personal relations. He mistakes analytic intelligence for wisdom. He does not see that the poet and the artist and the prophet have an imaginative grasp of reality which is no less intelligent than that of the pure analyst. If they are less consistent than the scientist, they have at least the merit of arriving at convictions which are more inclusive of all the facts. They regard life telescopically rather than microscopically, and while they are therefore bound to make many errors in the details, they compensate for them by a view of the whole which is more satisfying because it is more true. Regarding the great cosmos, they do not leave human consciousness out of consideration merely because it is dwarfed by spatial immensities. They are, in fact, quite anthropomorphic in their conceptions; and if they are poets who are not too sophisticated they will ascribe reality to the world of their fantasies, and thus create and preserve religions. All this would be very unreasonable except for the fact that reason depends upon this unreason. Reason may direct energy, but it cannot create it. The energy which is life itself is not reasonable. It may rationalize itself to a certain degree by interpreting its functions and ends in terms of ends higher than its own; but these ultimate ends are too vague to stimulate a jaded life, once its irrational energies have been dissipated. Life is dynamic. We make it purposive by directing its energies to ideal ends; but the energy itself is not rational. It may be subjected to progressive rationalization; but in that process there is loss of energy with gain in ideal direction. That is why values, cultures, civilizations, and even families which are most deserving of perpetuation are most likely to lose the energy which ensures perpetuation.

The function of religion is to preserve life's highest irrationality, the urge toward the ideal. The ideals of religion need to be progressively rationalized, but the vigor with which they are pursued is easily lost in this process of refinement. Completely rational ideals are either completely separated from the world of reality or completely identified with it. In either case moral vigor is lost. If they are completely separated from the world of reality, they become illusions incapable of prompting moral effort; if they are completely identified with the world of reality, they lose their ideal character and give the real world an undeserved aura of ideality. A religion which expresses the urge toward the ideal in moral emotion and defines the ideal through poetic symbol escapes the enervation of complete rationality. Without faith, therefore, a reasonable life must sink into unreasonable pessimism.

My friend cannot see this. I am not surprised. Constant analysis has destroyed his organs of imaginative insight. He is too much the scientist to be a poet; and without the sublime madness of the poet he cannot preserve the highest rationality. I must therefore consign him to or leave him in his misery, hoping, without too much reason, that his generation may be saved from sharing his fate.

THE DESOLATE LOVER

WHEN I have forgotten your lips
(As I pray to God I may do),
And your voice is lost to my ears
And all the sweet that was you
Has burnt from my heart at last,
Will you, too, be dead, or shall I
Be desolate dust when the thirst
And color of living are past?

For I think while you walked with him
On the soft grass over my head
The pain that had died with my heart
Would sting in the rot of the dead.
And the old men mumble and laugh
With the love blood cold in their veins,
But I am a fire and a fear
And the house of a thousand pains,

And I walk on my burning dreams,
And the hands that I touch are knives,
And breathing is death with hell
And life is a thousand lives.
And I shutter the windows now
For fear I should see the stars,
And I dread that the hateful sweet
Of the moon may come through the bars.

I could take the earth in my hand
And crumple it like a flower,
I could tear the trees from their roots
In the bitterness of my power.

They say that this time is Spring,
But I cannot see its glow —
God! darken the evenings down
And cover the world with snow.

Yet I know that when souls and stars
Shall meet, I may have no rest —
I shall see them walk hand in hand,
Her head on his hated breast.

EILEEN SHANAHAN

KING STREET

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

KING STREET is the main street of the city in which I live. The city lies today, as when Kipling's Red Jacket visited it, in 'a kindly, softly country there, back of Philadelphia' — so far back, indeed, that it has been, from its foundation, the centre of an independent community and is just now engaged in celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of its elevation to the dignity of a county seat. History will tell you that it was once the largest inland city in the United States, and that when the frightened Continental Congress fled westward after the battle of Brandywine it became for a few hours the capital of the United States, but these glories — if glories they were — have long since departed. Though every census has recorded its steady growth, it is a small city now.

Since I was born in the county over which it presides, I may call it my own city by an unimpeachable title, which, however, suffers somewhat in dignity because of the fact that three of my four grandparents were born elsewhere. Anything less than title by birth is, as we reckon such matters, no title at all. Not long ago, in the heat of a political campaign, we were earnestly exhorted not to let 'outsiders' tell us how to run our city, though of the two denizens — I will not be so unkind as to say aliens — thus held up to public suspicion one had lived among us for more than a quarter of a century and the other for at least half of that period.

So it comes about that my ancestral memories are perhaps less vivid and authentic than they would be if more of my progenitors had been to the manor born. I may not, for instance, speak of historical matters with the authority of my tobacconist, who conducts his business on the very site on

which his great-great-grandfather established it in 1770. Though I attended the college that Benjamin Franklin helped to found, I can throw no light on the solution of the mooted question as to whether he was personally present when the corner stone was laid. I remember the stagecoaches lumbering into King Street over the old stone bridge across the Conestoga River, but not the Conestoga wagons in the days of the Oregon Trail. I was born in the house once occupied by Baron Stiegel on the farms which he named Elizabeth, after his wife, but no echo comes to me of the salutes he caused to be fired from a neighboring hill (called Cannon Hill to this day) to welcome him home at the ends of his journeys.

One of the Baron's neighbors, by the way, was a manufacturer of iron and a mighty hunter as well. One day, enraged at his failure in the chase and being deep in his cups, he drove his pack of foxhounds into the fire of one of his furnaces and burned them alive. The last to go through the door of the furnace was his favorite white bitch. She fawned upon him and cried piteously, begging to be spared, but he forced her remorselessly into the flames. Men say that on winter nights she still gives tongue, and that as often as she does so it is the doom of her cruel master to rise from his grave and follow her over the frozen hills of our northern townships. I too have heard strange sounds on winter nights, but I cannot certainly affirm that they came from the throat of the white bitch.

II

Let our legends be what they will. I set out not to recount hearsay, but, like Mark Antony, 'to speak what I do know,' and in order to do so I must confine myself to the last decade of the old century and the first of the new one, — in which I grew up, went to school and college, and studied law, — and to the years since then, in which I have been continuously engaged in the practice of my profession.

I suppose that my connection with the organized life of my city began with my presence, as an undergraduate in college, at the coming-out parties at which an older generation, under the form of presenting its daughters to society, really presented society for the inspection of its daughters and their younger guests. So far as I can remember, all of these parties were exactly alike, and all of them were held at the same place. They consisted of sixteen dances and four 'extras,' alternately two-steps and waltzes, with a supper at the end of the eighth dance. A few guests from out of town were usually present, but otherwise there were no 'outsiders.' Programmes were in use, and the dancing, which began at nine o'clock, lasted until about one.

It was not much past the turn of the century, and many of those who came to watch the festivities, and who were at that time active in the business and professional life of the community, had played parts in the great drama of the Civil War. Some knew more than they had ever told about the workings of the underground railroad. One or two had been included in the party invited to drink punch with James Buchanan on the fateful third of July, 1863, and, sitting on the lawn in the rear of his lovely house, had heard from time to time the thunder of the guns at Gettysburg. One would give something to know what thoughts were in the mind of the former president as he listened. The whole picture presented was that of a society in which were represented the conflicting ideals and aspirations of two epochs, but through which there ran, nevertheless, the thread of an unbroken culture and tradition.

After supper most of the older guests went home, and the young people were left very largely to their own devices. In a room opening from the ballroom there were invariably two tables — a large one in the centre of the room and a small one against the wall. On the centre table stood two punch bowls, one containing an unfortified fruit punch and the other a concoction made, for all I know, from the very recipe of Buchanan. On the side table stood decanters of Scotch and rye whiskey, a siphon bottle, a pitcher of water, and a bowl of cracked ice. Nearly everyone drank in those days, — at least nearly all men drank, and many of them were hard drinkers, — but I never saw a young man or young girl touch the whiskey. Moreover, I never but once saw anyone visibly under the influence of liquor. On that occasion a boy of about my own age imbibed too freely of the strong punch and insisted on mounting a chair as a rostrum, from which he delivered a perfectly decorous though somewhat too enthusiastic speech about the pleasures of high society. The incident made a tremendous impression, and I went home that night feeling sure, as indeed proved to be the case, that the offender had attended his last coming-out party.

About three months after my graduation from college I began to study law, or, as our rules of court express it, to 'serve a regular clerkship in the office of a practising attorney.' It is almost impossible to assert that this is a bad way to study law, since, for want of a different one, it is the way in which all the lawyers of America received their legal education up to comparatively recent times. On the contrary, given the atmosphere of an old-fashioned law office, a preceptor with the time and ability to transmit to his student the fruits of his own experience, and a student not too easily discouraged by the absence of the stimulus that comes from competition and discussion with other students, I think it is an excellent way to study law. It has passed away utterly in the large cities, and is passing away in my own city as well, because the circumstances which made it possible have, in large measure, ceased to exist. The fee to be paid by a student for his tuition was in my day, and still is, fixed by tradition at two hundred dollars, one half payable upon registration and the other half upon admission to the bar. As Thaddeus Stevens, whose office was popular with law students, is said to have remarked: 'Some pay; some don't.' I paid the whole of my fee a year or two after I had begun practice. No one ever asked me for the money.

A student in a law office has no rights that anyone is bound to respect. In times long past he was expected to sweep out the office and to attend to the stove in the winter, but I had no such tasks to perform. I searched titles, wrote deeds and mortgages, copied wills and other legal papers, and spent much time in court listening to the leaders of the bar of that day, the most famous of whom was an ex-attorney-general of Pennsylvania, whose former partner, then a member of the state Supreme Court, has since been its Chief Justice. In addition, I learned to know a number of local characters not ordinarily to be found on the list of expected guests at coming-out parties.

There was a woman — for whom, as it now seems to me, something might have been done — who suffered from the delusion that she had a case which was just about to come up and who sat in court from the beginning to the end of every session waiting for her case to be called. There was a freckled colored man named Sam, a bootblack, who went the rounds of the law offices every morning, plying his trade and

retailing the gossip of the day. There was an eccentric lawyer of morose appearance but consistently convivial habits, a strange mixture of Dr. Johnson and Boswell — given, like the former, to sudden and startling ejaculations, and, like the latter, to the making of minute written records of casual conversations. I once heard him begin an argument in the Orphans' Court about the distribution of the estate of a man named Grimes by remarking in a resonant voice, 'If Your Honor please, old Grimes is dead.' For all his eccentricities, he was a careful and competent lawyer, scrupulously exact in the transaction of his professional business, and as methodical in his personal habits as one of his predecessors at the bar, — whom I never knew, but of whom I have often heard, — who was accustomed to shave every other day, and who attended divine service only on those alternate Sundays when the calendar brought the rite of shaving into proper conjunction with the rites of the church.

III

The *dramatis personæ* of a small community are infinitely various. In addition, they acquire a semiofficial standing and a local universality of influence which have no counterparts in a really large city, except perhaps in the lives of the notorious figures of its underworld. The reason lies in the very nature of provincial civilization. A lawyer or a musician living, for example, in London or New York may, if he chooses, so order his affairs as to spend all of his leisure hours in the company of those interested in the work in which he is engaged or engaged in similar work of their own, but the resident of a small city can of necessity make no such selection of his acquaintances. For better or worse, he must reckon with the whole of a small environment rather than with a selected portion of a large one. He must, in short, accept the common lot of social interdependence, and, as Mr. Chesterton has somewhere pointed out, live a broad life at the inevitable risk of living a shallow one.

Breadth and depth are, after all, relative terms, and, when used in a figurative sense, they are inaccurate as well. Our most influential citizen during the early years of my practice was the minister of one of our local churches, — a small, frail man without physical distinction of any sort, — who was probably unheard of outside the limits of the city in which he lived and worked. I remember having heard my mother say that in her youth she thought him a little mad because of the perfect simplicity with which he bowed to everyone he met, whether he knew the person or not. He was not a modern man. I think he lived and died happy, but he would have been happier still if he had been born in the great days of the thirteenth century. He was the only person I have ever known who spoke naturally in the language of Saint Francis's 'Canticle to the Sun.'

The truth is that I did not really know him. I saw him hundreds of times, but I have no recollection of having ever addressed him except once, and then only by making a written inquiry as to a date shown in the baptismal records of his parish. He answered me in longhand by the next post, thanking me at the outset for my 'good letter' and giving me the information requested. As a matter of fact, my letter was in no way different from any other formally worded inquiry. Doubtless he did not stop to reason about the matter, but I think, nevertheless, that he did not call it good merely as the result of a literary habit. It was a letter from a man, and therefore his instinct was to regard it as a

good letter. At bottom he cared more about people than about ideas.

He cared more about charity than about efficiency. I am sure that he gave his support to all the organized efforts for social welfare that were made in his day — to the ministerial associations, the community-service associations, and the law-and-order societies. He would no more have thought of opposing the work of such organizations than of opposing the work of the fire department. It is better to damage property with water than to let fires burn, and it is better for society to put prostitutes in jail than to have them walking the streets. But in his heart he had no interest in abstract conceptions like society. He knew a good many prostitutes, although I am not sure that he realized the business in which they were engaged. If he had realized it, I do not know what he would have done. It might have been something as irrelevant as to stoop down and with his finger write on the ground.

If the members of provincial society are more dependent than others in their personal relationships, they are far more independent than others in their attitude toward the law and the problems with which the law is concerned. A whole chapter of legal history is suggested in the contrast. The times have passed when drunkenness was regarded as an aggravation of a crime committed, and when every citizen boasted of his right to bear arms. In these instances we have all turned about face — drunkenness, though we have sought by statute to prevent it altogether, may now be pleaded everywhere as a defense to crime, and the trend of modern legislation is to forbid the bearing of arms without a license from the police. There are, however, other connections in which the older tradition of independence and responsibility persists. A man may still lawfully strike in his own defense, eject trespassers from his real estate, retake his stolen goods, and abate nuisances, but it is only in the country that such rights amount to anything in practice — it is only in the country that one may still watch the erection of a 'spite fence' or observe the discomfiture of a telephone company whose employees come to set a pole in a prepared hole and find the hole occupied by a heroic, sturdy old lady who refuses to budge.

The spite fence with which I am most familiar is not really a fence at all. It was constructed by a client of mine who had no actual spite in her heart, but who acted, as she thought, defensively; and it is, in its way, a masterpiece of ingenuity. The client in question, an unmarried woman of middle age, lived alone in a small house which had belonged to her parents and in which she had been brought up. She spent most of her leisure time in the kitchen, which opened to the south on a small and pleasant garden. When, in course of time, the property on the south changed hands and her new neighbor, who was a barber, began to open a window looking directly into her garden and kitchen, she was outraged beyond measure. Her sense of outrage lay principally in a feeling that she was being imposed upon because she was a woman, and that if she had had 'a man in the house' no one would have dared to disturb her privacy. I purposely said nothing to her about obstructing the window, telling her simply that her neighbor was entirely within his rights, that he probably felt a need for additional light and air, and that there was no reason to suppose that he wanted to spy upon her.

A week or two passed; the offending window was completed and proved unendurable. She arrived in her own mind at the idea of shutting it, and

called to her aid a sympathetic plumber, who was both an architect and an artificer. Together they sank in concrete two pipes, to the tops of which they screwed a steel plate exactly the size of the window. The window was on the property line, and the plate shut it as effectively as a lid shuts a box.

Within a few days I received a call from the barber, who, as I suspect, had previously consulted his own attorney and had been advised that he was without a legal remedy. It was summer, and he complained that the steel plate cast heat into his house in such a way as to make life unendurable for himself and family. I explained to him that I regretted his inconvenience, but that there was nothing I could do to help him. At parting he said, 'You tell that woman to take that plate down or I will paint my house red, white, and blue in stripes.' This threat was duly transmitted to his antagonist, but she remained inflexible. It was the barber's last move. He never carried out his patriotic idea about the painting. Years have passed, and I do not know whether or not he has moved away. I do know, however, that the plate remains triumphantly in place.

IV

Much has been written recently about life in villages and small cities in the United States, and the composite picture presented is, to say the least, an unpleasant one. I think it might well be argued that this picture is false. If a philosopher were to make a list of the things men in the abstract would say were best worth living for, — friendship, leisure, beauty, quiet, — it is certainly not in the big cities that he would find them. There is, moreover, a certain charm in small communities — in the definiteness and finality of their social categories, in the simplicity of their human relationships, most of all in the genuineness of the interest which their members feel toward one another — which springs perhaps from the qualities of those very defects which have been so much in the public eye. It has been said that there are two words for everything, the word that swells and the word that belittles. Perhaps the swelling words in this particular connection are those which have remained unwritten.

But I am not a philosopher, and I have no wish to do anything so dreary as to engage in a debate on the relative merits of rural and urban civilization. Still less do I wish to set up the proposition that life in small cities is stupid, narrow, and ugly, and then to rebut it, as one rebuts the proposition that all crows are black by producing one white crow. There are, God knows, enough evil things in every community, big or little, to give pause to the most ardent local patriot about to cast the first stone. I have sought to do no more than to bear testimony to some of the characteristics of life in the small city with which I happen to be best acquainted. The testimony is true. I cannot speak for Main Street, but King Street is, at all events, a real street in a real city.

If you're off to Philadelphia this morning,
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land
behind
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.
Still the pine woods scent the noon; still the
catbird sings his tune;
Still autumn sets the maple forest blazing.
Still the grapevine through the dusk flings her
soul-compelling musk;
Still the fire-flies in the corn make night amazing!
They are there, there, there with Earth
immortal,
(Citizens, I give you friendly warning)
The things that truly last when men and times
have passed,
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning.

TAZA

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

I

It was Sunday evening, and they should never have been there. Miss Tupper had not realized this when she suggested the walk. Mrs. Pauling, the Englishwoman, and the fat teacher from Detroit showed no signs of hesitation in accepting the idea. They were all eager to escape from the plain, with its crude modern cantonments and the unfinished hotel in its raw gardens, and the rest of the party sitting down to its tea and a probable continuation of the day-long discussion as to whether the French chauffeur was driving too fast or barely fast enough.

Above them and the plain stood the dark heights of old Taza, the fortress city, which from the earliest days had reared its formidable presence above the passes between Algiers and Morocco. Eastward or westward, no tide of invasion had ever flowed without first halting below this rock. With modern warfare it had of course lost its military importance, but not its character, unchanged by the coming of the French. The three women hoped to reach the western edge of the town for the sunset, which promised to be very fine. All day the sky had been dramatic above ranges of black mountains like kneeling camels. Now, as they hurried along the road, the towers of Taza were outlined on tall thunder puffs and apple-green streamers of light, while to the west a gloria of molten gold shone in shafts of light through clouds sagging with their weight of darkness. The green and red flanks of the Ghiata Mountains beyond the town were already blurring with dusk, and the women kept their eyes on their goal and walked as fast as they could, speaking little.

'I hope we'll be in time to see the goats and sheep coming up from the plain,' said the school-teacher, after several minutes of silence.

'I wonder if that's one of the stone-age caves where they pen them,' said Mrs. Pauling, slowing down to point to a dark spot on the steep hillside among the cactuses.

'Let's not miss the sunset,' suggested Miss Tupper sweetly, not pausing with the others, who quickly overtook her. At the base of the hill where the road branched there was a little argument. Miss Tupper had naturally turned to the left, the steepest route, hardly more than a bundle of goat tracks winding up among rocks and slatternly olives straight to the dark heights of the native village. But the teacher from Detroit and the Englishwoman preferred the more gradual right fork that led in long slants to the cliff edge facing into the sunset.

'Then we can watch as we go along,' said Mrs. Pauling, adding, 'and come home the short cut.'

Miss Tupper looked with some exasperation at the trim tweed-clad figure beside her. She felt that the Englishwoman was taking a good deal upon herself. It was with an effort that she spoke with no more than a tinge of acidity.

'I'm afraid we shall miss everything by the time we get there if we go the long way.'

The fat teacher from Detroit now spoke in an accent which, for the first time, Miss Tupper noticed and found trying: —

'We certainly shall if we stand here talking much longer. I vote for the main road, too, Mrs. Pauling. Come along, Miss Tupper.'

Miss Tupper said nothing more, although it was on the tip of her tongue to ask who had suggested this walk anyway. Her small and distinctly pretty mouth was set in a straight line, but with an effort she turned her mind from her two companions to the plain below them, which had once been the bottom of the Mediterranean. As the mist rolled in, she thought of the ghosts of porpoises, and noticed with satisfaction that the others were talking of nothing more interesting than Italian hill towns.

'In this light it might be Perugia, might n't it?' said the school-teacher, with, Miss Tupper thought, some affectation. She was out of breath from the slope and hurry.

'Or Assisi,' said Mrs. Pauling.

'What's the one you go to from Siena?' asked the teacher. 'You know, the one with so many towers.' Why did n't she save her wind for climbing?

There was a pause. They were now part way along the slope under a cliff, three hurrying figures alone on a steep and rutted road, their eyes fixed on the dimming sunset.

'I've almost got it!' said the Englishwoman. 'Wait a minute — no, I've lost it again.'

Miss Tupper did not enlighten them, and five minutes more brought them all scrambling to the edge of the plateau, past the last houses of Taza. The plain and the mountains of the Rif to the north were a confused jumble. To the south and west they saw only the outline of the Ghiata range under ashy clouds streaked with a few rusty stains.

'We're too late,' said Miss Tupper, adding to herself, 'as I knew we'd be if we came this way,' while some tension in her mind relaxed. For years she had been at the service of an invalid father, and, like many people who have sacrificed themselves in large matters, she was adamant in small. It made her almost sick to be thwarted or contradicted. Now, the others having proved themselves mistaken, she looked five years younger. Her friendliness returned.

Breathless, she touched Mrs. Pauling's elbow, murmuring, 'Look! Look!'

Outlined against distance at the edge of the cliff, five Algerian spahis of the famous constabulary of North Africa were standing. They had pitched a tent beside a towering Barbary fig. In the last light their great scarlet cloaks flowed beautifully from their shoulders, and their dark bearded faces were turned toward the women.

'How wonderful!' exclaimed the fat teacher.

'I think we'd better be going back,' said Mrs. Pauling practically, twirling her cane. 'Soon we shan't be able to see our footing.'

'But you agreed to go home my way, through the town,' said Miss Tupper quickly, with a clipped accent. 'I came yours, you remember.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Mrs. Pauling. Her tone had a hint of contempt in it, the voice of one who refuses to make a scene. They had all traveled together for a week now in one luxurious bus, but this was the first time they had been in anything like close contact. And each was thinking that it was unlikely they would go walking again together.

The teacher said slangily, 'Let's go!'

II

Now that they turned to enter the town there seemed no town to enter. The buildings in front of them were ruins, fragments of walls, square outlines pale in the late light like a broken honeycomb clinging to the rock. They had been in such a hurry when they first reached the plateau that they had hardly noticed them before. If this was Taza it was not so much a town as a disintegrating skeleton. They knew that this must be the Mellah of the Jews, twenty-five years ago destroyed by the imperial troops searching for Bou Hamara, that unfortunate pretender to the throne who was said to have ended his life in the royal lions' den. The place and the story cast a chill across the travelers' spirits. Unconsciously hurrying, they left the impassive spahis to their eyrie, and began picking their way between the jagged walls, led by the indomitable figure of Miss Tupper. There was not so much as a cat or dog to lend the spot an appearance of life, and it was perhaps then, in the ruined outskirts of Taza, that the idea first occurred to them that they ought not to be there at all.

A moment later they heard voices and the sound of feet stumbling among the rubble through which they themselves were picking an uncertain way. Around the corner came three French soldiers in blue with red fezzes and wide red woolen belts. The man in the middle was evidently drunk, and staggered in the arms of his friends, who were intent on getting him safely back to the cantonments a mile or more away in the plain.

It was then that the fat schoolteacher said uneasily: 'It's Sunday night, and they are all probably up here drinking their heads off. Don't you think we'd better go back the way we came and not try to go through the town, Miss Tupper?'

Miss Tupper laughed shortly. 'Only one of those men was at all drunk,' she said over her shoulder as she walked. 'They were very well behaved, I thought. Anyhow, if you want to get back quickly, this is the shortest way, I'm sure.'

The appearance of the Legionaries may have startled Miss Tupper for a moment, but her will to have her own way was not weakened. Mrs. Pauling said nothing. She had washed her hands of the affair. Let the Americans decide. Unbacked, the school-teacher started forward again. It was growing darker.

Now they passed from the ruins of the Mellah into a narrow cobbled street which led under a row of heavy arches. The effect was almost that of a tunnel roofed with stripes of sky and stone. The walls were blank: the tiny shops on each side were closed with thick shutters, and the wind aimlessly stirred the ropes by which the merchants must in the far-off daylight pull themselves over the worn stone counters of their doorless retreats. Now only the women's feet stirred on the cobbles. Musty smells floated to their nostrils; they picked their way uneasily through patches of unidentified refuse. The street had an air of incredible age — it might have been tunneled out of the solid cliff by some prehistoric people and left deserted for centuries. As they advanced they discovered other lanes leading off from theirs, a rat's nest of narrow dark passages all blank and blind, all weighed down by the same heavy arches, and all permeated with stale and rancid odors. Their walk took on the first suggestion of a nightmare. As they hurried along they would have welcomed a return of the three soldiers, who at least had seemed real and alive.

They had not long to wait. It was probably only a few minutes from the time they had left the embers of the sunset before they had passed from the district of the *souks* into another, where there were occasional street lights and open doors swinging. A half-dozen soldiers came singing down the alley toward them. They made out something about

Soldats de la Légion,
La Légion Étrangère
. . . . nation,
La France est votre mère.

The men were shouting with open mouths. Their vigor filled the empty street like blood coursing through a vein of stone. Just before reaching the women, they turned into a door, jostling as they went, and a thick waft of cheap wine and cheaper tobacco smoke struck across the air.

The town took on life from their passing. This was Taza the Sentinel, the old iron city on its crag, filled, as it had always been filled, with soldiery and strangers, foreign legions of one kind or another, fighting and rioting. Had it been very different when the boots of the Roman soldiers clattered through its streets? Perhaps Roman coppers had been the first to wear away the old stone counters of the souks.

Miss Tupper remarked: 'A wine shop. I wonder if natives keep it.'

'But Mohammedans can't drink wine,' objected the school-teacher.

'They can probably sell it,' said Miss Tupper.

As they penetrated deeper into the confusing fastnesses of the town, the sense of a life pulsing fitfully at its heart deepened. Somewhere they heard men's voices catcalling, and the loud slam of a door. From some other direction came broken singing. The dark and ugly place had found a voice.

Mrs. Pauling stopped dead. She was perfectly calm.

'Do you know where you are going, Miss Tupper?' she asked.

'We can't get lost,' said Miss Tupper. 'We keep to the main street and then turn off to the left beyond the town.'

'Which is the main street?' asked Mrs. Pauling. They were at a corner. A lamp of some sort thrust a reddish light for a little way down four tunnels, equally narrow, dark, malodorous. The stars overhead were shining in slits of sky, though not yet brightly.

Miss Tupper hesitated, a frown on her small round face.

'You are n't sure,' said Mrs. Pauling inexorably. 'I think we had all better go back before we get lost.'

'I think so too,' said the Detroiter.

Miss Tupper hesitated. She was *not* quite sure of her directions.

'Let's go!' said the Detroiter again, with nervous flippancy. Miss Tupper grew tense, and the look of a slightly faded, but still fragrant, rose left her face.

'I'll meet you later at the hotel,' she said, somewhat shrilly, and before anyone could answer she had started forward, not looking back, but waving her left hand at them. She walked fast, as though she had begun a contest. Her own hurrying footsteps sounded so loud in her ears that she could not tell whether the others followed her a few steps or not. At all events, they did not overtake her. At the next corner she looked back. There was no one to be seen in the funnel of gloom behind her.

III

She was alone in Taza. The instinct of obstinacy that had sent her off like a high-strung horse taking the bit in its teeth had worn off with its fulfillment. The spirit of the frontier garrison town swarming with its Legionaries, while

the Riffian outposts lay a few kilometres back in the mountains to the north — this sense of dark energy that had thrilled her when with the others now daunted her when alone. She had an impulse to run after her companions, but checked it instantly. They, she told herself, would be stumbling about for hours, whereas she must be almost out of the town by now. A few steps more must bring her to the steep hillside and the goat paths and the open country under the stars. She felt that once away from these blank walls and these split crevasses of darkness down which she walked she would be afraid of nothing.

She wondered why there were no Arabs. Were they all bolted safely in their dark houses, leaving the streets to the soldiers, listening behind heavy shutters to the thick shoes and loud brawling voices? She had barely formed the thought when two figures passed her, wrapped in spectral white. Their slippered feet made almost no sound. She had not heard them. They turned to the left and disappeared, but as they turned one looked back over his shoulder, not, Miss Tupper thought, at her, but at something behind her. She felt a strong desire to follow their mothlike flight, for flight she felt it was. Perhaps they had taken the passage out of the town.

Looking over her own shoulder as the Arab had done, she too rounded the corner, but already the two white figures had vanished. She thought of going back, but a sudden stumble set her heart racing. It seemed a signal for an uproar to burst out in the hollow depths of the town. From some direction came the reverberation of shouts and curses; from another there was a hoot of derisive laughter, and a buzz of singing seemed to drop down upon her from the sky above. To the blank walls of the streets was added the horror of these directionless sounds. She had once been told by a famous hunter that the roar of a tiger in the jungle had the effect of coming from every side at once, but not until now had she realized what that would mean to the nerves. She almost screamed as an unexpected group of Zouaves in baggy trousers and short jackets wheeled past her and brushed by, two or three abreast. She thought they looked at her curiously. She was sure one of them turned as they passed. It was hard for her to keep from running, and only the knowledge that she did not know where to run helped her to walk evenly away.

She dreaded the corners. At the next one she turned back toward her original lane, but she was not sure that she found it again. She thought it seemed narrower and muddier and fancied that it went at a different angle. She had to pass another open door from which belched shouts and the fumes of wine. She kept looking behind her; at each crossway she flattened herself against a wall and peered up and down before choosing her route. By now she had entered upon a complicated system of paralleling her original course, dodging down this black passage and up the next as she thought she would best escape meeting the bands of soldiery. She was especially afraid of the great black Senegambians in their khaki and scarlet, towers of men who seemed scarcely human to her. She lost her care for her footing, and hid in the most horrible corners while one group or another came by, always noisy, always jostling, always with black shifty eyes, and always like a torrent of color flooding down the narrow dark channels between the walls.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers —

Out of the inchoate past Miss Tupper's mind brought the lines. She wished

savagely they had all died in Algiers. The others should never have left her. They had said they would go home her way. They had broken their word. They were that kind. But when she started to do something —

Miss Tupper gave a scream. She had stumbled over the body of a man in the shadow — wounded or drunk, she did not know which — a horror clutching at her ankles in the dark. As she ran she thought she heard a groan. It seemed to her that she had been running for ages and ages toward a lamp. She felt that she could not run another step, but also that she could not stop running now she had commenced. For the first time she saw the scimiter of a new moon in the sky. It plunged up and struck down at her with every step. She heard other footsteps than her own, a heavier, faster scuffling over the cobblestones. She put on a burst of speed, but could not hold it. Now she was moaning.

Under the lamp she stopped.

'*As-tu perdu le chemin, madame?*' ('Have you lost your way, madame?') said a voice, breathing heavily. A man came out of the darkness. Miss Tupper leaned against the wall.

'Have you lost your way, madame?' he said again.

Her mind repeated the words like a parrot, and then searched and finally found 'madame.'

'Yes,' she answered. Her voice sounded solid and real to her, like a stone tossed into a pool of nightmare.

'I will put you on your road,' he said. And added, 'With pleasure.'

A polite spectre.

'Thank you,' she answered, moving her shoulders. They moved perfectly. He would put her on her road. Thank you, thank you — on your road, thank you.

'This way.' He turned in the direction from which she had been running. She walked beside him. This was the way hypnotized people must feel. But the cobbles hurt her feet. The soles of her shoes were too thin for walking such roads. He said nothing. After a while she looked at him in the fitful light. His profile seemed young; a stocky figure in blue and scarlet with a fez, set at what might have been a jaunty cock and yet was not quite jaunty. He felt her gaze and turned to her. His eyes were pale. His eyes were blue. The beating of her heart quieted, leaving behind it only a sort of spongy pain. In the moonlight she could see his answering smile. His teeth were yellow with tobacco, but that did n't matter. His eyes were blue, and she felt safe with him.

Now her mind, like a stream released from ice, was busy with a flood of thoughts. Would the hotel manager be looking for her? How much time had actually passed since the others left her? Why had this boy used the intimate *tu* in speaking to her? His French had a queer slur and hiss to it. Was he German, as she had heard so many of the Legionaries were, or a White Russian, perhaps? But he might be a Pole or a Dane. The officers used *tu* to them — of course that was it. He had learned his French in the Legion. Why had he been alone? Where had he seen her? But she was too tired to ask. Her strength was beaten down, and she was content to go with him silently.

He walked swiftly and, she thought, anxiously, looking up and down the hollows of the streets as they passed. If he had hoped to avoid meeting anyone, he failed. They came with the usual abruptness upon a handful of soldiers, smelling of the usual liquor and composed of the usual Mediterranean crossbreeds.

'Who is it?' yelled one of the men uproariously, and then followed more,

some of which Miss Tupper understood and some of which was argot.

Miss Tupper felt the shoulder of her Legionary touch hers. He made an awkward sound of laughing.

'It's a little friend,' said he.

'Oh! Oh! The little friend!' cried the leader again, and made as though to chuck Miss Tupper under the chin, but all of a sudden inexplicably stamped off instead, followed by the others, yelling, 'Good luck!' and disappearing apparitionally.

After that nothing more was said, except that once, as they passed a deep shadow, the man murmured, 'The mosque.' Miss Tupper tried to see the minaret, but the street was too narrow. She said nothing. With complete suddenness the town stopped at the edge of a cliff. They stood for a moment with Taza behind them, and below their feet the plain, touched with a thousand pin points of light from the French town and the outlying barracks. Beyond, the horns of the Rif were raised against the stars.

'How beautiful!' murmured Miss Tupper, taking a long look.

'I am all alone in the world,' said the Legionary.

Neither of them spoke again. For the next ten minutes their attention was fixed on getting down the steep slope without breaking their necks or falling into any cactus. At the worst places he lighted matches and held them close to the ground. She saw his square hand clearly, and sections of his clumsily modeled, wistful face. Once on the road they were able to go at a good pace.

Miss Tupper broke the silence in her uncertain French: —

'Don't you want to smoke?'

'I have no cigarettes,' he answered.

'Can't you buy any?' she asked again, thinking of some possible hold-up in army transportation.

'I have no money,' he said, in the same tone.

Miss Tupper found nothing more to talk about. She was deep in her own thoughts, buried in her fatigue and relief. They walked side by side in a monotonous rhythm of light and heavy footfalls. Outside the gate of the hotel they stopped, and Miss Tupper, on a sudden overmastering impulse, drew from her finger the heavy gold ring of her father's which she had expected to wear all her life, and handed it to the soldier.

'A thousand thanks,' she said, smiling. He took it. She thought, as well as she could see, that he looked surprised. Then he smiled like a grateful child and, leaning over clumsily, kissed her hand. He did not seem to know what to do next, but remained standing where she had left him, neither coming with her nor turning back to the road again. At the door she turned and called, 'Good night!'

And he called back, 'Good night, mademoiselle!'

IV

There seemed to be a great many lights and a great many people and too much noise. They were all eager to tell her how worried they had been and what they had said and what they would have done in another five minutes if she had not come back. The manager had been almost frantic, and the receding waves of his anxiety beat against her weariness with cries of 'But alone, madame! On Sunday night, madame! You have been fortunate.'

She excused herself to dress for dinner. She had never liked being scolded or criticized. And this flood of protest from strangers jarred upon her. Once in her room she admitted that from her head to her aching feet she felt tired, but there was a warm sense of adventure at the core of her

weariness. She was not ready to dress yet, and, snapping off the lights, she moved over to the window. Across the dry ploughed earth some day to be garden she looked past a low wall on to the road. A cloud had come over the moon, which gave forth a small strangled brightness. At the horizon lightning flared for a second, followed by a low grumble of thunder, like a storm in another world. She could not see Taza on its dark cliff.

Miss Tupper stood lost in a dream, out of which she slowly emerged as the footsteps drew nearer. She would have recognized them anywhere for those that had kept step with hers along the same road so short a time ago. Now, in the uncertain light, she could only see him as a moving shadow returning back toward the native town they had left together. But something was different. It was not until after he had gone by that she fully realized the significance of the coal that glowed so steadily in the darkness. A cigarette! But he had had no cigarettes, nor money to buy them, he said.

So, already he had pawned her father's ring! Warm from her finger it had gone to some Jew! What would her father have thought? Oh, what a sentimental fool she had been! Why had she imagined he would value it as something that had belonged to her — to her, a hysterical middle-aged woman who had behaved with no more dignity than a mouse in a trap?

But why should he *not* have pawned the ring — or sold it, for that matter? If he wanted cigarettes, he had earned them. She never doubted the identity of that passing figure, nor questioned her first explanation of the presence of the cigarette. As she went to her mirror she felt perfectly philosophic, but unutterably tired and old. She looked almost with satisfaction at a face which seemed more than its forty-odd years to-night. Neither that nor anything else mattered. As she raised her hand to her hair she missed the weight of the ring on her finger.

Through the flimsy hotel wall she could hear voices jarring across her gray remoteness. The Detroit schoolteacher was saying, 'And we kept *telling* Miss Tupper —'

Miss Tupper stiffened, rallied once more at the old unfailing tonic of criticism. After all, she might have lost the ring off her finger on a cold day. She had noticed that it was a little large. If Mrs. Pauling and that common creature from the Middle West had stayed with her as they should in all decency have done, none of this would ever have happened. She rinsed her face in hot and cold water again and again, smoothing her forehead and eyelids with the tips of her fingers. She arranged her pretty graying hair with unusual care. For the first time on the trip she unpacked her sleeveless evening dress, and from deep down in her suit case brought out an unopened box of rouge.

A few minutes later, rosy and smiling, Miss Tupper sat down beside Mrs. Pauling in the crowded lounge. 'Oh, but you missed it, going back the same old way, my dear!' she said, gathering all her brightness. 'Taza was simply fascinating!'

BIRDNESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

BY GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON

WHEN I was fifteen years old our family lived in Central Texas. Our house stood on a hill at the edge of town. About us stretched the rolling prairies, gay in summer with red and yellow daisies and the tall spikes of blooming yucca, and studded with clumps of prickly pear cactus and feathery mesquite trees.

About three miles to the south of us the Trinity River slipped through a dense, low woodland. Here I spent much of my time, eager to watch, and capture if possible, the strange and interesting creatures which lived thereabout. Road runners nested at the edge of the wood in tangles of cat's-claw smilax. Flying squirrels built their globular nests of twigs high in the slender pecan trees. Chuck-will's-widows fluttered up from the leaves like gigantic moths. Raccoons and opossums searched for food along the banks of the slow-flowing streams, leaving their neat lacy track patterns in the mud.

In the pale far sky drifted wide-winged, sable-coated turkey vultures, their pinions motionless for hours at a time as they ascended in slow spirals, breasted the wind, or swung low to the level of the tree tops. I never ceased to marvel at their clean-cut outline, and at the ease with which they handled themselves in flight. I was all unconscious, in those days, of the probability that decades, centuries, ages perhaps, had slipped by while the turkey vulture was learning to conquer the air. It did not occur to me then that thousands upon thousands of the gaunt creatures had perished in the eternal struggle for survival that those dreamily swinging spots of ebon might enchant me for an hour! Drowsily, majestically, unceasingly they drifted about, many just above the low-hung fluffy cloud masses, some gently moving amid the ribbed cirrus of the dizzy sky plains. Lying on the warm earth, I watched them. I could hardly think; I only dreamed myself a sky bird, a playmate of the clouds. I was vaguely, sadly conscious, perhaps, that while my race had for ages been developing my brain into an organ of doubtful utility, it had at the same time been reducing the length of my forelimbs, solidifying my bones — in short, condemning me to fourscore years and ten as a terrestrial being without the slightest glimmer of hope that I should one day spread my black wings and, rustling like heavy silk, mount to the blue. Never, never could I be a vulture!

I was roused from my revery by the swish of dusky, stiff quills above me, as one of the vultures, made curious by my motionless supine form, swung low. What a different creature! The naked head and pale bill were evil in appearance. There entered my mind the thought that, had I been a corpse, that white beak would have sought with its hooked tip the innermost chambers of my heart! The plumage of the drab fowl was rusty and ragged; its wing tips spread out like slender, heavily nailed fingers! The vulture, close at hand, was a revolting creature. I shuddered because the vile body and macabre

pinions had cast their shadow across my face.

Walking one day in the depths of the woodland, near a stagnant pool, I came upon a huge, partly decayed, hollow log. Instinctively curious, I peered cautiously into the darkness, half expecting to discern the taut form of a wildcat crouched for a spring, or the lazy, pulpy coil of a water moccasin, white-mouthed and venomous. I could see nothing, though I strained my eyes. I went to the other end of the log, lay upon my side, and peered through. From this position I could see light at the other end. The dim interior became more sharply defined. What was that strange shape? Was there a movement, just the slightest movement? Did I hear a noise? My back stiffened.

Then it dawned upon me that I was gazing at the silhouette of a turkey vulture — a mother bird, probably, sitting upon her eggs. Eager, fairly breathless, I dragged two large flat stones to one end of the log, closing the opening there, and instantly sprang to the other end of the log, half expecting to be greeted by a rush of wings. Assured that the bird was still within, I sat down. For a moment I pondered. The log was almost twenty feet long; I could not make the bird come to me by punching it with a stick, and there was danger of breaking the eggs. I could not smoke it out, because I had no matches and I doubted my ability to start a fire by twirling a pointed stick against a piece of wood. My course was plain. I should have to go through the log.

I entertained certain misgivings. Could I force my way through the dark, moist tunnel? What should I encounter there? Would the mother vulture try to pick out my eyes?

Nevertheless I started, to find at once that the aperture was not so large as it had appeared to be. Arms outstretched in front, hair and face scraping the musty wood, I inched forward, my toes digging doggedly into the earth. Within a short time the entire length of my body was inside the log. My face pressed against wet wood; my body ached with the strain of the unnatural position, but I could not bring my arms back because there was no room for such a movement.

Perhaps, after all, I should not attempt this strange tunneling! In a panic I tried to back out, only to find myself powerless. It appeared that in my toes, which could push me forward, was my only propellent power. I was doomed to stay, or to go ahead! I breathed hard, spent with exertion. There did not seem to be enough air in the place. My ribs were crowded. But I must go ahead! Digging my fingers in the soft wood, shoving forward with all the force of my feet, I made slow progress. A flake of wood somehow got into my eye. I could do little more than shed tears over this unfortunate happening, for my arms were so long that I could not reach my face with my fingers. And my handkerchief was in my pocket!

I realized now, without question, that I should not have come into this log, that freedom of movement and plenty of fresh air were really all I had ever desired in the world. But I could not go back. Perhaps I remembered, in that dark moment, certain lines of Joaquin Miller's poem on Columbus. At any rate I squirmed on. I heard dull sounds as the buttons of my shirt gave way. My trousers stayed on only because of the strength of the leather belt, the straps of cloth which held it, and the endurance of my pelvic bones. The slipping downward of my shirt did not improve matters any. Wads of the cloth seemed to be knotted all about my body.

I found myself wondering how much more an imprisoned, half-suffocated, tortured boy, miles from home, could endure, when suddenly I realized that the mother vulture and I were not the only inhabitants of this hollow log.

Tripping ever so daintily, his fine leg threads just brushing the surface upon which he trod, came a grandaddy longlegs, disturbed in his noonday sleep. A grandaddy longlegs, considered impersonally, is an interesting creature. His legs are amazingly long and thin; his airy body is a strangely plump hub for those eight filamentous spokes which mince along so questioningly. I do not mind having a grandaddy longlegs walk across my hand, in fact.

But to have a grandaddy longlegs, and perhaps four hundred of his companions, suddenly decide to wander all over my face, neck, and back is another story. The first tickle of the advance guard's feet upon my nose drove me fairly frantic. I plunged my face into the wood, crushing my adversary. The odor of his body was unpleasant. Already his companions were bearing down upon me. I writhed and shuddered in exquisite torture. By waiting a moment, then wiping my face deliberately across the damp wood, I could kill or disable whole squadrons at a time. The situation was not improved by the fact that I could see only imperfectly in the dim light and because of the bit of wood in my eye.

Gradually the queer spiders learned that they were safer when they moved toward the light. I could see their dancing, trembling forms slowly withdraw from me. Nervous, full of reproach for my foolhardiness, I tried to relax, to think of something beside the vise in which I was fixed.

Was this soft thing my hand felt a fluff of milkweed down? Was it a bit of silk, so oddly out of place in this nether world? It was the nest of a pair of white-footed mice — dainty, bright-eyed little creatures whose noses quivered with terror, whose bodies shook with dread, as they felt rude fingers upon their nest. Frantically they rushed forth. Instinctively they leaped for the darkest crevices they could find. Owing to the effective stoppage of my end of the log, these havens of refuge were naturally near me. Trim, sharp-clawed feet raced over my back, under my shirt, about my neck. Can mice run nimbly? Can they use their toes in holding on? Do they learn of the unknown in the darkness through touching objects with their silken whiskers? The answers to these questions, and to many more, I learned within our hollow log. I was half afraid the jewel-eyed gnomes would bite my face or that one of them would pounce into my mouth as I strove to get a deep breath of air. Could all this torture be actual? Was I having a nightmare? Would it never end? One of the mice crawled between my body and the wood. I gave my shoulder a frantic shrug; there was a tiny squeak, and the sharp nails which had been digging into my skin instantly grew limp. The other mouse lodged himself somewhere in a fold of my trousers. Poor little creatures! They had sought only the safety of darkness. They could have harmed hardly a living thing. But I am sure they wrecked a thousand nerve cells in my quivering body.

Again shoving forward violently with my toes and digging my fingers into the soft structure of the tree, I pressed onward. The passageway became larger; I moved more freely. It was heavenly to be able to rest my weary body, and to breathe more deeply.

But I was yet to meet my most amazing, my most uncomfortable adventure! Suddenly the mother vulture

stood up, hissed, coughed a little, and began vomiting decayed flesh she had eaten earlier in the day. I had somehow forgotten the vulture. I found myself wishing with all my heart that I had not sealed up the other end of the log. Summoning courage, and wriggling forward as rapidly as I could, I struck the great bird an awkward blow. She hobbled off, hissing hoarsely and leaving a new object exposed to view.

I could not see very well; but I had enough strength and interest in my strange expedition to permit me to realize that I was face to face with a lovely newborn creature — a baby vulture, scarcely more than two hours old. It was downy white, its legs and naked head were pale gray, its infant eyes had no expression. Breathing evenly, quietly, it rested beside a large egg which was of soiled white splotched with blackish brown.

The mother continued to cough and hiss, but she could not produce any more food. I was thankful that the digestive process in birds is so rapid that food does not, as a rule, stay long in the crop or gullet!

Lifting the young vulture as well as I could, and rolling the big egg ahead of me, I wormed my way onward. The dusky parent retreated. At the end of the log I grasped her by her feet, pushed the obstructing stones away as well as I could, and breathed the fresh air in deep gasps. Nearly worn out, I trembled from head to foot. Most of my shirt was somewhere in the log; the underclothes which had covered my shoulders and chest were wound in tatters about my trousers. I was scratched up considerably, and bleeding in several spots. It must have taken me fifteen minutes to get out of the log, for the exit was small.

When I finally reached the outer air I sank to the leaves, awkwardly tied the vulture to a sapling, using a shred of torn underclothing, and panted and trembled as I picked grandaddy longlegs from my hair, eyes, and neck, and a dead mouse from my clothing. The belt had dug deep into the skin and had worn raw grooves all about my waist. But I was free! I could breathe the air, the cool, fresh air of heaven!

I hobbled over to the pool. In the rustic mirror I could see that I was no lovely vision. I washed my face and hands, smoothed back my hair, and pinned my torn clothing together with a thorn or two.

Then I returned to my captives. Somehow the little white baby seemed pitiably friendless in this bright world of the open. The eyes of the mother were hard and fierce and frightened. The egg was infertile. I could hear the liquid contents slopping about inside when I shook it.

Had I been less weary or had my predatory instinct been more keen, I might have killed the mother vulture and tossed her aside; or I might have carried her home. But I could n't bring myself to take that woods baby away, or to leave it there an orphan. I put it back in the damp shadow of the hollow log. I rolled aside the stones I had brought for sealing the opening. And then I put the mother back beside the cottony infant, which by this time was peeping faintly. The mother bird did not attempt to rush away. Mouth open, she eyed me impersonally. I moved off through the woods quietly, hoping that my retreat would not frighten her, or that if she did fly away she would soon return to her charge.

I was famished and exhausted when I reached home, and I mounted the stairs to my room with stiff and weary feet. When I took off my trousers a bright-eyed mouse whisked out of a pocket and scampered behind the bookcase.

BOOTLEG LOANS

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

THE most conservative bank in my town has a million dollars lent in Wall Street raising the prices of stocks which it advises its clients not to buy because they are too high.

I

When our credit machinery was taken off its old bushings and mounted on new bearings through the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, the prediction was freely made on all sides that we had done with money panics. Credit, which is merely a promise to pay, could, so it was predicted, be spun out and reeled in as business expanded and contracted. There would always be enough, but never too much or too little, to meet the legitimate needs of business. This expansion and contraction would take place largely automatically under an interest rate which would change infrequently. The only dissenting voice I heard was that of a Yale economics professor, a conservative New Englander, who dinned this one sentence into the ears of his classes: 'Gentlemen, any credit machinery which makes borrowing easy is dangerous.'

Hardly had the new system got under way when seeming necessity demanded the spinning out of an enormous volume of credit to finance the war. More was spun out than could later be reeled in without immediately harmful results to business. Inflation continued to grow and commodity prices continued to soar. The excessive inflation carried the seeds of its own destruction, and the catastrophe came in the spring of 1920, about the time a group of Atlantans went on a buyers' strike, paraded the city in overalls, and swore that they would wear no more clothes till prices came down. Prices came down with a thud, and with what results business still remembers. But nobody credits the Georgians with having brought about the fall. Prices simply rose till they could rise no more.

There is a tendency in many quarters to blame the Federal Reserve Board's easy-money policy in the summer and fall of 1927 for the stock-speculation craze which has swept the country. The rate of interest which the Federal Reserve banks charge for loans made to member banks was reduced. The purpose of this reduction was to create a differential between the rate of interest in the United States and that in England and European countries. The higher interest rate in England and European countries attracted funds from the United States and caused an outflow of gold needed by the Bank of England and other central banks. The low interest rate in the United States encouraged borrowing not only on the part of those engaged in industry, but also on the part of those who speculate in stocks. Whether this policy or something else was the immediate cause of speculation, it is a fact that a speculative mania has spread, and stock prices have risen to unprecedentedly high levels. Should a deflation in stock prices occur, the devastation

wrought would be laid at the door of the Board.

It is quite likely, however, that even its severest critics could not, or would not, have met the derangements growing out of the war with more fortitude or wisdom.

Whatever the cause of the craze, it is better now to try to cure the disease than to explain how we got it. There may be plenty of time later to reflect.

During all the trying months of 1920 and following, one scarcely ever heard mention of 'brokers' loans.' This is a term which applies to that class of loans secured by stocks or other securities. To illustrate, suppose the reader who has $10,000 in cash desires to purchase 100 shares of common stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which, at $212 a share, would cost $21,200. He turns his $10,000 margin over to his broker as agent. The broker, adding $11,200 of his own money, purchases the stock and has the certificate registered in his own name. In order to replace the money which the broker expends, the client borrows from a bank or elsewhere, pledging the stock as collateral. If for any reason the client desires or has to sell this stock, the broker in effect pays off the loan, releases and sells the stock, and credits the client with the proceeds, less interest, commissions, and expenses. Millions of such transactions, with others like it, are responsible for the increase and decrease in brokers' loans.

Even at the peak of commodity prices in 1920, the amount of these loans was about one and three-quarter billion dollars, and about half of them were liquidated during the period of deflation. But such loans counted little; and, even if they had counted much, they were under the same direction as other loans. Most credit, regardless of its purpose, was emanating from the same sources, the greater part of it ebbing and flowing through the Federal Reserve and member banks and, therefore, under the observation of the Federal Reserve Board.

But times have changed. We are now faced with a novel situation in which at least one half of the credit in speculative use in the stock market is obtained from sources other than banks, and subject, therefore, neither to banking guidance nor to any other unified control. Of the nearly six billion dollars of brokers' loans, nearly three billions, commonly known as 'bootleg loans,' got into the market in the same helter-skelter manner, although not through the same channels, as loans for speculation did prior to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System.

Formerly, corporations and individuals lodged their surplus funds with their local banks, and these passed them on to New York banks and received a small rate of interest on the balances carried. The New York banks in turn passed this credit on into Wall Street in the form mainly of brokers' call loans. Now banks outside of New York, private individuals at home and abroad, corporations, and investment trusts have come to make their own loans to Wall Street brokers largely directly or through New York banks acting merely as agents. This method of placing three billion dollars on loan in the stock market brings us face to face with the question whether, in spite of all that has been done to prevent and forestall it, we may not yet again run into a money panic similar to those which have occurred in the past. The credit pool in Wall Street, supplied now by two streams, one thoroughly filtered and metered, the other altogether unfiltered and unmetered, may be no less polluted or dangerous than when, as formerly, it was fed by only one, which was indifferently filtered and metered.

Under the old system, there was at least a sort of loose affiliation and understanding among the big New York banks and their interior relatives. The New York banks were held together by their clearing-house association. Now there is not even the semblance of an organization among those who are furnishing more than one half of the funds devoted to speculation.

Just what would be the result if that state of the public mind which has made possible the present inflation of stock prices should receive a sudden shock? No orderly procedure has been followed in placing these loans in the market and none would be followed in withdrawing them in the case of a crisis. There is slight possibility, and less probability, that those individuals, widely scattered banks, corporations, and investment trusts could take concerted action to meet a danger. Should some mishap befall the stock market, each would be so busy saving himself that he would have scant time or inclination to save others. Should a day of retribution come, this class of lenders and the brokers to whom they had made loans could with ill grace turn for help to a banking system whose advice and counsel they had spurned; but this is precisely what they would have to do. Moreover the banks, however forgiving and charitable, might have their hands full handling a situation which they had tried in vain to prevent. Stocks in small amounts are wholly liquid, but in excessive amounts are logy far beyond popular belief. The fall in the price of stocks which could result from the attempted sale of a very considerable portion of the collateral now securing the three billions of bootleg loans would be staggering.

It seems, therefore, that at least as much of the present danger lies in the character of the loans and the way they are made as in their size. Brokers' loans make for higher stock prices, and higher stock prices make for more brokers' loans. The fact that the ratio between the value of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange and the amount of brokers' loans remains fairly constant signifies nothing. The ratio could not be otherwise when it is the result of two circumstances which are both causes and effects of each other.

II

As to those individuals who make loans directly to brokers rather than deposit their surplus funds in banks or buy securities outright on their own account, little can be said. One need not try to answer the argument of him who says that it is poor business to keep his surplus idle or set it to work in a bank at 2 per cent when by putting it to work in Wall Street at 8, 10, or 20 per cent he himself can stop work altogether. He is his own master; his obligation runs mainly to himself; and he bears the consequences of his own action.

But corporations and investment trusts stand on an entirely different ground from that of the individual. The officers of each serve in a fiduciary capacity. They are obligated to act in the best interest of those they represent. Lending funds in the stock market on call — that is, on condition that they will be repaid on demand — is a matter of corporate management, and management in the absence of a showing of fraud cannot be interfered with even by the stockholders themselves except by vote.

The calling of the loans made to brokers by a half dozen or so large corporations, if the calls should be made simultaneously, would shock the stock market. It is, of course, a great satisfaction to believe that the directors would engage in no such

nefarious scheme as selling the market short and then calling the corporate loans to break it and cover — that is, borrowing stocks and selling them at a high price, and then calling the corporate loans to break the market, in order that they might buy stock at a low price to return what they had borrowed. But, too, there is a restful sense of security growing out of the publicly announced policy of other large corporations that they will avoid even the appearance of evil and make no loans for speculative purposes.

The question of brokers' loans as it relates to so-called investment trusts presents a peculiarly nice question in business ethics. The fundamental purpose of these institutions is to invest as advantageously as possible, in a wide assortment of stocks, the funds of hundreds and thousands of persons who have entrusted their money to them. What can be said of the propriety of a policy of lending a surplus in the stock market which, although temporary as to any one of these institutions, tends constantly and increasingly to raise to all of them the prices of the very securities which they are supposed to buy as cheaply as possible? On the other hand, how would public sentiment toward all investment trusts be affected if, in order to break the market and buy at a bargain, some should call their loans and force the sale of the stocks which secure them, thus depressing prices? Such a policy would convert what is supposed to be a trust into a speculative pool.

All these bootleg lenders have, in effect, made the stockbrokers their bankers for their most mobile funds. They draw on their broker-bankers at sight when in need of a little spending money. Should any unusual condition arise, they would use these funds first. Just what reserve do these broker-bankers carry against these deposits? The belief that they are Midases who can always turn stocks into gold is their refuge in case of a run.

The brokers' credit reservoir of six billions is drained and replenished by fits and starts, and the waters are kept constantly troubled. The evidence is an interest rate for call money ranging from 6 per cent to 20 per cent this year, the highest since 1920. The disturbance would be even worse and the call rate even more unstable if the banks were not at hand to pour back what the bootleg lenders drain off. But the member banks of the Federal Reserve System have been requested to stop it. The Federal Reserve Board is using its influence to check the speculative mania. The Secretary of the Treasury has measured his words and given out a sane statement that bonds are now a better bargain than many investment stocks. Even those of us who prefer investment stocks must take heed.

We are witnessing an interesting contest between an institution created by government, whose attributes are continuity and sovereignty, and a bold group of speculators whose tenure in power rests upon public enthusiasm, and whose idea of a Lenten celebration is to run Radio New Common from 68 and something to 109 and something in the face of a reported statement of an official of the company before a Congressional committee that the stock is high even at the former figure.

To those who have observed government at close range the outcome seems inevitable. The individual or institution that enters an endurance contest with sovereignty rarely wins. To the Federal Reserve Board victory means nothing except a delicate official responsibility wisely met. It has no vanity to be pampered. But to those so stiff-necked that they will not hearken, defeat means everything —

ruin to themselves, loss to others. It remains to be seen whether the recalcitrants will yield or whether they will have to be broken. They have had their chance, and if they do not yield, then they will be broken, because they drive authority to break them. Or they will pull their own house down upon themselves.

III

Speculation is about to 'get the bust' on business. 'Getting the bust' is a Southern colloquialism describing a situation wherein a boy, after having roped a calf, has to run as fast as the calf does or get a spill. The accepted method of getting out of such a predicament is to manœuvre the calf toward a sapling, brace up, pass on one side, and, getting a half cinch, allow the calf the privilege of passing on the other. The Federal Reserve Board has shown better manners. It has forewarned its victim.

Speculation has begun to influence general business rather than to discount what business would be under normal conditions. We economists have been preaching the virtues of speculation for a long time. We know that selling short, selling for future delivery something one does not possess and later buying to cover, — that is, buying to fulfill this future contract, — tends to keep high prices from going higher and low prices from going lower. By and large, this is generally true. It might work out that way always if every price situation were a natural one.

Speculative profits depend upon price fluctuations. The wider the amplitude of the price swing, the greater the chances of big profits to the few in strategic positions. For the sake of the big profits, the few may create artificial fluctuations. When this is the case, speculation defeats its purpose and belies its economic significance. With stock-market pools and rumors of pools abroad in the land, it is hard to believe otherwise than that many stock prices have not risen or fallen, but have been put up or down.

The long period of rising stock prices and the general participation of the public have made big profits possible to many for the first time. These profits, which came easily, represent purchasing power which has been leveled against production and has thus stimulated industry. The stimulation up to date has manifested itself in an increase in demand in the sense in which the economist uses that term — namely, that more has been taken at the same price than formerly. This was possible because of the excessive productive power left over and redirected after the war.

Seemingly we have about reached the end of the tether. Some commodity prices are beginning to creep up, and if this continues we may see an industrial boom, commodity inflation, and the inevitable attendant collapse. Note copper, just admitted to the speculative-metals market. Recently one producer raised the price to twenty-three cents a pound. Others did not follow, but the next day it went to twenty-four. Those who use the metal are scurrying around to find substitutes. An increase in the price of copper is no longer good market news.

On the other hand, if speculative stock profits should suddenly vanish, the purchases which they have been supporting would cease, and a backwater in production would result.

Long ago the stock market ceased to be an accurate barometer of future business conditions, and speculative stock profits have begun to weigh heavily in determining those conditions. One well-known economist estimates that stock prices at the present level have discounted the future

to the extent of eight years of growth and activity uninterrupted. One may well believe it when he sees the country paying 10 and 20 per cent for money borrowed to buy stocks whose dividends will not pay a quarter of that amount and whose earnings even are not equal to those figures.

So it comes in the end to this, that men are willing to pay exorbitant interest to carry stocks which somebody will buy from them at a profit; and the number of such has been legion. To such operators altitude of the price is of little concern so long as buyers will take the stocks off their hands at more than they paid for them. But somewhere in this human chain there is a group of last men, and they must get their operating expenses and profits, if at all, from the cold dividends or earnings of the corporation. If they cannot, they will sell the stock they already have or refuse to buy more on such terms, or do both. These men are now overwhelmed and inarticulate, but they will rise to the surface in time and declare a stock-buyers' strike. It is this group which finally learned during the Bubble Period that after all it was more profitable to put money into English shipping than into raising jackasses in South America.

How long, O Lord, how long!

THE NEW POSITION OF THE VATICAN

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

THE fact that the Holy See has come to an understanding with the Italian Government as to its formal position in international politics revives those combatant and vital issues which not long since reminded the world that principles could make America itself into a *corrida*. The new concordat was not a wonder of seven days; it brings into new debate questions which will exercise politicians and philosophers for many years to come, questions which underlie the claims and even the existence of democratic government; which, if they are considered a little further, invite us to define with a new precision the place of man in the world and the nature of his kinship to the divine mystery.

It is now just on sixty years since Italy changed from what Metternich called a geographical expression into a united whole, and she did so by capturing what had been known for well over a thousand years as the States of the Church. A compact organization of orthodox and international Christianity had grown up on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and, as a centre comparatively free from the strife of princes, it had had over a small area its own independent government. No historian now denies that such an organization was best suited to assert the influence of Christianity among warring states and ambitious emperors, and when the red shirt of bearded Garibaldi moved forward to win for Victor Emmanuel what the fervid nationalist speculations of Mazzini and

the shrewd statesmanship of Cavour had thought the one possible capital for Italy, and the Papacy was despoiled of almost all its temporal possessions, the Government of Italy certainly risked a great principle. To establish a national capital in the one centre of an international Church, to turn religious houses into government offices, to appropriate the private palace of the Pope as an office for the invading king, were acts not easy to defend unless moral principles were secondary to expediency. They provoked a just protest from the suffering Church.

But the situation was full of anomalies and compromises which put the protest into the background. The marauding Government passed a Law of Guarantees promising the Pope sovereign honors and full protection, guaranteeing his free diplomatic intercourse with other countries, and offering him an annual indemnity of about $650,000; the Papal Church remained established by the Government, and the State arranged both to pay the priests and to maintain the churches. The Pope, though he refused the indemnity and all other acknowledgment of the guarantees, found both his income maintained and his prestige finally increased by the sympathy of Catholics in other countries, and the loss of territory freed the Vatican organization for larger tasks. Papal diplomacy turned in a new and more fruitful direction: it asserted its international prestige by proving to peoples the necessity of its function. While Italy found that the Church provided her with much of her glory, and not a little of her income, the Church found that the invader's move had indirectly improved her own position. At the same time, she could not sacrifice her inalienable principle — the principle, not that she wanted to govern territories, but that, as the representative of divine authority among all nations and above all nations, she must not be in any sort of subjection to any one of them. She must have an absolute independence, so manifest that no one could even accuse her of acting under the pressure of a coercing government.

The war was the crux. It was clearly seen that Italy was doing nothing to impugn the neutrality of the Vatican, and that the Vatican was perfectly free to play its rôle. Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State, made it clear, on the other hand, that he would accept no settlement of the Roman Question from victorious foreigners, but only by the good will of the Italian people. The subject has been treated in a thorough and illuminating way by Signor Vercesi in a book published a few years ago, *L'Italia, la Guerra e il Papato*. The war, as he shows, immensely strengthened the Vatican, ridding it of its three greatest obstacles — the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Khalif; freeing it from the influence of Austria; forcing countries like Great Britain, Greece, and Holland to maintain diplomatic relations with it; and showing the whole world that Christianity, organized as an international unity, could properly function as an instrument of health and peace in the complex organism of the modern world.

In all this, the Italians saw at once how closely the prestige and influence of the immemorial institution at Rome are associated with their racial genius and their national honor, and they began to take the place of France as the Vatican's defender; they made it clear how much they would welcome the emissary of the Pope at the Conference of Genoa in 1922, as they have since undertaken to represent his point of view at Geneva. The Fascist Government has done all it can to support the projects of the Vatican. It set

up the crucifix in the schools and arranged for religious education; it recognized titles conferred by the Pope, and gave the new Catholic university at Milan the status of the national universities at Naples and Pisa. It supported the Vatican arrangements for the Holy Year, giving excursion tickets to Rome, to which it added free railway journeys to the Holy House at Loreto, to the Madonna at Pompeii, and to the Shrine of Saint Francis of Assisi. It encouraged the revival of the Corpus Christi processions in the streets, and advised the provincial governors, generals, and mayors to take a place in the processions.

This great national acknowledgment does not necessarily mean active faith. Mussolini, at whose behest all this was done, was not often seen in church. But he was once seen to kneel for a considerable time before a statue of the Virgin when paying an official visit to a town in Northern Italy. He did this, he said in a speech immediately afterward, because he wished to set an example of reverence and respect toward the immemorial traditions and habits of the Italian people, and to associate them with the great institution which had always brought them prestige.

Such an attitude of mind, which is very much that of old Rome, is by no means unknown in contemporary England. For members of the Church of England, whose faith and devotion are ill defined, 'the Church' still exists as an institution which represents both the solidarity of national society and the value of national ideals, and there are many who would no more think of disrespect toward it than they would of ordering their lives exactly according to the precepts of the Gospel. Whenever their own interests are at stake, they make their compromise as dignified as possible. Mussolini might have moulded his religious mentality in one of the great English schools — what the English call their public schools.

II

Like Mussolini's attitude in this is the attitude both Church and State had taken in Italy with regard to the Roman Question. The contentions of the Italian Government were admirably stated by Senator Antonio Fradeletto in the *Nineteenth Century* of June 1923, and the present writer explained the point of view of the Church in the *Contemporary Review* of the preceding April. The Italian Government had always acted with moderation, and can envisage no scheme to improve on the present position. In this sense, M. Eugene Guichard, writing in the *Mercure de France* of December 1923, regarded the matter as settled, and said that if one wanted to know what had happened about it one could only apply the words of Corneille, 'The combat ceased for want of combatants.' There is some truth in this, but not all the truth. For the Church, though she was willing to forgo her rightful territories, always insists upon her principles, and could in no way cease to demand the formal recognition of the political independence of the Vatican, as the one centre of international Catholicism. Italy recognized the Pope as a person of sovereign dignity, but recognized nothing as his territory and no one as his subject. A sovereign without sovereignty was, said the Vatican, an absurdity; yet all must admit that it was an absurdity which somehow did not inconvenience over thirty different governments in maintaining official relations with the Papal Court.

The Papacy, however, could never be satisfied with a vague accommodation, no matter how convenient, and, though it felt it could afford to wait, it continued to look for something more:

that is to say, either for an international guarantee or for an increase of territorial independence to the Vatican, — possibly a little of the land behind St. Peter's, stretching toward the pine wood of the Marquis Sacchetti, — to be accompanied by a formal diplomatic relation.

The difficulty about an international guarantee was that it involved other nations in maintaining the independence of a territory touching on Italy's own capital; and the difficulty about admitting territorial independence, as it is admitted in the case of the little republic of San Marino in the Apennines, was that once more an outside power would be established almost in the capital. Meanwhile, the Pope in his first encyclical referred to Italy as *nostra amata patria*, and invited Italy to send a representative to the Papal Court.

The accommodation therefore was complete, but it was an accommodation. Mussolini in effecting a final settlement removed the only disagreement in a relation which, though informal, was already extremely close. The whole subject was expounded in 1924 by Jean Carrère, who in his admirable book, *Le Pape*, showed that an agreement was practically accomplished. Mussolini has only ratified an entente. The importance of his step affects other nations rather than his own.

The steps taken toward a settlement of the Roman Question mean therefore, as we saw, that the Fascist Government has adopted the attitude which Gioberti pleaded before the Risorgimento in his famous book, *Il Primato*. Gioberti argued that Italy's place in the modern world was to be that of a leader in Christian civilization, and that her greatness was to be in the closest relationship to the universal influence of her Church. Mussolini has spoken in much the same sense, identifying the power of Italy, not with imperial ambition, but with the moral power of the great Christian organism which connects her life with that of other nations. A secret society of any kind, and in particular a secret society which is international, like that of the Freemasons, is therefore certain of all possible opposition from him. But he is able to reconcile the fiery nationalism of his movement with that serene influence which binds together hundreds of millions out of every nation in loyalty toward the venerable city which Italy now shares as a capital with the Church. With this it is suggestive to compare an utterance made by the present Pope in 1921, when he was enthroned at Milan as Archbishop. 'The Papacy,' he said, 'is Italy's greatest glory.'

III

Closely akin to this contention is the principle that underlies the unexpected politic which led Mussolini to accept Canon Law for Italy. Canon Law is neither more nor less than the Code Napoléon of Cardinal Gasparri. For years he was at the head of the great committees which were busy in revising the Church code. It is now an application of the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas to morals, to politics, to economics, and to citizenship. Knit up as it is with the traditions of Roman law, it is in its broadest outlines the same as that which unites the Anglo-American system of law with that of the Code Napoléon, which still survives in Italy as it does in France and Spain. The Catholic principles of law are not fundamentally opposed to the Code Napoléon any more than they are to the Constitution of the United States. But there are of course extremely important differences of detail. The chief is in relation to benefit of

clergy, the subject of the old debate between Becket and Henry II. The Canon Law still gives the clergy particular privileges: they are, until they are unfrocked, outside the ordinary civil jurisdiction. They must be tried in their own courts, and punished in their own penitentiaries. A layman may not even sue a priest for libel without special permission, and must apply to the Pope himself for this permission if the offender is a prelate. It can hardly be supposed that these clauses will be popular in Italy, which from the time that Boniface VIII was struck in the face at Anagni has seen to it how to keep the priest in his place. A priest very rarely enters a private house in Italy, for example, unless called to perform a sacerdotal function. He moves, long before his ordination, as one apart. But, needless to say, it is not the clergy who make up the bulk of the criminal classes in Italy, and this part of the Canon Law will not make much difference. Even in England, the police have sometimes said nothing about a priest's delinquencies when assured he would be dealt with by his Church.

Similarly, with regard to marriage, the Italian State has never recognized divorce, and punishes adultery with arrest. In this matter, therefore, the acceptance of Canon Law will not mean anything so revolutionary as it would mean in America, or even in France. In practice, doubtless, the changes will be modified still further. But it is worth noting that the Canon Law recognizes no distinctions of moral standard between the two sexes. It will not therefore tolerate what has been known in Italy as the 'house of tolerance.' By the Crispi Law of 1893 scandal was removed from the open streets, but brothels were licensed and inspected. No one who has listened to young Italians talking in cities could contend that business has languished within them, and if Fascism, which has already preached in Italy reform in the morals of the flesh, succeeds in enforcing it, we shall see Italy adopting for her young unmarried men standards as strict as those of America. This for a Latin country will indeed be revolutionary. Again, it must be noted that, though there are some very evil towns in Italy, the masses of the peasantry — and they make up the great bulk of the population — live healthy lives, marry young, and have several children. Fascism has already strengthened this tradition; the Canon Law respecting the use of contraceptives will not have to swim against the tide of Fascist patriotism. The changes made are accommodations of detail.

Nevertheless, the concordat is one of the most pregnant issues of contemporary history. It is also a piece of remarkably astute diplomacy. It looks like an agreement in which the Pope has lost nothing, but gained everything. The seizure of Rome by force was not, as we know, morally defensible, but it was proved to have conferred an immense benefit upon the Holy See. The Pope had, in fact, the freedom that he wanted, and it seemed that he had nothing to barter with Italy. How, then, was secured a sum of some eighty million dollars, and the acceptance of Canon Law which implies the supremacy of the Church over the State, as well as, of course, the Pope's railway station, his two palaces, and the piazza of St. Peter's? There is only one explanation: it is the latent unpopularity of Fascism.

Since the shocking murders of Matteotti and Amendola, since the bombardment of Corfu, since the night of murder in Florence in 1925, but above all since Mussolini by one arbitrary *coup de théâtre* raised the currency to its present exchange against the franc,

the mark, the pound, and the dollar and disorganized the commerce and industry of Italy, there has been a violent undercurrent of distrust and criticism. Up and down Italy, there are millions who hate the dictator. In Rome, he seems to support his popularity with vigor, and the sweeping changes he is planning in the city give it a certain sense of exhilaration. But in the provinces the sullenness is obvious. Unable to rouse the enthusiasm of the people by a victory, or by any other dramatic sensation, unable to bombard another Corfu, unable to increase Italian territory, unable to secure favorable immigration laws in America, unable to alleviate the difficulties caused by the increase of population, and unable to admit his financial failure by letting the lira fall again to a value that would give Italian industry a chance to compete with French industry and attract the tourist back to Italy, Mussolini has devised the brilliant expedient of a reconciliation with the Vatican. For two and a half years the pourparlers have been secretly going on. The further they went, the more necessary the dictator felt it to carry the matter to a successful conclusion. It would provide a magnificent sensation, and it would secure the allegiance, not only of the priests and the devout, but of the great conservative strength which had always been associated with the Church, and which had gradually become reconciled to the monarchy. Very well, then, Mussolini must be dramatic. He must shelter under the sovereignty of the Church, her liegeman and her servant. He must make restitution for the wrongs of sixty years ago, even to the extent of eighty million dollars. Secretly the negotiation crystallized. The first rumors leaked out in Germany in December, but nothing was allowed to be put into the Italian papers till all was over. Then suddenly, on the seventh anniversary of the Pope's coronation, all Italy was suddenly wakened to jubilation.

IV

What of the Pope? A shrewd observer who knows Italy thoroughly, and who well understood that the Vatican's position would be weakened by any arrangement that was not, or at least did not appear to be, the free choice of the Italian people, he certainly could not wish to change the Vatican traditions of caution in making this arrangement. If Fascism were to collapse, his independence from Italy would collapse with it; the Canon Law would be abrogated, and the revulsion of feeling might well find expression in a violent demonstration against the Church. Once again, as in Paris in 1790, the crowd might shout, 'Hang the bishops!' But as the Pope looked further, he saw a way through the danger. Anticlericalism was dead, not because it had been stamped out, but because it had failed naturally. The memory of the people was short, and the Government was not definitely implicated in the murders; even when mistakes were made, they could be forgiven; and nothing human is perfect. His agreement, furthermore, was with Italy as represented in her monarchy, and Mussolini was but the signatory; when all was said, Fascism, which must in any case leave its mark in Italy, — as Napoleon's principles still dominated France, — had this security, that no one could suggest a practical alternative. But even so, the Pope refused to look on the agreement as final till it received its ratification from the Italian people.

But in completing this agreement the Pope gains a firmer hold over the volatile Italian. Canon Law secures to the Church a control of education, and that

is what she has for long most desired. The clergy will return once more to prominence and to power, and much of the success of the new scheme will depend on whether or not they can increase the people's confidence in them. In Italy the Catholic Church is, in one sense, unquestioned; but a certain skepticism is implicit in the Italian mind. The very bases of dogma are laid in a sense of mystery that implies a certain agnosticism. At Rome, says an Italian proverb, we make a faith for other people to believe. Nevertheless, the Vatican may justly hope that its influence upon Italy will be an evident gain. There is, when all is said, less harm than good in being religious. And the Catholic Church provides Italy with her only conceivable religion.

Apart from the benefit he may rightly expect Italians to recognize, the Pope gains the large sum of money we have mentioned. It is no more than justice. Between 1848 and 1871 the Italian Government seized one after another of the great properties of the Church. In Rome its depredations were scandalous. It took from the Pope also his sources of revenue; and the indemnity of $650,000 a year that it offered was not accepted, for it would have made the Pope the pensioner and dependent of Italy. France and Austria, which came to the rescue then, are no financial help now, and since the war the Vatican has been dependent upon the bounty of America. American Catholicism could practically dictate its own terms to the Vatican. That will no longer be the case. The vast sum of money which the Vatican now has at its command will give it a freedom and a power which will certainly make themselves felt. Equally remarkable will be the revolt of the freedom of the Vatican from its long preoccupation with the Roman Question. For more than eighty years its politic has been preoccupied by the indirectness and the delicacy of its relations with Italy and the preliminaries of a settlement. All that is over now.

The Vatican has a freedom it never had before, and that freedom will surely consummate itself in an amplitude of action. There can be no doubt that in a few years the Vatican Council will reopen, and the Catholic Church will define with fuller precision its hopes for the unity of Christendom, its thought as to the mingling of peace with justice, and the duty of the Church to spread and to ennoble the traditions of Christian civilization. Such were the tasks which were set for it when it opened in 1869. It began with a dogmatic constitution of the Catholic faith which defined the spheres of reason and mystery; it then went on to define the teaching office of the Pope in a way which has received far more attention than it deserves. For the prerogatives of the Pope had been defined in sweeping terms in 1439, and the Vatican decree of 1870 qualified these rather than strengthened them. But the Church will now have to face all that is required to complete the present Pope's darling project of a concordat with the Oriental Church. The Orthodox are in agreement with Roman Catholics about practically every point except papal supremacy, and the present projects point to defining that in a conciliatory way rather than to making the centrality of Rome more obvious. The problem will probably occupy the Papacy very much as the Italian question has occupied it for the last sixty years.

It is worth while to recall, therefore, in this new connection, the lines on which that diplomacy developed. The first phenomenon was the sense of outrage at a great injustice. This naturally remained the attitude of Pius IX, who was the sufferer. When Leo XIII

ascended the papal throne the protest was renewed, but already in milder terms. However, he remained intransigent toward the Quirinal. His successor, Pius X, initiated a certain change of attitude, and, although he broke with France over M. Loubet's visit to the Quirinal, he made several steps toward a rapprochement. Benedict XV went considerably further, though the Jew, Sidney Sonnino, insisted that he should have no voice in the Peace Conference. At Benedict's death, however, matters had gone so far that it was felt even before the election of the present Pope that he should once again give a blessing to the city of Rome from the loggia of St. Peter's. The words 'temporal power' had gradually been replaced by 'independent sovereignty'; the seizure of possessions was ignored. The new principle was admirably stated by Cardinal O'Connell at Boston on February 10: 'If the Church is to be universal,' he said, 'that is, to minister to the faithful of all lands, of all times, of all races and of all nations, the head of that Universal Church must obviously and naturally be under the domination of no one people, or no one race; neither should he be, in the perfect fulfillment of his universal office, the subject of emperors, kings, or potentates.'

His office was universal, and by the very nature of things had to be independent of civil or political control. Just what form that condition of independence might take was secondary so long as the fact of independent headship was clear to all the world, so that no one could say that the Pope favored Italy or France or any other country or nation or kingdom in his decisions or declarations governing the spiritual conduct of his Church.

All this had been admitted by Italy from the beginning. What Italy would not do was to give up Rome.

V

It is not impossible to conceive that we shall see an evolution of the same kind with regard to the Eastern Church. The fact that the Pope would allow a freedom of language and tradition and rite is well known, and Eastern churches already united are not in fact bound by the decrees of Roman congregations. If the formularies, therefore, were to insist, as they might well do, on the unity of faith and the rights of bishops, an accommodation might arrive within a reasonable space of time, as it has done with regard to Italy in the course of sixty years.

While that task will remain clearly in view, it is likely that the Pope will continue rather to assert what he shares with others than what he holds differently from them. For some time the Vatican hesitated between opposing schools of thought, intransigence and conciliation, but there can be no question of the Pope's determination to make a move toward a settlement with the East, any more than of his determination to do everything possible to solidify peace in Europe along the lines of what he has from the first declared to be the motto of his reign: 'The peace of Christ in the reign of Christ.' In the autumn of 1926 he instituted the new feast of Christ the King, and it would only be reasonable to expect that this movement, in which the Pope has already shown himself so vigorous in the matter of the *Action Française*, would find its completeness in new definitions as to a supernal and sovereign law between and over nations. No one who is watching the developments of either religion or politics can ignore the extraordinary possibilities presented by the fact that the Pope has in his own view openly emerged on to the eminence of the spiritual lawgiver of Christendom.

NOTES FROM MY CHINESE DIARY

BY NORA WALN

I

KALGAN, *Sixth Month* 12, 1928. — As I crossed the street this morning, in search of new shoe laces, an earnest young orator attracted my attention. He spoke from a perch on the then stationary barrow of a traveling kitchen, while the huckster cook sold hot boiled sweet potatoes and cabbage soup. '*Ni mên t'ing wo ti hua, ni mên i ting ch'ih fan, ni mên i ting shui chao jê*' — and so on in the patois which is fairly translated to our tongue: 'If you listen to my words you will always have food to eat and you will always sleep warm. Outside barbarians have taken advantage of Chinese philosophical nature ever since they pushed a rough way into our flower-perfumed land. They eat our food. They warm themselves with our coal. They continuously threaten us with big guns. We number many millions. If we rouse ourselves we can drive them beyond our borders. Our revolution is not complete while they continue to be fester sores in our fair land.'

Seven little boys with school bags strapped to their backs, who tarried by the barrow although the hour was ten o'clock, applauded lustily; under cover of their noise a ricksha runner stopped nibbling his potato and solicited trade of me.

'You all know how the Russians pretended to be our friends and, when taken to our stomach, gnawed our bowels. Even those of you who have forgotten the "Twenty-one Demands" are forcibly reminded by Tsinan that Japan is a vulture waiting for an auspicious moment to feast on our flesh. The Germans, the French, the British, and the Americans are all more sly than the fox. They illuminate silver words on bamboo paper. They send sweet-voiced ambassadors to our farthest inland villages to coax us to obey a God who commands us to love our neighbors more than ourselves. I have read their histories. I have traveled one year, passing through all these countries. Not one of them practises this weakening policy. Not one of them has dared give it a trial. Their words to us are vile hypocrisy.'

I moved away, and from a distance made survey of his audience. Two elderly ladies with bound feet, who held each other by the hand — one in the silks of gentility, the other garbed in the blue cotton of a serving woman. A postman. Three ricksha runners. A bright-faced lad with a basket of parcels, in papers marked with the name of a medicinal dispensary — evidently en route with deliveries. A beggar woman whose child tugged at her withered breast. Four girls wearing the knitted slippers of mission-trained maids. Five actors on stilts, gayly dressed and painted — the sort who play from courtyard to courtyard all over China. The schoolboys, now joined by two more, making nine. And a hot-bath vendor who had set down his two wooden tubs and squatted to attention with the bamboo carrying stick resting on his bare shoulder.

After a vain hunt through several streets I accosted a soldier and, explaining that I was a stranger, asked if he knew where I could get shoe laces. He answered politely, 'I'm a stranger, too, as my contingent came in yesterday, but I noticed a shop. I'll walk along and show you.'

Soldier and merchant kindly assisted me to make my purchase. The merchant's boy brought a stool for me to sit on, and asked me to take my shoes off so he could put in the new laces. The front of the shop was slid back. We could see another orator standing in a ricksha and hear him giving a talk similar to the one I gave attention to earlier.

'These propagandists do not attract as large crowds as formerly,' said the soldier. 'The populace is tired of talk. They want performance.'

'We need peace to do our work.' The merchant was cautious.

'I understand. I come of farmers. Seventeen years ago I was recruited, by a returned-from-abroad graduate, to help the revolution. Since I left my home fields I have seen trade and tillage so disturbed that our country trembles on the brink of ruin. Traveling in the van of war, I have watched power wielded by military force and considered the unhealthy growth of a generation bereft of the heritage which gave all children, no matter how born, veneration for learning and opportunity to rise to government office by scholarship only. I have sat as guard in an education congress where a new learning patterned after the West, which is to sharpen the wits of our young, was arranged. I was detailed to help build a schoolhouse. The schoolhouse has stood empty while the new-fashion teachers quarrel for wages like common laborers, and while politicians play with the minds of our children as if they were Mah Jongg ivories. Unless we have peace to produce crops from our soil and to think with our minds, we shall perish.'

I came back to the courtyard where I am stopping through streets gay with new flags; and on the way fell into step and conversation with a kindly old man, who has the gentle face of a classic scholar and the long black queue of the Ts'ing era. We spoke of the colors of the Kuomintang fluttering from every shop and every courtyard. He commented on the fact that this is the first time since 1911, when a band of revolutionists tore down the Yellow Dragon and hoisted their banner, that one flag has waved over 'all the peoples within the Wall.' He fingered the new colors fastened around a button on his long silk gown.

My home was in Kwangtung, the most southern province in China, when this flag was first unfurled. There is a thrill in being here, where the Great Wall runs along the northernmost boundaries, when the flag is first welcomed. The Kuomintang have fought few military battles in their swift northward move. I have listened to their promises spread before their armies, and have seen a generous hospitality greet their entry into town, hamlet, and farm. May the Kuomintang be strong enough to keep faith with these war-exhausted people who so hopefully look to them for a just government.

II

The Heavenly Gate Village, *Sixth Month* 16. — The innkeeper's wife is boiling water for tea, while we wait at a table set under the wide branches of a gnarled tree which she says is nine centuries old. The village rises almost perpendicular above us; the cave dwellings are connected by hewn steps. All the people I have seen appear healthy, despite living in earth burrows.

There is a school at the summit of the cliff from which the aged professor and twenty-six children have come down to look at us. The children each grip a thin paper 'Extracts from the Chinese Classics' primer. All have rosy cheeks and plump bodies. The boys are naked. The girls wear pinafores of small squares of cloth. Legend here tells that this village was founded by laborers carried north to toil building the Great Wall, who were too tired when the work was completed to return to their native province.

We finally got away from Kalgan yesterday. We made an early start, but had our possessions examined and taxed at eight customs depots. The first seven used books of regulations concerning export tariff drawn by seven governments that have sat in authority since 1911. When we demurred at this as unjust, an officer explained that it would probably be changed when the new Civil Commissioner arrived from Nanking, but as only the Kuomintang army has taken over the city offices they have to work with what they find. When we called attention to the fact that none of the tariffs agreed with the rate of taxation settled to be collected by the Chinese Customs, he answered brightly, 'That is all right. You will find them just beyond the gate.' And we did.

This took until six in the evening. Tired and dirty, we went to the first inn outside the Wall, stabled our mules, dined, and slept. During the evening our single cart grew to be a caravan of eight carts and fifteen pack camels — Chinese merchants who claim companionship with us. We are the first to pass beyond the Wall in many months. This district is reported to be bandit-infested, but they have evidently decided that, if we travel, then travel is safe.

We were on the road at four this morning, with our new friends close behind us uttering sleepy exclamations of surprise concerning our energy. They have stocks of brick tea, dress cottons and silks, thread, needles, incense, spices, chopsticks, bowls, new flags, images of gods, and medicine to barter with the peoples of the plateau for cattle, sheep, wool, hides, potatoes, and grain. Just now a merchant has told the schoolmaster how one flag waves over the Chinese people and sold him the Kuomintang colors to hang over the village.

Beyond Hara Osso in Chahar, *Sixth Month* 18. — We made the ascent to the plateau soon after we left the cliff people. At the top of the climb stands the Temple of Hanor, and here the Buddhists of our party made offering in gratitude for peace. Since then we have traveled two days without sign of bandits, and have talked often with Chinese farm families who labor with the few poor tools each managed to carry when they fled before the God of War, seeking refuge beyond the Wall. New ones are almost impossible of manufacture in this woodless land.

They treasure seed and multiply it thriftily. The crops cultivated are potatoes, oats, flax, beans, peas, and wheat. Frost still lingers in the ground. The tillers speak longingly of a gentler climate and of the home fields they have left fallow because of the revolution. I have seen no permanent houses. Just crude mud huts explained as 'shelter until we can go to our own place again.'

One of us told an old farmer that the Kuomintang have made China a united country. His wife dropped her hoe: 'We can go back.' The man's face was lit with joy: 'If it is true, we can go back. It would be good to return where we were born. But we must wait one cycle of seasons to make certain that the Kuomintang are honest.'

Not three hours after we left this couple we came upon an officer putting six young boys through the rudiments of military drill. A bit farther we stopped to drink at a well and met a distressed father. 'My son of fourteen has been taken as a soldier. An officer came with a gun. He has an order from a new government called "Nationalist" and "Kuomintang" to recruit two thousand soldiers from the farmers of Chahar. Boys who go to be soldiers learn to take their food without labor and to satisfy their desire of woman without responsibility. When the high ones have no more need of them they automatically become outlaws. Habit makes it impossible for them to work. Often when reverses come to the general he runs away and they are left without money to return home. Necessity makes them bandits. China is now infested with good boys made bandits. My son will be a bandit one day — hunted and feared. He has a right to grow up an industrious self-respecting man with a wife in a cosy home where children cluster round his knee and the harvest ripens at his door.'

Our merchants did not offer to sell him colors or speak of the new régime in China. They were silent and depressed as we went on.

We had been walking since four. At eleven we halted for food and three hours of rest. I was awakened by a rifle prodding my shoe to look into a rough face and find a number of mounted men gathered around the cart. I had concern for the four thousand silver dollars in the box on which I lay.

The prodder said he was sergeant of fifteen men assigned as escort, but had difficulty in joining us as we traveled so fast — thirty-five miles a day. I disliked the burly guard, and said it was against my belief to accept protection by physical force. He gave me no heed, but shouted that his orders were from a big general in China. The frightened inn people led the horses up and down while the soldiers lounged about waiting for the dinner that must be prepared. They saw a little flock of chickens and said they would eat chicken. Five — all the people had — were cooked for their dinner.

Near Hanga Raba, *Sixth Month* 19. — When our usual hours of rest were over yesterday we moved on with the merchant caravan crawling close behind us, leaving the 'escort' busy with their dinner. Later they joined us and we went through fields from which the people fled at sight of us, and passed close-barred dwellings from which inhabitants were shouted forth to do trembling menial service — draw water for the horses, provide tea, supply eggs, and once sew the buttons on a coat.

About five o'clock the guard rode ahead. At six we found one soldier waiting by the roadside. He pointed to some huts: 'Yonder is the place where you sleep.' We answered that our habit was to travel until eight, and went on. At eight we asked and received permission to camp in front of a dwelling on the edge of a settlement. We bought boiling water, potatoes, and eggs, and were having a quiet supper when the soldiers rode in upon us. They were in an ugly temper. We invited them to share our food and camp site, but the sergeant refused and commandeered the best house. Children and old folk were pushed out. Shortly after we heard the squawks of dying chickens. In the night the screams of women.

This morning we were up at four. The soldiers joined us at ten. All day we walked in heavy depression. At six the sergeant asked if we intended to travel until eight. We told him we

did. He said that to escort us was beyond the endurance of man and beast. So he bid us farewell.

We pressed on until ten o'clock, as it was moonlight, and are now stopping at a cluster of white felt yurtas, the encampment of relatives of Chactar (a Mongol friend). These are a joking, laughing people. They insist upon feeding us well despite the late hour, and are bringing in containers of fresh milk and cheese. A man has fetched a camel from pasture and will ride to-night to the tents of Sirrengal (another Mongol friend), who they say will be offended if we do not feast with him at noon to-morrow. We expect to reach Chactar's to-morrow evening, and the King of Sunit's palace, where I am to spend the summer, two days later. We left the last Chinese tilled land about an hour ago, so they have flowed out more than a hundred miles beyond the Wall.

III

Na-men-ol, *Ninth Month* 8. — A Chinese official, with a mounted guard of ten, rode up the valley this morning and asked for me. After a lengthy exchange of formal compliments, during which time he drank two cups of Swedish chocolate, I discovered that his purpose was to secure political news. I was glad to be able to tell him that I have come from Sunit, in Inner Mongolia, where I am returning shortly, and have not been in China since the Water Lily Moon.

He is but two weeks from Peking. I learned that his native province is Hunan. He has worked for the revolution since before the fall of the Manchus, and is an original member of the Kuomintang. He has a son at Columbia and a 'modest' fortune invested in United States securities, but has never been abroad. He confirmed the rumors I have previously heard concerning the breaking of three thousand acres of soil here for the planting of poppies.

I repeated for him a part of the Kuomintang platform. He smoothly assured me that the anti-opium planks would be kept, as the 'outsiders' like them; but that this is waste land lying beyond the Wall, and the Central Government cannot be censored for what happens here. He asked me to consider that the establishment of a new government, combined with the building of a new capitol, is expensive, and revenue difficult to raise in loosely controlled, tax-drained China. He can see nothing wrong in this because, so long as the appetite exists, opium will enter China, and it would be 'folly to let the "outsiders" make the profit.'

According to my visitor, Chiang Kai-shih did not receive as big an ovation in North China as was expected. He explained that the northerners are slow to enthusiasm, and they do not yet know him. 'They admired the charm of his wife while they accepted him as the hero of the hour, but the attitude was one of waiting to see what he could do in civil government.

'Yen is in the first seat at Peking, his name is good with the populace; but the Kuomintang do not forget that he sided against them until Feng Yu-hsiang menaced his Shansi flank, and most of his appointments to local offices have been so far countermanded by the central authority at Nanking. He has expressed desire to return to the governorship of Shansi, relinquishing big office, but it would then fall to Feng Yu-hsiang, and the majority of the party are not willing to let this happen.

'Despite the widely published papers from the Russian Consulate connecting Feng with the Soviet, his tall coolie-cloth-clad figure was the most popular with the crowds at the taking-over ceremonies. His blunt speech, frugality, and severe discipline with his

troops make a strong appeal to overtaxed and sorely looted citizens.

'In tea houses, several times, I heard repeated the story of how Feng, when forced by military reverses to evacuate Kalgan, entrained all his soldiers at the station; then ordered the box cars locked and made the men from one car at a time file out and be searched on the platform. Each one with the smallest article of loot hidden in his uniform was shot.'

I also heard this story in Kalgan from a carefully spoken American woman whose home overlooks the platform where hundreds of bodies lay when Feng's train moved on carrying those soldiers who had obeyed his command against looting.

My visitor told me of the tragic death of Chang Tso-lin and that his son, now in power in the 'Three Eastern Provinces outside the Wall,' has agreed to accept a commission under the Kuomintang which makes all the Chinese people one united nation.

Kalgan, *Ninth Month* 25. — The return through Chahar has awed me anew with wonder at the power inherent in the Chinese people. Still suffering from physical ailments contracted during the weary trek from their home places, housed in airless hovels, and sadly short-rationed, they have worked with clumsy hand tools, sown poor seed, and produced an amazing harvest. Flail-threshed straw has made mounds like giant castles. There has been one flurry of snow, and people are busily burying tons of potatoes in underground pits before the cold ruins them. Around each mud hut are heaps of golden wheat, mountains of red corn, bushels of clean yellow oats, great quantities of dried peas and black beans. People say that import into China has been made impossible to any extent because of the taxes; but they are well prepared for the long northern winter. They have traded with the Mongols and have meat and plenty of sheepskins for coats, as well as felt to line their huts.

But here in Kalgan native faces are apathetic and voices answer queries in dull monotones: 'Taxes are our father and our mother.' 'Food will rot outside the Wall while we die for a grain of wheat.' 'Many centuries the God of Prosperity dwelt with us, but we displeased him by revolution and now he has gone away.' 'Fortune tellers are abolished, but no answer is given as to what the blind shall eat.' 'Caravans may not enter our gates until they pay high tariffs, but no means are provided by which citizens can pay high prices; so the caravans turn northward to Russia, where concessions tempt them to trade.' 'At first we attempted to start new industries, but it is useless, because as soon as the Kuomintang observe activity they conclude we have money and kill our work with further taxation.' 'We were asked to welcome a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," but we have no consideration in this autocracy.' 'Money is continuously taken from us by orders from Nanking; the collectors speak of national improvement. We are not bats; we see roads in ill repair, broken bridges, and unemployment, but no signs of improvements anywhere in our town.'

The group of 'civil servants' sent from Nanking to regulate affairs at Kalgan are attractive people. The one with a degree from the Sorbonne has a pretty French wife. They all talk seriously of the wonderful future before China, and they are only a little disappointed at being sent so far inland; each has studied abroad with the idea of returning to serve China, and they make the best of a dull town with their music, their books, and tennis when the weather permits.

IV

Tientsin, *Ninth Month* 26. — I traveled last night from Kalgan to Feng-tai on a train which consisted of a rusty engine with one lung and six cars. Trains run only occasionally now because most of the rolling stock was taken away to the Three Eastern Provinces in the Water Lily Moon. The station master sold tickets for third class only, but so many people bought that we were sorely crowded. Still, everyone was considerate of others, and we managed. Four of the cars were without seats and had matting roofs; two had four long planks running lengthwise and wooden roofs. I had a place for the young girl I was asked to fetch down and myself on one of the planks, next to a nice matronly woman and her husband.

When we had left the station the matron broke the conversational ice by the usual formal query as to when I had last dined, which we followed by the Chinese custom of exchange of age, birthplace, and religion. The husband then asked if I knew Mr. Hoover. When I answered that I had never met him, the Chinese man said that he had come to know him at Kalgan before the railway was built and knew that America was fortunate in having opportunity to elect him chief of the country. 'He is an honest man with sound judgment who will manage well anything he undertakes. He was young when he made calculation as to whether a railroad between Peking and Kalgan would pay, but he had canny sense. He set men, unknown to each other, at different places to count the caravans that passed and notice the goods they carried. Then he tallied their reports. Others built the road, as the interests he represented were not given the concession, but it was his collected data on which we Chinese founded our faith, and our money has returned good interest, despite dishonest management and molestation by the warring military factions, until recently. It will do so again as soon as we have rolling stock.'

I asked about Chinese railway conditions now that the country is a unit, and he answered that the reorganization of the roads now built is very difficult. 'And until they are reorganized it is little use to talk about building more. Chang Hsueh-liang has become a Nationalist, but he won't give up engines or cars until there has been a practical settlement of division of freight revenues; he particularly stresses the matter of the millions of dollars paid every year by the Kailan Mining Company, a part of which he believes belongs rightfully to the Three Eastern Provinces.

'According to railway records, when the Fengtien armies withdrew beyond the Wall they took approximately four hundred engines, four hundred passenger cars, and five thousand, five hundred goods wagons belonging to the Peking–Kalgan, Tientsin–Pukow, Peking–Hankow, and Peking–Suiyuan roads. In addition there should be 225 engines, 355 passenger coaches, and 4400 freight wagons running on the line between Peking and Mukden, but that line has not yet been reopened. The combined lines under Nationalist control now have only 20 engines, 24 passenger cars, and 230 goods wagons; adding what the Fengtien hold, the total is not the sum of the railway property. General Pai Chung-hsi and other Nationalist generals are detaining the difference. Shareholders are losing their dividends and produce is rotting for transport, while this valuable railway equipment, much of which is not yet paid for, is deteriorating in senseless inactivity.'

We came to Feng-tai about nine in

the morning, and I got off to wait for a train to Tientsin. Two coolies divided my meagre luggage and came along with me to the station, where I had to buy a railway ticket. I noticed a tall heavy-set Chinese man coming along, but gave him no thought, as I was concerned about getting to Tientsin. The man at the ticket window sold me a first-class ticket, but said he did not know when the next train would come. 'Perhaps this morning, perhaps this evening, and perhaps not until to-morrow — it depends upon cars and engines.'

I had my roll put down by the track and sat down to read, when the heavy-set Chinese spoke to me in the rough tongue used to address persons of the lowest rank: 'If you do not give me five dollars I will have you arrested.' I said that I did not have five dollars and that the few coppers in my hand, which I needed to pay a man to put my roll on the train, were all I had left after purchasing my ticket. He walked away. I read until a policeman touched me on the shoulder.

'This man says you have stolen his purse and wants me to take you along to the magistrate.' The policeman's eyes were a soft brown and not unkind. After considerable conversation, in which the gathered crowd took part, I was acquitted of the crime of theft and the ruffian sentenced to apologize. This he did, prefacing his apology with the phrase, 'I thought by the color of your face and hair that you were one of those without rights in China, a Russian or a German.' For this the policeman admonished him, saying that all Chinese should remember that those peoples who no longer had the right of court trial under the laws of their home countries had been promised justice in Chinese courts. At this the crowd laughed gayly and the ruffian slunk away.

Finally a train, with one first-class carriage, came along. The car seats were all taken, so I sat in the corridor on my luggage and continued my book until the train steward brought me a folding chair and a cup of fragrant Chinese tea, which he presented with fine courtesy, saying, 'The gift of a humble friend for one who appears tired.'

I explained that I had not slept. Before we finished talking the door of a compartment opened. I turned at an exclamation of surprise and saw Mai-da with a little baby in her arms. The steward got another folding chair for her and a third for her mother, who also came from the compartment. 'You have been away a time! The babe is two months old.' She handed me the soft sweet bundle. 'Our compartment — the whole car for that matter — is crowded with tourists; mother and I are the only Chinese who got first-class tickets. They closed the window at Peking when the numbers for the seats were sold, and somehow the Westerners got first advantage. We have n't had a person to talk to and we do not like being looked at as if we were queer objects of interest.'

The mother broke in: 'We are all moving to Mukden. Life is impossible in Tientsin — taxes, taxes, taxes. Chang Hsueh-liang is offering frank inducement for people to move to the Eastern Provinces. The men went up two weeks ago and investigated conditions, and have telegraphed for us to come. We have been staying with Ming-lei in Peking. We have rented our Tientsin house to an officer in the American marines, as there is security in having Westerners live in it.'

So I had to bid them farewell at Tientsin and promise to go to Mukden to visit them sometime, as they went on to Taku to take boat north and then train from Dairen. At Tientsin

station there was the worst mob rush I have ever encountered. Foreigners — Westerners, my own compatriots, people who hold responsible offices in China and whom one invites to dinner — rushed the first-class car before it stood still in mad terror lest they fail to enter. Two Western boats were sailing from Taku that afternoon — people feared to miss them. I have traveled many, many times with Chinese people crowded in seatless cars, but I have never experienced anything so awful as that mob. It was impossible to go out by the doors; requests to let one pass were unheeded by the surging mass whose one thought was to get in. Men used physical force — I saw one woman use a pin between her fingers. The railway guards were swept off their feet. I went out of the window on the off side from the platform, jumping on to my luggage, which I had thrown out first.

It is the rule in China that one gives up the railway ticket at the exit to the station. My little purse and my ticket were gone. I showed the ticket collector my empty pockets. He answered, 'You are fortunate to get out yourself. How we Chinese have learned to despise you Westerners! One day we will keep you in your places with the bayonet — we are forced to militarism because you are hairy barbarians.'

Trembling with shame, I got a taxi and went home.

V

Tientsin, *Tenth Month* 12. — Calls, calls, and then more calls, as the whole personnel of the government has changed in my absence. These Kuomintang officials are mostly Western educated. The wives are smart, with bobbed hair and the trim neat-fitting Han costume. They chatter English, French, and German at parties as glibly as Westerners, are better read than I in modern literature, and play bridge more skillfully than Mah Jongg.

Hortense Casey had Princess Pu Tung (aunt to the ex-Manchu Empress) and myself to tea this afternoon. The Princess is in mourning, as are all the Manchus, because of the desecration of the Eastern tombs. (When one goes to see the ex-Empress one must kotow before an altar put up in sympathy with the shame the Ts'ing ancestors have suffered.) The Princess looks tired and worn, but she sent word that, although she is not going out at all, she would like to have tea 'quietly in a garden.' All the Manchus have had a trying time scuttling from Peking to Tientsin — scarcely knowing what to do and fearing what might happen to them when the Kuomintang came into power. They do not forget the terror of the time when Feng Yu-hsiang took over Peking. The young ex-Empress is quite ill — the doctors say illness brought on by worry. The vernacular press constantly harasses the Manchus by printing rumors that there is brewing a coup by which they will remount the throne — when really they want only to live in peace. Princess Pu Tung said to-day, 'There seems no place on earth for us now — yet we want only good for China.'

She is sweet-spirited and lovely, as are all the Manchu women I have been privileged to know.

Tientsin, *Tenth Month* 26. — I have just seen the modern primers for Chinese children. Babes are to learn to read platitudes about character formation no longer. Instead they form their syllables into expressions of China's wrongs — wrongs committed against her by 'outsiders.'

The vernacular press is filled with the stories of terrible famine in Shantung. Manchuria has offered to donate 300,000 bushels of grain to alleviate

the suffering; and I have learned that the emigrants who poured through Tientsin en route to the Eastern Provinces from Shantung have been sending back to relatives, by money order in one- and two-dollar amounts at a time, an average of one hundred thousand dollars a week. The papers comment that Chinese people do not neglect to share the earnings with their relatives when they go from home, and that millions of dollars enter the country every year from Chinese who have sought peace to work in other lands because they could not find it here. They mention fortunes made in California, the Malay States, London, and the Philippines by citizens who would have toiled in their own land had conditions been favorable, and who will flock home as soon as the Kuomintang adjust conditions, 'because they have been the financial backbone of the revolution.'

Tientsin, *Eleventh Month* 20. — An order has been issued that all temples must be registered and prepared for use as lecture halls, while all nuns and monks must consider entering some industry, as the 'Kuomintang abolish all superstition and worship of idols.'

I went to the station to see a friend off to Peking, and in the car an agitator was exhorting citizens to listen to him so that they would all have food: 'The only thing to do is to drive the Westerners out of our land.'

There is a feeling of uncertainty in the air — murmurs at teas and dinners and on the part of street hucksters that Yen Hsi-shan is tired of trying to fill the office at Peking, and is quietly preparing to return to Shansi.

The Anti-Japanese Association have inspectors examining all Japanese goods, which they confiscate from Chinese merchants if found in their possession, imposing additional heavy fines. At first the merchants held out against the boycott, but they have had to give in, and complain that they are suffering heavily. Many places have gone bankrupt, and give as excuse the boycott, combined with excessive taxes.

A biweekly train now runs from Mukden. Letters from there say that the 'young General' runs the government with the same fine sportsmanship with which he plays golf or tennis. He has under his authority a territory almost twice as large as Germany and as big as France and Italy combined. A country rich in minerals, well wooded, and from which the Shantung emigrants, with the wisdom of centuries of farming, are bringing forth enormous crops. Business is encouraged and taxes are reasonable. My friends have found hundreds of miles of motor roads, and motor machinery used for all sorts of farm work as well as in factories.

They report that there are no Kuomintang slogans hung over government buildings, but that the bookshops are well stocked with Dr. Sun Yat-sen's books and that the Three Eastern Provinces do not intend to remain wedded to the provinces below the Wall. Chang is only twenty-eight years of age, and he has surrounded himself with young assistants who work industriously.

He has given $5,000,000 of his inherited fortune for primary-school education and also founded an academy of classical learning, where students of unusual intellectual powers can do research in the old literature of China. Modern literary talent is also encouraged, and every inducement is provided for poor artists to work and to publish their work. Scholars are made to stick at their tasks instead of celebrating holidays and hectoring the government.

Tientsin, *Twelfth Month* 4. — Winter

is really upon us, and many people die daily both in Tientsin and in Peking, as well as in the surrounding country, of cold and starvation. The Kailan Mining Administration have donated fifteen thousand tons of coal, and soup kitchens have been opened.

Of course only the poor are poor. One sups, dines, and plays with Chinese who have luxurious homes, more than one motor car each, gorgeous jewels, and wraps of sable and ermine.

The students in Peking have fought a hand battle, using tables and chairs as weapons, with the police, who were forbidden to strike back. A lawless group have camped in the University and refuse to attend classes or move out so that new students can be admitted, because the Kuomintang have ordered the school name changed from Peking National University to Peiping University.

Sir James Jamieson invited us to St. Andrew's ball on the thirtieth of last month. Sir Miles and Lady Lampson came down from Peking at his invitation, although they had to travel all one day down — since the train was shunted and sidetracked for hours en route — and start back immediately next morning, as Sir Miles is busy with preparations to go to Nanking. It was a lovely ball. We had such fun doing the reels and the Caledonians.

The Hai-ho Conservancy have finally got money to improve the river so that boats may come up again next year. The Chinese told the foreigners that they wanted to manage the business themselves, but they finally asked for help because the banks would not lend them anything unless a responsible Westerner signed the note. A Chinese told me, 'Our own Chinese banks said, "Millions if the money is handled entirely by the Englishmen on your staff — not one cent otherwise." So after months of trial we had to give in.'

VI

Tientsin, *Twelfth Month* 18. — We have finished packing, ready to start to Shanghai by sea to-morrow — a rough journey in winter; but Japanese soldiers at Tsinan prevent trains from running on the Tientsin-Pukow-Shanghai line which made the journey short before last May. Mou, who has been helping me to pack, grumbles continuously about the situation; he has asked me whether in any civil war in any country there has been an incident as precedent for it.

The vernacular press this past week has been rich in items about Feng Yu-hsiang. They have to do both with his personal life and with the 'revolutionary' régime in his province — Honan. He has remonstrated repeatedly against extravagance in the government at Nanking and the absence of proper vouchers for the $9,000,000 budgeted for expense each month. He has called attention to the luxurious habits of men and women who claim to have the best interest of China at heart, and he has been shocked by the behavior of school children. He has opened a cafeteria for soldiers and set an example by dining there on simple fare.

In Kaifeng the chairman of the provincial affairs of his province, Teng Chih-hsi, has followed his chief's example of simplicity by twice inviting the ricksha runners to supper and eating with them. Free schools are announced as open at all the magistrates' offices in Honan — fifty in the capital city alone. There is an information bureau for peasants in front of the Provisional Court, and a special court session once a week for people with a grievance against the government.

All official documents in Honan must be written in simple language so that the people can perfectly understand their meaning. Any official who acts

superior to a citizen is liable to capital punishment. The people are exhorted to frugality and sober industry — officials must set the example. Officials must rise at six, do physical drill to keep fit from six-thirty to seven, attend an educational meeting from seven to eight, and work steadily in their offices until eight in the evening, except for the meal recesses at ten and at four. In the time from eight until the curfew at ten they may attend to personal affairs, but they are advised to use the hours in self-improvement. Posters urge the people to follow similar programmes.

Feng Yu-hsiang sets an example for all Honanese by dressing always in homespun cotton. Other officials must all wear Honan cotton, and cut their hair short in the same manner as their chief; and they may not give dinner parties or make any expensive show of weddings or funerals. By Feng's personal order graft is punished by death — to-day the papers report two such cases: Fu Yi-pi, a tax collector, who falsified his accounts fifty dollars; and Tiao Hsin-teh, of an anti-opium bureau, who accepted a bribe of seven.

The people have been bidden to 'wash superstition from their hearts.' It is unlawful to worship idols or to count the days by the old calendar, 'which tends to muddy the minds of the citizens who plant or reap by it.' The temples have been turned into lecture halls, and all nuns and monks must enter some productive industry. Every seventh day last month meetings of instruction were convened for the people. They were attended by monster audiences, and had as their subjects home sanitation, foot binding, tree planting, locusts, and flies. Three modern villages have been founded, where citizens are instructed in the art of communal living.

Lui the Younger has made me a present of several paper notes on which the Exchange Bank of China promises to pay bearer silver; but the bank barred its doors here and in Peking yesterday against the crowds who wait in pathetic stupor for their cash. The fall of this bank has so far only precipitated the tumble of one other — the Sino-Scandinavian. The Exchange bank managers give the Japanese boycott as their excuse and further amplify it by the statement that the government owes them fourteen millions. They have wired to the Minister of Finance, Mr. T. V. Soong, for aid. They complain that local Chinese depositors have withdrawn three millions of dollars in the last few days because of alarm over political conditions, which money they say has been shifted to Dairen.

There has been a continuous procession of four-abreast laborers carrying sacks of flour along the street, not far from my house, ever since I came home in September. This morning I spoke about it to the policeman on point duty where they cross the road. He said the flour is all from Canada and America and is assurance that the rich in North China will eat bread this winter; but it is too high-priced for the laboring people. He explained that thousands of people will surely die in the towns this winter because internal taxes have prevented the farmers from moving their grain to the mills to be ground.

'All China is united under one flag which waves for government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." We are all studying the book of our leader, Sun Yat-sen, but it takes time to put ideals into practical use. We shall work our way to the right path eventually.'

And he turned to direct traffic, which had directed itself while he talked.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PENNY PLAIN AND PENNY COLORED

YESTERDAY, on the way to my broker's pleasant office, I turned through the vestibule of what was once upon a time my savings bank and glanced with some pity along the row of patient folk waiting on the benches.

I knew them, those estimable people reared in the chill of economy on adages of thrift. They believe that waste makes want, that a penny saved is a penny got. They have never lit the fire before November. They have walked when they should have called a taxi, have eaten fish when they have wanted a bit of steak. They have violated the first principles of their religion by an eternal taking thought for the morrow in a spirit anxious and frugal. They have been listening to the privy paw of the grim wolf, whether or not he has been actually scratching.

I used to sit near the upward end of the line, I remember, troubled with indiscriminate pity for my fellow beings. A confusion of miserable images crowded upon my sympathy — scenes of mortgages foreclosing, of doctors' bills accumulating, of loss of jobs coincident with the loss of health, of ungrateful sons addicted to drink and calling in callous repetition for the savings of a mother's lifetime, of washerwomen whose feet had given out. I sat more heavily with the dragging minutes. And I was sorriest for myself, as I kept my place like a pauper asking for outside relief. My futile accumulation seemed an inconsiderable barrier, ineffective as a pack of cards, against the encroaching future. The poorhouse became an actual image, just over the very next hill. The spectre of penury loomed larger with every dime I saved.

I too used to stand in awe of those clerks to whom their abject customers make from time to time their shy approaches. Those clerks are kind at heart, but, when all was said, they had no personal interest in me. Their usual dole was but a slip of paper, with which, I remember, I used to hurry from wrong window to wrong window, timid, inferior, feeling as I suppose an 'inmate' usually feels. Whether I put in my money or took it out, I was persuaded that the last clerk pitied me in his heart and believed that I had no more.

And had I? What sort of property was that? What comfort have these patient waiters, even on the happy supposition that they are all depositing, in that mysterious hoard which we predicate in subterranean vaults but which it is never our privilege to see? When will they ever see the color of their money? What color has it, that remote, theoretical sum indicated only by slow-crawling entries in a thin bank book removed by a lengthening chain from the dear intimacy of pocket and understanding? What profit in that impalpable entity, their four per cent handled by vicarious finger?

That was a heartening story in the papers not long ago telling how in New York they moved securities, negotiable and nonnegotiable, from the old to the new bank building, all in the course of a few hours, with

armored cars and machine-gun support, and regiments of that splendid and terrible phalanx, the bicycle police. As I read, I was tempted to take out a savings account again. But I said to myself, 'No. It may be that in my lifetime we shall never see the like again. That property has become already, as before, intangible, sunk back into the so-called reserve — or, worse, it is already shuffling through the currency, profaned by miscellaneous touch.'

Thank heavens, the shabby days of the savings bank are over for me! Not that times have changed. The peculiarity of Midas died with him. Whatever weights are recoverable from watery depths, nobody has proposed to raise the Rheingold. But I have put a quietus on that wolf. Amid the wide dispersal of interests which we deplore in our economic order, I have remembered an ancient secret. I will handle my own hoard. I return to the wisdom of the nursery years when, in the cadence of true romance, —

> The king was in the counting house,
> Counting out his money.

I too will be a king.

To resume. I passed through the savings bank at a quickening pace and entered the magnificent structure near by sacred to bond selling and the mysteries of high finance. I was myself again and in my right environment.

Well do I recall my first visit. As I turned in through the big swing doors a wave of air luxuriously warm struck my face like a welcoming. Ahead a genial vista opened of marble hall and spacious vestibule leading off to unsuspected opportunity. I chose one of twenty gilded lifts, and rose with magic and instantaneous upheaval. I shrank for a moment as I entered the sunny office, but a pleasant youth, graceful of guise, hurried forward. He set me a chair, for there was no pauper throng by the wall; and in the warmth I basked happily, waiting till he should be free to give me his complete attention. For a minute he was interrupted to take an order for conceivable thousands; a boy brought a yellow slip indicative of superpowerful propositions. I heard the delightful click of business, that lively rustle with which stocks are exchanged, and settled back, realizing that I had a stake in the country.

My man, courteous and all attention, turned to my service. Blushing, I confided that I am a widow and orphan. I affirmed that no risks must be entertained, but managed to stammer that six per cent was what I should really like, mentioning five hundred dollars as my sum available for investment. My broker, all obsequious, implied in a sort of indistinguishable murmur that it was indeed a considerable property. Since so much was at my disposal, a very advantageous placing could be found, and, by a lucky chance, one that was more than usually under the ægis of his firm. Still, we were in no hurry. He opened an enormous sheet of august promotings, every one appealing to the really imaginative mind.

As I listened, I glowed with startling conceptions. With a rush I realized a quite new set of adages. How true it is that great oaks from little acorns grow! How brave the warning, 'Nothing venture, nothing have!' I caught a vision of Capital, that noble thing. I paused, baffled by the choice among attractive miracles to be achieved by my five hundred dollars. Should I build in New York a tower to shiver the skies, ambitious as Babel, which should nevertheless stand and avail for my interest to come? Foreign bonds? Should I strike the dead rock of some public credit till it spring upon its feet?

Water power? Should I say to the stream, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther'? Telephone and telegraph? Should I put a girdle round the earth in less than thirty seconds? Superpower? Should I drive the elements before me, like the good old djinn, and bind in one the forces that move the sun and the other stars? Domestic manufacture? I divined the beauty of Organized Labor — heard the 'ten thousand times ten thousand spindles' which Carlyle could hear joining the song of the morning stars of a Monday. I had but to choose.

We returned at last, well satisfied, to the first superpowerful proposition. I relaxed in the consciousness of opulence.

And an endless string of simple pleasures has followed the moment when my polite young broker took my name and address. First arrives the bond itself, by registered mail, clean, crackling, and printed in an attractive shade of blue. I resolve forthright to own before I die a bond in green, a bond in pink, a bond in purple, a bond in orange. There continues, too, the agreeable battery of enticing offers as the years go by, all from the polite young man in whose breast hope springs eternal. And who shall say that his trust is misplaced? I have seen the color of my money. There are, besides, the great coupon days, with their descent into the veritable cave of Mammon. Best, of course, is the coming of the dividend, that check for seven dollars and fifty cents dropping casually out of the mail on an unexpected date so neatly that it seems like a contribution from good Saint Nicholas. Another, it seems, might happen any day. There will be no more trouble with that wolf.

Many needlessly ill-natured things have been written about Mammon. He has been called dull, unhappy, old, said to sit miserable in dim halls of darkness, grown poor in plenty, or weighted with metallic coffers of unprofitable riches. He is not, I am sure, as bad as he is painted. Elderly he is, beyond a doubt, but for the most part innocent as can be. He sits, perhaps, even now by a sunny window in his worn armchair, a-reading of his *Times*, peering complacently through the financial section to see how his bond grows to-day. By and by, maybe, he will turn to his desk and open carelessly a certificate for two shares in something rather good which he has forgotten to take to the bank. It combines for him all the comforts of the stocking with the romance of El Dorado and the Indian Peru.

Jim

Jim dog is dead — they're saying so.
He's nicely boxed and left beneath
A rosebush. Suddenly I know
A large contempt for death.

Those gay bones resting calm and shriven,
Ashes of roses? Ten to one
All up and down the hills of heaven
Rabbits are on the run.

I'll wager if I died to-night
And, halting by the river's rim
A bit bewildered at my plight,
Should call, 'Here, Jim! Here, Jim!'—

Yelping with glory, glad and rough,
He'd hurtle down the farther side,
And soon I'd feel a warm, wet scruff
Towing me through the tide.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XVI

EDEN was pathetic. He was like a capricious child, weak and tyrannical. He could not in those first weeks bear Alayne out of his sight. There was so much to be done for him that only she could do to his satisfaction. The young Scotch girl came every day to help; their meals were carried to them in covered dishes by Rags, from the house. But Alayne must move his hammock from place to place, following the sun; she must make his eggnogs, his sherry jelly, read to him, sit with him at night by the hour when he could not sleep, encourage and restrain him. Like a child, he was sweetly humble on occasion. He would catch her skirt, hold it, and say, brokenly, 'I don't deserve it. You should have left me to die'; or, 'If I get better, Alayne, I wonder if you could love me.'

She was endlessly patient with him, but her love was dead, as his was, in truth, for her. A tranquillity born of the knowledge that all was over between them gave them assurance. The mind of each was free to explore its own depths, to see its own reflection in the lucent pool of summer. Eden, with his invincible desire for beauty, read poems in the opening scroll of violets, tiny orchids, hooked fern fronds, that covered the woodland. He read them in the interlacing pattern of leaves, branches, the shadows of flying birds.

In all these Alayne read passion. She thought only of Renny.

She had seen little of him, and then only in the presence of Eden or others of the family. She had several times taken tea with old Mrs. Whiteoak and Augusta. On all occasions the talk was of Eden's health. He was improving. Almost from the first Alayne had been convinced that his illness was not to be fatal. He was responding to rest and good food. She could imagine his life in New York. But how weak he was! She wished there were more sunshine for him. June was windless, and sometimes they felt suffocated under the lush greenness that enclosed them. Fiddler's Hut was half hidden by a twisted creeper that shadowed the small-paned windows. It seemed impossible to keep Eden in the sunlight for more than half an hour without the necessity of moving him.

Weeks ago she had asked Renny if something might not be done to let in air and sunshine. Nothing had yet been done. Enough that he had brought Eden back to Jalna. It would require effort to rouse him to further action. The family now took it for granted that Eden would recover.

She had left him in a comfortable chair, a glass of milk at his elbow, a book in his hand. A splash of sunlight, of a richness suggesting autumn rather than June, gave the effect of his being a figure in a tableau, as she looked back. This effect was heightened by the pensive immobility of his attitude, and by the, one might almost think, conscious pose of his hands and beautifully modeled head. She had come near to touching his hair in a passing caress, as she had left. She was glad now that she had not. She went down the moist path, past the spring, overgrown with wild honeysuckle, and followed it swiftly, as it rose into the wood.

High in the pines she heard the plaintive

[1]A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

notes of a mourning dove. Here and there rose the towering pallid bole of a silver birch, shining as though from an inner light. The notes of the mourning dove were drowned by the rapid thudding of a horse's hoofs. Alayne drew out of sight behind a massive, moss-grown trunk. She peered out to see who the rider might be. It was Pheasant, riding bareheaded astride a slender Western pony. They passed in a flash — padding hoofs, flying mane, great shining eyes, and, above, little white face and tumbled dark hair. Alayne called her name, but the girl did not hear, and in a moment was gone beyond a curve.

It was Alayne's first glimpse of Pheasant since her return. She felt a quick outgoing of warmth toward her. Poor, wild, sweet Pheasant, married so young to Piers! If she had not known her, she would have taken that flying figure on horseback for a boy.

She followed the path, now in the full blaze of sunshine. The woods about were no longer pine, but oaks and birch and maple. In every hollow were gay gatherings of wood lilies, white and purplish pink, and through all the trees sounded the ring of bird song. An oriole flashed. She caught the blue of a jay's swift wing and thought she saw, but was not sure, a scarlet tanager. Then again came the hoof beats. Pheasant was returning. Alayne trembled, looking down on the path, where in the dust lay the little hoofprints.

Pheasant was beside her. She had leaped from her horse. His breathing sounded, quick and passionate. His velvet nose was introduced between the faces of the two girls.

'Pheasant!'

'Alayne!'

Their eyes embraced, their hands touched; they wavered, laughing, then kissed. The horse, puzzled, flung back his head, shaking his bridle.

'Let's sit down in the wood,' cried Pheasant. 'How splendid our meeting like this! Away from all the family, you know. Those people. Well, we're different, after all, you and I. We can't talk the same, be ourselves, when they're all about us.' And she added, quaintly, 'I think you're noble, Alayne! But how can I tell you what I think? I'll never forget how beautiful you were to me. And now you've come back to nurse Eden!'

They sat down among the trees. The grass was long and so tender that it seemed to have grown in a day. The horse began to crop, petulantly jerking up, with a sidewise movement of the head, great succulent mouthfuls. Pheasant sat with her back against a young oak.

On her white forehead, above the pale oval of her face, a lock of dark hair lay like a half-opened fan. Alayne thought that she had never seen such beautiful brown eyes. Pheasant's mouth was small and she opened it little when she spoke, but when she laughed, which was seldom, she opened it wide, showing her white teeth.

'Isn't life a funny tangle?' she said. 'It would take a lot of untangling to straighten us, would n't it, Alayne?'

'Does it bear talking about? Had n't we better just talk of you and me?'

'I suppose so. But perhaps God is trying to untangle it all, or perhaps it is just that we are becoming more mellow with age. Do you think, perhaps, that we are becoming more mellow with age, Alayne?'

'I think,' said Alayne, 'that you're an adorable child. They tell me that you're a mother, but I can't believe it.'

'Wait till you see Mooey! He's simply wonderful. Not so fat as Meg's baby, but such a look in his eyes! It quite frightens me. Still, I don't believe there's any truth in the saying that the good die young. . . . I should n't look on old Mrs. Whiteoak — Gran — as specially good, should you? Not that I should insinuate that she's ever been immoral, — Heaven forbid that I should cast a stone at anyone, — but I think she's been cynical, rather than pious, all her long life, don't you?'

'I do. And I should not worry about Mooey dying young if I were you. . . . Tell me, Pheasant, who is this Miss Ware? Meg brought her along once when she came with some shortcake for Eden. She seems a strange sort of girl. English, is n't she?'

'Yes. She's a sort of companion to Meg, and she's nice to me. She's mad about men. I actually have to keep my eye on her when Piers is about.' . . . She plucked nervously at the grass, and added, 'Meg wants to marry her to Renny.'

What were the birds in the tree tops

doing? What strange happening had taken place among the inhabitants of the burrows underground? Through all the woodland was an inexplicable stir. Alayne felt it run along the ground, up the tree trunks, along the branches into the leaves, which strangely began to flutter. Had a shadow fallen across the sky? What had the child been saying?

Meg, with her stupid stubbornness of purpose, had set out to marry Renny to this woman whom she had chosen — for what purpose? She saw Renny, with his air of mettle. She saw Minny Ware, her narrow, strangely colored eyes laughing above her high cheek bones, her wide red mouth smiling, her thick white neck. She heard that full, rich voice, that effortless, ringing laugh.

She forced herself to speak steadily. 'And Renny — does he take kindly to the idea?'

Pheasant frowned. 'How can one tell about Renny? He thinks, "This is a fine filly." Well, he's a judge of good horseflesh! Last night all of us went over to Jalna. Minny played and sang. Renny seemed to hang about the piano a good deal. Everybody fell in love with her singing. The uncles could n't keep their eyes off her, and, if you'll believe me, Gran actually pinched her on the thigh! She was a success. But Renny'll never marry her. He won't marry anyone. He's too aloof.'

At these last words, Alayne felt a sharp pang, and withal a sickly sense of comfort, as of the sun shining dimly through mist.

As though aware of the presence of concentrated emotion, the horse ceased cropping, raised his head, and looked startled. Pheasant went to him and took the bridle in her hand. 'He's getting a bit restless,' she said. 'And I must go. I promised not to be long away.'

They walked along the path together, Pheasant leading the horse.

When they entered the pine wood they met Minny Ware, pushing a perambulator in which sat Meg's infant, Patience. Minny wore a very short dress of vivid green, and a wide, drooping hat, fit for a garden party.

'Oh, hallo,' she exclaimed, with her London accent. 'The fashionable world goes a-walking, eh?' She turned, tilting the perambulator on its back wheels and surveying Alayne from under the brim of her hat.

'How do you like the weather?' she asked. 'Glorious, eh? I've never seen so much sunshine in all my life.'

'At Fiddler's Hut the foliage is too dense. We don't get nearly enough sunshine.' Alayne's voice was cold and distant. She could scarcely conceal her antagonism for this full-blooded girl. She felt that beside her she looked colorless, listless.

'How is your husband?' asked Minny Ware. 'Better, I hope. It must be rotten to have anything wrong with one's lungs. I believe mine are made of India rubber.' The full, effortless laugh gushed forth. She looked ready to burst into song.

'Thank you,' returned Alayne rigidly. 'He is getting better.'

Minny Ware went on blithely, 'Mr. Whiteoak was suggesting to me that I go over one day and sing to him. He thought it might cheer him up. Do you think he'd like it?'

'I dare say he would.' But there was no note of encouragement in her voice.

Patience was making bubbly noises and holding up her hands toward the horse.

Pheasant laughed. 'She's a perfect Whiteoak! Look at her — she's asking to get into the saddle.'

With a swift movement of her white bare arm, Minny lifted the child and swung her to the horse's back, and supported her there. 'How's that, ducky?' she gurgled. 'Nice old gee-gee?' She clapped the horse on the flank.

'For God's sake, be careful, Minny!' cried Pheasant. 'He's nervous.' She patted him soothingly.

'Is he?' laughed Minny. 'He seems a docile little beast. Does n't she look a lamb on horseback?'

Patience indeed looked charming, the downy brown hair on her little head blown, her eyes bright with excitement. She clutched the rein in her tiny hands and cooed in ecstasy.

'She's a perfect Whiteoak,' averred Pheasant again, with solemnity.

Alayne did not think she cared for babies, especially Meg's baby. Perhaps it was that she did not understand them, had had nothing to do with them in her life. For

something to say she admired the grace of the horse.

Minny Ware took the baby in her arms. She pressed her full red mouth to its soft cheek. 'Music and babies,' she murmured, through the kiss. 'They're the soul and body of life, are n't they? I could n't get on without them. In England I always had a baby about, looking after it for one of my father's sick parishioners.'

Alayne saw Minny as a symbolic figure — a song on her moist red lips, a baby against her swelling breast. Songs and babies — an endless procession from her vigorous body. With a fresh pang, she saw her as Renny's wife, singing to him, bearing his children. Minny was revealed to be a fit mate for one of the Whiteoaks. One whose formidable physical strength and spiritual acquiescence could be welded into their circle. She saw herself as a disparate being; an alloy that never could be merged; a bird brooding on a strange nest, crying to a mate to whom her voice would ever be alien.

She slipped her finger into the child's tender palm. The little hand closed about her finger and drew it toward the inquisitive mouth.

Pheasant sprang to the saddle with casual accustomedness. Horse and rider disappeared behind a bend in the path.

The two young women walked on together. When they reached the point where Alayne must turn into the narrow footpath leading to Fiddler's Hut, Minny Ware said, 'Shall I come one day, then, and sing?'

'Yes, do,' answered Alayne. After all, Eden might like her singing. He had n't much to amuse him, shut in among the trees. He must get tired of reading and being read to.

It was July when at last Renny came. A dim day after a week of intense heat. When they looked out in the morning, their little woodland world had been shrouded in an unearthly fog. Thin films of vapor covered the abnormally large leaves, gathering at the tips and forming clear drops. The seething summer life of the wood was silent, apparently in a deep languor after the restless activity of the past week. The visits from those at the house had become rarer, either because of the heat and lassitude of the month of July or because they were absorbed by some new interweaving of the threads of the pattern that was being woven at Jalna. Eden and Alayne were left very much to themselves, spending drowsy days, cut off by his illness and her shrinking from meetings with the family.

She felt apathetic now. They might go on like this forever, passing their days in that green shade, their nights in fantastic dreams. She was startled, almost afraid, when, on this morning, she saw Renny's figure detach itself from the mist which lay thick under the orchard trees and which had made his body appear to be but another trunk, and emerge into the path. She saw that he wore a loose white shirt and riding breeches, but he carried in one hand some implement and in the other a long trailing piece of vetch, covered with little purple flowers.

He moved with such energy along the path, seemed so unoppressed by the humid air and the fog, that she fancied it moved aside for him, was lightened and dispersed at his approach.

Eden had actually been trying to write. He raised his eyes from the pad that lay on his knee and, like Alayne, looked almost startled toward the door, as Renny stood there.

An expression of embarrassment made the elder brother's features appear less carved than usual. He knew that he had been remiss, even heartless, but he had, since their return, a feeling of shy avoidance toward them. Although Alayne had come only to nurse Eden, to will him back to health, and then again part from him, she seemed now to belong to him. She must not be sought out, brooded on, hungered for, with a pain as for something one could never possess. Renny had retired, with an almost animal fatalism, to wait for events to turn out as they would. He was watchful. His instincts were invincible. He was conscious of the presence of those two in the very air he breathed, in the earth beneath his feet. Yet the summer might have passed without his going to them, had not Augusta that morning drawn his attention to the unusual growth of the vine that covered the porch, to the great size of the geranium leaves in the beds, to the difficulty of keeping down weeds in the garden, and to the

need for cutting the lawn. All these evidences of rank growth drove him to inspect the still ranker growth at Fiddler's Hut. Those two might almost be enclosed now by such a hedge as enclosed the Sleeping Palace.

As he passed through the orchard he had noticed a clump of purple vetch, wound and curled about itself into a great mound, beautiful, showing through the mist. He had detached a long strand of this and brought it to Alayne. It hung dangling from his hand, almost touching the doorsill. His spaniels appeared on either side of him.

Eden was pathetically glad to see him. His face broke into a boyish smile, and he exclaimed, 'You, at last, Renny! I thought you'd forgotten me! How long do you think it is since you were here?'

'Weeks, I know. I'm ashamed. But I've been —'

'For God's sake, don't say you've been busy! What must it be like to be busy! I've forgotten!'

'Did you ever know?' Renny came in and stood beside him. The dogs entered also, with great dignity, their plumed legs and bellies dripping from the wet grass. 'Shall I turn them out?' he asked Alayne. 'I'm afraid they're making tracks on the floor.'

'No, no!' objected Eden. 'I like them. How fine they look! And you, too, Renny. Does n't he, Alayne?' The dogs went to him and sniffed his thin hands.

'He looks as he always does,' Alayne said, coldly. Now that he stood before her, he whom her whole being had ached to see, she felt antagonism for his vigor, his detachment. How little he cared for Eden, for her, for anyone but himself!

His brown eyes were on her face. He moved toward her, half shyly, and offered the vetch.

'I picked this,' he said, 'in the orchard. Funny stuff. A weed — but pretty. I thought you might like it.'

'We have so few growing things about us,' said Eden.

Alayne took the vetch. Their hands touched. Deliberately she had manœuvred so that they must touch. She must feel the torment of that contact. . . . The vine clung to her hands as she put it into a vase. When she drew them away it still clung, was dragged from the vase, its tendrils seeming to feel for her fingers.

She sat down by the window. Renny took a chair beside Eden, and looked him over critically. 'You're getting stronger,' he observed. 'Drummond' — the family doctor — 'says you're improving steadily. He thinks you'll be almost recovered by fall.'

'Silly old blighter!' exclaimed Eden. 'He has n't seen me for weeks!'

'There is nothing to do but continue the treatment. You're getting the best of care.'

'Everyone avoids me,' continued Eden. 'One would think I had the plague! The only one who comes is Wakefield, and I must send him away. If it were n't for Rags, I should n't know what is going on in the house.'

'What has he been telling you?' asked Renny, quickly.

'Nothing in particular, excepting that Piers and his wife are home again. I suppose Meggie could n't put up with them any longer.'

Both Renny and Alayne wondered how he could bring himself to repeat that bit of news. There was surely no shame in him. She looked out of the window, and Renny down at his boots. After a silence he began to talk, in a desultory fashion. News of his stables, news of the family. The uncles and Aunt Augusta stuck to the house pretty much because of the heat. Gran was well. Word had just come that Finch had passed his examinations. He was a happy boy. They'd make something of him yet!

At last he rose. 'Now what about this greenery? I've shears and a saw here, and if you'll show me what you want cut down —'

'You go with him, Alayne,' said Eden. 'It's so beastly foggy out. I'll stop here and see if I can do anything with this.'

Renny glanced at the pad on Eden's knee. What was written looked like poetry. Good Lord, was he at it again! Renny had hoped that his illness might have cured him of this other disability. But no, while Eden lived he would make verse, and trouble.

Outside, the fog still enveloped the woodland, delicate and somnolent. The pale moonlike sun scarcely illumined it. The

drip of moisture from leaves mingled with the muted murmur of the spring.

'It's rather a strange morning,' said Alayne, 'to have chosen for cutting things. It will be hard to know what the effect will be.' She thought, 'We are alone, shut in by the fog. We might be the only two on earth.'

'Yes,' he agreed, in an equally matter-of-fact tone. 'It's a queer morning. The branches seem to spring out from nowhere. However, that won't prevent their being lopped off.' He thought, 'Her face is like a white flower. I wonder what she would say if I were to kiss her. The little hollow of her throat would be the place.'

She looked about her vaguely. What was it she wanted him to do? The path, yes. 'This path,' she said, 'should be widened. We get so wet.'

He followed it with his eyes. Safer than looking at her. 'I'd need a scythe for that. I'll send one of the men around this afternoon and he'll cut down all that growth. Now I'll thin out these long branches.'

Before long, boughs, heavy with their summer growth, lay all around. And all about green mounds of low-growing things: dogwood, with its waxen berries; elderberry, its fruit just going red; sumach, the still green plumes of which were miniature trees in themselves; aconite, still in flower; and long graceful trailers of the wild grape. Wherever Renny strode, in his heavy boots, tender growths lay crushed. His dogs ran here and there, chasing into cover the squirrels and rabbits she had tried to tame. Symbolic of him, she thought, in one of those waves of antagonism which would ride close upon the waves of her love.

'No more,' she exclaimed, at last. 'I'm afraid to think how it will all look when the sun comes out.'

'Much better,' he assured her. He stopped and lighted a cigarette. His expression became one of gravity. 'I must tell you the real reason why the uncles and aunt have not been to see you. You're sure Rags has said nothing to Eden?'

'Nothing.' She was startled. She feared some strange development of the situation.

He went on. 'We've been worried' — he knitted his brow and inhaled the smoke deeply — 'about my grandmother.'

His grandmother! Always that imposing, sinister, deplorable old figurehead of the Jalna battleship!

'Yes? Is she not so well?'

He returned, irritably, 'She's quite well. Perfectly well. But — she's given us all a bad fright, and now she's behaving in — well, a very worrying fashion. I thought Eden had better not be told.'

Alayne stared at him, mystified beyond words.

'Pretended she was dying. Staged a regular deathbed scene. Good-byes and all. It was awful. You could n't believe how well she did it.'

Alayne could believe anything of old Adeline.

'Tell me about it.'

'Don't repeat any of this to Eden.'

'Certainly I will not.'

'It gave us a terrible fright. I had come in rather late. About one o'clock, I think. I had just put on the light in my bedroom. Wakefield was awake. He said he could n't sleep because moonlight was coming into the room and the cupboard door stood ajar. It worried him. He wanted me to look into the cupboard, to make sure there was nothing there. I did, to please him. Just as I stuck my head into it a loud rapping came from below. Gran beating on the floor with her stick. The kid squeaked, he was so nervous. I left him and ran down to her room. Aunt Augusta called out, "Are you going to Mamma, Renny? I don't see how she can be hungry, at this hour!" Well, in her room there was the night light, of course. I could see her sitting up in bed, clutching her throat. She said, "Renny, I'm dying. Fetch the others." You can imagine my feelings.'

'Yes. It was terrifying.'

'Rather. I asked her where she felt the worst, and she only gave a sort of gurgle. Then she got out, "My children — I want to tell them good-bye. Every one. Bring them." I got some brandy from the dining room and managed to give her a swallow of that. I propped her up on the pillows. The parrot kept biting at me, as if he did n't want anyone near her. Then I went to the telephone, and Drummond promised to be over immediately. Then I ran upstairs. Got them all up. Finch from the attic.

Little Wake. God, they were a white-looking lot!'

'And she was only pretending?'

'She had us all going. We crowded about the bed. She put her arms around each one in turn. I thought, "That's a pretty strong hug." And she'd something to say to each. A kind of message. Tears were running down Uncle Ernest's face. Wake was sobbing. She had us all going.' The red of his face deepened as he recalled the scene.

'And then?'

'Then the doctor came. Pulled down her eyelid. Felt her pulse. He said, "You're not dying!" And she said, "I feel better now. I'd like something to eat." The next morning she told us that she'd been lying awake and she'd got an idea she'd like to know just how badly we'd feel if we thought she was dying.'

Alayne said, through tight lips, 'I hope she was satisfied.'

'She must have been. We were a sorry sight. . . . And if you'd seen us trailing back to bed! Hair on end. Nightclothes. We were figures of fun, I can tell you!'

'It was abominably cruel of her.'

'Perhaps. But a good one on us. And, I guess, a great satisfaction to her.'

'You were sufficiently harrowed!'

'If only you could have seen us!'

She smiled in rather bitter amusement. 'I think I begin to understand you.'

'We're easy to understand — when you know us.'

'But we are friends — are n't we?'

'Are we? I don't believe I can manage that.'

'Don't you think of me, then, in a friendly way?'

'Me? Friendly? Good God, Alayne! And you call Gran tormenting!'

'Well — about her. You spoke of some odd behavior.' She was a fool to get on dangerous ground with him. Better talk about old Adeline.

He went on, frowning, 'The trouble is this. Ever since that night she's always wanting to see her lawyer. Has him out every few days. It must be a plague for him. And it makes things tense at Jalna. I don't worry about her will. But I know the uncles are worrying. And one can't help wondering. I suppose you know that she's going to leave everything she has in a lump sum to one of us. I suppose everyone is really wondering just how sorrowful he looked that night. Rather wishes he had the chance to do it over again. You remember I told you that Uncle Ernest cried. I believe Uncle Nick thinks that Uncle Ernest feels rather cocky about that, and wishes he could have dug up a tear or two.' He gave one of his sudden staccato laughs.

'If it comes to that,' she said, ironically, 'Wakefield cried, too.'

'And Mooey! Did I tell you he was down, too? The old dear missed him. She looked around and said, "Somebody's not here! It's the baby. My great-grandson. Fetch the baby down!" Pheasant flew upstairs and brought Mooey. If you'll believe me, the little devil simply howled. And now Piers and Pheasant are hopeful about him!' This time his laughter reached Eden's ears.

He appeared in the doorway of the cottage. The fog was really dispersing. He stood, after all this lopping of branches, in a bath of vague sunlight.

'What's the joke? You might tell it to me.'

Alayne called back, 'It is n't really a joke. Just something Renny finds amusing. How did you get on?'

'I've done it!'

'Done what?' asked Renny.

Alayne answered, 'Finished what he was writing. Did n't you notice that he was writing?'

'Oh, yes. A poem. I suppose that's a good sign.' He forced his features into a grin of approbation.

'Splendid.' As they drew near to the young poet she said, 'I'm so glad, Eden. Is it good?'

'I'll read it. No, I'll wait till Renny's gone. I say, what a shambles you've made of the place!'

Renny looked disappointed. 'When it's been raked over it will look better. Shall I trim this Virginia creeper now?'

'No. I like a little privacy.'

'But you've said a hundred times —' cried Alayne.

'My good girl, never remind a person of temperament what he's said a hundred times.'

'But it's dreadful to have that vine clinging round you!'

'No, it is n't. It makes me feel like a sturdy oak.'

Renny examined the vine critically. 'I think he's right. It would be a pity to touch it. It's always looked just like that.'

'But,' Alayne protested, 'everything in the cottage is damp!'

The brothers agreed that the vine had nothing to do with the dampness.

A figure was approaching along the path. It was Minny Ware, in a vivid blue dress. She carried a bowl of jelly mounded with whipped cream.

'I've had such a time to find my way,' she said. 'It's the first time I've been in this direction by myself. I had n't realized how large the estate is. Mrs. Vaughan sent this.'

'Not so large as it once was,' observed Renny, gloomily.

Alayne took the jelly and wondered what she would do with Miss Ware. Eden seemed rather pleased with her.

'Come in,' he said, 'and let's look at you. We'll pretend you're a bit of blue sky.'

They went into the cottage. Minny Ware seated herself in a wicker chair by the open door. Eden's remark had made her radiant. Renny sat on a bench, holding the collars of his dogs. Alayne disappeared into the kitchen, carrying the bowl of jelly. She did not want to be in the room with the girl.

Minny Ware, elated at being left alone with the two men, exclaimed, '*Is n't* this atmosphere the most depressing!'

'You don't look depressed,' said Eden, his eyes absorbing the freshness of her cheeks and lips, the gayety of her gown.

'It's weather to make a man virtuous,' said Renny.

This remark evoked a gush of laughter from Minny, effortless as an oriole's song.

Eden continued to be pleased with her. He said, 'I wonder if you are too depressed to sing to me. You promised to, you know.'

Minny Ware thought she could n't, was sure she would disgrace herself by trying to sing on such a morning as this, but after some persuading she threw back her head, clasped her hands before her, in the attitude of a good child, and sang three little English songs. Alayne remained in the kitchen. Covertly she watched the three through a crack of the door. She saw Renny's intent gaze on the throbbing white throat, the full bosom. She saw Eden's appraising eyes also fixed on the girl, who appeared to have forgotten their presence. The first song was of a country lover and his lass, with a touch of Devon dialect in the refrain. The second song told of little birds in springtime innocently building their nest. The third — yes, the third was a lullaby. This she softly crooned, her ripe lips parted in a smile. She remembered the presence of the brothers and, as she finished, her eyes sought theirs. She seemed timidly to ask for approbation.

The last long-drawn sweet note had been too much for one of the spaniels. He raised his muzzle and gave vent to a deep howl.

'Did he hate it so?' asked Minny Ware, looking askance at the dog.

'Down, Merlin,' said Renny. 'He's like his master. He's not musical.'

Her face fell. 'I thought the other night you enjoyed it.'

'I enjoyed this, too. But you sang more passionate things the other night. I suppose something else in me was appealed to then.'

'Oh, I love passionate music!' She spoke with abandon. 'I only sang these simple little things to please your brother, as he's not well.'

'Thank you,' said Eden with gravity. 'That was nice of you.'

'Oh, now you're laughing at me!' she cried, and filled the room with her laughter.

Alayne came in and sat down on a stiff-backed grandfather's chair. She felt icy before this exuberance. Only with the two spaniels, held by their collars, did she feel any sense of companionship in the room.

When Eden and she were alone, she said, 'If your sister thinks she will bring *that* to pass, she is mistaken. He hates her. I could see it in his eyes.'

'How clever you are!' he cried. 'You can read him like a book, can't you?' His glance was full of merriment.

XVII

While Eden and Alayne were struggling for his renewed health at Fiddler's Hut, the

family group were living in a morbid complicity of emotions, the two strongest of these being fear and jealousy. Since old Adeline had, as Renny put it, staged her own deathbed scene, they apprehended, one and all, that this sudden interest of hers in her final act was but the foreshadow of the spectre itself. The thought of it hung over them like a pall. The idea that she should pass from their midst was unbelievable. . . . Captain Philip Whiteoak had died; young Philip and his two wives had died; several infant Whiteoaks had passed away in that house; but that the involved pattern Adeline had woven in and out of those rooms, round about their lives, could be shattered was incredible.

If she was aware of any change in the atmosphere, she made no sign. She seemed in even better health than usual, and ate with increasing gusto, in preparation, it seemed to them, for the chill fast approaching. Neither did they talk to each other of what was in their minds, but of other things they talked even more than usual. Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest sought out each other more frequently in their rooms. They discussed their pets, Nip, Sasha, and her kitten, their amazing sagacity. They grouped themselves, with chirrups and tweets, about the cage of Augusta's canary. Forced cheerfulness sapped their energy. They were like people watching each other for symptoms of some disease which it was necessary, for their peace of mind, to ignore. Each one discovered, with grim satisfaction, the symptoms he sought in the others, and believed he had successfully hidden his own.

Augusta had little hope of gain for herself. She was passionately desirous that Ernest should be the heir. Nicholas thought that they plotted against him, and he feared Renny more than the two of them together. And Augusta and Ernest feared Renny and thought he plotted against them. And Renny believed that all his three elders were plotting against him. Even Mooey, Piers's infant son, became an object of suspicion. Had not his great-grandmother demanded that Mooey be brought to her? Was she not always pushing bits of biscuit and peppermints into his hand? And she was always exclaiming, 'Bring my great-grandson to me! I want to kiss him — quick.'

Mooey laughed every time he saw his great-grandmother. To certain of the family his laughter sounded sinister.

Wakefield, with the shrewdness of a child living among grown-up folk, was conscious of the air of dread and suspicion that had crept into every corner of the house, even to the basement, where the Wragges discussed the situation from every angle. They quarreled bitterly over it, for Wragge was of the opinion that the peppery and taciturn master of Jalna should inherit, while Mrs. Wragge, whose bias in favor of primogeniture was strong, thought that Nicholas should be his mother's heir. Nicholas too was in the habit of giving her little presents of money, when she 'did' his room.

Wakefield soon discovered that his elders were troubled when he hung about his grandmother's neck and whispered in her ear. This gave him an agreeable sense of power. He began to lavish delicate attentions on her.

One day he announced that he was making a special prayer for her each night.

'Ha!' she cried. 'Praying for me, eh? What is it that you say?'

'It depends,' he replied, his palms together between his bare knees, 'on what sort of day you've had. If your appetite's been not so good, I pray that it may be better. If it's been good, I pray for lemon tart next day. If you've been worked up into a rage, I pray that you may have more consideration shown you to-morrow.'

'The darling!' exclaimed his grandmother. 'Oh, the precious darling! Praying for his old Gran!' And she made a habit of asking him each morning what his prayer for her had been the night before.

She took to giving him quite valuable things. One stormy afternoon when he was bored, she opened the door of the Indian cabinet, containing the ivory, ebony, jade, and lapis lazuli curios which he always longed to play with, but must not touch, and filled his two hands with things which she said he was to keep. Her sons and daughter were genuinely alarmed.

'Mamma!' chided Augusta. 'You must be crazy!'

'Mind your business, Lady Bunkley!' retorted old Adeline. 'I'll give away my bed if I choose, or my head. I tell you, this child is the apple of my eye.'

Nicholas and Ernest emerged from cover and conferred with each other in the open. They came to the conclusion that Meg and Renny were putting the child up to it. Wakefield's face continued to be a mask of piety, but there was a secret little smile on his lips.

Finch, scarcely noticed by the family once their rejoicing over his return had subsided, was only an observer of this drama. Tension was relaxed for him, not increased. The strain of examinations was over. He had passed. Not gloriously, — he had come near the tail end of the candidates, — but passed, nevertheless. It was as though an aching tooth were drawn. He could look at his dog-eared textbooks without a sinking at the heart.

It was beautiful to him to spend these hot summer days in the country. He imagined with horror what they must be in New York. Yet there were moments when he remembered with a strange regret the lights in the harbor at night, the interesting foreign faces one met in the streets, the kindness that had been shown him at Cory and Parsons. He would wonder vaguely if he had missed something by coming home with Uncle Ernest, something he could never have again — a chance to get on in the world, to be respected instead of sneered at or just tolerated. But this was home, and here was music. Twice a week he went to the city and had music lessons. Two hours daily he was allowed to practise on the old square piano in the drawing-room. It was not enough, and he would have made up the deficiency by some extra practice on the piano at Vaughanlands but for an unsurmountable shyness of Minny Ware. Her presence in that house took all the virtue out of his playing. Her laughter frightened him. He felt that she regarded him as a curiosity.

On the occasions when she came to Jalna he felt certain that she was making up to Renny, and he felt certain that Meg approved. Unbearable if those two were to marry. He could n't stand that laughing, slant-eyed girl in the house. If only Renny and Alayne might be married! He was deeply conscious of their love for each other. He would have liked to talk with Alayne these days, of life and art, and the meaning of both. In Alayne he felt a stability, a clarity, which he craved for himself, but he could not go to see her because of Eden.

One day, when he was sent to the rectory on a message, Mr. Fennel questioned him about his music. When Finch told him that he was dissatisfied with the amount of practising he got, the rector offered to let him practise on the church organ, and gave him a key so that he might let himself into the church at any time. This was the beginning of a new happiness. Miss Pink, the organist, finding him rather baffled by the organ, offered to help him for a while each week after choir practice. Soon he wrung from the old organ music so passionate that Miss Pink quite tingled when she heard it, and wondered if it were quite right to draw such sounds from a church organ.

Finch went more and more frequently to the church to play. At first he went only in the daytime, then was captivated by the mystery of playing in the twilight, and at last, wandering along the road one night in the moonlight, he was seized by the desire to play in the church by night. He climbed the long flight of steps to the churchyard, passed through the glimmering gravestones and in at the portal. Outside it was sultry. Warm dust had lain thick on the road, but in here there was a coolness as of death and the austere presence of God. Finch had never been alone in the church at night before, and he felt the Presence there in the moonlight as he never felt it when people sat in the pews and Mr. Fennel moved about in the chancel.

On that first night he played little. He sat with his long hands on the keys, searching his heart, trying to find out, if he could, what was in it of good and evil. Now its depths seemed less turgid than usual. He looked into it and saw a white light glimmering. God living in him. Not to be beaten down. The white light, pointed like a flame, quivered, drew upward. Sank, writhed as though in agony. He brooded over his heart, trying to discover its secret.

Once, returning home past midnight, he let himself in at the side door of the house

and was just passing his grandmother's room when her voice called, 'Who is there? Come here, please.'

Finch hesitated. He had a mind to steal up the stairs without answering. He did not want her to know that he had been out till that hour. She might get to watching him. Questions might be asked. Still, she might really need someone. Worst of all, she might be about to stage another death-bed scene. That would be appalling.

As he hesitated, she called again, sharply, 'Who's there? Come quickly, please!'

Finch opened the door of her room and put his head inside. By the night light he could see her propped up on her two pillows, her nightcap shadowing her eyes, her old mouth sunken. But her expression was inquiring rather than anxious; her hands were clasped with resignation on the coverlet.

He felt suddenly tender toward her. He asked, 'Want a drink, Grannie, dear? Anything I can do?'

'Ha, it's you, is it, Finch? Well, well, you don't often visit me at this hour. You don't often visit me at all. I like boys about me. Come and sit you down. I want to be talked to.'

He came to the bedside and looked down at her. She took his hand and pulled him close, and closer till she could kiss him.

'Ha!' she said. 'Nice smooth young cheek! Now sit here on the bed and be a nice boy. You are a nice boy, are n't you?'

'I don't think anyone has ever called me a nice boy, Gran.'

'I do. I do. I call you a very nice boy. If anybody says you 're not a nice boy he 'll hear from me. I won't have it. I say you 're a very nice boy. You 're a pretty boy, too, in this light, with your lock hanging over your forehead and your eyes bright. You 've got an underfed, aye, a starved look. But you've got the Court nose, and that's something to go on. Life will never down you altogether when you 've got that nose. You 're not afraid of life, are you?' She peered up at him, with so understanding a look in her deep old eyes that Finch was startled into saying, 'Yes, I am. I'm awfully afraid of it.'

She reared her head from the pillow. 'Afraid of life! What nonsense. A Court afraid of life! I won't have it. You must n't be afraid of life. Take it by the horns. Take it by the tail. Grasp it where the hair is short. Make it afraid of you. That's the way I did. Do you think I'd have been here talking to you this night — if I'd been afraid of life? Look at this nose of mine. These eyes. Do they look afraid of life? And my mouth — when my teeth are in — it's not afraid either!'

He sat on the side of the bed, stroking her hand. 'You're a wonderful woman, Gran. You're twice the man I 'll ever be.'

She peered up at him. 'Don't get ideas in your head,' she said, sternly.

'I'm no good, Gran.'

Her voice became harsh, but her eyes were kind. 'None of that, now! What have I been telling you? Piers has been knocking you around. I heard about it.'

He reddened. 'I landed him a good one in the face.'

'You did, eh? Good for you! H'm. . . . Boys fighting. Young animals. My brothers used to fight, I can tell you. In County Meath. Take their jackets off and at it! Father used to pull their hair for it. Ha!'

Her eyes closed, her hand relaxed. She fell into a doze.

Finch looked at her lying there. So near to death. A year or two at the most, surely. And how full of courage she was! Courage and a good digestion — she'd always had both. And in what good stead they had stood her! Even in her sleep she was impressive — not pathetic, lying there, toothless, with her nightcap over one eye. He tried to absorb some of her courage into himself. He fancied it might be done. Here alone with her at night in her stronghold.

A gust came down the chimney and the night light flickered. Boney, perched on the head of the bed, stirred, and made a clucking noise in his sleep. Finch thought it would be best for him to go, while she slept. He was withdrawing his hand, but her fingers closed on it. She opened her eyes.

'Ah,' she muttered, 'I was thinking. I did n't doze. Don't tell me I dozed. I like a spell of thinking. It sets me straight.'

'Yes, Gran, I know. But it 's not good for you to lose so much sleep. You 'll be tired to-morrow.'

'Not a bit of it. If I'm tired, I'll stop here and rest. It 's the family that makes

me tired, fussing over me. Fuss, fuss, fuss, ever since that night.' She looked at him quizzically. 'You remember the night I nearly died?'

He nodded. He hoped she was n't going to try anything like that again.

She saw anxiety in his eyes and said, 'Don't worry. I shan't do that again. It might be boy and wolf. They might n't come running when I'd really need them. But they fuss, Finch, because I have Patton out. I like to see my lawyer. I keep thinking up little bequests for old friends — Miss Pink — the Lacey girls — even old Hickson and other folks in the village.' A shrewd gleam came into her eyes. 'I suppose you're not worrying about who I'm going to leave my money to, eh?'

'God, no!'

'Don't curse! Too much God and hell and bloody about this house. I won't have it.'

'All right, Gran.'

'I'm going to give you a present,' she said.

'Oh no, Gran, please don't!' he exclaimed, alarmed.

'Why not, I'd like to know?'

'They'd all say I'd been sucking up to you.'

'Let me hear them! Send anyone that says that to me.'

'Well, please let it be something small, that I can hide.'

'Hide my present! I won't have it! Stick it up! Put it in full view! Invite the family to come and look at it! If anyone says you're sucking up send him to me. I'll take the crimp out of him!'

'Very well, Gran.'

Her old eyes roved about the room. 'I'll tell you what I'm going to give you. I'm going to give you that porcelain figure of Kuan Yin — Chinese goddess. Very good. Good for you to have. She's not afraid of life. Lets it pass over her. You're no fighter. You're musical. Better let it pass over you. But don't let it frighten you. Fetch her over here, and mind you don't drop her!'

He had seen the porcelain figure all his life, standing on the mantelpiece, amid a strange medley of bowls, vases, and boxes — Eastern and English, ancient and Victorian. It was so crowded on the mantelpiece that he felt reasonably hopeful that the little goddess would not be missed by the family. He lifted her gently from the spot where she had stood for more than seventy years, and carried her to his grandmother. The old hands stretched out toward the delicate figure, closed round it eagerly.

'Look in her face! What do you see?'

He knitted his brow, his face close to the porcelain oval of the statuette's. 'Something very deep and calm. . . . I — I can't quite make it out.'

'Well, well, take it along. You'll understand some day. Good night, child; I'm tired. . . . Wait — do you often prowl about like this?'

'Sometimes.'

'What do you do?'

'You won't tell on me, Gran?'

'Come, come, I'm over a hundred. Even a woman can learn to keep her mouth shut in that time!'

He said, almost in a whisper, 'I go to the church, and play the organ.'

She showed no surprise. 'And you're not afraid alone there at night, with all the dead folk outside?'

'No.'

'Ah, you're a queer boy! Music, always music with you. Well, a church is an interesting place once you get the parson and the people out of it. Real music can get in then, and a real God! Nothing flibbertigibbet about religion then.'

She was very tired; her voice had become a mumble; but she made a last effort and said, 'I like your coming in like this. My best sleep is over by midnight — just catnaps after that. Night's very long. I want you, every time you've been at the church, to come for a chat afterward. Does me good. Come right in — I'll be awake.' And as she said the word 'awake' she fell asleep.

And so these strange night meetings began. Night after night, week after week, Finch crept out of the house, had his hours of happiness, of faunlike freedom, and crept in again. He never failed to go to her room, and always she was awake, waiting for him. Her eyes, under their rust-red brows, fixed on him eagerly, as he glided in and drew the door to behind him. He looked forward to the meetings as much as

she. Bizarre assignations they were, between the centenarian and a boy of nineteen. Like secret lovers, they avoided each other in the presence of the family, fearing that some intimate look, some secret smile, might betray their intimacy. Finch came to know her, to understand the depths of her, sometimes mordant, sometimes touchingly tender, as he was sure no other member of the household understood her. She no longer seemed old to him, but ageless, like the Chinese porcelain goddess she had given him. Sometimes, in the beam of the night light, propped in her richly painted bed, she looked beautiful to him, a rugged reclining statue carved by some sculptor who expressed in it his dreams of an indomitable soul.

One night in August, she startled him by asking abruptly, 'Well, boy, whom shall I leave my money to?'

'Oh, don't ask me that, Gran! That's for you to say.'

'I know. But, just supposing you were in my place, whom would you leave it to? Remember, it's going in one lump sum to somebody. I won't have my bit of money cut up like a cake! Right or wrong, my mind's fixed on that. Now then, Finch, who's to get it, eh?'

'Well,' he answered with sudden determination and even a look of severity on his lips, 'I should say, since you ask me, that there's only one person who really deserves to have it!'

'Yes? Which one?'

'Renny!'

'Renny, eh? That's because he's your favorite.'

'Not at all. I was putting myself in your place, as you told me to.'

'Then because he's head of the house?'

'No, not that. If you can't see, I can't tell you.'

'Of course you can. Why?'

'Very well. You'll be annoyed with me, though.'

'No, I shan't. Out with it!'

'Well, Renny's always hard up. He's brought up the lot of us. He's had Uncle Nick and Uncle Ernie living here for years. Ever since I can remember. You've always made your home with him. He likes having you. It would n't be like home to him if you were n't here. And he likes having the uncles and Aunt Augusta. But, just the same, he's at his wit's end sometimes to know where to dig up money enough to pay wages, and butcher bills, and the vet, and all that.'

She was regarding him steadfastly. 'You can be plain-spoken,' she said, 'when you like. You've a good forthright way with you, too. I can't see eye to eye with you on every point, but I'm glad to know what you think. And I'm not angry with you.' She began to talk of something else.

She did not bring up the subject again, but talked to him of her past, recalling the days when she and her Philip were young together, and even went back to the days of her girlhood in County Meath. Finch learned to pour out to her his thoughts, as he had never done to anyone before, and probably never would again with such unrestraint. When at last he would steal up to his room, something of her would be still with him in the figure of Kuan Yin, standing on his desk.

XVIII

Old Adeline was being dressed for tea by Augusta. That is, she was having her hair tidied, her best cap with the purple ribbon rosettes put on, and her box of rings displayed before her. She had felt a little tired when she waked from her afternoon nap, so she had had Augusta put a peppermint drop into her mouth, and she mumbled this as she looked over her rings. She chose them with especial care, selecting those of brilliant contrasting stones, for the rector was to be present, and she knew that he disapproved of such a show of jewels on such ancient hands, or indeed on any hands.

Augusta stood patiently holding the box, looking down her long nose at her mother's still longer one curved in pleasurable speculation. Adeline chose a ring — a fine ruby, set round with smaller ones. She was a long time finding the finger on which she wore it, and putting it on. The box trembled slightly in Augusta's hand. Her mother bent forward, fumbled, discovered her emerald ring, and put it on.

She put on six rings, a cameo bracelet, and a brooch containing her Philip's hair. She turned then to the mirror, adjusted her

cap, and scrutinized her face with one eyebrow cocked.

'You look nice and bright this afternoon, Mamma,' said Augusta.

The old lady shot an upward glance at her. 'I wish I could say the same for you,' she returned.

Augusta drew back her head with an offended air and surveyed her own reflection. Really, Mamma was very short with one! It took a lot of patience. . . .

Adeline stretched out her ringed hand and took the velvet-framed photograph of her Philip from the dresser. She looked at it for some moments, kissed it, and set it in its place.

'What a handsome man Papa was!' said Augusta, and surreptitiously wiped the picture with her handkerchief.

'He was. Put the picture down.'

'Indeed, all our men are good-looking!'

'Aye, we're a shapely lot. I'm ready. Fetch Nick and Ernest.'

Her sons were soon at her side, Nicholas walking less heavily than usual because his gout was not troubling him. They almost lifted her from her chair. She took an arm of each and said over her shoulder to Augusta, 'Bring the bird along. Poor Boney, he's dull to-day.'

The little procession moved along the hall so slowly that it seemed to Augusta, carrying the bird on his perch, that they were only marking time. But they were really moving, and at last had shuffled their way to where the light fell full upon them through the colored glass window.

'Rest here a bit,' said their mother. 'I'm tired.' She was tall, but looked a short woman between her sons, she was so bent.

She glanced up at the window. 'I like to see the light coming through there,' she observed. 'It's very pretty.'

They were in the drawing-room, and she was established in her own chair, with Boney on his perch beside her. Mr. Fennel rose, but he gave her time to recover her breath before coming forward to take her hand and inquire after her health.

'I'm quite well,' she said. 'Don't know what it is to have any pain, except a little wind on the stomach. But Boney's dull. He has n't spoken a word for weeks. D' ye think he's getting old?'

Mr. Fennel replied, guardedly, 'Well, he may be getting a little old.'

Nicholas said, 'He's moulting. He drops his feathers all over the place.'

Finch had come up behind them, and Augusta handed him a cup of tea. 'Take this to my mother,' she said, 'and then come back for the crumpets and honey.'

Crumpets and honey! Finch's mouth watered. He wondered if he should ever get over this feeling of being ravenous. And yet he was so thin! He felt discouraged about himself. He wished his aunt would not send him about with tea. He invariably slopped it.

Old Adeline watched him with pursed mouth as he drew an occasional table to her side and set her tea on it. Her greed equaled his own. Her hands, trembling a little, poured what tea had slopped into the saucer back into the cup, raised the cup to her lips, and drank gustily. The rings flashed on her shapely hands. Mr. Fennel marked them with disapproval.

His voice came muffled through his curly brown beard. 'Well, Finch, and how goes the practising?'

'Very well, thank you, sir,' mumbled Finch.

'The other night I was in my garden quite late. About eleven o'clock. I was surprised to hear the organ. You are quite welcome to use it in the daytime, you know.' Gentle reproof was in his tone.

'I rather like the practising at night, sir, if you don't mind.'

His eyes moved from Mr. Fennel's beard to his grandmother's face. They exchanged a look of deep complicity, like two conspirators. Her gaze was clear. The tea had revived her.

She said, setting down the empty cup, 'I like the boy to practise at night. Night's the time for music — for love. . . . Afternoon's the time for tea — sociability. . . . Morning's the time for — er — tea. Another cup, Finch. Is there nothing to eat?'

Pheasant appeared with tea for Mr. Fennel, and Piers with the crumpets and honey. He was in white flannels.

'Ah,' observed the rector, 'it is nice to see you looking cool, Piers! You looked pretty hot the last time I saw you.'

'Yes, that was a hot spell. Things are

easing off now. Late August, you know. The crops are in. Small fruit over. Apples not begun.'

'But there is always the stock, eh?'

'Yes, always the stock. I don't get much time for loafing. But this is Pheasant's birthday, and I'm celebrating it by a day off and a clean suit.'

'Her birthday, is it?' said Mr. Fennel. 'I wish I had known! I would have brought some offering, if only a nosegay.'

Grandmother blinked rapidly, smacking the honey on her lips. 'Pheasant's birthday, eh? Why was n't I told? Why was it kept from me? I like birthdays. I'd have given her a present.' She turned toward Meg, Maurice, and Renny, who had just come into the room. 'Did you know, my dears, that we're having a birthday party? It's Pheasant's birthday, and we're all dressed up for it. Look at the rector! Look at Piers! Look at me! Are n't we trig?' She was all alive. She grinned at them, with the malicious and flashing grin for which the Courts had been famous.

Meg approached her and dropped a kiss on her forehead. 'I had heard nothing of any birthday,' she said, coldly.

'Maurice,' exclaimed Grandmother then, 'have n't you brought a birthday present for your daughter? Are you going to neglect old Baby just because new Baby's on the scene?'

Maurice slouched forward somewhat sheepishly. 'I must do something about it,' he said.

Pheasant's little face was scarlet with embarrassment. She surveyed the family with the startled, timid gaze of a young wild thing.

'She's blessed,' said Piers glumly, 'for she expects nothing.'

His grandmother absorbed this saying. 'H'm,' she said. She swallowed a piece of crumpet, and then added, 'It's the unexpected that happens. She's going to get a present. And from me!'

A chill of apprehension fell on the company.

Mr. Fennel, feeling it, observed, 'There's nothing so pleasant, I think, as an unexpected present.' But even to himself his words sounded lame.

Old Adeline finished her crumpet with dispatch, drank another cup of tea. Then she demanded, 'How old are you?'

'Twenty.' Despite Renny's encouraging look, the word came in a whisper.

'Twenty, eh? Sweet and twenty! I was twenty once — ha! "Come and kiss me, sweet and twenty! Youth's a stuff will not" — what was it? My old memory's gone. Come here, my dear!'

Pheasant went to her, trembling.

Adeline spread out her hands, palms down, and examined her rings. Meg, with unaccustomed agility, sprang to her side. 'Granny, Granny,' she breathed, 'don't do anything rash! A bit of lace. A little money to buy herself something pretty. But not — not —' She caught her grandmother's hands in hers and drew the jeweled fingers against her own plump breast.

'Mamma,' said Ernest, 'this excitement is very bad for you.'

'Bring the backgammon board,' said Nicholas. 'She likes a game of backgammon after tea.'

'I've not finished my tea,' rapped out his mother. 'I want cake. Not that white wishy-washy cake. Fruit cake.'

Never was fruit cake so swiftly, so passionately, produced. She selected a piece, laid it on her plate, and, as though there had been no interruption, again spread out her hands, palms downward.

She shot a glance at Meg, kneeling by her side.

'Get up, Meggie,' she said, brusquely but not unkindly. 'You've nothing to be humble about.' But Meg still knelt, her hands to her breast, her eyes jealously guarding the rings.

With a decisive movement, Adeline removed from the third finger of her right hand the ring of glowing rubies. She took the girl's thin brown hand in hers and put it on her middle finger. She looked up into her face, smiling. 'Give you color, my dear. Give you heart. Nothing like a ruby. . . . I'll try some of that pale cake now.'

Pheasant stood transfixed, reverently holding the brilliantly decorated hand in the hand that wore only her wedding ring. Her eyes were starry.

'Oh,' she half-whispered, 'how lovely! What beauties! Oh, you darling Gran!'

Piers was at her side, sturdy, defiant, all aglow.

'Splendid!' exclaimed Renny. 'Let me see how it looks on your little paw!'

But Wakefield intervened, took her hand, and fluttered his long lashes, examining the stones. He said, judicially, 'You've got a fine ring there, my girl. I hope you take care of it.'

Meg still knelt, her eyes damp, her hands clenched. 'It's unjust,' she gasped. 'It's unfair to me and my child!'

Renny put his hands under her arms and heaved her to her feet. He whispered vehemently into her ear, 'Don't make a show of yourself, Meggie! Remember, Mr. Fennel's here.' Inwardly he thanked God for the presence of Mr. Fennel. It had certainly saved them from a terrible scene. She relaxed against his shoulder.

The rector himself was wishing that the tea party had been more placid. He observed, pulling at his beard, 'I always think that an unexpected present is the most delightful.' He could not resist adding, 'And jewels are so beautiful on young hands.'

Adeline appeared not to have heard. She finished her cake, eating the moist crumbs from her saucer with a spoon. But after a little she extended her bereft right hand toward him, with a flourish, and said, 'You don't think they suit my old hands, eh?'

He knew how to mollify her.

'I have never seen hands,' he said, 'better shaped for the wearing of rings.'

She clasped them on her stomach and surveyed the scene before her. There was trouble in the air, and she had brewed it. She had, directly or indirectly, made almost every being in the room. The pattern of the room was centrifugal, and she was the arch designer, the absolute centre. She felt complacent, firm, and strong. She fixed her eyes on Renny, and gave him a waggish nod. She knew he did not mind young Pheasant's having the ruby. He grinned back at her.

Nicholas said, 'A game of backgammon will divert her.'

Ernest looked dubious. 'The last time I played with her she was n't very clear about it.'

'Never mind. She must be diverted. She's in the mood to give presents all round. I don't know what has come over her.'

He found the backgammon board, and the velvet bag containing the dice and dice boxes. He said to Wakefield, hovering near, 'Ask your Grandmamma and the parson if they will play backgammon. Place the small table between them.'

'Yes, Uncle Nick.'

The little boy flew away, held whispered conversations, flew back.

'I've placed the table, and the parson, and Gran. They said they were nothing loath.'

Finch said, 'He made that last up. They did n't put it in those fool words.'

'You are odious, Finch,' retorted Wake. He adored his Aunt Augusta's vocabulary and had no self-consciousness in employing it.

The opponents were facing each other. Bearded, untidy Mr. Fennel; gorgeous, ancient Adeline.

'I'm black,' she said.

Very well, he was white. The men were placed on the tables. The dice were thrown.

'Deuce!' from the parson.

'Trey!' from Grandmother.

They made their moves. The dice rattled. The emeralds on her left hand winked.

'Doublets!'

'Quatre!' She pronounced it 'cater.'

The dice were shaken; the players pondered; the men were moved.

'Deuce!'

'Trey!'

'Cinq!'

'Ace!'

The game proceeded. Her head was as clear as ever it had been. Her eyes were bright. She fascinated Finch. He stood behind Mr. Fennel's chair watching her. Sometimes their eyes met, and always there was that flash between them, that complicity of conspirators. 'Afraid of life!' her eyes said. 'A Court afraid? Watch me!'

He watched her. He could not look away. Across the chasm of more than eighty years their souls met, touched fingers, touched lips.

One by one she got her men home. One by one she took them from the board. She had won the first game!

'A hit!' she cried, striking her hands together. 'A hit!'

'Well played, my grandmother!' cried Wakefield, patting her on the back.

Finch's eyes sought hers, found them, held them. She felt suddenly tired. She was very tired, but very happy.

'You have me badly beaten,' said Mr. Fennel, stroking his beard.

'Ah, yes. I'm in good form to-day,' she mumbled. 'Very good form — to-night.'

Boney shuffled on his perch, shook himself, gaped. Two bright feathers were loosened, and sank slowly to the floor.

Mr. Fennel stared at him.

'He does n't talk now, eh?'

'No,' she answered, craning her neck so as to see the bird. 'He does n't talk at all. Poor Boney! Poor old Boney! Does n't talk at all. Does n't say curse words, and does n't say love words. Silent as the grave, hey, Boney?'

'Shall we have another game?' asked Mr. Fennel.

'Another game? Yes, I'd like another game. I'm white!'

Mr. Fennel and Wakefield exchanged glances.

'But, Gran,' cried Wakefield, 'you were black before!'

'Black! Not a bit of it! I'm white.'

Mr. Fennel changed the men, giving her the white ones.

The men were placed. The dice shaken. The game proceeded.

'Deuce!'

'Cinq!'

'The Doublet!'

But her head was no longer clear. She fumbled for her men, and could not have got through the game had not Wakefield, leaning on her shoulder, helped her.

She was beaten, but she did not know it.

'A double game!' she said, triumphantly. 'A double game! Gammon!'

The rector smiled indulgently.

Finch felt himself sinking beneath a cloud.

'But, my grandmother,' cried Wakefield, 'you're beaten! Don't you know when you're beaten?'

'Me beaten? Not a bit of it. I won't have it! I've won.' She was staring straight ahead of her into Finch's eyes. 'Gammon!'

Mr. Fennel began gathering up the men.

'Another game?' he asked. 'You may make it backgammon, this time.'

She did not answer.

Wakefield nudged her shoulder. 'Another game, Gran?'

'I'm afraid she's a little tired,' said Mr. Fennel.

But she was still smiling, looking straight into Finch's eyes. Her eyes were saying to him, 'A Court afraid? A Court afraid of death? Gammon!'

Again Boney shook himself, and another feather fluttered to the floor.

Nicholas had risen to his feet, and was looking across the room. Suddenly he shouted, 'Mother!'

They were all on their feet, except Wakefield, who still hung on her shoulder, realizing nothing.

Her head sank.

Finch watched them as they gathered about her, raising her head, holding smelling salts to her long nose, forcing brandy between her blanched lips, wringing their hands, being frightened, half-demented. He had seen her spirit, staunch and stubborn, leave the body. He knew it was futile to try to recall it.

Boney watched the scene with one detached yellow eye, apparently unmoved, but when they carried her to the sofa and laid her on it, he left his perch with a distracted tumble of wings and fluttered on to her prostrate body, screaming, 'Nick! Nick! Nick!' It was the first time he had ever been known to utter a word of English.

He was with difficulty captured and taken to her bedroom, where he took his position on the head of the bed and relapsed into stoical silence.

Piers telephoned for the doctor. Meg was sobbing in Augusta's arms. Ernest sat beside the table, his head buried in his arms across the backgammon board. Pheasant had flown upstairs to her bedroom to bedew the ruby ring with tears. Nicholas drew a chair to his mother's side and sat with his shoulders bent, staring blankly into her face. The rector dropped his chin into his beard and murmured a short prayer over the body, stretched out so straight that the feet, in black slippers, projected over the end of the sofa. Again she looked a tall woman.

Mr. Fennel was about to close the eyes. The heavy lids resisted. Renny caught his arm.

'Don't close her eyes! I won't believe she's dead! She can't have died like that!'

He put his hand inside her tea gown and felt her heart. It was still. He brought a mirror and held it before her nostrils. Its bright surface was undimmed. But he would not have her eyes closed.

Soon Dr. Drummond came and pronounced her dead, and himself closed her eyelids.

Ernest rose then and came to her, trembling. He stroked her face, and kissed it, sobbing, 'Mamma. . . . Mamma.' But Nicholas sat motionless as a statue.

Renny could not stay in that house. He would go to Fiddler's Hut and tell Eden and Alayne what had happened. He flung out through the side door into the grassy yard where the old brick oven stood. A waddling procession of ducks cocked their roguish eyes at him; Mrs. Wragge and the kitchenmaid peered after him with curiosity from a basement window. Galloping colts in the paddock came whimpering to the fence as he hurried past. Red and white cows in the pasture, heavy-uddered, turned their tolerant gaze after him. He entered the orchard. The days were already shortening. The red sun showed between the black trunks of the trees. He noticed that all colors were intensified into a sombre brightness. Little rosy mushrooms were rosetted here and there in the lush grass. The orchard fence was smothered in goldenrod.

Between the orchard and the 'old orchard' lay a field of potatoes. Old Binns was digging them and laying them in shallow ridges on the black loam. In that long day he had done perhaps a half-day's work. He leaned on his spade and shouted, 'Hi! Mr. Whiteoak! Hi!'

Renny stopped.

'Yes?'

'What do you s'pose be here now?'

'What?'

'Blight. Blight be here.'

Renny threw up his hand.

'Put down that spade!' he shouted. 'No more work here to-day!' He strode on.

No spade should stir the surface of the land she had loved. That land must lie quiet, mourning for her to-day, and tomorrow, and the next day.

Old Binns watched Renny disappear into the glowing density of the old orchard. He was aghast. Never in his life before had he had such an order. He must be going to lose his job! He thrust his spade deep into the soil. Feverishly he thrust and grubbed for the potatoes. He kept muttering angrily to himself, 'Blight be here, anyhow. Dang him!'

As Renny neared the cottage he heard the spring talking secretly among the grasses. Doors and windows stood open, but there was no sound of voices. He went to the front door and looked in. Alayne was writing at a table, and Eden lay on the sofa, a cigarette between his lips and a book dropping from his hand. His face and body had filled out, his cheeks were brown, but Alayne looked pale and more slender. They had not heard Renny come up, and to him the room and its occupants, in the intense sunset glow, appeared unreal as in a tableau. It seemed unreal, fantastic, that they should be sitting unmoved, aware of nothing.

He made some incoherent sound, and, as though a spell had been broken, they both looked up. The pallor of Alayne's cheeks, which had seemed intensified by the reddish light, appeared now to be touched into flame. Eden smiled, and his smile froze. He started up.

'Renny! What's the matter?'

Alayne too rose.

He tried to speak to them, but no words would come. He stood silent, leaning against the doorpost, his face contorted into a forbidding grimace.

The two stood petrified, until Eden got out, 'For God's sake, Renny, speak to us! Tell us what's wrong?'

He looked at them, filled with a strange antagonism for them, and then he said, harshly, 'She's dead. . . . Gran. . . . I thought I should let you know.'

Avoiding their eyes, his face still contorted, he turned hastily down the path and disappeared into the pine woods.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THAT **André Maurois** should have devoted his biographical tact and acumen to English subjects is the good fortune of English readers. The biographer of Shelley and Disraeli is well qualified to advise a young compatriot setting out for Anglo-Saxon territory. His essay is entitled in French: *Conseils à un jeune Français partant pour l'Angleterre*. **Russell Bookhout** gives us this picture of himself: —

I am a working stiff, with a wandering foot and a U education, principally because I must earn money to live on and prefer to do it in as many different ways as possible and in as many different localities as I can reach. I came by the wandering hoof naturally, since my father's folks have been backwoodsmen, farmers, and drifters like myself for the last two hundred years or so. I tacked on university schooling to the rest because I found it necessary, and have just finished that part at the University of Wisconsin.

The first happening of importance in which I took part was on September 19, 1898, at a farm nine miles south of Madison, Wisconsin. The second was fracturing my leg six years later, with resulting complications which meant that until I was sixteen years old I spent most of my time reading, watching the wild things grow, and the stars swing past. I was nineteen when the war ended, — the Kaiser heard I was in the last draft and gave up the struggle, — and, having nothing better to do, started wanderings which increased until I had seen much of the United States and something of the Orient.

In his work as an editor, **Edward Weeks** has become thoroughly acquainted with both book and magazine publishing. **Captain William Outerson** has been a sailor, janitor, reporter, prospector for gold in Alaska, and has served in the Black Watch and later in India. He is a graduate of Marietta College.

S. Foster Damon is an assistant professor of English at Brown University. He is the author of *William Blake — His Philosophy and Symbols*, and of *Astrolabe*, a volume of poems. Δ After distinguishing herself in several fields of study, **H. D. Hill** received a Ph.D. degree in economics. She has been especially interested in workers' education. **Sir John Campbell** writes us as follows: —

I have now retired from the Indian Civil Service, and resigned also my appointment in Greece — where I was vice chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission. I spent twenty years in India, and about seven in Simla as undersecretary to the Government of India. My last district was on the frontier — adjoining Nepal, which I visited two or three times when tiger shooting. Since leaving India, I have spent three years at the India Office, Whitehall.

Arthur E. Morgan is President of Antioch College. **Ethel M. Arnold**, a niece of Matthew Arnold and sister of the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, recalls the best-loved clergyman who ever hated dogs and hunted snarks. **Reinhold Niebuhr** has recently given up his pastorate in Detroit to accept a chair in the Union Theological Seminary. **Eileen Shanahan** has left Dublin to work in the stenographic branch of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations at Geneva.

F. Lyman Windolph is a lawyer of long standing in the Pennsylvania town fortunate enough to possess a street of such honorable lineage. **Elizabeth Coatsworth** is at present in Guatemala. **George Miksch Sutton** is State Ornithologist of Pennsylvania. He writes us: —

On March 27 I fell fifty feet from a cliff where I was examining a raven's nest. I broke five ribs and suffered other injuries. . . .

The turkey vulture is about two and one-half feet long. It has a considerable wing spread (about six feet), but when folded the wings do not occupy much space. The turkey vulture makes no nest. It merely lays its eggs on the ground in a cave, in a crevice among rocks, or, as in the present instance, in a fallen, hollow log. At Pymatuning Swamp, Pennsylvania, where there are no caves, the

vultures nest exclusively in hollow logs, so far as I have been able to determine.

The turkey vulture's only method of defense when cornered, so far as I know, is vomiting. Its bill is hooked, to be sure, but its feet are those of a walking bird rather than of a bird of prey, and birds of prey usually depend upon their sharply clawed feet in giving battle.

As I shoved myself along, I pushed the young bird and egg ahead of me. The adult bird naturally retreated after I had struck her with my hand. An eagle, a hawk, or an owl might not have been repelled so easily, but the turkey vulture is cowardly. After reaching the end of the log, I grasped the bird by her feet, pushed the stone outward, laid the egg and young outside the log, and then wormed my way out and tied the mother vulture's feet together and to a sapling, with a shred of torn clothing.

Howard Douglas Dozier has been successively Head of the School of Commerce at the University of Georgia and Professor of Economics at Dartmouth. He now acts as adviser to one of the government departments at Washington. **Robert Sencourt** is a student of European affairs who has devoted particular attention to the problems of the Vatican. **Nora Waln** has contributed frequently to the *Atlantic* from her rich store of Chinese experiences. Readers will be interested in the following paragraphs from one of her letters: —

Before my marriage I made a trip to China and stayed with one family in their homestead, where sixty-nine persons dwell in the high gray wall-encircled courts. They taught me my first China tongue, and chaperoned me as though I were a daughter. They always write ahead to my new place of residence preparing the way against loneliness, as carefully as though I were born one of them, by letters to relatives by marriage or relatives of relatives. When they come to stay in my courtyard they investigate my home economies and regulate my 'helpers.' They remember me at the festivals when a daughter should be remembered, and expect from me the annual roast duck, the half of which is always returned, that is the courtesy custom of a 'daughter who has gone to complete another household.'

I love this family. The aged mother has taken the place of the mother I never knew. It is because of them that I have had no fear during the civil strife through which we have lived. A sense of the eternal rhythm of history learned within their courtyard walls has kept alight in me a lantern of trust in China's future.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche's** sequel to *Jalna*, we print a brief synopsis: —

Alayne Archer, a manuscript reader in a New York publishing house, marries Eden Whiteoak, a young poet, and goes with him to live at Jalna, his family's Canadian estate. Within a year Eden disappears, as the result of a brief affair with Pheasant, the wife of his brother Piers. Alayne returns to New York, but not before a strong attraction has sprung up between her and Renny, Eden's oldest brother, the virtual head of the Whiteoak family.

Eighteen-year-old Finch Whiteoak, struggling to pass his examinations for college and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings, quarrels with his brothers and runs away to New York, where Alayne befriends him. There he accidentally discovers Eden, seriously ill. Renny goes to New York to bring both his brothers back to Jalna, and Eden succeeds in persuading Alayne to return with them to nurse him through his sickness.

Mortality and immortality in trees.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I cannot let the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* pass into the files without a word of appreciation of the article by Mr. Stewart on 'Trees as an Invention.' This is charmingly done and is a vivid illustration of the fact that good writing is not incompatible with facts. His statements are well in accord with the soundest conceptions of the activities of trees.

The appearance of this article was coincidental with that of Publication 397 of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in which Professor J. B. Overton, of Wisconsin, and Professor Gilbert Smith, of Stanford, join me in setting out the results of several years' work on the hydrostatics of trees. We have made some contributions to the subject, including a finding to the effect that sap does move in old layers of such trees as the willow and walnut, and that living cells of great age may be found in very old layers, as much as four centuries. These are new findings which do not make Mr. Stewart's article any less meritorious.

D. T. MACDOUGAL

Mr. F. Lyman Windolph, who contributes 'King Street' to our present number, recently received a letter from a Pennsylvania judge which shows that the memory of his former *Atlantic* papers is still green.

DEAR MR. WINDOLPH: —

I suppose I am about the poorest correspondent in these United States and its dependencies. The older I get, the less I am inclined to do to-day what can just as well be put off until to-morrow. And it is not altogether bad philosophy. It has saved me many a delightful round of golf, and no doubt many a needless act and blunder.

I don't know which I like the better — 'Defending a Bad Cause,' in the *Atlantic* of April 1927, or 'The Country Lawyer,' in April 1928; both were so good. The latter carried a most interesting personal appeal. When I came to the bar in the early '80s we were a rural county with agriculture the dominant industry. In a way, we are still rural, but the mining of bituminous coal and the manufacture of coke now dominate all other interests. The character of our population and the practice of law have in the meantime almost entirely changed. As I read 'The Country Lawyer' I lived over again my earlier years at the bar and many of their activities — the settlement of estates, the appraisement of the personal property, its sale, partition proceedings, the services of the old-time land surveyor, a type now nearly extinct, but such an important factor in ejectment cases, then common, now rare.

In the January *Atlantic*, in Archer B. Gilfillan's 'The Herding Day,' on page 20, there is an allusion to the relative speed of the dog and rabbit, which called to mind the first public sale I ever attended, that in the estate of a great-uncle held in 1864, and the first debate to which I ever listened, the argument being between some young men of the neighborhood gathered round the big fireplace in the great stone kitchen of the homestead built by one of my great-grandfathers. The question was which could run faster, a dog or a rabbit. That was some discussion. Finally a big, tall, red-faced young fellow, with positive ideas about law enforcement, made a somewhat dogmatic deliverance to this effect: 'Now listen here — it's jist this-a-way. If the ground is as-scendin' a leetle uphill, the rabbit'll git away; but if the ground is dee-scendin' a leetle downhill, the dog'll git the rabbit.' That closed the controversy. I was glad to find that Gilfillan corroborated the friend of my youth.

In my first years at the bar one of my best and most valued friends was an old-time surveyor. He taught me more about land law and titles than I ever learned out of the books. Another of my surveyor friends was something of a shark on geology, and a favorite device of opposing counsel was to involve him in an argument about the strata and structure of the land in dispute. He was strong on what he called 'conglomerate.' Humanity seems to be made up of much the same material.

E. H. REPPERT

Earnest Elmo Calkins's 'Virgin Territory for Motor Cars,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, has stimulated heartfelt reflections.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Earnest Elmo Calkins is indeed, as you say, 'a connoisseur of highways.' All his recommendations are excellent and his views seem peculiarly sound, but —

Is n't there something worthy of comment in the fact that in his lengthy travels by car he has apparently observed no advertising signs to criticize save those associated with hot-dog stands on the summit of the Mohawk Trail? There's an old saying which is applicable to almost every situation which we meet in this life: 'It makes a lot of difference whose ox is gored.' Just because we are all human beings we ought not to be too hard on Mr. Calkins for failing to observe the deep wounds in the highway ox which have been inflicted by the useful profession which Mr. Calkins adorns.

My only suggestion is that the *Atlantic Monthly* arrange to have Mr. Calkins take his car out to the Hawaiian Islands and travel for a while over highways decorated by neither hot-dog stands, theatrical posters, chewing-gum ads, nor replicas of contented cows. Out in the Islands they know how to protect the beautiful scenery that is their inheritance. I am sure that Mr. Calkins, once he had looked upon a sign-boardless landscape, would become a little more specific in his recommendations for beautifying our roads and protecting that beauty by law.

H. T. P.

Paving and good intentions.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Calkins's very interesting article on highways in the March *Atlantic* contains much food for thought for motorists and business men in general throughout the country.

With much of his proposed programme, particularly that relating to the mapping and marking of highways, nearly everyone will agree, but with one feature of his programme I, for one, most heartily disagree — namely, the paving of all existing roads.

If all of our roads are to be paved, where is anyone going to live? No one wants to live on a paved road any more than he wants to live next to a railroad track.

There are still a few prehistoric people who

enjoy walking and horseback riding and they should not be deprived of their source of recreation. There are also some motorists who prefer jogging along at fifteen miles an hour over a country road and stopping to look at a view or picking wild grapes to bowling over a hard road at fifty miles an hour.

I believe the money which we are going to spend on our highways in the future should be spent on widening and straightening the existing trunk lines. If this could be done thousands of lives would be saved annually, and the pleasure of motoring increased enormously.

Yours very truly,

HAROLD G. HOLCOMBE

From the vice president of a famous map-making firm.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Every motorist will agree that Mr. Calkins's argument for more hard roads in the United States is timely. His comparison of the roads of the United States and France, however, is unjust in its intimation that this country is backward in the matter of public improvements. His criticism of American road maps is obviously based on cursory knowledge, or no knowledge at all, of the requirements and desires of the American motorist in his hundreds of thousands.

The truth is, the American motorist does not want the highly detailed road maps proposed by Mr. Calkins. If he did, map makers would make them.

The maps Mr. Calkins points to with pride as examples of what American road maps should be are the *Cartes Michelin*.

Cartes Michelin are road maps of France, prepared as advertisements, and sold in France at a few cents each by the makers of Michelin tires. They are on a scale of about three miles to the inch (3.15, to be exact) and printed in five colors on sheets $33\frac{1}{2}$ x $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches, each sheet representing an area about 104 x 60 miles. They show all roads, both main traveled roads and byroads, and indicate their widths and pavement. They show everything that is worth stopping to see — every peak, gorge, grotto, church, calvary, château, ruin, barrow, cromlech, cascade, golf links, polo field, race track, cemetery, custom-house, and ferry. They are, as Mr. Calkins says, 'as full of detail as one of Hogarth's crowded prints.'

Admit, for argument's sake, that it were possible to produce road maps of the entire United States closely resembling *Cartes Michelin*, and to offer them for sale at fifty cents each. Allowing for slight overlapping of maps of adjoining districts, it would require some five hundred different maps to cover the more than 3,026,000 square miles of this country. Americans take their motoring in large doses; two to four hundred miles a day is a moderate run. Five hundred to three thousand miles is a little vacation jaunt. A person motoring from Chicago to the coast, following the Lincoln Highway west and National Old Trails Highway east, would cover something like 4500 miles of road. Forty-five maps, the size and scale of *Cartes Michelin*, would be necessary to cover the route. And, traveling at fair tourist speed of two hundred miles a day, who has time to look for byways and points of interest?

As Mr. Calkins points out, but one mile of road in five is paved; the other four are not to be recommended as safe or pleasant for motoring. Then why put them on the map? Most American road maps show all paved roads; as soon as more roads are paved, maps will show them.

American motorists do not need and do not want large-scale, detailed road maps. The aim of most map makers is to produce accurate maps fitted for their intended use. The tendency in recent years has been away from detail, and toward simplicity and clearness. To show the best roads in such a way that a motorist can easily and quickly take himself from one point to another is the purpose of road maps.

'No map maker in our country has yet grasped the vital fact that, in order to be sure of the right road, all the wrong roads must be shown,' says Mr. Calkins. But for a motorist who can read the road markings on his map, and find the same markings every mile or so along the road, with crossroads and branches clearly marked, we wonder! The experience of years of map making indicates that all the average motorist wants is a map showing what routes will lead to his destination.

Suppose, also for the sake of argument, that tourists did want maps like those of Michelin. Their price would be prohibitive. Basic data for such maps is not available for any considerable part of the country. Government geologic survey maps, recommended by Mr. Calkins, cover about one third of the United States. Illinois is not completely surveyed as yet, after more than fifty years of constant toil on the part of the government. The majority of survey sheets available are woefully out of date for such purposes. Private enterprise could, of course, make its own surveys, but the cost is beyond the resources of all map makers combined.

France has been building roads for a thousand years. Our modern road building began not more than twenty years ago. *Cartes Michelin* are based on the military maps of France, which show an amazing amount of detail. France is smaller than Texas; its population one third that of the United States. Every stone in France is

included in one or more surveys. And, figuratively, no stone is moved from one year's end to the other. Very probably, more *new* roads are built in one state in one year than in all of France in ten years.

A *Carte Michelin* of 1920 (except for the destruction and consequent rebuilding as a result of the war) is essentially accurate and up to date in 1929. An American road map of 1928 is out of date in 1929. To make a map is but the beginning; to keep it up to date is the real task. Some American map makers completely revise and correct their drawings and make new plates every year. The maps are generally in two or three colors. Fifty maps cover the country. Fifty maps, two colors each, mean 100 plates made new each year. *Cartes Michelin* applied to this country would mean 500 maps; five colors each — 2500 new plates, as compared with 100. Not that a map maker makes only 100 plates a year; the total is closer to 2500. But adoption of the *Cartes Michelin* style of maps would increase the cost of maps in the ratio of 100 to 2500. Added detail means added corrections. Corrections are costly. The market for road maps will yield only about so much money. It cannot be increased anywhere near twenty-five times. As for maps given away as advertisements — such maps have a definite value as advertisements. Increasing their cost twenty-five times would not increase their value as advertising mediums proportionately.

Some years back, Michelin published three maps, in the French style, of the territory around New York. Their existence was short; they were never reprinted.

Doubtless when the United States has all been surveyed, when road conditions become stabilized, and when (not before) the country reaches the same density of population as France and Americans take to leisurely, sight-seeing motoring habits, sufficient demand for highly detailed road maps will exist to warrant their manufacture.

FRED L. MCNALLY

The pattens Lucy wore.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the Contributors' Club of the April issue someone writes of Wordsworth's Lucy Gray. In my young days I read of her; my grandma, who put the book in my hands, was her contemporary. But Lucy never wore rubbers — she never knew of them. If in her village the rain fell and the ways were muddy she probably had pattens — a patten being a board with straps and buckles to hold it to the shod foot, as a skate is worn, and resting on an iron ring attached to the underside of the board. Wearing pattens, she could walk through rain-filled lanes without soiling her shoes. My grandma wore pattens in England, and in 1840 brought them here with other household goods, but found no use for them on Philadelphia brick sidewalks, and the pattens went to the junk pile.

My wife, who was a schoolgirl in England just before the Crimean War, had pattens, but disliked them — considered them vulgar. Coming to America, she left them behind with other childish things, and, when atmospheric conditions made it necessary, wore rubbers; pattens were things of the past. She adopted local customs.

JOHN E. NORCROSS

'Art and Authenticity' are as inseparable as 'Pride and Prejudice.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an interesting article appearing in the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor Mather makes the following statement: —

'And, but for the phantom of the Metropolitan Museum, the staff of the Boston Museum would have found the hour necessary to prove that the heraldry of the "Mino" tomb was preposterously unhistorical. Or, if they lacked the books and the herald, they would at least have written a letter to the accomplished herald of the Metropolitan Museum. A delay of two days and a two-cent stamp would have saved a considerable humiliation, not to mention a sum reckoned in six figures.'

It would be of interest to know what Professor Mather means by 'preposterously unhistorical.' Before the tomb was purchased the heraldry was compared with that of the Savelli tombs and found to agree. Since the Professor's criticism appeared, the best heraldic expert obtainable in this country has carefully examined the escutcheons and pronounces them absolutely correct. It seems a pity that Professor Mather should not have verified his statements, since a letter with 'a two-cent stamp' written to the Boston Museum would have disillusioned him as to these and other misunderstandings. The Boston Museum did not proceed in haste, for nearly a year elapsed during the negotiations, and the photograph of the tomb was seen two years before the acquisition. Nor did the phantom of the competition of another museum exist except in the Professor's mind. There was not a hint of competition — in fact, no anxiety was felt excepting for its safe journey from Vienna.

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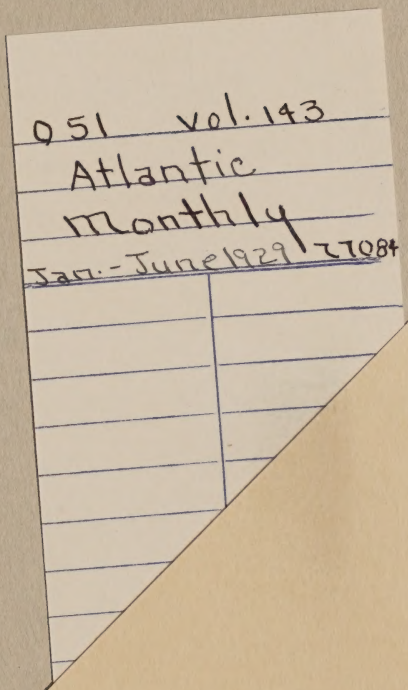
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